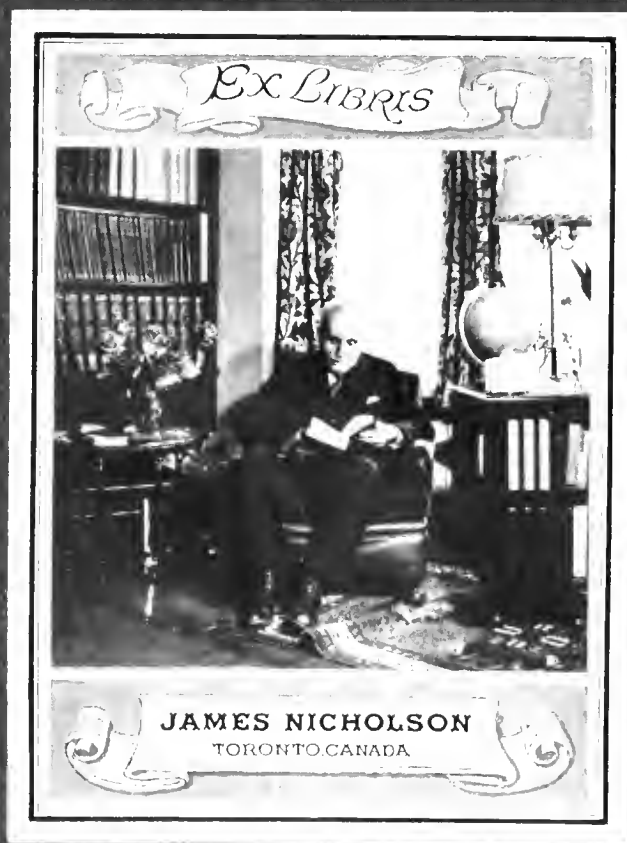


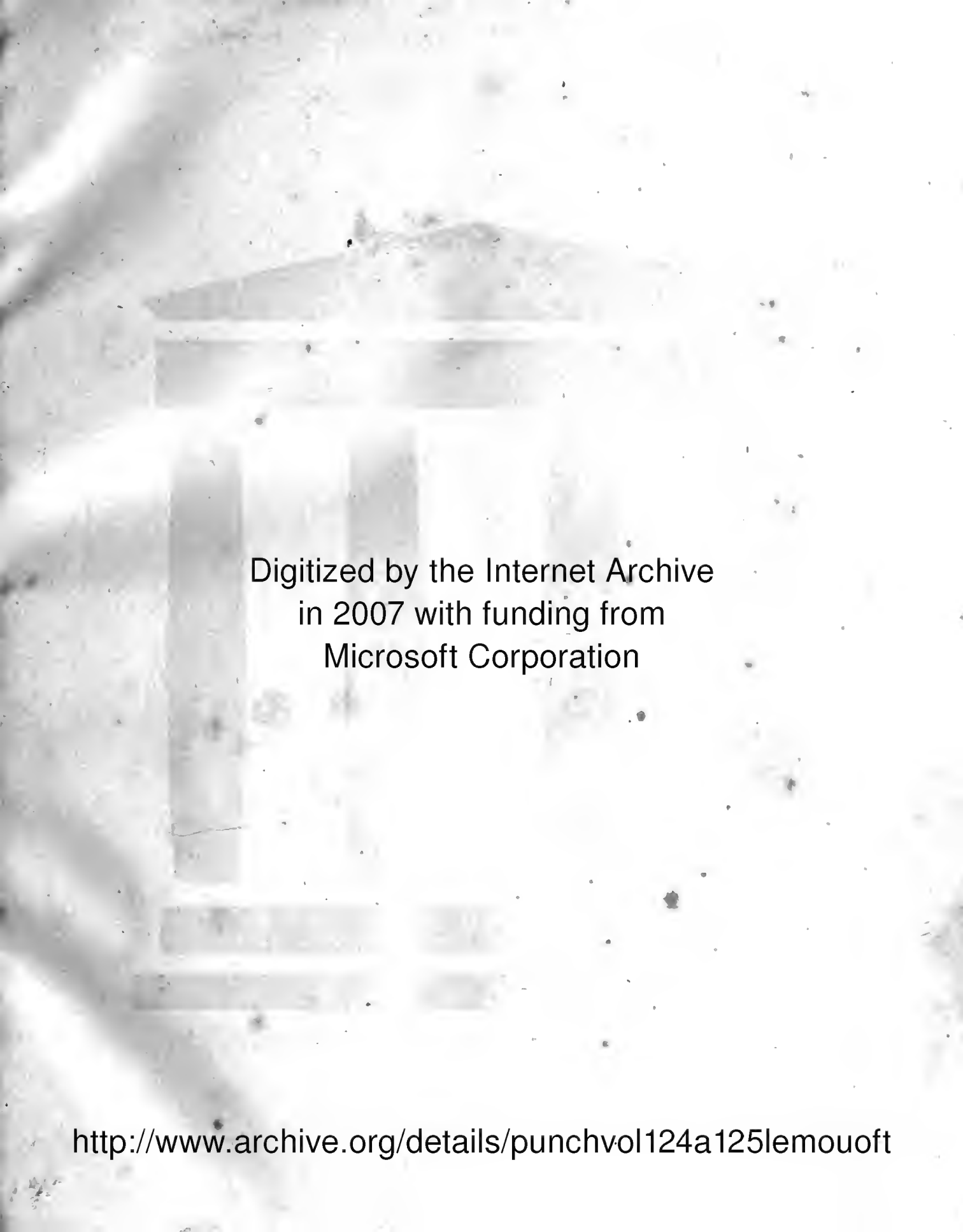
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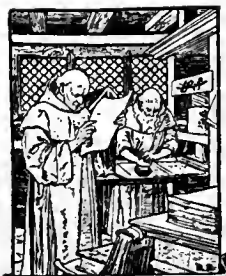
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Volume



MR. JABBERJEE AND THE DURBAR.

To Honble Sir — *Punch*, K.C.I.E., B.A., F.R.Z.S. . .
(Please add initials to liking). H. J. B.

HONORED AND INDULGENT FATHER!

Eighteen calendar months have now rolled their relentless wheels over this unassuming head since I last had the honour to illuminate your notorious periodical with the lubrications of my brain, since which date, in consequence of publication in voluminous form of a first-class Society Novel, I am become a permanency on Fame's dizzy pinnacle and the Celebrity at Home.

Once again with proud obsequiousness I crawl to your august footstool, and, embracing your distinguished feet with the easy assurance of an old crony, I entreat you, as

the only elm I have to climb, to plant a spoke in my Wheel of Fortune.

The case, Highly respectable Sir, is as follows: I am consumed with an uncontrollable hankering to receive an official invite to the Delhi Durbar for the celebration of the King-Emperor's Coronation. No sooner did the gladsome tidings of Royal Recovery reach my enchanted ears than I immediately manifested the unfeigned jollity of a Sandboy, and let off several large fireworks in the vicinity of my family mansion, which was profusely adorned with divers oil-lamps and appropriate mottoes of own composition.

Not that I would base my claims to consideration on such paltry and flimsy foundations as these—which are merely mentioned as a guarantee of loyal sentiments.

But, from certain leading articles in the *London Times*

and other native prints, I gather that it is Honble Viceroy CURZON's wise and long-headed policy to welcome as guests, not only Princes and Chiefs and Civil and Military knobs, but *in additum* all possessing any representative quality whatever.

To quote the Viceroyalty's own words *verbatim*, "Provinces and States see little and know little of one another. Princes who live in the South have rarely, if ever, in their lives seen or visited the States of the North. There is many a man in Madras who has never seen the Punjab, or even in Bombay who is wholly ignorant of Bengal."

What a pity that such standoffishness should be suffered to continue! I do not puff myself into princely proportions—although generally accorded such brevet rank while a West End resident of Ladbroke Hill, Bayswater—still I shall venture to affirm that, as the leading representative of Native home-made Literature, I deserve rather to be kindly patted on the head than severely ignored and buried in a napkin, as at present.

Also I am full as a vetch with reliable and fairly accurate information upon all Bengali topics, and, if included in this magnificent *omnium gatherum*, would willingly embrace the opportunity of passing the time of day and exchanging ideas on the give and take system with any Sikh or Maratha grandee not too eaten up by antiquated prejudices to converse with me on terms of mutual amenity and affability.

You will therefore kindly—without any preliminary beating the bush that is proverbially a superfluity in the case of good wine—at once point out to whatever Excellency is superintending the doling out of invitation tickets what a calamitous *faux pas* and awful howler he will infallibly perpetrate should he leave this insignificant self to blow unseen.

Now I am to wheeze intelligence into your private ear which will come as the pleasant surprise. I am no longer a mere Native Novelist—but am already blossomed out into the budding Dramatist!

For it so happened that, a short time ago, I came upon a rather well-written novelette by a certain Mrs. SHELLY, containing the history of a young European foreign student called *Frankenstein*, who employed his leisure hours in constructing a large-sized Monster, which subsequently became a devilish nuisance.

Upon this indubitably far-fetched idea I have—after making alterations and additions so as to render it suitable to the footlamps that shed their fierce light upon theatrical socks and buskins—founded a very fine drama in blank verses with prosaic intervals, in the style rendered popular by the late WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, Fancy's sweetest child—or Honble BACON, according to latest authorities.

It is my intention to submit selected specimens of this magnificent composition for publication in your esteemed journal, in the humble confidence that they will produce a sensation of gaping wonderment in all who read them, and that I shall instantaneously be inundated with urgent entreaties from prominent London acting managers that they are to have the first refusal of such a lucky hit.

But I must warn any such ambitious tragedians that they cannot represent so colossal a character as the Monster in a competent manner, unless they are thoroughly *au faits* in walking on rather high stilts.

I have said enough to wet the public appetite for what is certain to turn out a literary tit-bit of no mediocre flavour, and—provided you on your part consent to work the oracle with Honble Lords CURZON and KITCHENER to obtain for me a front (or even a second-rank) seat at the Delhi Durbar—you will be at liberty to publish sample scenes from my Tragedy at ordinary trade prices.

Thanking you in advance for these and all other favours to come.

I have the honour to remain,

Your most loyal and servile Friend,

HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.

(Author of "*Jottings and Tittlings*," "*A Bayard from Bengal*," "*Frankenstein and his Promethian*," a Tragic Drama," &c., &c., &c.)

P.S.—In the present confused state of Copyright Law I am not aware if it is *de rigueur* to procure the formal consent of the above-mentioned Mrs. SHELLY to the dramatification of her able effort. If so, kindly do the needful on my behalf, and inform her that the advertisement she will obtain by the production of such a play will form a most remunerative *quid pro quo*.

LATEST QUOTATIONS FROM THE CITY (OF DELHI).

(Sent by Mr. Thomas Atkins.)

"THE DURBAR."

THE king gave order that his town should keep
High festival.

Sir Edwin Arnold (*The Light of Asia*, Bk. I., line 96).

I met a hundred men on the road to Delhi, and they were
all brothers.—Native Proverb.

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers.

Milton (*Paradise Lost*, Bk. V., line 601).

One, two, three, four, or ten, and then by tens

To hundreds, thousands.

Sir Edwin Arnold (*The Light of Asia*,
Bk II., line 201).

There were noblemen in coronets, and military cousins,
There were captains by the hundred, there were baronets
by dozens.—W. S. Gilbert (*Ferdinando and Elvira*).

Gods meet gods and juggle.—Dryden and Lea.

The gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.

Milton (*Paradise Lost*, Bk. II., line 4).

Never in my life saw I so many fine clothes . . . embroi-
deries and rich gold stuff.

Lady Mary Wortley-Montagu's Letters.

The hearts of princes kiss obedience.

Shakespeare (*Henry VIII.*, iii. 2).

And let us all hope that blissful things

May come of alliance with darky kings.

W. S. Gilbert (*The Three Kings of Chickeraboo*).

AN ADMIRABLE CRICHTON INDEED.—The following advertise-
ment has recently appeared more than once in the *Observer*
and *Chronicle for Hants and Dorset* :—

AS BUTLER, or man and wife, or temporary dinners, &c. Aged 29.
Height 5 ft. 7 in. Good Characters, English. Disengaged.—

Here indeed is a man capable of filling a long-felt want!



MR PUNCH

AT THE

DURBAR

A DAY DREAM OF DELHI.

THOMAS MAYBANK

THE DELHI DURBAR.

(AIR—*Bonny Dundee*.)

To the Chiefs and the Princes 'twas CURZON who spoke,
 "Ere this show is well over we're like to be broke;
 But the date has been fixed, so from near and from far
 We must up and away to the Delhi Durbar.
 So fill up the howdah and fling the rupee;
 Give your turbans a toss for your Emp'r and me:
 With Lord K. as a comet and me as the star
 There'll be lots of good light at the Delhi Durbar!"

He has climbed to his seat, and he looks mighty bold
 In the flame of his scarlet, the gleam of his gold.
 And it's Ho! for our RAJ, and it's Pooh for the CZAR,
 When Lord CURZON sets out for the Delhi Durbar.

There's the thunder of guns, there's a roar of applause,
 There's the glint of dark eyes flashing brightly through
 gauze;
 And there's many a Press-man inditing his par
 To the fame of Lord C. and the Delhi Durbar.

Oh, the RAJAH speaks up, and it's "Bring me my sacks:
 I've the money to spend, and I'll spend it in lakhs.
 Let my palace bide empty, my gates stand ajar,
 For I'm off, I and mine, to the Delhi Durbar."

And the Ryot takes stock of his fields and his rice;
 He has sorted his savings and counted the price:—
 'Tis a year of no rent for the grim Zemindar
 When the Ryot looks in at the Delhi Durbar.

Then up with the standard and let it fly free,
 And salute it, salute it, with thirty times three!
 And shout, each civilian, and soldier, and tar,
 With the rest of our world, for the Delhi Durbar!
 "So fill up the howdah and fling the rupee;
 Give your turbans a toss for your Emp'r and me:
 With Lord K. as a comet and me as the star
 There'll be lots of good light at the Delhi Durbar!"
 "Tis."

THE KIPLING PROCESSION.

AN important feature of the Durbar ceremonies which seems to have escaped notice was the grand Kipling Procession. It was only fitting that one whose name and fame is so much associated with our Indian Empire should have a prominent position in the celebrations, and it will be seen from the following details that the Procession was on a scale of unparalleled magnificence.

The order of the stately progress was as follows:—

Captains COURAGEOUS.

A Phantom Rickshaw containing Mr. KIPLING's laurels.

A cart bearing an exhibition tank in which is discovered

Mr. SWIMBURNE swimming in samples of the Seven Seas.

Soldiers Three.

The Oaf bearing the Mud.

The Chief Jingo bearing the Banjo.

The Fool bearing the Flannel.

The Cat who walked by himself.

Bodyguard of Stalky & Co.

A Duke's Son. A Cook's Son. A Son of a Hundred Kings.

No. 1 Big Gun Carriage drawn by The Camel (led by Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS), The Baby Elephant (led by Mr. THOS. HARDY), The Python Rock Snake (led by Mr. J. M. BARRIE), and The Crocodile (led by Mr. WM. WATSON), and containing Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING.

Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN.

Mrs. JANE OAKLEY.

Detachment (very much detached) of Absent-minded Beggars.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Dr. FITCHETT is the marine of historical episode writing; *Per mare per terras* is his motto. Having painted in glowing colours scenes and men connected with the army on land, in *Nelson and his Captains* (SMITH, ELDER) he goes down to the sea in ships and does business in the great waters. Excellent business it is, too, the sea and the sailor supplying a more picturesque background than is found on the commonplace Continent. My Baronite, having read all Dr. FITCHETT's tales of battle on land, thinks his best work is his sea piece. The character study of NELSON realises the man—his physical weakness, his angularity, his one eye, his one arm, his shrill voice when excited, his somewhat feminine disposition, his dauntless daring, his supreme genius—more clearly than is accomplished in larger tomes. His captains were worthy of his companionship, being inspired by his influence, animated by his example. Saxon and Celt reading the glowing narrative, will feel proud to know it's all true.

In *The New Century Library* (NELSON AND SONS) the Baron greets with pleasure and approval the appearance, in easily portable volume size, of *Tom Burke* by LEVER, SCOTT's *Ivanhoe*, DICKENS's *Hard Times* and *Christmas Stories*, THACKERAY's *Book of Snobs* (immortal work!) and his *Contributions to Punch*. Dipping into this last book the Baron finds how the 19th day of October, 1844 is recorded as the date of "the Fat Contributor's great adventure at the Pyramids and *Punch's* enthronisation there." Thus writes WILLIAM MAKEPEACE in his own inimitable style, "I pasted the great placard of *Punch* on the Pyramid of Cheops. I did it. The Fat Contributor did it. If I die, it could not be undone. If I perish I have not lived in vain." And in the year of grace 1902, in the twelfth month and the fourteenth day of the month, two of Mr. *Punch's* young men

"Took a boat and went to sea,"

and proceeded (as did the "F. C." per the P. & O.'s "magnificent steamship *Burrumpooter*," only this was not the name of the vessel that carried our *Punchious* missionaries) to India. They did not, however, delay *en route* for the purpose of ascending the Great Pyramid, and reporting whether or no there may still be any record on the summit, or on the way thereto, of the historic visit of the Fat Contributor. He himself has declared, "one placard I pasted on the first landing-place (who knows how long Arab rapacity will respect the sacred hieroglyphic?)." Imagine "the Fat Contributor" at the Durbar! How delightful he would have been! And what a meeting between him and dear old Colonel Newcome, while *Jos Sedley*, fuming, would be waiting tiffin for a *partie carrée*. Who would be the fourth at that table, a lady or a gentleman? Fill up the place how you will. Only, if there be any hesitation as to who might be "the properest person," let *Jos Sedley* wait; give his seat to *Major Dobbin*; Mr. *Punch* will take the chair at that party, with cigar to follow; and to finish, a quiet Indian rubber. *Eheu fugaces!* Here's to the pious and immortal memory of WILLIAM, the one and only THACKERAY!

A *Dog Day*, by WALTER EMANUEL, pictured by CECIL ALDIN (HEINEMANN), is very amusing. But the best of all the tableaux is that of the uncommonly sly dog, the hero of these adventures, wistfully regarding a canary in a cage suspended well out of his reach. The motto should have been, "Such things are too high for me." Though, on consideration, this motto would have even better served a picture of a gentleman holding his nose when a grouse in a very "gamey" state had been placed before him by a waiter impervious to nice distinctions in scents and flavours.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

MR. PUNCH'S SKETCHY
INTERVIEWS.

X.—MR. C. B. FRY.

ON entering Mr. FRY's gymnasium we found him so absorbed in a game of Wibbly Wob that he was entirely unconscious of our presence. This gave us an opportunity to examine the room, which reflected at every turn the tastes and accomplishments of its gifted occupant. Pens and cricket-pads, notebooks and footballs, dumb-bells and blotting-pads, parallel bars and press-cuttings, running shoes and encyclopaedias, shorts and shorthand notes strewn the apartment. Over the mantelpiece was a portrait of the Sussex Indian Prince inscribed "To the best bat of the day, from a better," and on



"Mr. Fry leaped lightly over our head."

the door was pinned the ten thousand and fourteenth photograph of Mr. Fry at the wicket.

When we had proceeded thus far in our investigation the game of Wibbly Wob terminated, and Mr. FRY leaped lightly over our head, bidding us welcome as he passed. While still in mid air he changed his mind and leaped back again. After running up one wall, along the ceiling, and down the other wall, he offered us a chair and subsided gracefully into another.

"This is my Ping-Pong hour," he remarked, looking at his watch, "but I'll give it to you instead."

"Do you play games all day?" we asked.

"All day," he answered. "I begin with a Blankley exercise. Then I row for an hour, bat for an hour at the nets in the back garden, run for an hour, jump for an hour, and play football for an hour. That brings me to lunch. After lunch I play Wibbly Wob, Ping-Pong and Parlour Croquet, and generally



"This is my Ping-Pong hour."

spend an hour at the photographer's. This is essential, for you may have perhaps observed that I look quite different every time you see me. Then comes tea. After tea I exercise on the bars, vault, turn somersaults, and use the Indian Clubs. In the evening I play Tiddly Winks, Spillikins, Bumble-puppy and Bridge."

"But when do you write?"

"Oh, I write all the time. I never use more than one hand for games; I write with the other. While I was playing Wibbly Wob just now I was simultaneously engaged on my weekly Corinthian column for the *Builder*."



"Oh, I write all the time."

"Can you tell us anything about yourself, Mr. FRY? Your name, for example, how did you get that?"

"Well, the FRYs are mostly Quakers, and I trace my descent to the inventor of cocoa-nut matting. I was called C. B. after CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. One of my first jumps was over his fence. Then, as you know, when only thirteen years old I charged a 17-stone man at Rugby football. He never recovered the shock. At Oxford I studied the 'classics' profoundly, visited Greece in the 'Long', and received the freedom of Corinth."

"And what are your plans?"

"I have not decided yet whether to stand against Mr. RECKITT for the Brigg Division in the Blue interest, to edit the



"I was called C. B. after Campbell-Bannerman. One of my first jumps was over his fence."

Times, or take seriously to Oology. It depends on how the ducks lay next cricket season."

"Who is your greatest hero in modern life?"

"RANJIL."

"And what is your pet ideal?"

"To make 100 in both innings, get a substitute to field, and write an account of the match simultaneously for two papers. And now you must excuse me, as I have to give my son, already a promising centre forward though only four years old, a lesson in the use of the stylograph."

**A Belated, but none the less Hearty,
Welcome.**

O Royal Baby Number Five,
Your trusty *Punch* salutes you;
In happy moment you arrive;
Wax fat, as babies should, and thrive,
And show that Earth-life suits you.

THE VICEROY AT HOME.

SIMLA, Saturday.

"SALAAM, Excellency."

"Get up, get up, TOBY. That's all very well and proper with some of the people here. But I don't care about old friends kow-towing. And how did you leave things at Westminster? Is it true that BRODRICK goes down to the House in khaki, and insists upon Members opposite, when putting a question, approaching with military salute?"

"I haven't observed the habit. I looked in rather with intent of seeing how your Excellency is getting along, than with the purpose of talking about things at Westminster. Do you on the whole prefer Simla to Southport?"

"Yes," said the VICEROY, who I observe has grown a little stouter. "Since you put it that way, I can reply in the



TOBY, M.P. INTERVIEWS SHAH KHERZON OF KHED-EL-STAN AT DELHI.

affirmative. Simla stands higher than Southport, and there are no football clubs. Bazaars of course we have in India, but as they were opened before I came, I am spared that melancholy and expensive duty. I miss the excitement that periodically thrills Southport, of wondering whether the tide is coming in this week, or whether it is due the week after next; always a subject of lively conversation with my old constituents. Also we have no boats on wheels careening over the level sand under full sail. Still, we have the Himalayas, also the Elephants."

"I am sure," I said with courteous bow, learned at the courts in the neighbourhood of Drury Lane, "your Excellency will feel peculiarly at home with these, in diverse ways, colossal products of beneficent Nature."

The VICEROY eyed me sharply, as if suspecting I were engaged upon an enterprise which, concerning ordinary mortals, is known as pulling his leg.

Recognising my extreme sobriety of purpose, he replied, "The Himalayas are very well in their way, though some-

times I find myself longing for a glimpse of Primrose Hill. The elephant I certainly have taken to riding for an hour every morning. His trot is a little startling when you first experience it, and his canter recalls the Channel passage in a gale from the south-west. But it is inspiring, I think I may say healthful. I intend, when I return to England, to bring an elephant with me and show the Liver Brigade the way round the Park."

"Has your Excellency any intention of presently illuminating London?"

"No, TOBY," said the VICEROY, a cloud settling on his Himalayan brow. "I hear the East a-calling, and I obey its mandate to remain, to the end—perhaps after:

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where JAMSHYD gloried and drank deep;
And BAHRAM, that great Hunter—the wild ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.

What AKBAR and AURUNGZEBE commenced in the way of ruling India, I shall finish. India and I were made for each other. My heart's desire is that both shall benefit from the conjunction."

"From all I hear since I set foot on this storied land, I have reason to know that, as far as India is concerned, your Excellency has in large measure achieved your purpose. India was never so prosperous as it stands to-day, nor were its myriad multitudes happier or more contented. I happened to be in the House of Commons when Lord GEORGE HAMILTON brought in the Indian Budget. I fancy we rather gained the impression that the increasing prosperity marked through the last three years was directly due to the prescience and the personal administration of the Secretary of State."

"GEORGIE HAMILTON!" exclaimed the VICEROY, his regal right hand clutching the hilt of his scimitar.

With wonderful self-command he checked his flow of speech and toyed with the jewelled hilt, as if the swift action noted had been accidental and meaningless. Above his gilded chair, with its imperial crown-shaped canopy, hung a hand-painted daguerreotype of TIMUR the Tartar. (That great Conqueror, it will be remembered, flourished before the age of photography.) As the flush of passion momentarily mantled his brow, I was struck by the strong resemblance between the ruthless Tartar and GEORGE, first Baron CURZON of KEDLESTON, sometime Fellow of All Souls, Oxford.

The storm passed as rapidly as it had risen.

"Tell me about PRINCE ARTHUR," said the VICEROY, with winning smile and dulcet voice. "Did he really enjoy himself in Committee on the Education Bill, and was he pained when deserted by JOHN o' GORST, last of the Barons—or was it the Mohicans?"

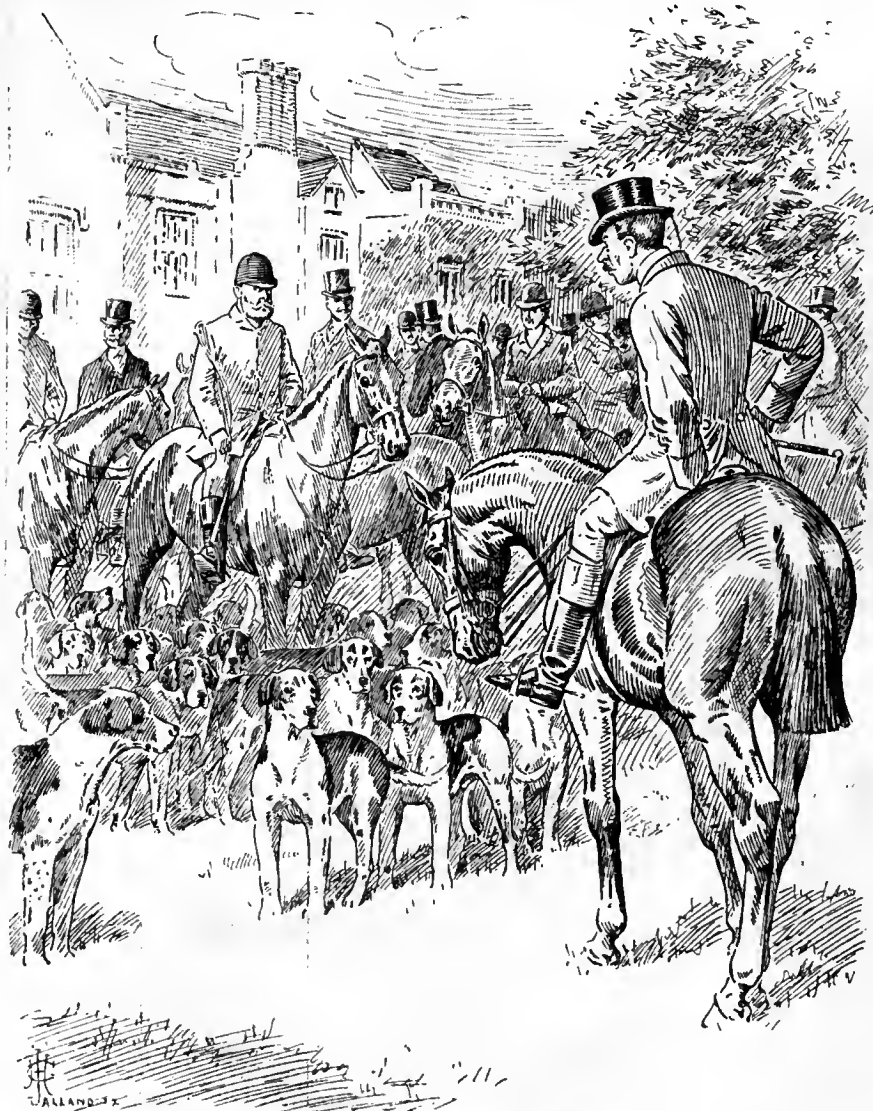
"Of Vice-Presidents of the Council," I humbly suggest.

"Exactly," said the VICEROY, waving his hand with large manner indicative of habitual freedom from minor details of that character. "Of course ARTHUR would still have the exhilarating company of FINLAY, and I understand that ANSON, JOHN o' GORST's successor, is a person of irrepressible humour. As you see, the House of Commons still interests me. But, after all, it's a small place compared with India. Of course you'll be at the Durbar? Fancy you'll like to see me curvetting astride my elephant as I ride with escort of Princes through the Silver Street of Delhi to the Mori Gate. Good morning, and *au revoir*. How is the MEMBER FOR SARK?"

I was out in the courtyard under the brilliant sunlight of Indian Christmastide. It seemed semi-darkness after the brilliancy of the presence in which a moment earlier I stood.



FITZ-JONES, WHO BELIEVES, WHEN IN ROME, IN DOING AS ROME DOES, IS SUFFERING SLIGHTLY FROM ORIENTAL HOSPITALITY, AND CONSEQUENTLY EXPERIENCES THE ASIATIC VARIETY OF NIGHTMARE!



AT OUR OPENING MEET.

Stranger from over the water. "I GUESS YOU'VE A MIGHTY SMART BUNCH OF DOGS THERE, M'LORD!"
Noble but crusty M.F.U. "THEN YOU GUESS WRONG, SIR. THIS IS A PACK OF HOUNDS!"

CHARIVARIA.

THE War Office has often been chaffed for paying too much attention to our soldiers' dress. EARL SELBORNE has now decided that there is to be uniform training for all branches of the Navy.

The conviction of Madame HUMBERT is by no means assured. She has pretty hands and feet.

The lady is already in training. According to the *Daily Mail* "she wore a tailor-made dress, and was visibly affected" on her arrival in Paris.

The late war with Venezuela did not bring much glory to any of the parties engaged in it, but we are astonished

more was not made of the one British success that was scored. *H.M.S. Fantôme*, which grounded on a mud-bank, was successfully re-floated.

Meanwhile recent events have brought home to the Venezuelans the importance of possessing a strong navy, and an important programme has been prepared. Financial difficulties prevent a great deal being done at present, but orders have already been placed for a couple of outriggers.

Close upon the news of the treaty between Great Britain and Japan, and the arrangement between Great Britain and Germany, comes the announcement of an alliance between the Table Tennis Association and the Ping-Pong Association.

There were complaints here at Christmas-time that we were not having seasonable weather. It was all right in America. Among other nice seasonable occurrences on the other side of the Atlantic a trainful of passengers was buried twenty feet in the snow.

The custom of sending "Art Calendars" instead of cards as a New Year's greeting is spreading. It is scarcely a change for the better. As often as not the calendars are too big to go into one's waste-paper basket.

We are delighted to hear that Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE is making excellent progress. His condition is described as most hopeful. An interval of upwards of three weeks elapsed between his two last gifts of free libraries.

In these prosaic days it is always a pleasure to be able to draw attention to a pretty fancy. We learn from a Society paper that one of the latest fashions is for ladies to wear on their necks a row of black beetles, made of jet.

Attention was drawn a few weeks back in the Bankruptcy Court to the fact that times had recently been bad for Company promoters. The distress among them is said to be now more acute than ever. We hear of at least one who has been driven to accept a position in the pantomime of *The Forty Thieves*, and that, by an irony of fate, merely as a super.

An American poet, for a wager, acted as butler at a dinner party given by a lady millionaire, and completely took in his friends. He had never had a like success as a poet.

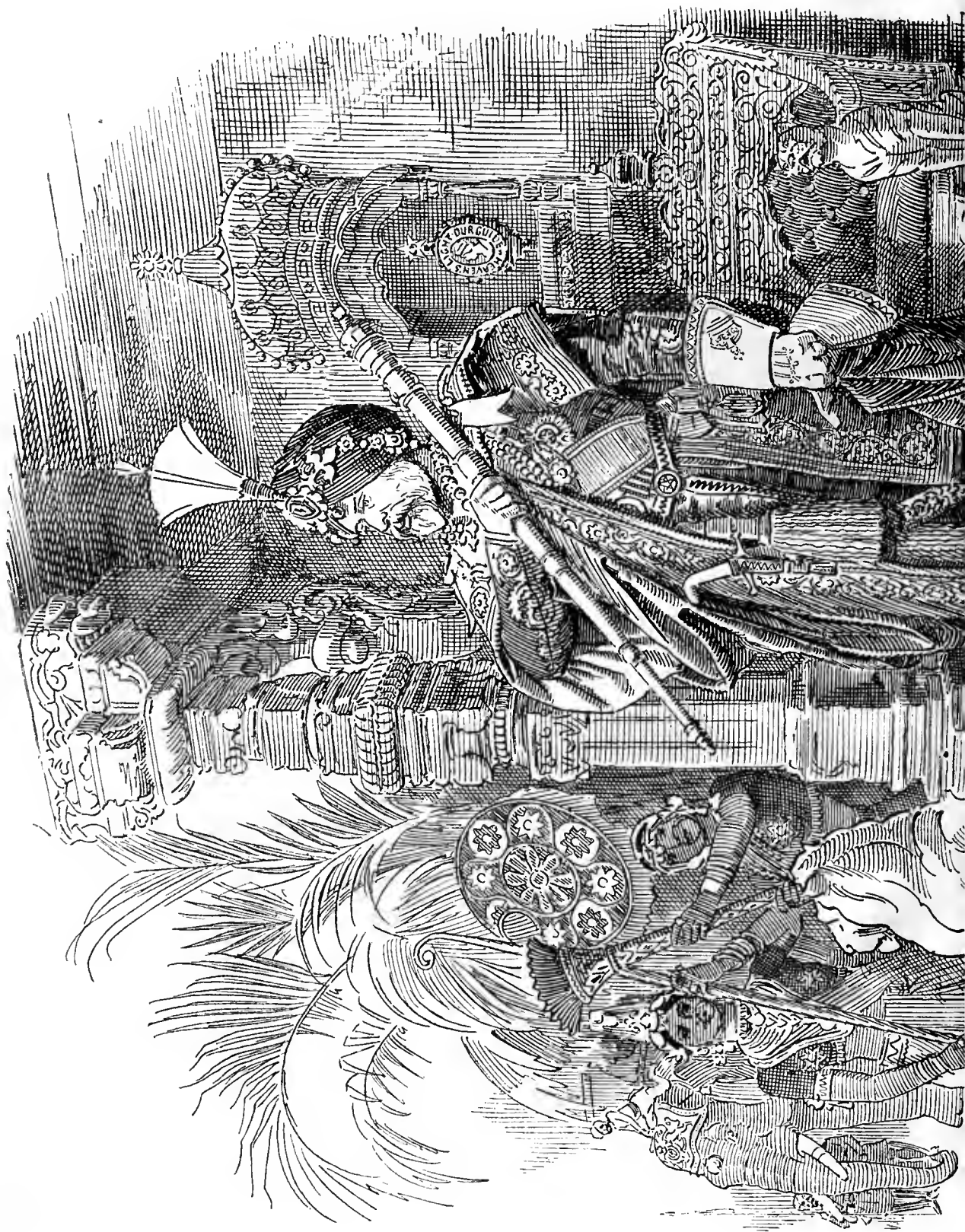
Paris, by the by, has discovered a 10-year-old poet whose first book has been published by LEMERRE. Her verses are stated to compare favourably with the work of the greatest English poets, but Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, it is said, has written to deny this.

A NEW YEAR'S RONDEL.

NINETEEN hundred and three—
 Ah! what have you in store?
 Joys?—or griefs to deplore,
 Do your omens foresee?

Grey—where gold used to be;
 One deep wrinkle the more;
 Nineteen hundred and three—
 Ah! what have you in store?

When we, greeting with glee
 Nineteen hundred and four,
 Scan with sorrow your score,
 What will then be your plea—
 Nineteen hundred and three?





Living Portraits 25

VIVAT IMPERATOR.



A NEW ROUND.

MISS 1903 DRIVES OFF.

THE WAR COMMISSION.

THE rumour that the War Commission intend to defer publication of their findings until after paying a visit to South Africa is hardly borne out by the appearance of the following Report, a copy of which lately reached us:—

1. *Resolved* that the Commission is definitely of the opinion that a war recently took place in South Africa.

2. *Resolved* that the finding of this Commission, on the evidence before it, is to the effect that the war was against the Boers.

3. *Resolved* that this Commission is of opinion that the forethought displayed by the Secretary of State for War and his official staff in recognising the outbreak of hostilities, is worthy of remark.

4. *Resolved* that this Commission views with grave suspicion the introduction of new methods into the Army. The Commission feels that it cannot too strongly endorse the perfect reliability of the methods which have hitherto been employed, and have proved so signally successful during the late War.

5. *Resolved* that in the opinion of this Commission the Boers used horses, and that this fact may possibly have involved some little inconvenience to the British troops.

6. *Resolved* that in the opinion of this Commission the Government's expectation of the capture of Pretoria by Christmas, 1899, was possibly somewhat premature.

7. *Resolved* that with regard to individual actions, in the opinion of this Commission a little more resource might possibly have been shown in the regrettable Spion Kop incident. That it appears to the Commission that a likely solution to the question as to how the incident occurred, is to be found in the fact that some slight misunderstanding arose between the various commanding officers. Misunderstandings, in the opinion of this Commission, are inimical to effective action.

8. *Resolved* that though, in the opinion of this Commission, any reflection upon the capacity of any of the commanding officers is to be deprecated, the Commission applauds the action of the Secretary of State for War in causing one or two Generals to retire. It would further observe, however, that had the Secretary for War thought fit to elevate these Generals to a higher position than any they had previously occupied, the elevation would have received the Commission's unqualified endorsement.

9. *Resolved* that though there were during the War several incidents of a regrettable nature, the explanations for which are not forthcoming, this Commission has perfect confidence that there were excellent reasons for these occurrences.



WIRELESS LOVE.

ALTHOUGH, sweet maid, 'tis often proved
The ways of love are hard and stony,
At least one obstacle 's removed,
Thanks to the triumph of MARCONI;
For him my heart, with joy elate,
Is wildly bubbling o'er with gratitude;

For now I can communicate
With you in any clime or latitude!

No more, dear heart, shall distance
drown

The lover's hopes or damp his mettle;
But you shall flash your love from
town

To me on Popocatepetl!

Once, per the pinions of the wind,
I feigned to send my protestations;
But waves of ether now I find
Are best for such communications!

I'll send to you a message straight,
In honeyed phrases I'll enwrap it;
Nor shall a rival lie in wait
Basely to intercept or tap it!

Though sojourning in alien tents,
I know there's naught our love can
smother,
If, like our hearts, our instruments
Are kept attuned to one another!

UP-TO-DATE PROVERB.—Better a barren
greengage on the wall than a flourishing
mortgage on the roof.

PILGRIMS TO THE EAST.

II.—THE PILGRIMS' P.-AND-O.-GRESS.

December 15th. Off Crete.—I have been making up a riddle to ask myself—Why is Marriage like the Mediterranean?—and at once guessed the

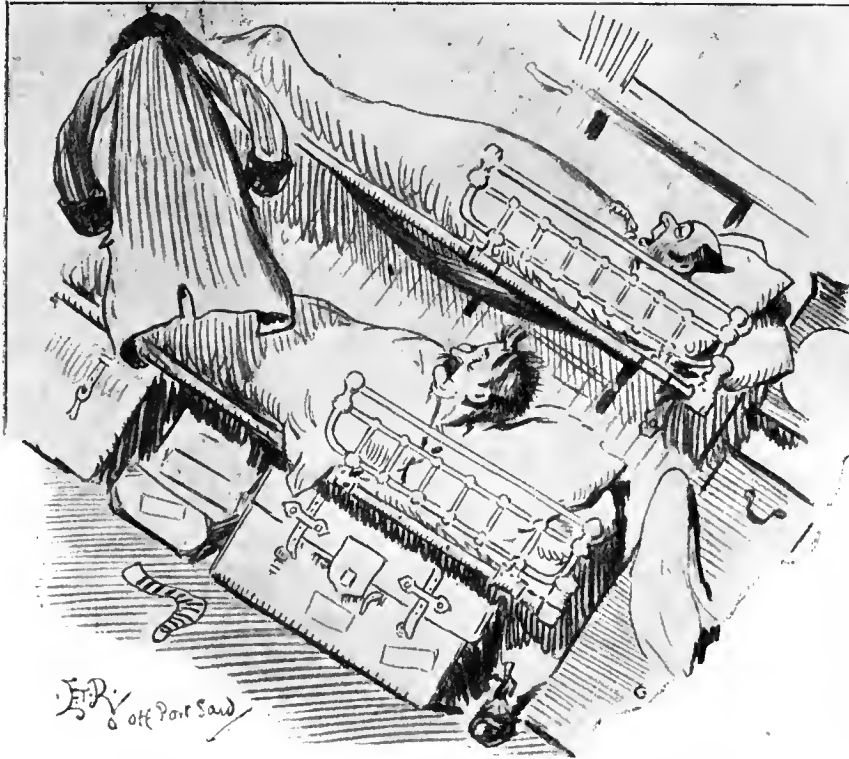
Yet her wooers are not to be put off by many rebuffs, though I know of no one who has ever gone beyond this preliminary dalliance except the Doges, and they only married into a branch of her family.

In the absence of European news I

able ignorance of the right method of hoisting a mast in an emergency. Everyone expressed satisfaction that this was only a pantomime rehearsal, and that our lives in no way depended, as yet, on this man's energy and professional skill. At the conclusion of his perfunctory labours, on which the First Officer passed some scathing comments from the bridge, I determined to make a closer study of the delinquent mariner, and was fortunate enough to find him, a few moments later, engaged in sketching privily the features of an Hereditary Prince. It was only then that, beneath the Oriental disguise which had defied the intelligence of the authorities, I recognised The Other Pilgrim!

I may add (since it is my intention to deviate as little as may be from the truth) that my account of the above episode is composed with the purpose of simplifying The Other Pilgrim's picture, and is based upon no sort of fact.

I have used the expression "Hereditary Prince." This, again, is a justifiable device. It serves to veil the individuality of a very distinguished person. I propose to adopt this method of concealment in the interests of self-preservation, as we have so many distinguished persons on board that I have been told that I ought to give to my journal the title of "*With Dukes to Delhi.*" Indeed, to-night, when the stars rushed out close on the last of the sunset, they almost instantly paled



RESIDENTIAL FLATS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

(WANTED, A VERTICAL.)

answer as follows:—Because each is a lottery. At first I was pleased with this *jeu d'esprit*, and my good opinion of it was confirmed by a fellow-passenger; but I knew afterwards that it was neither funny nor true. Of course it is the question itself that is all wrong in supposing a comparison possible between mutable matter like the Mediterranean and a fixed abstraction like the married state. If I ever make another riddle on this so-called French lake I shall compare it with a maiden exceptionally fancy-free. Enjoying a reputation for perennial charm; her temper is distinguished by an inconstancy that makes some people positively ill. I am not of their number, but I can appreciate their feelings. No length of custom seems to stale her appalling variety. Her eyes, supposed of a changeless blue, take on by turns all tones of sullen grey and stormy green as her mood inclines. To-day I own that the blue eyes laugh without a stain; but only last Friday her expression and behaviour were of the most sinister.

cannot say if anything has recently occurred to enhance the splendour of England's isolation; but I noticed as a significant fact that we slipped past between Corsica and Sardinia in the dead of night (the lights in the smoking-room being cautiously extinguished at 11 P.M.) and between Sicily and Calabria in the early dawn, before the batteries, if any, were awake. In the case of Crete—so negligible is the prestige of Turkey—we have been more courageous, steaming under the lee of its wild coast all the morning, and catching from time to time some siren echoes of the European concert. In speaking of Crete, I find myself in accord with the general view of the passengers as to the identity of this island, though a Canadian savant on board has expressed an opinion that it was not Crete after all, but just Candia.

A stirring event occurred shortly after breakfast this morning. The alarm bell rang up the crew for practice at boat stations. It was remarked that one of the Lascars displayed a quite unpardon-



Disguised as a Lascar, I make furtive studies of Dukes.

their ineffectual fires before the galaxy of grace and breeding which met their seaward gaze. And though the issues of *Punch* which contain my observations on our voyage cannot reach India till the Durbar is over, there is always the fear of meeting many of my present fellow-passengers on the homeward journey, when these trifles, cast upon the waters, might return after many days to convict me of indiscretion.

So far we have hardly done justice to ourselves, being, in a measure, the sport of wind and wave. But "Ship us somewhere east of Suez—" and you shall see. Meantime there is an inclination to depreciate our resources, and one may hear a lady, whose baggage consists of thirty-five trunks, addressed by another, who travels with only thirty, in this way:—"No, my dear, I have brought absolutely nothing with me; just a couple of evening gowns and a tiara or two, and, perhaps, a few necklaces. When one is travelling, you know—. And then, in camp, it would be too tiresome having detectives about you all the time."

December 16. *Nearing Port Said.*—A new and tremendous sensation! Not only are we approaching what is undoubtedly part of the land of the ancient Pharaohs, but the very sea in this neighbourhood is hallowed by recent association with the Right Hon. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN. Now for the first time since leaving Marseilles we are to touch at least the remote fringe of his wake. I will write more next week, but my heart is just now too full for words, and the luncheon-gong, has sounded.

O. S.

THE NEW "ROADS" SCHOLARS.

[A Scholarship in Road Locomotion or Cycle Engineering is to be offered to the Midland University.]

LIGHT of the Midlands! happy Birmingham!

Training alumni in that useful lore
Which Isis and which Cam
Eternally ignore!

Within thy groves co-educated youth
(Aspiring Boy with Academic Maid)
May realise how Truth
Goes hand-in-hand with Trade.

The market there they diligently watch,
Taught by thy Faculty of Commerce:
there
All on the hop they catch
The fluctuating share:

There, in their callings several, Degrees
Butchers and Bakers annually take:
By studying for these
They learn to butch and bake.



Girl (new to India). "EXCUSE ME, BUT CAN YOU TELL ME THE WAY TO KINKEE LODGE?"

He. "DON'T KNOW IT BY NAME. WHAT'S IT LIKE?"

Girl. "OH, WHITEWASHED—THATCHED ROOF—WITH A VERANDAH."

He (still unenlightened). "THEY'RE ALL LIKE THAT. TELL ME WHO LIVES THERE. I'M SURE TO KNOW THEM."

Girl. "WHY I DO!"

But most he satisfies the craving mind,
The youth who wins 'mid his competing
peers

A Scholarship, designed
For Cycle Engineers!

The studious boy whom some paternal
shop
Has daily taught with profitable toil
'Mid chains and cranks to drop
The lubricating oil—

To him some sage of Coventry shall show
(Perchance) the principles by which you
may
An Epic Cycle know
From Cycles of Cathay:

Or may the soaring fantasy suppose
Some student pale, on arts linguistic set,
Doing for Latin Prose
The C. T. C. Gazette?

Oh no! a language fortunately dead
In vain employs her blandishments on
him:

Daily he'll learn instead
What brakes control the rim:

Treading the cinderpath of knowledge, he
Will realise the difference betwixt
Such wheels as circle free
And such as move, tho' fixt.

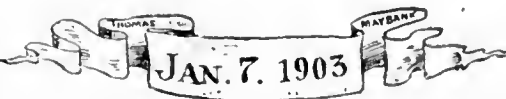
Why should the pedagogue and why
the Don
With learning frivolous the mind fulfil?
Why waste our time upon
The Education Bill?

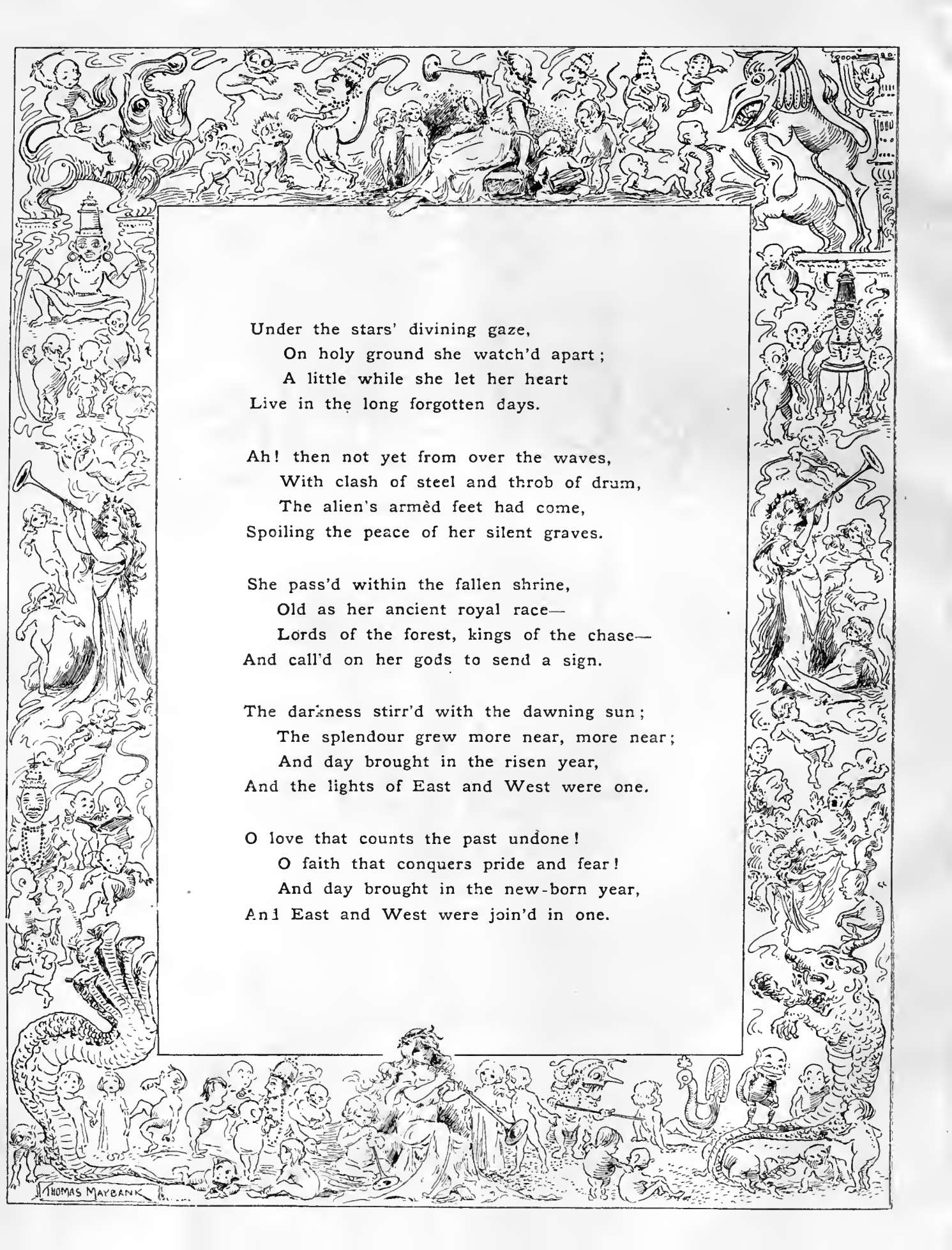
Books cause the brain quite needlessly to
ache: [sphere
But O, the pastor's and the master's
Is this alone—to make
The Cycle Engineer!



C. E. Brock
1902

Little Dobbs (who is a good dancer, but has let his partner down with a crash). "THAT WAS MY VERY FIRST ACCIDENT. WILL YOU GIVE ME A DANCE?"
She (majestically). "CERTAINLY, WITH PLEASURE. I NEVER LET A MAN DOWN IN MY LIFE!"





Under the stars' divining gaze,
On holy ground she watch'd apart;
A little while she let her heart
Live in the long forgotten days.

Ah! then not yet from over the waves,
With clash of steel and throb of drum,
The alien's armed feet had come,
Spoiling the peace of her silent graves.

She pass'd within the fallen shrine,
Old as her ancient royal race—
Lords of the forest, kings of the chase—
And call'd on her gods to send a sign.

The darkness stirr'd with the dawning sun;
The splendour grew more near, more near;
And day brought in the risen year,
And the lights of East and West were one.

O love that counts the past undone!
O faith that conquers pride and fear!
And day brought in the new-born year,
And East and West were join'd in one.

A RÊVERIE OF THE EAST

(Delhi. Jan. 1903.)

Words by
OWEN SEAMAN.

MUSIC BY
ALEXANDER C. MACKENZIE.

THOMAS MAYBANK

Lento, mesto. (♩ = 76.)

VOICE.

Un - der the stars' di-vin-ing

ACCOMP.

gaze, On ho - ly ground she watch'd..... a - part ;.....

pp dol. *pp* *p* *p dol.*

p

A lit-tle while she let her heart Live in the long, the long for - got - - ten

pp

p

Poco animato.

p

days..... Ah ! then not yet from o - ver the waves, With clash of steel.....

mf

accelerando.

p¹ marcato.

mf

accelerando.

f

a tempo.

..... and throb of drum,..... The a - - lien's ar - med feet.....

mf

sempre cres.

mf tranquillo.

..... had come, Spoiling the peace,..... Spoiling the peace of her si - lent graves....

p

dim.

pp

p tranquillo.

.....

p *dim.* *mf* *pp*

p tranquillo. *mf*

She pass'd with - in the fall - en shrine, Old as her an - cient roy - al

f Maestoso. *mf*

race— Lords of the for - est, kings of the chase—..... And

f Maestoso. *mf* *f* *p*

triquillo, come prima. *dim.*

call'd on her gods to send a sign,..... And call'd on her gods.....

triquillo, come prima. *f* *p* *sonore.*

pp

..... to send a sign.....

sempre legato.

dim.

R.H.

un poco animato p

The dark - ness stirr'd with the dawn - ing sun ; The splen - dour grew more near, more

pp

sempre legato.

p

near ;.....

And day brought in the ris - en year, And the

cres.

mf

p

cres.

*tremolo legato. Ped. * Ped. **

lights..... of East and West were one.....

mf

mf

accelerando molto.

f

4





Piu mosso.
p *mf*

O love that counts the past un - done ! O faith that conquers pride and

Molto stringendo. *p* *mf* *Molto allargando.* *Animato.*
cres. *f*

fear ! And day..... brought in..... the new - born year, And East and West were

p *Molto stringendo.* *mf*

mf

join'd in one..... O love..... that counts the past un - done ! O

mf *Molto stringendo.*

faith that conquers pride and fear ! And day brought in..... the new - -

Molto stringendo. *p* *tremolo.*



f *Maestoso.*

born year,.....

And East..... and West..... were

join'd..... in one,.....

And East and West were join'd, join'd in

a tempo accelerando.

(*ad lib.*)

one.....

crescendo.

ff

Ped. *

a tempo accelerando.

A.C. Mackenzie

T. MAYBANK

MR. FRANKENSTEIN AND HIS EX-TEMPORE PROMETHIAN.

A TRAGICAL DRAMA. BY H. B. JADDERJEE, B.A.



IT is of course scarcely feasible to give here more than a mere synopsis or syllabub of leading scenes in a drama of such enormity. However, a single glass may be sometimes more than sufficient for the good judge of wine!

I have endeavoured to follow Mrs. SHELLY's original text as slavishly as possible, and shall honourably award her credit for any speeches, incidents, &c., which are borrowed out of book. By this means I hope to avoid condemnation for any portions that may be open to criticism as lacking in plausibility, or even in the ordinary amenities of tragical requirements.

H. B. J.

The Scene is Mr. VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN's Laboratory Work-cell in the University of Ingolstadt. It is sumptuously furnished with a large-sized Galvanical battery, crucibles, stuffed crocodiles, and other indispensable paraphernalias suitable to a young Scientific Student. At the back is an arras-curtain, hermetically closed.

At the ascension of the curtain, FRISCHEN and LISCHEN (acting under capacity of servants or *Khansamas*) are hot busy with dusting household gods. They converse together loquaciously. "Why is Mr. FRANKENSTEIN so phenomenally addicted to brainwork as to deny himself the most mediocre spree?" "What is this funny and mysterious labour at which he is pegging away under a rose behind the arras?" &c. FRISCHEN is a dull, while LISCHEN is of jokish proclivities, and this introductory scene (which is *not* in the original) is intended not only to excite the beholders to uncontrollable merriment, but also render them agog with curiosity.

Then Mr. FRANKENSTEIN enters from behind the arras. He is of juvenile exterior, with a countenance sicklied o'er, like a pale cast. The band should play some tune or other on his appearance.

Mr. Frank. It is a dreary night in November—but I am shortly to behold the accomplishment of my toils!

[Taken from book; the two Menials express polite exultation at such good news, and exit salaaming.

After this two University Professors arrive, to pay a complimentary visit.

M. Krempe (a squat, gruff-voiced, repulsive Natural Philosophy Professor). Good evening. (With a sly smile) How are you getting on with Paracelsus Agrippa and Cornelius Magnus? You are squandering precious time on such exploded and piffing pundits.

M. Waldman (a short, mild, erect Chemical Professor,

with a few grey hairs on his temple, and those at back of head black, with a sweet voice—as in story). Do not summon him over coals for such pursuits. He is already a *facile princeps* amongst our College-boys, and has discovered important improvements in chemical implements. (See MS. for this statement)

M. Krempe. No doubt he is soon to find out the Elixir of Life! [He neighs contemptuously]

Mr. F. (aside). They little suspect that I am engaged in the composition of a large-sized mechanism in flesh and blood! (Aloud) I have been trying my hand at raising ghosts and devils, but have hitherto met with no luck.

[Taken from book.]

M. Krempe. You surprise me! But a little bird informed me that you have been spending days and nights in vaults and charnel-houses.

[Adopted from original text.]

Mr. F. (reluctantly). Such officious volatiles are not always mere canards. It is a *ben trovato*.

M. Waldman (kindly). Youth will have its fling. And even in a tomb it is possible to pick up useful information.

Mr. F. So I have found. For, by observing the natural decay and corruption of human bodies, I have analysed the minutiae of sensation, discovered the causes of Life and Death, and am learning to bestow animation on lifeless matter.

[Another verbatim quotation from book.]

M. Waldman (pleasantly). Bravo! You are indeed the promising pupil!

M. Krempe (sardonically). May I ask whether he has any wool to show for such a magnificent cry?

Mr. F. Up to date the golden egg of my hopes is still to be hatched. I entreat you not to pester me with further inquiries, since even the mildest bookworm will turn if too severely pressed!

Both Professors. We are unwilling to flagellate such a willing horse by indiscreet cross-examinations.

[They discourse for a while on the metaphysical secrets of the world, the Theory of the Unconditioned, and similar topics, before taking their leave with best wishes for some lucky windfall.]

Mr. F. then has a fine soliloquy, which (if I have time) I intend to polish up into blanker versification.

[While he is reciting this the band is to blow some solemn airs.]

'Tis now the very witches' time of night, when churchyard graves give up their great conundrums! Behind yon arras lies the giant frame, with fibre, nerves, and muscles all complete, patched up from most inadequate materials. I fashioned it of Brobdingnagian size, finding it easier than to frame a Pigmy, and every feature is selected from authenticated Grecian statuaries—old PERICLES, and MICHEL-ANGELO, to make my mould of form quite *comme il faut*. Why linger longer? All is cut and dried! I've but to switch the electric current on, and, stimulated by the vital spark, my creature shuffles on its mortal coil—and I shall soon observe some lively symptoms!

[Turns handle of Galvanical machine. Weird melancholy music is heard. For several minutes it appears as if he is but to milk a ram—but at length a blood-curdling sigh emerges through the draperies.]

Mr. F. (overjoyed). Toll-de-roll-loll! Tant mieux! Hip-hip-hip-hip! At last my monstrous chick hath burst his shell! I'm all on tenterhooks till I behold the net result of such a great Eureka!

[He goes to the hangings, all of a twitter with excitement, and draws back the hangings. Instantaneously his eyes start from their spheres like stars, and his bedded hair is erected by an awfully alarming spectacle. A huge Monster, eight feet in stature, with dull yellowish orbs, long lustrous locks, straight black lips, pearly teeth, and a shrivelled complexion (description faithfully

copied from book) is seen standing in the moonrays—which will have to be provided artificially.

N.b.—The tragedian who is to perform the Monster will of course be raised on stilts, and also wear a hideous mask, as customary in ancient classical dramas by ARISTOPHANES, ARISTOTELES & Co., or—in more modern times—with small London juveniles on 5th of Novr. anniversaries.—H. B. J.

[The Monster's cheeks are wrinkled by a grin, as he jabbers in inarticulate style, as if trying to complain that he is in *puris naturalibus* and consequently cool as a eustard. If preferred, he could be robed in some blanket or counterpane.

With a cry of irrepressible funkiness Mr. F. pulls the arras together, and excludes the grim-visaged scarecrow from the horrified visions of the spectators. Then he has another soliloquy, which may compare not unworthily with similar and rather over-rated passages in "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark."

Mr. F. Angels and Clergymen of grace defend us! Was it a spirit that I saw before me? Did I create that hideous concern—worse than the wildest dreams of Poet DANTE? [See book for this.] I fear I have produced a sad *fiasco*, and all my rosy hopes of gaining *kudos* are nipped in bud by this most shocking frost! Oh, beetle-headed ninny that I've been! *Cui bono* to have wasted time and thought in the construction of a mere *bête noire*!

[He staggers into a chair, weeping profusely. Presently, vociferous knockings are heard on the exterior of his door, at which he jumps about in paralysed dismay.

[I beg that I may not be prematurely charged here with plagiaristic copying from the play of *Macbeth*; it will soon appear that I have treated the scene in very very different fashion.—H. B. J.]

[The knockings are repeated. At last Mr. F., bucking himself together with a mighty effort, ejaculates faintly, "Come in!"

Then—but the remainder of this First Act is too stupendously thrilling to be summarised in a bald perfunctory form. The palpitating reader is kindly requested to suspend his impatience for another week.

Any theatrical managers who are competent to construct a *Herculem ex pede* can secure acting rights at once by cabling terms to "JABBERJEE, Calcutta," and I respectfully inform them that all proposals will be attended to in strict chronological order. No reasonable offer refused.—H. B. J.

HOW TO GET ON.

NO. V.—IN AMERICA.

THE late Mr. JAMES PAYN on coming to stay in a country house used always to address his host in the following words: "Please take me at once to see the stables, the horses, the cattle, the dogs and the greenhouses, and let's get it over." In a similar spirit my readers, I know, will wish me, in writing of America, to say at once, first, that blood is thicker than water (though it passes my comprehension to imagine why anyone should ever have thought that it was thinner, or why so obvious a platitude should have brought comfort and inspiration to so many reasonable human beings), and, secondly, that the peace and prosperity of mankind depend upon the continued friendship of the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. Having cleared out of the way these two inevitabilities, I can proceed to advise the travelling youth how he may best secure the affection and esteem of our sensitive but warm-hearted kinsfolk across the Atlantic.

I will assume that you are an average healthy well-developed young Englishman. You have been at a public school; possibly a University has hall-marked you with the

mystical letters B.A. Presumably, therefore, you have been completely educated. The question, however, is not how well you can foil a bowler or scatter a batsman's wickets, or row, or kick an inflated pigskin, or write a copy of Latin *Aleas*, or toy with pure mathematics—but rather, what do you know of America and the Americans? Some vague notions of the country and its inhabitants you have probably acquired. The former, you suppose, is large; the latter, you imagine, all talk through their noses and are busily engaged in capturing our ocean steamers and annihilating our commerce. You have heard somewhere—it's really wonderful how these scraps of useful knowledge will insist on penetrating into the most unlikely places—that America once belonged to England, and that then GEORGE WASHINGTON or General GRANT, or somebody with a name like that, came along and persuaded his unhappy countrymen to set up on their own account without a King, or a House of Lords, or a Lord Mayor, or palaces, or fox-hunting, or respectful peasants, or anything else that makes life not only tolerable but delightful in England. You have a general idea that American men are either millionaires or colonels or judges. In a way, of course, they are foreigners and yet they speak English—through the nose, *bien entendu*. You can't understand quite clearly why they should do this, foreigners for the most part talking either French or German, the former for choice, but in some obscure fashion you believe it is a compliment to your native land, an indirect acknowledgment of that superiority over all other nations which you know to be hers. You, therefore, feel on the whole kindly disposed towards America. There must be some substratum of good in a people who try their best to talk English.

As to American women, you are convinced they are all very tall and very beautiful; that they say amusing things in a droll peculiar way; that they call their father "Poppa," and their mother "Mumma," and that their society would be eminently desirable if they were not so disagreeably clever, and knew so much about books and history and poetry and foreign countries, and all the sort of tommy rot that only a few very advanced and unpleasant men in England ever trouble themselves to think of.

As to the country itself, why you've heard of New York, Boston and Chicago (the place where an animal goes in at one end of a shed as a pig and comes out at the other in about a minute's time as sausages); the rest of the land you believe to be prairie, with a few ranches dotted about it, and occasional cowboys and miners (though why the miners should be there you can't conceive), all of them wearing slouch hats and long leggings, and perpetually engaged, so to speak, in eking out a precarious livelihood by shooting one another with revolvers, or stabbing one another to death with bowie knives, or lynching negroes in the presence of immense mobs. It must be so, for a chap you know once met another chap who had been there, and who said that these things always happened. Besides, you've read books by a fellow called BRET HARTE, and others, in which such incidents are much dwelt upon.

Equipped therefore with this compendious knowledge of America, its people and its institutions, you land one fine day in New York with a mind only slightly shaken in its attitude of complacent tolerance by the Americans you have met on board, and by the Customs inspectors, who have compelled you with polite phrases to acknowledge yourself a British subject, and to make a declaration as to your personal luggage and belongings.

(To be continued.)

GOOD AUGURY FROM THE NEW ARCHBISHOP'S NAME.—DAVID'S son was SOLOMON the Wise.



WHAT PRICE PEACE ?

HIBERNIA. "ARRAH NOW, MISTHER BULL, SURE THEY'VE PROMISED TO BE GOOD LITTLE GOSSOONS, AN' NOT FIGHT ANY."

CONFESSIONS OF CRINOLINE.

[In presenting this specimen of literature à la mode, Mr. Punch wishes it to be understood that its authorship is a Profound Secret.]

To lay bare a woman's soul—that is why I have taken my pen in hand. To lay bare a woman's soul. There; I have said it twice; and if I said it ten times more, that would be twelve. Ah, dread mystery of arithmetic! Oh, grey, grim task of introspection!

Sometimes I wonder why I am so beautiful. Save for a chronic roseate flush at the end of my nose, I can find no flaw, no imperfection. And yet, beneath this fair and exquisite countenance, Greek-like in its perfect repose, lie potential blizzards of passion, compact of volcanic fires. Little do they suspect, those others! But to you, my reader, to you I will lay bare a woman's soul. That's three times I've said it.

I am staying in a big country house. They have given me the Blue Room; not altogether inappropriately, you will think, when you have read some of my book. It looks out into the garden, and in the garden the flowers grow—or would do if it were summer. In my room is a picture, and it is fastened to the wall by a nail and a piece of wire. On the mantelpiece are two vases. The dressing-table is close to the window, and there is a looking-glass on it. Why do I tell you all this? Really, I do not know, unless it is that you may understand my environment aright. Oh, opaline fog of existence!

My love-attack came on to-day while I was journeying here. (Once a day regularly I fall headlong in love, and never twice with the same man.) To-day's hero was a porter at Diddleton Junction. Seldom have I seen a more gracious presence than his. Here were no meagre outlines, no niggardly suggestions; it abounded, 'twas unstinted profuseness made visible. Fifteen stone at least he must have weighed. I asked him from which platform my train would leave. "Number Two," quoth he—and his voice was dulcet-sweet! My heart was his, I felt; his irretrievably. Thrice more, at intervals of a few minutes, I repeated to him my stupid question about the platform. Convention limits us to these trite common-places! And I could think of nothing else to say, unless I drew him to my arms and claimed him as my own, and the others might . . . pah! we are cowards, the best of us. Alack! My hero read not the unspoken love-message of my eyes. And when, soon after, for the seventh time I repeated my question—simply for the sheer joy of hearing his voice—he seemed vexed, and moved away. Of such tragic texture is life!

This afternoon I walked here from



COLD COMFORT.

Traveller (waiting for Train already twenty minutes late). "PORTER, WHEN DO YOU EXPECT THAT TRAIN TO COME IN?"

Porter. "CAN'T SAY, SIR. BUT THE LONGER YOU WAITS FOR IT, THE MORE SURE 'TIS TO COME IN THE NEXT MINUTE."

the station. The thought of my porter lingered yet; I could not bear the trivial talk of those driven here in carriages, my fellow-guests. Nought that I saw fitted my mood, until I chanced upon a dark and dirty duck-pond. Here was sympathy made concrete and visible! With a little yelp I rushed towards it, dangled my feet in its wave, its turbid wave, and raised my voice in strange, wild crooning . . . thus it was that the farmer found

me. He said . . . no matter what. But I had found sympathy from the pond.

There is the dressing-bell. And my feet are wet! Oh, strange irony of things! I must lay bare a woman's sole! . . .

SERVED HOT.—Glowing illustrated account in *Sketch* last week of the Hon. C. S. ROLLS, "a motorist who combines wonderful 'dash' with superb skill." Ahem! Rolls and butter.

HYMEN AND THE HERRINGS.

[“The success of the English herring fishing continues to have a remarkable effect on the matrimonial market. One Sunday the banns of no fewer than twenty-three fisher couples were published in Buckie parish church, Banffshire.”—*Daily Paper*.]

WHEN the giddy little herrings are a-swimming in the sea,
Many fathoms overhead,
Every fisher lad is dreaming
Of the lass that he would wed,
And a-thinking and a-scheming.
But the happy day seems distant, for, arrange it as you will,
It is difficult to marry when your capital is nil.

When the foolish little herrings get entangled in the net
By the tail or by the nose
(But these matters I'm not wise on),
All becomes *couleur de rose*
On the fisher lad's horizon;
And a distant sound of wedding bells seems wafted o'er the
main,
As he feels the net each moment growing heavy with the
strain.

When the gasping little herrings have been hauled upon the
deck,
Into baskets they are shot,
And are packed away in dozens—
Such a miscellaneous lot,
With their uncles, aunts and cousins.
As he gloats upon the numbers, then the fisher lad's aware
There's a scent of orange blossom on the highly perfumed
air.

When the late lamented herrings have been safely brought
to land,
And the market simply teems
With the tales of record capture,
Then away with idle dreams!
The reality is rapture.
So the fisher lad's no longer undecided in his plans,
And he doesn't lose a single day in putting up the banns.
So the useful little herrings go their ordinary way,
Till upon a dish they're laid,
And with knife and fork they're sliced on.
But they've helped a man and maid
Get the money to be spliced on.
So the next time you have herrings for your breakfast or
your tea,
As you gently pick the bones out, you should murmur,
“R. I. P.”

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Assistant Reader desires to call the attention of the English public to *Letters of a Self-made Merchant to his Son*, a book written by GEORGE LORRIMER and published by SMALL, MAYNARD & Co., of Boston, Mass. For dry caustic humour, pithy common-sense and good advice, relieved by excellent stories capably told, the A. R. has not lately read anything that nearly equals these letters. They are supposed to be written by John Graham, head of the house of Graham & Co., pork-packers in Chicago, familiarly known on 'Change as “Old Gorgon Graham,” to his son Pierrepont, facetiously known to his intimates as “Piggy.” They begin with the entrance of “Piggy” as a student at Harvard, and follow him through his extravagances, his debts, his efforts at reform, his start in his father's business, and his failures and successes, to an eventual prospect of happy matrimony and commercial prosperity. Mr. Graham may have been



AN IMPRESSIONIST.

“’TIS NOT SO DEEP AS A WELL, BUT ’TIS ENOUGH,
’Twill SERVE.”

immersed in pork-packing, but he knew wonderfully well how to write racy English and how to get home every time on his son's weak points. It is to be hoped that the book will soon be published in England.

The Songs of Thomas Love Peacock, published in handy-volume form in the York Library Series (BRIMLEY JOHNSON), remind the Baron of the early George-Meredithian verse. PEACOCK, whether as a writer of verse or prose, never attained any considerable popularity; but in his descriptive style and his somewhat pedantic dialogic lay the germ—at least, so it has always appeared to the Baron—of the literary style gradually developed by the genius of MEREDITH. There is some affinity between the songs of “Father PROUT” and those of THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK, as the latter, in the midst of his prose narrative, was wont to “drop into poetry,” which amiable weakness gave considerable relief to even his most admiring readers. THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

THE DOMINANT NOTE.

OYSTERS are usually fed on sewage, and give typhoid fever.
Pork pies and all tinned foods give ptomaine poisoning.
Ale contains arsenic, and gives neuritis.
White bread contains arsenic.
Milk contains boracic acid.
Sugar gives gout.
The tannin in tea destroys the coats of the stomach.
Turkey is rich.
Pork takes five hours to digest.
No one knows how long plum pudding and mince pies take to digest.
Everything is likely to give indigestion.
Indigestion leads to chronic dyspepsia.
Whether you are poisoned or are suffering from chronic dyspepsia, you may become an inmate of twenty hospitals and consult fifty eminent physicians, but they will do you no good.
“Quackem's Pills” have cured millions, and would cure you.

FOR ONE WEEK ONLY!

THE Durbar has come and gone! No more is the cry of "Walk up! walk up, just a-goin' to begin!" heard in the land. Not "a nine days' wonder;" indeed, for the matter of that, scarcely an inside of a week's wonder. Swift and brilliant as a flash of lightning. *Et après? nous verrons.* The magnificent *tohu-bohu* is at an end, and "the Empire is Peace." The tents so striking are now struck; the properties and "appointments," in fact the "whole bag of tricks, *toute la boutique*," has been by now packed up. The costumes are once more stored away in the wardrobes whence they had been brought out, where they will remain ticketed, dated, and laid up in lavender until required for some future Durbar Drama. The carpenters have cleared the stage; the dancing girls have returned to their "marble halls"; grooms, ostlers, with handy-men, are sweeping up the saw-dust; the "supers" have been paid off, the baby elephant has returned to his cradle; the big elephants give a sigh of relief on being dismantled (for they all agreed that "eaparisons are odorous"), and their trumpets sound a joyful note as they resume their ordinary avocations. All is over, shouting included; and, as the old song records of events after the decease of the crafty miller,—

"The world goes on the same as before."

The South African performance is in for a longer run, the principal character in it having long speeches that can't possibly be "cut." But not until Mr. Punch's Pilgrim Commissioners have finished their specially interesting and unique report will the last word concerning the Delhi Durbar have been uttered.

Vivat India! Vivat Imperator et Rex! "Sic transit gloria mundi!" And may our own shadow never be less!

SEASONABLE SALUTES.

TAKING Lord CURZON's hint as to the orientalising of our institutions, it has been decided to acclimatise the Indian system of conferring honour by the medium of salutes. We understand that the following awards have been made:—

Dr. Clifford.—A permanent salute of nine angry canons.

Mr. Chamberlain.—A temporary salute of seventeen screw guns.

Lord Acrebury.—A permanent salute of the hundred best maxims.

Mr. Louis Wain.—A salvo of Mansers.

Mr. Peter Robinson.—A permanent salute of innumerable pom-poms.

Messrs. Day and Martin.—A salute of thirteen Whitehead torpedoes.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.—A very pretty wedding recently took place at the Registrar's, Whitechapel. The contracting parties were Mr. JOE CROWBAR, only son of the late JIM CROWBAR, who fell gallantly at Newgate, and Miss 'ARRIET SMITH. The bride, who wore as her only ornament a lovely black eye, a recent gift of the bridegroom, looked charming in her Worth (not much) gown, and hat with large feathers. After the ceremony the happy couple left by Underground Railway for King's Cross *en route* for Haggerston, where the honeymoon will be spent.

ANTIQUARIAN AND ARCHITECTURAL.—To Lord CURZON OF KEDLESTON belongs one of the oldest houses in the world. Kedleston Hall was built by ADAM! It was one of the very few only slightly affected (probably in the basement and cellars) by the Deluge. It is interesting to note in the *Daily Chronicle's* paragraph, last Saturday, on this subject that ADAM's *prénom* was ROBERT. This is among "things not generally known."



With Apologies to Tennyson's "Sleeping Beauty."

LOVE, IF THAT MUFF CAN BE SO LARGE,
HOW LARGE THOSE HIDDEN HANDS MUST BE!

A SORE POINT.

It was perfectly clear I was out of the running,

My mortification I could not disguise,
They paced in the shadow, the company shunning,
Soul leaping to soul, through their eloquent eyes.

Devotion of years had I lavished in vain,
But the luck took a turn—when he trod on her train.

There sounded a rip, as if stitches were slitting,

The lady herself was brought up with a jerk;
He smiled his excuses, facetiously fitting

The little mishap with a humorous quirk.
Poor innocent fool!—I emerged from my gloom,
For I read in her look his immutable doom.

Her peach-blossom face wore a look so malignant,

His dexterous epigram faltered and failed,
Her eye scattered lightnings forbidding, indignant,
His ardour was quenched and his countenance paled,
While she riddled his length with a fire of disdain,
From his head to his foot (on her gossamer train).

So—she took me instead—and our days pass serenely;

I look out for breakers and mind where I steer;
She sweeps o'er the carpet majestic and queenly,

I follow—a yard and a half in the rear;
My duties are heavy, but perfectly plain:
To work for her, love her, and keep off her train.

NEW EXPLETIVE FOR GOLFERS.—Assouan!

A VISIT TO THE POLEMICON.

(By our own Special Puff-Writer.)

I COULD hardly recognise the once dingy old establishment in Pall Mall when I again visited it under its new auspices. Where dulness and apathy had before reigned, now all was bustle and activity. Dusty and stuffy offices, where clerks had of old drowsed over the *Times*, or occasionally diverted themselves by criticising the record of some obscure Volunteer private, had given place to bright and airy departments, where shelves, counters, and even their very floors, groaned with wares and contrivances calculated to make the mouths of those whom they were intended to benefit water with anticipation. The whilom clerks themselves, at length aroused from their habitual lethargy, had been transformed into managers, cashiers, showmen, and what not, and were flitting about like so many bees, eager to show by their smartness and attention to duty, their appreciation of the new era of prosperity and usefulness that has recently set in.

By one of these I was received on presenting my credentials, with a smile of welcome.

"We are rather busy just now," he said, "but I can spare you ten minutes. We have just opened three new Departments. Perhaps you would prefer to see those?"

I assented, and followed my guide up the handsome staircase and along a number of spacious corridors, echoing to the feet of the busy throng who were constantly hurrying to and fro along them.

I noticed in passing the Art Tailoring Studio, through the door of which could be counted no less than fifty skilled specialists hard at work designing the monthly patterns for the braid and buttons of officers' uniforms. My conductor also pointed out to me an old gentleman sitting apparently wrapt in meditation in a corner, who, he told me, was exclusively employed in planning a suitable uniform for the head of the establishment; a work requiring much thought, and already the subject of a great deal of very interesting experiment.

The Hat Department, into which we next glanced, was, he informed me with some display of just pride, of peculiar interest as having been the nucleus round which the whole establishment as at present reconstituted had been built up.

The sight of "Spat and Puttee Department" on a glass door made me ask him if there was a Boot Department.

"No," he replied—I thought rather

sadly; "at present there seems to be no great scope for originality in boots. But," he added, more cheerfully, "we have hopes."

"We have now come," he continued, opening a door, "to the first of our new Departments, the Furniture Gallery, stored, as you see, with all kinds of our Patent Army Furniture, of which the Gimerackerei Gesellschaft of the Black Forest is now turning us out no less than three hundred kilometres all told. You will observe that our object is to combine the maximum appearance of elegance or utility with the minimum of cost. Here, for instance, is a piece of imitation mahogany under which any Commanding Officer might be proud to put his legs; and here, again, is a chest of drawers, any one of which will come out, if you only pull hard enough and the knobs hold. And even if they don't, it is of little consequence, all parts being interchangeable."

I expressed my admiration, and we proceeded to the adjoining Glass and China Department, where everything testified to a rigid observance of that truly British principle, that use is a thousand times better than ornament.

"The modern subaltern is more fortunate than his predecessors," I remarked, "in having this store to draw upon at prices suited to his slender purse."

My friend smiled.

"I think you misunderstand our methods," he said. "We do nothing so undignified or unprofitable as to compete with the ordinary shops in selling furniture. By the special and exclusive system of hiring which we have introduced we receive a high rate of interest on our original outlay, and, at the end, have still got the furniture. So you see to what advantage we can conduct our business."

"But you have to take the risk of breakages," I suggested.

"Only to a very trifling extent," was the reply. "Our Chief has been very careful to provide that every breakage shall be strictly examined into by at least a Court of Enquiry, and the larger ones, such as of a mess table or side-board, would probably be made the subject of a District Court Martial. So, unless it can be proved that the article wilfully came in pieces of itself, it is not likely that in many cases the delinquent will not have to pay."

We next entered the Charger Hire Purchase Department. Naturally the chargers themselves cannot be kept here, but the room was hung round with spiritedly-drawn sections, elevations, and ground plans for the customer's guidance, and I learnt that a live specimen was to be seen at Carlton Mews, a short distance off.

"We have here," explained my cicerone, "a slightly different application of the hire system. The officer makes yearly payments until the total amount is equal to our estimate of the value of the charger, after which it becomes his own: so that he has the satisfaction, so dear to the heart of every true horseman, of ministering to the declining years of his four-footed favourite. And now you have seen everything."

"Are there no more Departments?" I asked.

"Not at present. But we shall shortly have our Saddlery Department, when we have secured a competent staff of inventors; and our Tinned Provision Department, by means of which great economies will be effected in messing, and a more useful class of officer thereby secured than we have at present."

"But what about the Departments for the organisation and administration of the Army that I have been told of?" I queried, in surprise.

My friend smiled again.

"You mustn't believe all you are told," he said. "Those are just our Chief's hobbies, with which he amuses himself in his leisure time. But we are all much too busy for such things here. Good-day!"

SOME DELHITERIOUS REMARKS.

DEL-HI! hi! hi! Back again? You needn't cut me so deliberately!

So sorry—forgive the delinquency!

Well, I suppose you found it delightful?

Yes, I assure you—quite delhicious.

How did you manage to go—as a delhigate of some sort or other?

I went as a Press delhineator.

In Delhi when the Princes greet Their Emperor with homage meet,

And loyalty's professions,
To him the scene more closely binds
All hearts, and makes upon all minds
In-Delhi-ble impressions.

I fancy you are suffering from delhi-quescence of the brain!

Glad to be back again. Piccadeli's good enough for me!

Going to a concert to-night. Wish I could hear *ADELHINA PATTI*. Shall I doff my present Indian costume?

That's a Delhi-kit question.

[*Exeunt.*]

THANK GOODNESS!—Last Friday it was rumoured that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had been shot. There was a report, but no pistol. *Vive CHAMBERLAIN!*

FOOD FOR THE MIND.

["Teach boys to cook. A man who cannot cook his own dinner is but half educated."—*Daily Mail*.]

ON arriving at Choppun Taters, a sweetly picturesque little village, we inquired of an intelligent inhabitant the way to St. Savory's College. A walk of five minutes brought us to the headmaster's door. St. Savory's is a handsome stone building, resembling a pork-pie in shape, and decorated in the Gorgian style of architecture.

"Kindly step this way," said the Butler, as he answered our knock. We followed him. He halted before a door, through the keyhole of which floated an appetising smell of cooking.

"Er—if the headmaster is at lunch——" we began.

"Not at all, Sir," replied the official. "The chef is merely correcting the Sixth Form Irish Stew."

"Come in," said a curiously muffled voice in answer to his knock, and we went in. The chef was standing at a long table, on which were ranged some thirty dishes of Irish stew. He wore a white cap and apron. As we entered he appeared to swallow something, and, turning to a bright, handsome lad of seventeen, remarked, "H'm. Better than last week, but still far from perfect. A false quantity of onions, and the entire composition inclined to be somewhat heavy. You may go."

"Perhaps, as you are engaged——" we began tentatively.

"No, no. Certainly not. Pray be seated. You wished, I believe, to hear something of our educational methods at St. Savory's. Of what use hitherto has a public-school education been to a boy? Well, yes, as you say, he has possibly learned to play with a straight bat. But what else? Nothing, Sir, nothing. All the Greek and Latin he learned he used to forget as soon as he left school. Quite so. Now we, on the other hand, instil knowledge that is really useful, and which cannot be forgotten. We have a large and able staff of under-chefs, and, beginning with theoretical work, the boys rise by regular gradations until, by the time they reach the sixth form, they are capable of turning out a very decent dinner indeed."

"You mentioned theoretical work?" we said. "What exactly——?"

"Ah, yes. Well, they read short histories, such as the history of the Stewit dynasty, for instance, and write occasional essays. 'The relations of Church and Steak' is a good stock subject. But it is our practical work on which we pride ourselves. You see, it pays them to do their best. A boy who systematically fails to satisfy the examiners has to stay in after school



BROWN'S COUNTRY HOUSE.—No. 1.

Brown (who takes a friend home to see his new purchase, and strikes a light to show it).
"CONFOUND IT, THE BEASTLY THING'S STOPPED!"

and eat his work. Very few boys need this corporal punishment twice."

"And the results?" I ventured.

"Wonderful. Simply wonderful. This year, which is neither above nor below our usual standard, we have won no less than fourteen important trophies at the Universities. I will not recount them all. Suffice it to say that at Cambridge JONES (a ripe scholar, JONES, one of the finest clear soup composers we have ever had at the school) won the Porkson prize for mutton cutlets, and SMITH the Gravy Scholarship.

While in the Tripeos, as usual, the name of St. Savory's was well to the fore. As for our other triumphs, we have done well on the range. We were second in the contest for the Hashburton shield, and obtained the first five places in the Fry competition."

"Then," we said, "you would describe the new system as——"

"A colossal success. Go to the study of any of my boys. Once you would have found the shelves littered with dry Bohns. What do you find now? Meat. Good afternoon."



TOMMY'S CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.—No. 2.

"WHAT A BEASTLY UGLY HEAD THAT PONY HAS, TOMMY!"

Tommy. "DON'T FRET, OLD CHAP. THAT'S NOT THE END YOU'LL SEE MOST OF, ANYWAY."

CHARIVARIA.

We regret to say that, owing to some remarks made by the VICEROY on the subject of Furniture in the course of the Durbar Celebrations, relations between the Tottenham Court and the Indian Court are somewhat strained.

There has been an engagement between the Revolutionists and the Government troops in Venezuela, and both sides claim the victory. It has been decided to refer the matter to the Hague, but meanwhile the War will go on.

The only news of importance from France this week is that ROMAIN DAURIGNAC is fond of omelettes, while FRÉDÉRIC HUMBERT has a preference for boiled eggs.

The Washington Post Office is putting a stop to the practice of manufacturers using President ROOSEVELT's name and portrait to advertise patent medicines, cigars, &c., but an article entitled Selborne's Navy Mixture will shortly be supplied to our Fleet.

Nearly a thousand more books were published in 1902 than 1901. The chief increase of the year was in fiction. That was owing to the number of books on the War that were issued.

The Crown Agents for the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies are sending out a thousand railway labourers to South Africa. A number of domestic servants are also being engaged, and expect soon to be married.

The Duke of CONNAUGHT is popular wherever he goes, and, in India, he has been made the subject of generosity as magnificent as it is embarrassing. All the Indian Princes have been presented to him. It is not known what he will do with them.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, we learn, has been coloured by the Sun. This must be a welcome change after being blackened by the Star.

Those who say that Mr. HALL CAINE can never excite or amuse have received a nasty slap in the face. In an account

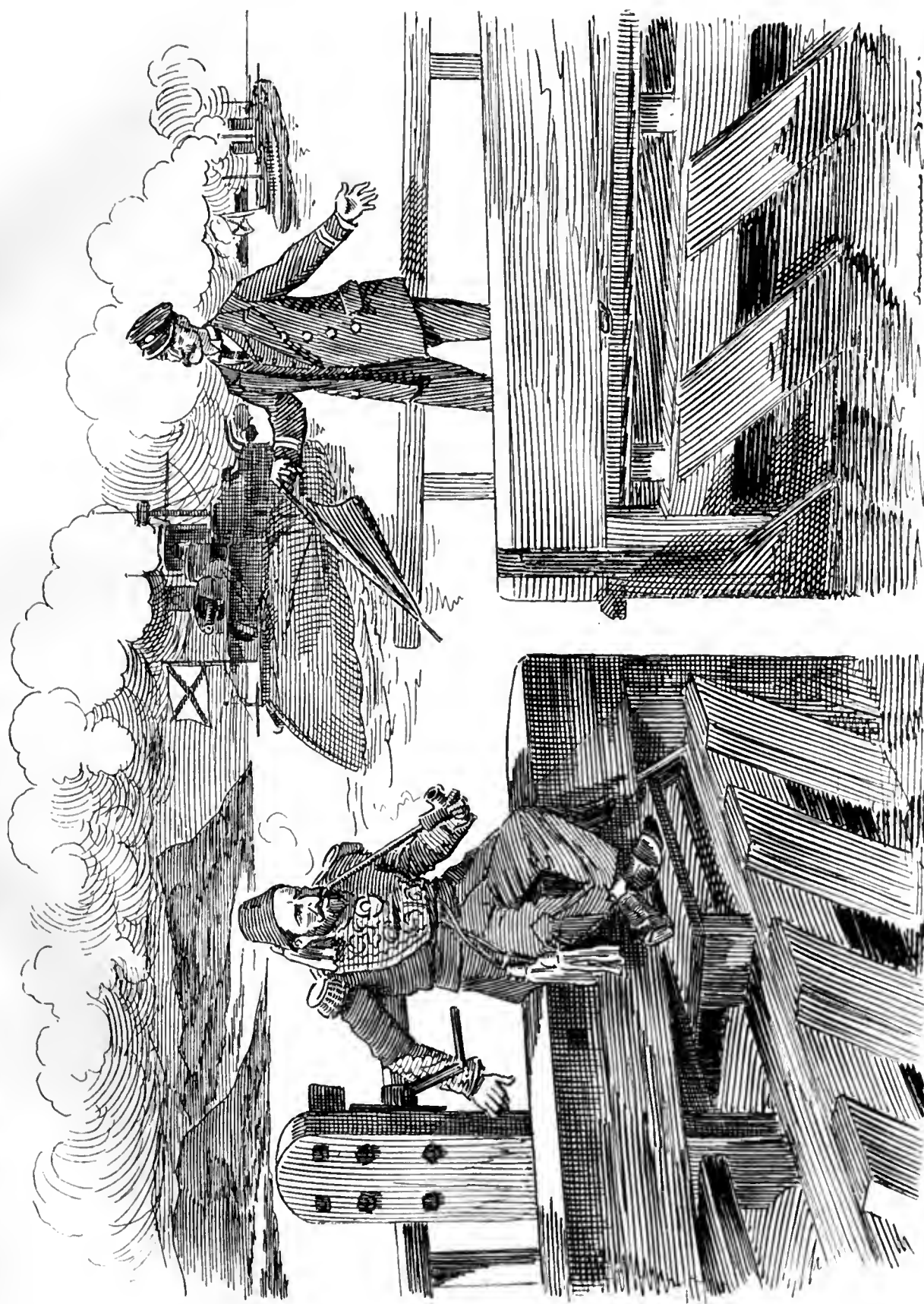
of a dinner to the poor, promoted by the Dickens Fellowship, we read that "the crackers given by Mr. HALL CAINE, the novelist, were a cause of excitement and amusement."

Certain Irish politicians are panic-stricken. The report of the Irish Land Conference contains recommendations which, if carried out, are calculated to bring lasting contentment to Ireland.

It cannot be said that the Government is not thorough. Realising that the new Licensing Act will lead to a diminution in the consumption of strong drinks, and to a corresponding increase in demand for something less harmful, they are also responsible for a Water Bill.

The Education Bill's "R.I.P." or Epitaph.

Shade of Shakspeare. What would you like me to put on your tombstone? *Education Bill.* The divinities will shape our ends
Rough *Hugh* them how we will.



THE DARDANELLES LOCK.

LORD LANSDOWNE (*Confederacy Inspector*). "HOW DARE YOU LET THEM THROUGH? YOU MUST HAVE KNOWN IT WAS AGAINST THE RULES!"
SULTAN (*Lock-keeper*). "WELL, THEY WERE GOT UP AS PLEASURE BOATS. HOW WAS I TO KNOW?"

PILGRIMS TO THE EAST.

III.—THE PILGRIMS' P.-AND-O.-GRESS.

Dec. 20. *In the Red Sea*.—A blessed calm has prevailed for many days, and the pathetic line which opens a little set of verses composed by a lady on board—"A few more Peers shall roll"—has lost much of its poignant force. At Port Said everything answered to expectation, from the donkeys named after Lord KITCHENER, LOTTIE COLLINS, and *Flying Fox*, to the Arab coalers, dusky by nature, duskier by their trade, swarming over the low barges and up the ship's sides like nothing so nearly as a troop of lost souls clambering in and out of Charon's infernal ferry. But an unrehearsed effect was the genial



Something jaunty in Panamas.

welcome given us by the officers of H.M.S. *Intrepid*, guardship at the Port, who hailed the Pilgrims' party out of the night as we were being rowed round their cruiser on our return from dining ashore, and insisted on making us free of the ship from binnacle to boiler room. A subsequent rumour alleging that they were only too glad to see anybody from the outside world because they were in quarantine (with the yellow flag flying unobserved in the darkness) was a cruel calumny upon as gallant and light-hearted a wardroom company as ever offered hospitality to errant squire and dame. To their health and our next merry meeting on the homeward track!

From Port Said to Sinai every local stage-property was shown us in sample. There was an encampment of Arabs (possibly Bedouins), a camel, a bitter lake, a mirage, a flamingo, an afterglow, a desert, and a pelican of the same. One suspected everywhere the ordering hand of Messrs. COOK AND SONS. As for the searchlight in our bows, the strange



glamour that it cast on common objects—the canal, the sand of the shelving shores, the prosaic dredger (touched by magic to the semblance of a glittering silver palace)—created out of the colourless scene a "faërie land forlorn," elusive, moving before us as we moved. Breathing warm air off the desert, we looked on a little Arctic world with its reaches of blue ice, and the sheen of snow on its edges. Or else we were somewhere past the ivory gate of dreams, in the "Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon." And when the real moon rose we were still unashamed of having tried to better the colouring of Nature, I think because we could here excuse ourselves, for once, on the plea of usefulness and even necessity.

This philosophic comment, advanced by myself, has so far been the most luminous observation that I have had



A Hotel Porter.

the good fortune to encounter in connection with the panorama of our voyage; taking rank, indeed, above the remark of a Peeress passed upon a pelican of the desert:—"Is that a pelican? Quaint bird, ain't it?"

But then the absorbing idleness of life on board leaves us unambitious and content. Still, we should be hardly human, in the English sense, if we did not bring some element of energetic sadness into our pleasures. Thus, we have at last begun to dance upon a chalked patch of upper deck, having first waited till the sultriness of the nights had made all forms of exertion intolerable. For we have now nearly run our southward course: and tomorrow the East will be calling with no land between. Yesterday the officers and stewards broke out, as by signal, into white ducks; and day by day we



An Oriental Reprobate. Port Said.

others are trying honestly to get ourselves orientatised.

We mould our minds to suit the East;
We stuff our brains with MURRAY;
And school our baser parts to feast
On curious forms of curry.

But the habits of the Orient are not to be learnt in a day, and we still make mistakes in the very elements of Eastern lore. For an instance—when one of the dominant race was told the other day that we were to have the punkahs at dinner that night, he showed a gross lack of culture in replying as follows:—"Ah, yes, the PUNKAHs! they joined the boat at Suez, didn't they?"

I cannot find any excuse for such an answer; but on the other hand I sympathise with the English lady who confused the menu with the printed list of passengers, placed before her at luncheon, and ordered some Bungeegee under the impression that it was an Indian pickle, instead of the name of a distinguished native in our midst.

Reverting to the punkahs, I must say that their first effect, so low are they

hung, is to induce symptoms of hysteria. Later, one feels less like Damocles, and more like an ordinary customer at the barber's. But they are picturesque and Oriental, and one would not willingly have the P. & O. play fast and loose with cherished traditions that belong to the unwritten part of their contract. But it would be absurd to suppose that they do their work as well as any electric fan-ventilator from Birmingham, or indeed are good for anything except to suggest coolness by pushing the warm air to and fro.

The white drill suits affected by the Oriental Connoisseur have this same air of coolness, though they are actually a stuffy form of dress, and must be worn simply to please the eyes of others. Personally I have deferred this discipline till I get to Delhi—the headquarters of altruism.

We are still more than five days off Bombay, and from now onwards our staple topic will be the rumoured dislocation of Indian railways. The scene which we shall compose at the Victoria terminus should, with luck, be one of unparalleled confusion. I hope to post my next in the very middle of it.

O. S.

LOVE LETTERS OF A BUSINESS MAN.

THE course of true love, though beset with almost insurmountable obstacles, often rewards the faithful lovers at the end with supreme happiness. But, alas! sometimes the said true love proves nought but a toboggan-slide leading to a precipice, into which the true lovers' hopes are hurled and dashed into atomic smithereens.

We have before us a volume of a "Business Man's Love Letters," a few extracts from which we give below. Reader, if you have a tear, prepare to shed it now! The burning passion which surges in the lover's heart, though embodied in phrases habitually used by a business man, is sure to touch your soul. But presently comes the pathetic ending, when she is no longer anything to him, and he—to use the imperfect but comprehensive vernacular—is to her as "dead as a door nail." Reader, read on!

I.

August 1, 1899.

DEAR MISS SMYTHE,—With reference to my visit last evening at the house of Mr. JOHN JORKINS, our mutual friend, when I had the pleasure of meeting you.

Having been much charmed by your conversation and general attractiveness, I beg to inquire whether you will allow

me to cultivate the acquaintanceship further.

Awaiting the favour of your esteemed reply,

Yours faithfully,

JOHN GREEN.

II.

August 3, 1899.

MY DEAR MISS SMYTHE,—I beg to acknowledge with many thanks receipt of your letter of even date, contents of which I note with much pleasure. I hope to call this evening at 7.15 P.M., when I trust to find you at home.

With kindest regards, I beg to remain,

Yours very truly,

JOHN GREEN.

III.

August 21, 1899.

MY DEAREST EVELINA,—Referring to our conversation this evening when you consented to become my wife.

I beg to confirm the arrangement then made, and would suggest the wedding should take place within the ensuing six months. No doubt you will give the other necessary details your best consideration, and will communicate your views to me in due course.

Trusting there is every happiness before us,

I remain,

Your darling Chickabiddy,

JOHN.

IV.

August 22, 1899.

MY OWNEST TOOTSEY-WOOTSEY,—Enclosed please find 22-carat gold engagement ring, set with thirteen diamonds and three rubies, receipt of which kindly acknowledge by return.

Trusting same will give every satisfaction,

I am,

Your only lovey-dovey,

JOHNNY.

XXXXXX Kindly note kisses.

V.

November 24, 1899.

MY SWEETEST EVELINA,—I am duly in receipt of your letter of 20th inst., which I regret was not answered before owing to pressure of business.

In reply thereto I beg to state that I do love you dearly, and only you, and also no one else in all the world. Further I shall have much pleasure in continuing to love you for evermore, and no one else in all the world.

Trusting to see you this evening as usual and in good health.

I am, Your ownest own,

JOHN.

VI.

January 4, 1900.

TO MISS SMYTHE, MADAM,—In accordance with the intention expressed in my letter of yesterday, I duly forwarded addressed to you a parcel containing all

letters, &c., received from you, and presume they have been safely delivered.

I have received to-day, per carrier, a parcel containing various letters which I have written to you from time to time. No doubt it was your intention to despatch the complete number written by me, but I notice one dated August 21 is not included. Will you kindly forward the letter in question by return, when I will send you a full receipt?

Yours faithfully, JOHN GREEN.

VII.

January 6, 1900.

TO MISS SMYTHE, MADAM,—I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of yesterday, and note your object in retaining my letter of August 21 last. As I intend to defend the issue in the case, I shall do as you request, and will leave all further communications to be made through my solicitors.

Yours, &c., JOHN GREEN.

VIII.

15, Peace Court, Temple, E.C.

MESSRS. BANG, CRASH & Co.,

9a, Quarrel Row, E.C.

Smythe v. Green.

GENTLEMEN,—We are in receipt of your communication of yesterday's date, with which you enclose copy of letter dated August 21. We note that you state the document in question has been duly stamped at Somerset House, and are writing our client this evening with a view to offering your client terms, through you, to stay the proceedings which have been commenced.

Yours faithfully,

BLITHERS, BLATHERS, BLOTHERS & Co.

"THE TOPER'S WHO'S WHO."

IN view of the Drink Act Black List, the *St. James's Gazette* invites Mr. DOUGLAS SLADEN to edit a publication with a title similar to the above. It is a good idea, and we expect some interesting confessions as to the favourite mixtures and magistrates, convictions, public-ations, travels (in search of refreshment), pseudonyms or aliases, recreations, addresses (doss-houses and unions), clubs (goose, slate, &c.), and other autobiographical details which we are accustomed to study with delight in the pages of its prototype. Degrees (of inebriation), pedigree and origin (where ascertainable), birth-marks, with other signs of distinction and means of identification, orders (of the Boot, Workhouse Bath, Broad Arrow, and so forth), and tickets-of-leave will all find a place in this indispensable manual. We understand also that "Men of the Time" will be re-christened "Men who Have Done Time."



"I SAY, OLD CHAP, WOULD YOU MIND BRINGING YOUR FIDDLE DOWN TO OUR BICYCLE GYMNASIA, TO PLAY FOR THE MUSICAL CHAIRS, IN CASE THE BAND DOESN'T TURN UP? OF COURSE I SHALL DO MY VERY BEST TO GET THE BAND."

E. B. Frost '92

"DE GOOSETIBUS NON DISPUTANDUM."

No question about it at all; and Manager Author COLLINS with author HICKORY WOOD by this time must feel quite certain that the Pantomime at "The Lane" is as great a success as ever; that for fun, plot, and Dan-Leno-isms, it is a real improvement on that of last year, though in mere gorgeousness of spectacle it is not up to some of its more brilliant predecessors. "For this relief much thanks" to "the little boy who lives by the Lane." Perhaps we may very gradually return to Pantomime in its most simple and, after all said, sung, and done, its most effective form. The harmony in colour, of costumes and scenery, in *Mother Goose*, is perfect, as also is the harmony in the orchestra under the spirited conductorship of JACOBUS GLOVERUS, whose hand (with bâton) in it, is evident throughout. "On voit Ulysse dans cette affaire."

HERBERT CAMPBELL, as a sort of grinning Pickwickian "Fat Boy," is quite at home when representing *Jack*, the son of *Mother Goose* (DAN LENO), with whom he shares most of the "comic business," taking his proportion of it with Mr. ARTHUR CONQUEST as the affectionate, over-grown bird, "a great goose." Messrs. QUEEN and LE BRUN are much to the front as the fore-and-hind-legs of the inimitable donkey whose scenes with DAN LENO are deliciously eccentric. Words fail this scribe in his attempt to convey some idea of the wonderful "Transformation scene," where DAN LENO, the old, ugly, rheumatic *Mother Goose*, after drinking of the magic fountain, suddenly appears as the gay, giddy, fair-haired young thing, a gushing damsel, in whom even that wise child *Jack* does not recognise his own mother! This is the hit of the Pantomime, and very cleverly as a bit of stage-business is the re-transformation managed, from the "young thing" back to the "old dame," in sight of the audience.

Miss MARIE GEORGE, as *Gretchen*, is a most valuable addition, both to the singing and dancing and to such low-comedy acting as is required in a Christmas pantomime. This actress is a very clever little person, and, as her song of "*I would not be a lady*" shows, she possesses the true humour of pathos. On dit that she is "going to the halls." Surely there ought to be a great opening for her in musical pieces at the theatres?

Madame GRIGOLATI "wires in" with her graceful troupe, herself performing aerial wonders, taking a "flight of fancy," totally unconnected with any action in the story, in mid-air over stalls and pit, so that her performance may be described as "quite above the heads of a considerable portion of the audience."

Miss MADGE LESSING plays a pretty *Jill* to Miss MAUDE BEATTY as the Beattyfied *Colin*, with a sort of reminiscence of the "*Hush! bogey man*" song and other similar ditties with chorus and dance.

Mr. FRED EMNEY gets as much fun as possible into the doddering old *Mayor of Tapham*. Messrs. CAIRD and ZOLA are comic as a couple of eccentric Scots, representing "the long and short of it," or, presumably, "The Highlander and the Low-lander."

Miss ALMA JONES, as the good contralto fairy *Heartsease*, earns well-merited applause for her song (words of no importance, tune and voice everything), and all praise is due to the scenic artists Messrs. RYAN, MCCLEERY, BRUCE-SMITH, CANY and HENRY EMDEN.

Had the Harlequinade commenced at 10.15 we should have seen it; but as the "Early Closing Act" compelled us to leave at 11.15, in order to sup in comfort, we had to forego the pleasure of renewing acquaintance with our old friends *Harlequin* (TOM CUSDEN), *Columbine* (Miss CROMPTON), *Pantaloon* (CHARLES ROSS), *Clown* ("Whimsical WALKER"), and *Policeman* (ALFRED, not ARTHUR, COLLINS).



"THE TIP OF THE MORNING TO YOU!"

First Whip thanks him, and hums to himself, "WHEN OTHER TIPS, AND T'OTHER PARTS, THEN HE REMEMBERS ME!"

A propos of the Pantomime, it is to be hoped that the attention of Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS has been drawn to the description in the *Times* of Thursday, January 8, of the Kashmir Kontingent at the Delhi Durbar. How DRURIOLANUS MAXIMUS would have revelled in it! And what a magnificent manager of the whole Indian show he would have been with such materials at command! Giants, dwarfs, weird warriors, dancing girls, monsters! *Vive la Compagnie!* Only HERBERT CAMPBELL, MARIE GEORGE (with Dragon), and DAN LENO were wanting to complete the show, with *chef d'orchestre* Rajah JIMMRAWAK WITEKIDDIAH GLOVAR, glass in eye, bâton in hand, to conduct the massed bands of Brass and String playing music for the donkey specially composed by the Sultan of MOKELLA. Bhang! Tzing! Dance!

"Unanswerable Logic."

Little Girl (to Proud Grandfather). Grandad, didn't somebody say that our ancestors were monkeys?

Proud Grandfather. Yes, Pussy; why do you ask?

Little Girl. 'Cos it's nonsense. Some day I'll marry and be an ancestor, but I won't be a monkey.

A Question of Spelling.

"THERE's sterling stuff yet in the Liberal Party," Announces Sir HENRY the hopeful and hearty.

Say the Liberal Leaguers, their banner unfurling,

"We've doubts of the stuff, but it's certainly Stirling."

An elderly beau had been delivering himself of certain forcible home-truths when lecturing his nephew.

"Wonderful chap your uncle," observed a friend when the old gentleman had disappeared, "so well preserved!"

"I don't know so much about his being 'well preserved,'" growled the aggrieved nephew, "but he is unpleasantly candid."

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

XV.—PUNCH: A BACHELOR.

THERE is no mistaking the sounds proceeding from behind the little crowd that has gathered across the top of the next turning. Those vigorous blows, accompanied by that exultant nasal war-cry, can only be associated with the needy elder brother of the prosperous gentleman so complacently drawing pictures in the midst of a nightmare on the cover of this volume. I join the little group and soon become absorbed in the moving drama of life and death (principally death—which is very popular with the juvenile section of the audience) that is being enacted before me.

Punch, a tow-headed malefactor with a dental grin, has just in rollicking fashion beaten out the brains of three inquisitive but otherwise innocent strangers, and light-heartedly laid their remains head downwards across the window-ledge, which done, he observes, "Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!" with a kind of reminiscent joviality, and pauses to give the audience a chance to have their laugh out. To him enters a fourth stranger, in all matters of character exactly resembling his predecessors, but bearing the distinction of a mahogany face.

"What's this, what's this?" cries Mahogany Face, eyeing a stationary mud-cart on the opposite side of the road with a fixed stare, but immediately afterwards butting the first corpse with his forehead, from which I gather that he refers to the corpse and not the mud-cart.

"Why, golly, he's dead!" he exclaims (a conclusion to which he has come by rubbing his mahogany nose in the small of the deceased gentleman's back). "That makes one."

He moves on to the next corpse and again goes through the butting and rubbing process.

"Golly, that makes two!" he observes, and passing on repeats his unique diagnosis on corpse No. 3.

"Golly, that makes three!" he exclaims, and rising erect again fixes the mud-cart with a glassy stare.

"And that," squeaks Punch, quite unable to restrain his amusement as he delivers a fatally crushing blow with his cudgel on the back of the newcomer's head, "makes four!"

There can be no doubt of the success of this supreme stroke of wit. The audience is convulsed with amusement. The anæmic man with the hat is reaping a harvest of halfpence. At the same moment I feel a dig on my elbow, and glancing round find my attention called by an individual standing next to me, who for some reason—I am quite unable



Mother. "I HEAR YOU'VE BEEN SNOWBALLING, YOU NAUGHTY BOY!"

Willy. "WELL, WHO TOLD YOU?"

Mother. "A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME."

Willy. "SNEAK!"

to state what—immediately gives me the impression of being connected with gasworks. He points with the stem of his clay pipe at the Punch and Judy Show.

"Where's Judy?" he demands in an injured tone.

"I really don't know," I reply.

"Punch an' Judy they call it," he says, evidently labouring under a strong sense of unjust treatment. "Then where's Judy?"

I venture to soothe him.

"Perhaps she'll appear later," I suggest.

Gasworks regards me with marked disfavour.

"Later!" he exclaims with hostile disgust. "Later—huh!—later!"

Somewhat nervously I turn my attention to the show again. The four

corpses have been spirited away by a mysterious hand in a direction which it were better not to particularise. The same mysterious hand, appearing on a level with the ground from underneath the hanging curtain, has grabbed Dog Toby, hitherto sitting on a heap of gravel, and barking superciliously at the audience. Punch is now engaged—in the absence of human victims—in cudgel practice on the person of Toby, responded to by that bored terrier by a series of mechanical snaps.

"Where's Judy?" loudly breaks in Gasworks, who seems to regard it as a personal insult that wife-beating should be omitted from the entertainment. "Punch an' Judy, I thort yer called it."

The drama continues. The owner of Dog Toby, a deliberate citizen in

mustard-coloured trousers, has entered to claim his property. Sophistical dialectics follow between him and Punch.

"How—can the dog—be yours, Sir," concludes Toby's owner, "if I—lost him?"

"How can the dog be yours, Sir," returns Punch with spasmodic sophistry, "if I found him?"

Toby's owner is evidently sensible that he has met his match in reasoning powers. But he continues with jerky resolution:

"It was a fort—night ago—last Tuesday—that I—lost 'im."

"It was a fortnight ago last Tuesday," returns Punch (somewhat undiplomatically, as it seems to me), "that I found 'im."

The deliberate citizen refusing to be convinced by argument, Punch again has recourse to the cudgel. I notice a diminution in the applause, and look about me in surprise. Then I find that Gasworks has left my side and penetrated deeper into the crowd, where he is sowing discontent.

"Where's Judy?" he demands in an aggressive shout; "woddier wanter call it Punch an' Judy for?"

A good many of the crowd seem to realise the justice of this complaint.

"Yes, why ain't there no Judy?" inquires a woman with a black eye of a companion with a baby.

"Why?" cries Gasworks, emboldened by success. "Becos they cawn't do Judy. They ain't clever enough—that's why."

"It ain't wot it used ter be, is it?" remarks the woman with the baby. "Why they *used* ter throw Judy's baby outer winder."

The woman with the black eye seems quite convinced as to the decadence of the drama, and several of the bystanders seem to be of the same way of thinking. The entertainment proceeds, though I cannot help noticing an unusual note of asperity in the tones of Punch and of a certain idiotic hangman with a head like a new sponge, who has accommodately called on the malefactor at his own residence with the gallows under his arm.

"Where's Judy?" vociferates Gasworks in louder and louder tones, his eye roving round the audience for fresh proselytes.

"You've come to 'ang me, 'ave yer? Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!" observes Punch, but in tones of increasing truculence hardly in keeping with the jocund rascality of his character as hitherto presented.

"Yes, Punch, I'm sorry ter say yer a goner," returns the hangman no less savagely.

"Why don't yer give us Judy?" yells Gasworks, by now at the head of a fairly numerous faction. Then suddenly, drunk with success, he advances to the show-box and leans against the side of it.

"Where's Judy?" he demands. "If yer cawnt do Judy, get on 'ome with yer show."

The anæmic man advances irresolutely. The crowd is divided in its sympathies. Dog Toby growls from his gravel-heap. Suddenly Punch, hangman and gallows disappear precipitously, and a bullet human head appears above the ledge.

"If yer *want* one on the conk," shouts the head, "jest say so. Cawnt yer let a man get a honest livin'?"

"H-onest livin'?" retorts Gasworks, with a scathing emphasis on the aspirate. "Wot—when yer cawnt do Judy? H-onest livin'! Imposters I call yer."

There is a volcanic disturbance inside the show-box, a storm among the green baize curtains, and an unshaven man in dirty shirt-sleeves breaks out into the open.

"Narthen," he cries, "d'yer want one on the conk? Becos if yer do, jest say so."

Just in time (or out of it, according to the point of view) a policeman arrives. Gasworks and Bullet Head are parted.



BEFORE OUR FANCY DRESS BALL.

Muriel (as "An American Girl"—to her Aunt, who fancies herself tremendously as "Zaza.") "OH, AUNT, WHAT A CAPITAL DRESS! WHAT IS IT? A ZEBRA?"

"Pass along there," says the policeman, elbowing the crowd dispassionately. "Come on," (to Bullet Head) "take the show away. Can't obstruct the road 'ere. Come on," (to Gasworks) "off yer go. That's enough of it.—Pass along there, please."

The crowd disperses reluctantly. Gasworks, triumphantly scathing, is driven off by the policeman. Bullet Head puts on his coat, and proceeds to tuck up the baize curtains round the legs of the show-box. The anæmic partner packs away the figures and straps them over his shoulders.

"Wanted one on the conk," observes Bullet Head reminiscently, and gets underneath the show-box. "Bridge."

I stand still and watch them depart, followed by Toby, still undisguisedly bored, in the direction of Hammersmith Broadway.

THE WEARING OF THE BLUE.—It was recently announced that "the Blue Ribbon among classical scholarships had fallen to a Bluecoat boy." With a slightly unmetrical alteration: of the line, we may say

"O Fortunate puer, decidedly crede colori!"

Back the colour through life. Marry a pretty blue-stockings, and may your happiness last "till all's blue"! Avoiding the excesses of Blue Ribbon-men, or of any other Ribbon-men, be ever "True Blue!" And should you, at any time, make a slip, get back to your right colour, and be "azure were!"

POLITE NAME FOR THOSE WHO HAVE A KNACK OF NOT STRICTLY ADHERING TO THE TRUTH.—"Reservists."

MR. FRANKENSTEIN AND HIS EX-TEMPORE PROMETHIAN.

A TRAGICAL DRAMA. BY H. B. JABBERJEE, B.A.

ACT FIRST (continued).



THE Reader will no doubt recollect that we left off at the very exciting episode of knockings at Mr. FRANKENSTEIN'S door. The audience is inevitably to imagine that said knocks are made by the Monster, and will be proportionately surprised when the knocker turns out to be Mr. HENRY CLERVAL, a romantically chivalrous friend of Mr. F.'s adolescence. This device, I must humbly submit, exhibits a rather profound knowledge of stagey effect.

Mr. Clerval (entering). What ho, my beloved friend! I am recently descended from Swiss diligence-dawk, and arrive as the Family Herald, with latest intelligence of the healths of Honble. SYNDICATE FRANKENSTEIN, your venerable parent, Miss ELIZABETH LAVENZA, your affianced cousin, and little darling WILLIAM, your brother.

[This speech is of course for instruction of audience. H. B. J.]

Mr. F. (with a manifest effort). You're welcome 'as a Mayflower. What tidings have you of my ELIZABETH?

Mr. Clerv. She is following the aerial creations of the Poets as busily as ever. Her saintly soul still shines like a shrine-dedicated lamp, and she has the same sweet and celestial eyes. [Taken from description in vol.—H. B. J.]

Mr. F. That is good news, indeed! And how is little darling WILLIAM?

Mr. Clerv. Whenever little darling WILLIAM smiles, two minute dimples appear on each cheek, which are rude with healthiness. But your own are pale as dishcloths. This is the result of leading the solitary existence of a Pilgarlic!

Mr. F. (glancing bashfully over his shoulders towards the arras). I am not perhaps so solitary as I seem, my dear CLERVAL.

Mr. Clerv. No matter—it is not hygienic to live like toad-in-hole. I have come to bring you back to family's bosom.

Mr. F. Excuse me—urgent private affairs detain me here. There is a rather big piece of work that I fear I cannot get away from. [Here he does some more backward glances.]

Mr. Clerv. (suspiciously). Behind the arras? Oho! I commence already to smell a large rodent.

Mr. F. (earnestly). Your nose is too sharp by half. I assure you there is no rat behind the arras!

Mr. Clerv. I will soon see whether that is so or not.

[He advances to the hangings. Mr. F. pushes him back, and there is a violent snip-snap for some minutes—till CLERVAL contrives to kick the beam and draw the curtains. . . . To the wonderment of both parties and all spectators, the Monster is seen to be an absentee, and the back premises are bare as a bone.]

Mr. F. (aside, relieved). The Demon has taken his hook! He did not recognise myself as the author of his existence! (To Mr. CLERVAL.) You see, my cupboard is uninhabited by any skeleton. I have been engaged in a scientific experiment—but it has gone off in smoke like a flash in pan.

Mr. Clerv. (shrewdly). Then you are now at liberty to return to roost on your paternal roof-tree!

Mr. F. Be it so. I have been indulging too immoderately in midnight oil, and require to change the air.

Mr. Clerv. I will go at once and secure best seats for Switzerland. [He goes out.]

Mr. F. (with factitious gaiety). I feel as gleeful as the careless grig! Let me assume my go-to-meeting garbage. (He searches his wardrobe-chest.) Oh, hoity toity! all my togs are gone! And in the coat-tail pockets copious notes of progress in my monstrous manufacture! What scoundrel hand has sneaked them unbeknown?

[Here the figure of the Monstrosity, attired in the tight fit of Mr. F.'s travelling toggery, is seen to pass the window outside in the glaring moonlight. Mr. F. stares after it dumbfoundedly.]

Mr. F. He's got them on!—But after all, who cares? My notes are Greek to one who cannot read. No fear that he will ever find me out!

[More knocks at door. Mr. F. is suddenly afflicted with brain fever, and falls down in a confused heap as Mr. CLERVAL returns.]

Mr. F. (in the feeble accents of a delirious). CLERVAL, my boyhood's friend, remember this. Should any Monster call, I'm not at home!

[As Mr. C. bends concernedly over him, the Monster reappears, unobserved, at the window, and gazes in with fish-like optics as the Curtain descends, amidst vociferous hand-claps.]

ACT THE SECOND.

Several months have intervened. The scene is an open country, with a cottage inhabited by the virtuous DE LACEY Family. A dilapidated hovel is adjacent to the aforesaid cottage. It is daybreak, and the Monster enters. He is still wearing Mr. F.'s vestments [at least I cannot find that the talented authoress mentions that he has procured any roomier outfit], and carries a bundle of firewood.

The Monster (aside). This humble abode is tenanted by an amiable household called DE LACEY, and a young Arabian feminine of the name of SAFIE. They do not know as yet that I have occupied the neighbouring hovel for many months, and, by dint of assiduous eavesdroppings, have not only acquired the parts of speech, but a first-class education! [This is strictly according to original story.] As tit for tat, I deposit firewood clandestinely on their doorstep. They think it is the action of some benevolent fairy, but I shall reveal myself shortly as the good-natured friend. Soft! They are making a sortie. I will retire to my hovel and become all ears. [He does so.]

FELIX conducts SAFIE, the fair Arabian, out of the cottage, and there is a conversation in which he describes (from original book) how he, his male parent, and sister AGATHA, came to leave Paris for such a distant and inferior tenement, and she in turn relates the reasons which brought her, a timid and female Turkish, all the way from Constantinople. This will not occupy more than half an hour, and without it I think the audience would perhaps fail to understand the presence of an Oriental damsel in a French family in Germany.

Then Miss SAFIE says, Thanks to your kind tutorship, I am now thoroughly proficient in Gallic colloquialisms and irregular verbiage.

Monster (*aside, in his hovel*). And so is this humble self, having been secretly the *tertium quid* in such private coachings!

Mr. Felix. And during the long winter evenings I was able to read aloud the entire Encyclopædia from cover to cover—including the Supplement.

Monster (*aside*). By overhearing same, I am become literally chockfull of general information!

Miss Agatha (*leads out old Mr. DE LACEY—a venerable and snow-bearded blind*). Again our anonymous benefactor has bestowed upon us a bundle of firewood! How truly magnificent!

Old Mr. De L. A sad pity that such a good angel should refuse his address! But perhaps he is one of those who do good by stealing, and blush to find themselves notorious. I am longing to make his acquaintance.

Monster (*aside*). They are infernally encouraging!

Mr. Felix. Miss SAFIE, AGATHA, and self will now take a short walk to do some goat-milking. You will not, my Father, experience loneliness during our temporary absence?

Old Mr. De L. A virtuous Senile, my son, can never be in total solitude! [*The others go out, leaving him alone.*]

Monster (*aside*). Now can I scrape his acquaintance pat! (*Comes out of hovel.*) Pardon this intrusion.

[*V. original text.*]

Old Mr. De L. I am a very old blind and cannot see you—but you have a mellifluous, gentlemanly voice.

Monster. I am a poor *post-mortem* chap of very so-so antecedents, and regard you in the light of a Polar Star. Melancholy has marked me for her own with indelible ink, and the very birds and beasts do snivel sympathetically over my hard case!

Old Mr. De L. You are evidently in the peck of troubles. Do not fear to unloose your Gordian knot.

[*Here follows a somewhat lengthy colloquy. At the end of it*

Mr. FELIX and the two females come back.

Mr. Felix (*thunderstruck*). Do I behold my venerated progenitor hobnobbing with a cadaverous Monster!

[*The ladies go into swoons.*]

Old Mr. De L. I had no idea that I was conversing with a Leviathan. (*To Monster*) Be good enough to cut your stick immediately!

Monster. Though endowed with repulsive exterior, I am actuated by best intentions. Do not fob me off with a cold shoulder!

Felix. We cannot possibly associate with such unwieldy demons. Let us all fly from his loathsome presence!

[*They do.*]

Monster. Stop! I have conceived a lively affection for you all. Please accept me as a Tame Cat and Family Friend! (*A gun is heard to bang in the distance, and hits the Monster on the arm.*) They have given me the cut direct—the unkindest cut of all! After this, I will perpetrate heaps of the lowest dregs of vice! I will commence by making yonder cottage a prey to the devouring element! (*He sets fire to it with matches.*) Is this a manuscript in my coat-tail pocket? How lucky that I am no longer an illiterate! Now to puzzle it out in the firelight. (*He reads MS.*) What! So I was manufactured by a Mr. FRANKENSTEIN, who is a resident of Geneva—a town in Switzerland where the timepieces come from, according to the Encyclopædia! Ho-ho! I will look him up! I will look him up!

This is the end of Scene 1. Sc. 2 will contain some rather moving episodes. No reasonable offers have reached me up to date, so I am leaving for London to buttonhole Honble. Sirs HENRY IRVING and BEERBOHM TERRY. I am

informed that there is a certain Mr. DANIEL LENO, who is also a splendid tragedian, and shall probably engage him for one of the characters, if he turns out to be at all competent.

H. B. J.

PRACTICAL POLITICS.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN says that he hopes that future Colonial Secretaries will visit the Colonies, and thus get an insight into the practical side of Colonial affairs. Why should not this admirable system be adopted by other Ministers of the Crown? May we not read in our newspapers of the future something like the following:—

The Marquis of LONDONDERRY, with a laudable desire to comprehend the workings of our educational system, took a class at Hackney Road Board School the other morning. From an interview with Mr. ROBERT JONES (Standard IV.) we gather that the noble Marquis's lesson in long division was received with much enthusiasm and orange peel. Mr. JONES added that, considering Lord LONDONDERRY's lack of experience, he wielded the cane with exquisite skill, and with practice would soon rival old SLADGER (the worthy head-master) himself.

The inhabitants of a Birmingham suburb were considerably surprised on Boxing Day morning to find Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN delivering their letters. His scientific postman's knock (which we understand he had practised for four hours at Highbury the previous day), the spirited way in which he rallied the maid-servants, and the keenness with which he collected the customary tips, all prove that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is a convert to the doctrine of efficiency. One incident only marred the day's proceedings. An inebriated householder, addressing the Postmaster General, asked if Mr. AUSTEN had called from Pa to pay his Old Age Pension.

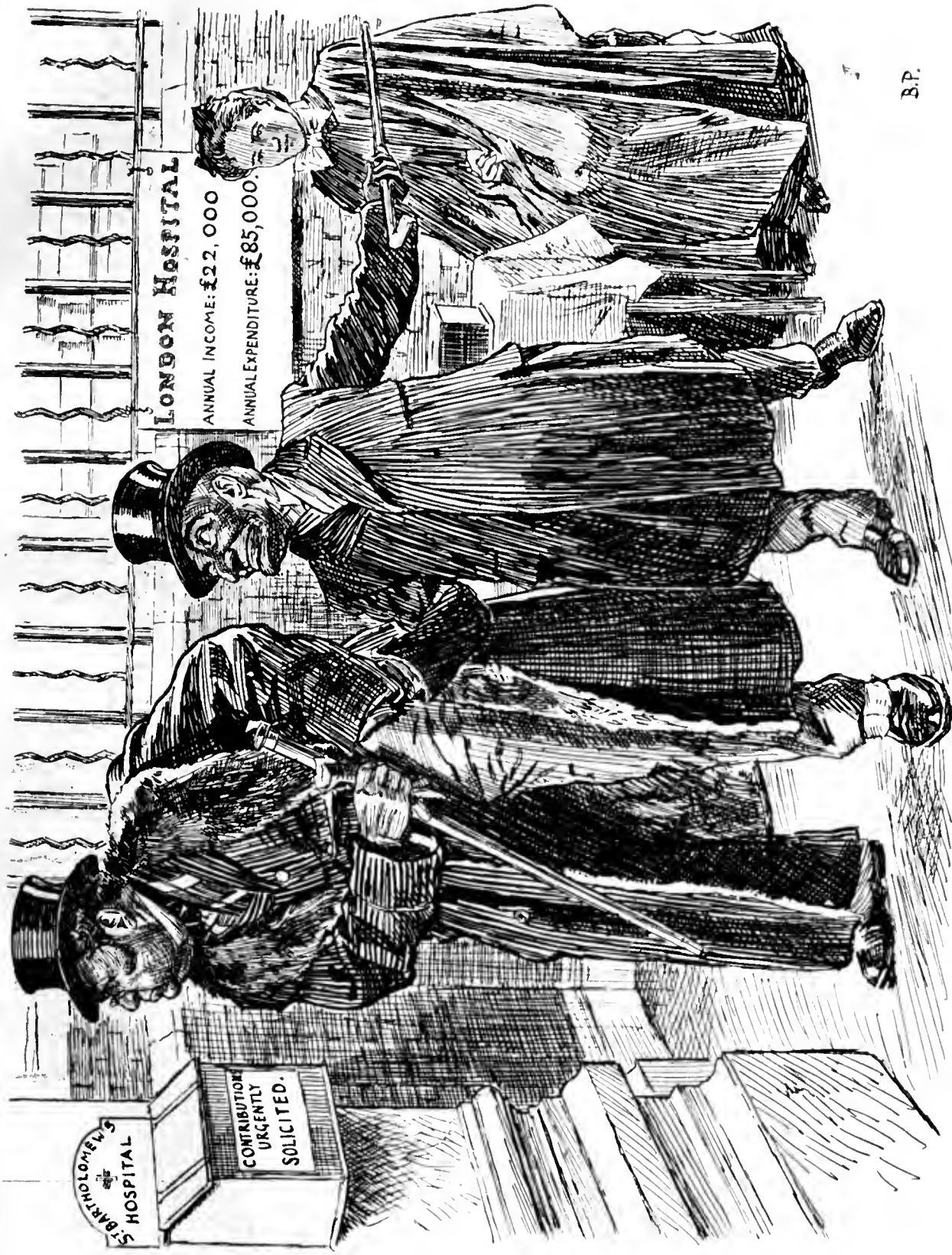
We regret to announce that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is seriously indisposed. In his anxiety to understand the grievances of Income Tax payers, he undertook to collect a portion of that impost himself. Unhappily he revealed his identity to the first tax-payer he called upon, and was promptly kicked down a steep flight of stairs. It is gratifying to note that the tax-payer afterwards admitted that perhaps he had been hasty and inconsiderate, and thoughtfully conveyed Mr. RITCHIE to St. George's Hospital in his own carriage.

With a praiseworthy wish to test the efficiency of the Metropolitan Police, the Home Secretary successfully feigned drunkenness in Piccadilly. In ten minutes he found himself in a station cell, with his hat knocked over his eyes and a broken collar-bone. On being bailed out by a Home Office official, Mr. AKERS DOUGLAS expressed himself as highly pleased with the dexterous handling of Police Constable X 3492, and presented him with a framed and autographed portrait.

MR. HANBURY has spent the Parliamentary recess in studying agricultural questions. He has practised, *inter alia*, hedging and ditching, milking the domestic cow, and the distribution of manure with the pitchfork. Owing to an unfortunate difference of opinion with a bull, Mr. HANBURY will be unable to fulfil his Parliamentary duties during the coming Session.

SHAKESPEARIAN MAXIM FOR MONTE CARLO—only that this Maxim (HIRAM his *prénom*) is not for but against Monte Carlo:—"The Play is (not) the thing." Avoid danger and stay away from Monte Blanc.

SUGGESTION FOR A MUSIC-HALL SONG (*to suit any Lionne Comique*).—"Wink at me only with one eye," &c., &c.



THE GREATER NEED.

Mr. PUNCH. "EXCUSE ME, MR. BULL, BUT I THINK *THIS* IS WHERE THE MONEY IS MOST WANTED."

VALE!

GONE! Is it possible? Thus do the years
Steal from us all we could wish to retain.
All that is pleasant in life disappears,
Only the sorrows and worries remain.
What though a church on the spot where it stood,
Methodist church, be erected instead?
What though the object's undoubtedly good?
Weep, for the Royal Aquarium's dead.

Many's the time I have pored o'er its sights,
Sights of which I at the least could not tire;
Watched on a dozen consecutive nights
BLONDIN the Great as he strolled on the wire.
Here was variety Time could not stale;
Oft and again have I eagerly run,
Now to set eyes on the Labrador Whale,
Now on the lady they shot from a gun.

Here I marked SLAVIN's and SULLIVAN's skill,
Notable experts in "counter" and "fib,"
Watched with a relish their world-famous "mill,"
Cheered when the cæstus came home on a rib.
Here, too, I learned that to some kangaroos
Skill has been given to spar with the hoof.
Here of an evening I'd quake in my shoes,
Watching Miss LUKER dive down from the roof.

HOBSON his seal, Pongo's Simian face,
ZÆO (the bane of a shocked L.C.C.),
SANDOW, the feminine bicycle race—
These were the sights that ecstasied me.
Here saw I ROBERTS, the king of the cue,
Gazed on him daily, nor found it a bore,
Envied an eye so unerringly true.
Ah, that such visions shall charm me no more!

Still, when the logs are heaped cheerily high,
And in the chimney is howling the blast,
And when the beaker stands handily by,
I shall revisit the scenes of the past,
Muse o'er a pipe of the days that are dead,
Dream that once more I am able to scan
Closely the bird with the duplicate head,
Live once again with the Petrified Man.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

CERTAIN of finding a sensation akin to that provided by *The House on the Marsh*, and other romances by FLORENCE WARDEN, the Baron recently sat down to enjoy *An Outsider's Year* (JOHN LONG), which commences admirably with a promising trio of characters that were Mürgeresque in their bohemianism. But, alas and alack! within the first hundred pages the Baron became aware that he had hit upon "a light that failed," giving occasionally a little spurt. The slight story, with the aforesaid characters which on further acquaintance prove to be most ordinary and uninteresting, plods along with here and there a brief gleam of watery sunshine illuminating its path, until the end comes, and 'tis laid to rest, regretted as one of the "what-might-have-beens." With the little girl Kate in *Dombey*, the Baron says of Mrs. WARDEN, "FLORENCE is a favourite with everyone here, and deserves to be, I am sure," so the sooner she returns to her Dudley-Horne-Pemberton-Kitty-and-House-on-the-Marsh form the better.

The Baron is of opinion that the thanks of all golfers, from the Premier golfer down to the last of the T-caddies, will be due to Messrs. JOHN WALKER & Co. for their *Golfers'*



"MUMMY, DEAR, I THINK I SHALL BREAK THE LEGS OFF MY DUCK, 'COS I DO SO WANT IT TO BE ABLE TO SIT DOWN AND LAY AN EGG."

Diaries and Match Books, and if they had added, for the benefit of smokers, match-boxes, their work would have been supererogatively perfect. Considering the amount of pedestrian exercise involved in the pursuit of the Royal and Ancient Game, no more appropriate guide, illuminating the ground with his links, could have been found than WALKER. The Baron's attitude towards the game is much the same as was that of HERBERT, R.A. ("Mons. Hair-bair") towards the French language, when he said to a distinguished foreigner, "I do not speak your beau-ti-ful tongue, but I admire him." So the Baron plays not this lovely game, but he admires him—
at a safe distance. THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

Bootle-ful for Ever!

DURING the inquiry into the boundaries of Liverpool and Bootle, Sir HENRY LITTLEJOHN is reported as "laying stress on the impossibility of meat inspection" at the latter place, and in this he was corroborated by Doctors RAW and MARSDEN, who, on this meat subject, gave similar evidence, jointly, as was meet they should. "RAW" would be decidedly a happy name for a meat inspector, did it not suggest that he might so easily be done. If, as alleged by these scientific witnesses, Bootle is to be regarded as "a possible spot of contamination," it will cease to be a place for the once popular *Bootle's Baby*, who won't be taken there by its mother in this Strange Winter season.

A WANT WITHOUT A SUPPLY.—In consequence of Bivalvular Disease that so seriously affects the oysters, will not a committee of charitable persons start at once in London [or elsewhere, an Oyster Hospital with, say, a hundred beds to begin with? Open to all, of course.

HIS FIRST AND LAST PLAY.

RALPH ESSENDEAN, aged about fifty, is discovered at a writing-desk. He studies a newspaper, from which he reads aloud, thoughtfully:—"So that a successful play may bring its author anything from five to twenty thousand pounds." He lays down the paper, mutters "H'm!" and taking up a pencil bites it meditatively. Enter Mrs. ESSENDEAN.

Mrs. Essendean (crossing to RALPH, and, placing her hand on his shoulder, asks affectionately) Well, dear, and how is the play getting on?

Ralph (irritably). You talk of the play, MATHILDA, as though it were possible to write a four-act drama in ten minutes. The play is not getting on at all well, for the simple reason that I am only just thinking out the idea.

Mrs. Essendean (seating herself by the table). How nice, dear! And what is the idea?

Ralph (grimly). That is just what I am wondering about. Now if you will kindly retire to the kitchen and make an omelette, or discharge the cook, I shall be obliged.

[Leans over his desk.]

Mrs. E. But, dear, I am sure the cook is a most excellent servant, and—

Ralph (turning round and speaking with repressed exasperation). That was simply my attempt at a humorous explanation of my wish to be alone, MATHILDA.

Mrs. E. (smiling indulgently and rising). Well, dear, of course if it's going to be a funny play I know you would like to be alone. (Pausing at the open door.) And will you read it to us after dinner? You know the WILLOUGHBY-SMYTHES will be here, and Mr. and Mrs. VALLANCE from the Bank are coming in afterwards. I am sure they would like to hear it.

Ralph (irritably). The play isn't written yet. (Plaintively) Do go!

Mrs. E. (sweetly). I'm sure you'd like to be alone. Don't keep dinner waiting.

[Beams on him affectionately and exit.]

RALPH gives a sigh of relief, rumples his hair, and then writes for a few minutes. Then pauses, leans back, biting his pencil, when the door is flung open, and a very good imitation of a whirlwind bursts into the room. The whirlwind is a robust person of forty, he has a large round red face fringed with sandy whiskers, and is one mass of health and happiness. He wears Norfolk jacket, knickerbockers, gaiters and thick boots, and carries a golfing bag. He slaps RALPH heartily on the back, and laughs boisterously. RALPH collapses.

Tom (heartily). How are you? Going strong—what? Asked the wife for you, and she told me you were in here writing a play. Rippin' idea—what?

Ralph (worried, but striving to be pleasant and polite). What do you want, old chap?

Tom (cheerfully). Nothin' partic'lar, only just to see how you were gettin' on—what? Do you good to have half an hour out, just a few holes—golf—what?

Ralph (with great self-restraint). Thanks, old man. Not now. You don't mind my asking you to leave me to myself a bit?

Tom (amiably, rising and picking up his bag). All right, old chap, you know best—what? Thought I'd just look in—hey?—what? Well, I'm off. (Goes to door, thinks for a moment, and then turns round) I say, I knew Thingummy's Acting Manager. If I can put in a word about your play—hey?—what?

Ralph (rises hurriedly. Shakes hands with Tom, and skilfully manoeuvres him into the passage, then calls after him). Good-bye, old man, and many thanks. (Closes the door and returns to his desk, grinding his teeth.) Confound him! (Takes up paper and writes a few lines, then reads aloud)

"PUFFINGTON puts the letter in his pocket and passes his hand through his hair. He groans 'O, why did I ever write those letters? I know FLOSSIE, and this means fifty pounds at least, and if ever my Mother-in-law gets to hear of it! O, lor! here she is.'" (Puts down the paper and looks up at the ceiling.) Now, speaking to myself as one man to another, I can't help thinking that this sort of thing has been done before. I seem to have heard it somewhere. I'll—I'll—try a fresh start. (Writes hurriedly for a few minutes and then reads)

"Scene.—Fashionable watering place, the beach is crowded; on the Pier the band is playing a dreamy waltz. EDWIN and MAUD are discovered in an open boat. Edwin. You must be tired of rowing, sweetest, come and steer. Maud. Just as you like, darling. (As they change seats the boat capsizes. After clinging for twenty minutes to the upturned keel, they are rescued by a passing steamer.)" That's all right for a "situation," but there seems a lack of dialogue. They can't very well talk while they are clinging to the boat; and what the deuce could they be talking about before? If I let them drown I should have to introduce fresh characters. Bother! (Meditates with frowning brow). Playwriting appears to present more difficulties than I thought. (Takes up newspaper.) "May bring in anything from five to twenty thousand pounds!" Sounds tempting, but I wonder how it's done?

[Takes a cigar from the mantelpiece, lights it, and, seating himself near the fire, smokes thoughtfully. Gradually his head sinks back on to the top of the chair, the cigar drops from his relaxed fingers, and as he sleeps, the shadow of a smile breaks across his face. An hour elapses; he is still sleeping. Enter Mrs. ESSENDEAN, who brushes against the writing-table and sweeps the sheets of manuscript to the ground.]

Mrs. Essendean (crossing to RALPH and lightly shaking him). My dear, my dear, not dressed yet! Do you know the time—just the half-hour.

Ralph (starts up). Eh? (Looks at the clock.) Nearly half past, by Jove! I shan't be two seconds.

[Rushes hastily from the room.]

Mrs. Essendean (picks up the extinguished cigar, and drops it daintily into the fire. Looks round the room and sees the littering manuscript). What an untidy old thing it is! (Picks up the sheets, crumples them into a ball and throws them into the waste-paper basket.) There, that looks better.

[Gazes into the mirror, pats her hair, and exit.]

(End of the Play.)

ENCYCLOPÆDIC WHISKY.

[To the discussion on "Adulterated Whisky" now raging in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph* Dr. LENNOX MOORE contributes the suggestion that the ingredients of each bottle should be fully specified on the label. Such an education in chemical analysis, we venture to think, would prove too candid an eye-opener to the average consumer of the cheap and hitherto "silent" varieties on the market.]

ONE's life is short, and, I would ask, Could people face the tiresome task

Of mastering ev'ry learned label
That states with what each bottle's filled,
And whence and how and where distilled,
Ere reaching their convivial table?

Whisky! I used indeed to think
It was a simple sort of drink,

But now I'm growing sadly wiser,
Reading the formidable list
Of matters that therein exist,
Detected by the analyser.

Sulphuric acid, maize (decayed),
Ptomaines, amines of every shade,

Potato, fusel-oil, molasses—
No more! the catalogue must end;
For such an omnium-gatherum blend
My intellect (and taste) surpasses!

Mr. Punch's Proverbial Philosophy.

GUINEAS don't grow on the copper beech.

In Egypt you strain at the camel and swallow the gnat.

One good turn deserves an encore.

WHO KILLED MRS. EDDY?

(Written after reading Mark Twain's article on Christian Science in the "North American Review.")

SINCE poison is bane,
And blows give us pain,
Who killed Mrs. Eddy?
"I," says MARK TWAIN,
"With laughter—not pain.
In the N. A. Review,
With jokes that were true,
And wit that was ready,
I killed Mrs. Eddy."

ARMY REFORM.

(Some Honeymoon Pastimes.)

WE hope that Mr. BRODRICK is having a pleasant holiday abroad. But if, even in those more sunny lands, there should be a wet day—seeing that Ping-Pong palls in time and that even Bridge becomes wearisome after ten or twelve hours—we are convinced that Mr. BRODRICK will turn eagerly to the great amusement of his life. We therefore suggest for him some delightful games,—described,—as well as the civilian mind enables anyone to fathom these mysteries. . . .

One of the best is the tunic game. You take a large piece of paper and a pencil, you close your eyes, and move the pencil over the paper. You then open your eyes, and send this design to the War Office as the new pattern for braid, or lace, on the sleeves, or the shoulders, or any other part of the tunic, which every officer must obtain within a week. The most amusing part of the game follows. You close your eyes again, and move the pencil in a different way. You then send this second pattern to the War Office, to be issued eight days after, as the one absolutely essential and inviolable pattern for every officer in every part of the British Empire. This is really a very funny game.

Another funny one is the frock-coat game, but this can only be played in connection with India or similar hot climates. You send instructions by one mail that every officer must immediately provide himself with a frock-coat, properly braided, and in every way correct. It would make the game much more laughable if you could include in the order a silk hat or a fur cap, a black cotton umbrella, and six pairs of black knitted woollen gloves. By the next mail you issue an order that any officer wearing, or even having in his possession, a frock-coat, will be required to resign his commission at once. This delightful pastime causes shrieks of laughter.

The khaki pattern game is rather an artistic one. You send for a little



BROWN'S COUNTRY HOUSE.—No. 2.

Visitor. "WHAT ON EARTH do you want with a TORTOISE?"

Mrs. Brown. "WELL, WHEN FRED HAD THAT FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT WITH HIS NEW MOTOR-CAR, HE SOLD IT, AND BOUGHT THE TORTOISE. SAYS IT SOOTHES HIS NERVES!"

London mud—there is generally plenty in Piccadilly—and a shilling box of water-colours, and you mix all the colours in the box until you match the mud, and then you have found the best shade for the everyday working dress of the officer. But that is not the end of the game. The next day you send for a little more mud—this time from Pall Mall, where the mud is less dense, if the Ministers are more so—and you make another mixture, which is sure to be slightly different, and issue that as the one immutable and eternal shade of khaki. The advantage of this game is

that you can go on endlessly, and the officers enjoy it quite as much as any of the others we have mentioned.

Of course there are some screamingly funny games with belts, and boots, and buttons, and many other things, but we have described enough for the present.

A SEQUITER.—Everybody has recently been delightedly interested in the reports of the celebration of "Lord DALMEY'S majority." The question that now occurs to many is, When shall we hear something satisfactory as to "Lord ROSEBERRY'S majority?"

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

(New Style.)

[HENRY HAMLET writes to the *Daily Mail* :—
"For the last three years I have taken but two meals a day, 12 noon and 6 p.m. Result: clear brain, active body, in short, physical regeneration."]

LONG years ago in Denmark I

Was sick and sad and peaked and pined,

At length I know the reason why

I suffered this distress of mind.

I cried, "To be or not to be?"—

Because my daily meals were three!

Methought I saw my father's ghost

Stalking the battlements by night,

Even the sentry at his post

Declared he saw the self-same sight.

The reason will be clear to you—

Our meals were three instead of two.

Poor Uncle CLAUDIUS! I believed

That you my honoured sire had slain,

But now I know I was deceived,

And wish you were alive again.

The thirst for vengeance that one feels

Arises from too many meals.

OPHELIA perished in despair

When my digestion would not mend;

My dietetic errors were

The cause of poor POLONIUS' end.

I ran that harmless dotard through

Because my meals were more than two!

How happy, therefore, they who fix

Their minds on hygienic laws!

Two meals a day—at twelve and six—

Of every virtue are the cause.

This regimen, begun in time,

Will save you from a life of crime!

MORE CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE.

I.

THE night is wild and wet. It makes faces at me—which is rude. So does a small boy from over the garden wall: the latter even goes so far as to put his thumb to the end of his nose and spread his fingers out. I expostulate with my umbrella. He leaves hurriedly.

Then my father's Secretary comes out of the house singing "*The Bedouin's Love Song*." Having a few minutes to spare, he proposes to me. He looks like a cross between a Greek god and a Bowery costermonger. He has been reading *The Life of Robinson Crusoe* to father. I don't like curly men, but the Secretary is curly. He is also creepy.

The rain is ceaseless. My waterproof is wet. I tell him so. All he replies is:—

"What-a-proof of its unworthiness!"

The man who could perpetrate a grey-whiskered chestnut like that, and try to pass it off upon a Wilderness Girl

—what is a Wilderness Girl, by the way?—as original, deserves any fate: even that of becoming my husband.

He coughs and clears his throat.

"You are cob—I mean 'a little hoarse,'" I say.

"Rot!" he ejaculates scornfully.

And he laughs—laughs like the noise of tearing calico—laughs like a nutmeg-grater on duty.

We go into the house, and I put on my ruby gown.

DEAR MR. HELOSE,—I fail to see why I should be snapped up in this way—however, as I have no other offer on hand, I suppose we may as well marry.

Sincerely yours, ELLA MENT.

June 25.

Where shall I find a name for that which has befallen me? If I call it joy I shrink away from the word, and if I call it fear, that would be a lie pure and simple.

"You—have—promised—a—MAN—that—you—would—become—his—wife."

Nobody in the world has ever done such a thing before. But the Wilderness Girl doesn't mind this.

Mr. HELOSE's hair does curl beautifully.

November 5.

Why is the world so Guy-to-day?—I mean, "so gay to-day." Forgive the slip—the date—November 5—is responsible. It is because I am married, and no less than nine of my old flames turned up at the ceremony. It was nervous work when we came to those mystic words anent "giving this woman away." However, of course, none of them *did*. They are all absolutely trustworthy.

I keep on writing my husband notes. I have already sent him eleven this morning, and he is showing unmistakable signs of having had enough of it: but I go on all the same.

TO MY HUSBAND,—I do not think we have been apart three hours these fifteen days, and now you say you mean to strike, and claim a half-holiday on Saturdays. Be it so. I will employ the time in writing even more letters to you. This one I will pin on your Sunday trousers, so take care, dear DAN, how you sit down in church. To rise from your place suddenly, with a wild war-whoop, as you absorbed the business end of the pin, would probably result in your being promptly fired out by the verger for disturbing the meeting.

We have gone to live with Father. Father mildly expostulated, and suggested we should take a house of our own, but we magnanimously refused, and told him we would live with him until he petered out—poor Father!

DAN is at his office; feeling unhappy, I telephoned him this morning—

Are you there?

Yes—who is it?

I am unhappy.

Well?

Well, that's all.

Oh—all right—I'll make a note of it. Ring off, please.

(To be continued.)

BACCHICS.

[In *The Story of the Vine*, Mr. G. R. EMERSON sings the praise of Bacchus. What can surpass champagne "in tingling the torpid blood of the coward," or, "in adding a lustre to the charm of beauty and in imparting to the pale cheek a blush that rivals the Eastern sky, heralding to the waking West the arrival of the solar god? . . . What did not the culture of the Greeks owe to the stimulus of wine?"]

WHAT is the wine where bubbles dance
More bright than maiden's merry glance?
What sparkles like the sun-lit rain?

Champagne.

What nectar this, that should be quaffed
By deathless gods—diviner draught
Than Zeus himself did ever drain?

Champagne.

What would have gilt the gold refined
Of ÆSCHYLUS's master-mind
And lighted all his dazzling train?

Champagne.

What would have thrown a perfume yet
More sweet upon the violet
Of PERICLES's matchless reign?

Champagne.

What would have lent the Romans
strength
To spread yet more the breadth and
length
Of their imperial domain?

Champagne.

What makes the chicken-hearted brave,
And clamour for a hero's grave,
And scoff at scars with proud disdain?

Champagne.

What brings a soft and rosy flush
To cheek that can no longer blush?
What makes my MARY ANN not plain?

Champagne.

What makes the dullard wise, and fit
To crack a joke with men of wit?
What gives the minor poet brain?

Champagne.

What makes me talk? What can explain
So glib and garrulous a strain?
Methinks I hear the old refrain—

Champagne.

BY AN AWFUL BOER.—Summary of the Chamberlainian speeches: "*Vox, et Pretoria . . . nihil.*"

HOW TO GET ON.

No. V.—IN AMERICA.

(Concluded.)

LAST week I landed you safely in the Home of the Free, and by this time you will have been able to turn round and find your legs, as it were, and accustom yourself to the society of this strange and on the whole delightful people who, with the English language on their lips, carry the heart of a Frenchman on their sleeves, and have deep down in their breasts another heart of their own, a heart compact of fine pride and generous feeling, and gusts of sensitive resentment and shrinking reticence that no Spanish Hidalgo could match. It is a curious mixture, but there it is, and the sooner you come to recognise it the better it will be for your welfare in the country you are visiting.

Perhaps the first thing to be done is to accustom yourself to the idea that Americans have of the average Englishman. Everybody knows what you think of yourself. You are the only man in the world, the measure of perfection, the standard of the greater virtues, the rule by which excellence in the art of living and of behaving oneself is to be tested. You have never really thought about this: you have gently but firmly assumed it to be true and, not only true, but recognised as true by every other nation. You are clever, polished, brilliant, well-versed in the art of dress and the great points of conduct—in a word you're a model. That's your idea. Put it away from you, get rid of it, bury it deep underground and don't resurrect it until you're back in Liverpool. The Americans are a polite people, but you can't be long in their society or read their newspapers and periodicals with ordinary attention before you discover that their idea of our matchless nation doesn't exactly square with your own. It may be your privilege to hear a group, who are not aware of your presence, telling a story in which a slow, stupid and misunderstanding man is one of the characters. You listen with a distant and amused tolerance until—great Heaven, you realise that the stupid man is an Englishman! He says, "Haw, dontcherknow," with every other word he utters, never sees a joke until everybody else has forgotten it, and altogether behaves with a thick-headed foolishness and a hob-nailed arrogance that makes him the laughing-stock and the contempt of all the other characters in the story that is being told. Terrible, isn't it? Of course you're not like that. Nobody ever is. But how on earth, then, did the idea ever arise in the quick American brain? That question you can answer, no doubt, but if you want to answer it truthfully you'll have to bring to your aid a larger amount of modest diffidence than is generally to be found in the hand-luggage of your travelling compatriots.

Well, it's a good thing, no doubt, to be toppled every now and then from your tall pinnacles of self-esteem, to be forced, while you lie bruised and gasping on the ground, to see yourself for a brief moment as others see you—but what then? In America you get up and shake yourself; the bruises become less sore, and your opinion of yourself revives in the society of those Americans (and they are not few) who pass their lives in running down everything that has the slightest native flavour of Americanism about it. No such high dry Tories as these are to be found in England. They admire with an extraordinary fervour all the ancient abuses, the dismal tendencies to reaction and obscurantism against which we struggle. In their lives, their manner, and their language and dress, they are more English than the most ignorant dull Englishman that ever had his being in the mind of an exaggerating satirist, and as for honest pride in their great country and its illustrious deeds, they never felt a spark of it. Do not take these gentlemen as your guides. Bear yourself modestly, be



DEA EX MACHINÂ. THE CODESS! OUT OF THE CAR.

"But what is this? What thing of sea or land?

Female of sex it seems,
That so bedecked, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way, sailing
Like a stately ship.

An amber scent of odoriferous perfume
Her harbinger."—MILTON, *Samson Agonistes*.

natural, try to shake off a little of that dead weight of self-assured superiority that oppresses you; think of Americans as fellow creatures, sometimes vain, sometimes themselves not unacquainted with arrogance and swagger, but on the whole as honourable, upright, sensitive gentlemen (we didn't speak of the ladies, who are all, to a woman, charming and delightful), highly-cultivated, well-informed, and of a hospitality that no other people can equal. If you can succeed ever so slightly in this effort you will probably enjoy your visit to America. If not, why, you'll come back remembering to the discredit of the Americans that they talk through their noses and part their hair in the middle. And these, of course, are fatal and infamous defects.

MORE HONOURED IN THE BREACH THAN THE OBSERVANCE.—What rough and rude horse-marine play is the pitching, tarring, water-butting, and all the other tom-fooleries still practised on board our vessels "crossing the line." As there is a line, why not draw it at something short of these old-world rough-and-tumble frolics? Sailors will be sailors, but they needn't be boys. In the case of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S voyage, "clowning" may be excusable with a "JOEY" on board, especially when that "JOEY" lends his countenance to the "spill-and-pelt," and, like a good gallery lad, takes his seat "up aloft" to look down on the pranks of poor JACK with a cherubic smile of approval. These old customs die hard, and on land even "Jack-in-the-Green," as a survival of May Day merriment, has not had his final kick.



PROVERBS ILLUSTRATED.

"IF YOU WANT A THING WELL DONE, DO IT YOURSELF."

[Jones believed this saying before the frost.]

AN EVENING FROM HOME.

At the Alhambra the plot of the new ballet, *The Devil's Forge*, will remind veteran opera-goers of *Der Freischütz*, and the younger generation of *Siegfried*. But the scene in the cavern of the mountain witch, where the three army corps of flame, frost and water fairies are manoeuvred with the utmost precision and great kaleidoscopic splendour, owes nothing to WEBER or WAGNER. Miss EDIE SLACK, as that dashing young blade, *Karl*, excellent in a *Romeo* costume; Mlle. ALMA MARI, as the Mountain Fairy, gives an excellent imitation of an animated pair of compasses. Music by Mr. GEORGE BYNG, of the sumptuous and sonorous type. For the rest one can take trips to Fez or the Moon, per Bioscope, or watch the Noiset Troupe—noiset in nature as in name—perform their astonishing feat of "Circling the Circle." Squaring the circle is nothing to the achievement of this amazing quartet of eyelists, who climb into a large skeleton bottomless bucket, so to speak, and then proceed, all four of

them, to race full tilt round the inner sides of the bucket, which is gradually hoisted up twenty feet into the air.

MY OWN REFLECTIONS.

(Written on a cross-Channel steamer.)

[It has been laid down by M. DES PLANCHES, the Italian Ambassador to Washington, that an infallible cure for sea-sickness is to be found in examining one's features attentively in a mirror.]

THE sea is getting rougher and
The wind is blowing hard.
We're out of shelter from the land,
But I'll be on my guard.
"Hi, Steward, Steward!"—there he goes,

"The next time that you pass,
Bring me a—no, not one of those,
I want a looking-glass."

The vessel pitches up and down,
But now my thoughts have strayed,
I'm gazing at my eyes of brown,
They are a lovely shade.
The sea is rising more and more,
A hurricane it blows—

I never realised before
That I'd a Roman nose.

A nasty lurch we gave just now,
And every timber creaks,
But oh! the beauty of my brow,
The contour of my cheeks!
The salt spray wets me to the skin,
As waves sweep o'er the deck.
Ah! let me contemplate my chin,
Though buried in my neck.

The passenger upon my right
Is gazing o'er the side.
I will not dwell upon the sight,
It is not dignified.
How perfectly my eye-brows grow,
And critics must admit
That I've got shell-like ears, although
They do stick out a bit.

But why is my complexion green,
And just a trifle pale?
Alas! have these precautions been
Indeed of no avail?
Oh fickle, faithless and untrue,
Thou mirror thrice accurst! [you
"Here, Steward, bring me that which
Were going to bring at first!"



THE BEREFT BIRD.

(Scene from the Pantomime, Theatre Royal, Johannesburg.)

DAME CH-MB-RL-X. "THERE, DON'T WORRY. IT 'LL BE ALL RIGHT. YOU 'LL LAY LOTS MORE."
THE OSTRICH (*resignedly*). "WELL—'WHAT YOU HAVE TAKEN, YOU HAVE TAKEN.'"

MR. PUNCH'S SKETCHY INTERVIEWS.

XI.—MR. SIDNEY LEE.

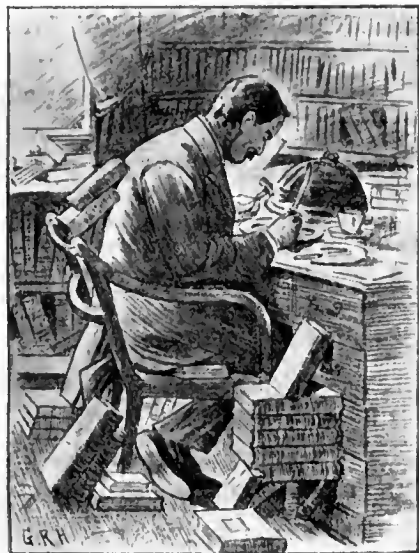
MR. LEE was pensively toying with a crisp rasher as we entered his sumptuous apartments in Verulam Buildings, Ham Common.

"Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table," he remarked, pleasantly.

We replied that we had eaten already, but that we hoped he would continue.

"On, bacons, on," he rejoined, placing two more slices in the chafing-dish at his side. "What, ye knaves! Young men must live."

While he finished his repast we had time to look round our host's comfortable quarters. The shelves bristled with editions of the Master's works bound in the best pigskin: the *Novum Organum*, the *Wisdom of the Ancients*, the *Advancement of Learning*, the



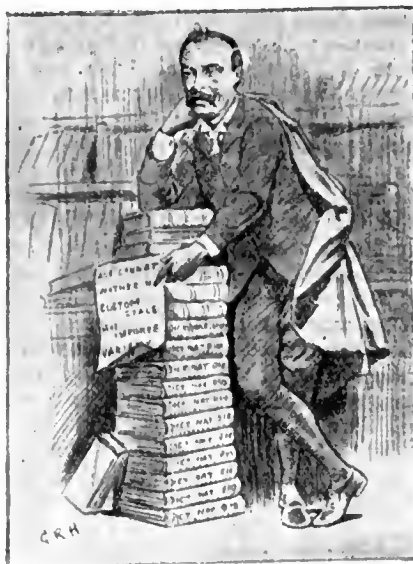
"Mr. Lee was pensively toying with a crisp rasher."

Essays, the *New Atlantis*—none were missing. Portraits of the great man covered the walls, varied here and there by the effigies of kindred spirits: a full-length (by TROTTER, R.A.) of OG, King of Bashan; a photograph of Mrs. GALLUP in one of her rasher moments; an engraving of the Ettrick Shepherd; a Kit-Cat of IGNATIUS DONNELLY; and a charming *carte de visite* of Mr. MALLOCK in fancy dress as a Franciscan friar.

"And do you," we asked, "think that BACON wrote everything?"

MR. LEE signified assent in the usual manner.

"How simple that must make things!" we replied. "Then the *Dictionary of National Biography* is merely a life of BACON's aliases?"



"In saying so you shall but say the truth."

"Age cannot wither nor custom stale his infinite variety," murmured MR. LEE.

"And your life of SHAKESPEARE? That, then, is the narrative of the Lord Chancellor's most carefully maintained deception?"

"A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor," our host replied.

"Then you hold that not only is Ham Common but everything is Bacon, and Bacon is everything? You are but a projection of BACON's personality; and we are Bacon and Bacon is everywhere?"

"I have unclasped to thee the book, even of my secret soul," replied MR. LEE in his most poignant accents.

"In other words, then, the philosophy of the Baconians is eternal and omnipresent Gammon?"



"Perceiving the hollowness of the Great Stratford Myth."

"In saying so you shall but say the truth," responded the eminent critic, adding, with a sudden descent to the more pedestrian diction of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, "Evidences of the truth of the great doctrine abound in all ages. CICERO had a villa at Tusculum. DISRAELI took the title of Beaconsfield, and GLADSTONE himself sat for Greenwich, which rhymes with spinach, which is inextricably associated with gammon, which rhymes with Salmon, which is equivalent to GLUCKSTEIN, which is the German for GLADSTONE. The wheel has come full circle; the loop is looped. Yes, we are all Proboscians now."

Before we left, MR. LEE kindly gave us some interesting particulars of his life. Born at Hog's Norton in Leicestershire, he was intended for a Shakspearian scholar, but at an early age,



"A priceless Mexican Mustang has been retained for his exclusive use."

perceiving the hollowness of the Great Stratford Myth, as he calls it, he turned his attention to cryptograms, and with the assistance of Sir THOMAS LIPTON—who first divined the inner significance of the names *Ham-let* and *Polony-us*—and of Mr. J. HOLT SCHOOLING, he discovered a cipher which revolutionised our knowledge of the Elizabethan Age, proving beyond doubt that *The Visits of Elizabeth* was the work of FRANCIS BACON in his character as the Earl of LEICESTER, and *Elizabeth and her German Garden* an effusion of the same author under the disguise of Sir WALTER RALEIGH.

MR. LEE, we may add, is just leaving England on a lecturing tour in America, and sails by the *Oceanic*, the entire

lee-scuppers being reserved for his use. In the States we understand that he will be the guest of SUNNY JIM, and take part in a great pig-sticking excursion in the Yosemite Valley, organised by the leading pork packers of Tipperusalem. A priceless peach-fed Mexican mustang has already been retained for the exclusive use of the distinguished visitor. Mr. LEE has also been encouraged by President ROOSEVELT to take a run down South to visit the sons of Ham, and will appropriately lecture at Boston, the scene of Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES'S "Last Leaf," on the First Folio.

PILGRIMS TO THE EAST.

IV.—THE PILGRIMS' P.-AND-O.-GRESS.

Dec. 21: Gulf of Aden.—Somaliland lies somewhere near, and it seemed last night as if the MAD MULLAH was trying to get into my porthole. It was the wind roaring in the windscoop set to catch and turn him into my cabin. In the result, one's head, in an upper berth, is all but blown off, while one's body is steadily melting through the night-watches. With what remains of it one goes limply till luncheon-time, talking to the people one knows best, and taking little trouble to improve new friendships.

I gather, by the way, that social intercourse in the second class is less hampered by self-consciousness than in the superior part of the good ship "*Grosvenor Square*." When a new and unknown lady passenger comes on board and walks deprecatingly down the critical line of first-class deck-chairs, it is a sign of breeding to say, in a clear, bell-like tone, as she passes, "Who is this person?" But among the maids and men-servants (who had a dance of their own the other night) there is a different standard of tact; and of this there is a story to tell very greatly to their credit. For, shortly after leaving one of the ports where we had picked up fresh passengers, a lady "well known in Society," who had been on board ever since Marseilles, happened to stroll across to the second class, possibly to get a better view of the moon, and being unrecognised, was addressed by a peer's valet in the following simple words: "A new face, I think?" Nothing but the desire to put the lady at her ease had prompted the advances of this so admirable CRITCHON. And I will break the confidence of one of my lady-friends so far as to repeat her confession that, after reflecting on this episode, she found that the prospect of being wrecked on one of the "Twelve Apostles"—all of them "dissolute islands" in the neighbourhood—was not without its contingent consolations.

This morning we rounded the island

of Perim, and headed for Aden. I thought of the Peri at the Gate of Paradise, and wondered if Perim at the Gate of the Garden of Aden was the plural. This conjecture was not borne out by the appearance of Aden itself lying unshaded under its barren rock. Yet its very bareness helped to make the sentiment of the place; suiting well with this lonely outpost planted there, rigid and stern, to guard our highway of the East. And as if to give a touch of colour to this romance of Empire, there was the Royal Standard flying above an English cruiser. As we cast anchor, H.R.H. the Duke of CONNAUGHT came over from the *Renown* to borrow our Grand Duke for a little.

Boat-loads of swarthy natives, sketchily dressed, plied us with stuffs of Araby, and trophies of the chase; but the voracity of the local shark (meaning the fish) has discouraged the pretty fashion of diving for coins, which is now treated as an attempt at suicide. We were boarded by some thirty odd officials of the Post Office, who are to spend the next four days in sorting the outward Indian Mail—a matter of 1700 bags.

Dec. 25: In the Arabian Sea.—We have been wishing one another a Merry Christmas, but the heat is most severe, and I am certain that any effort to realise this pious benison would be received with marked disapproval. Indeed, throughout our voyage, the designs of that deadly philanthropist, the "amusement fiend"—the kind of person who wants you all to go about blindfold trying to put in the eye of a pig delineated in chalk on the deck—have been rudely frustrated at their birth. Since Aden our annals have kept their silence, broken only by a clearly expressed desire for cocktails—with ladies, the costly "Bengal Lancer" is very popular—by some quoit tournaments, by a pool on the ship's run, and by a tendency, as we near port, to collect autographs of our unique fellowship.

The noticeable absence of other ships from our horizon, coupled with a curious dearth of those marine features (such as porpoises or whales) which are in the habit of affording diversion to voyagers, has perhaps drawn us nearer to one another, binding us together by a sense of collective solitude. And now, to the depressing prospect of a surfeit of Christmas fare to-night, very unmanaging in this tropical heat, is added the collateral terror of after-dinner speeches. I do profoundly trust that there will be limits to the general enthusiasm; and that I shall not be asked, for instance, to stand, with one foot on an elevation, grasping firmly the hand of a perfect stranger, and expressing defiance of the contemptible

hypothesis that auld acquaintance should ever conceivably escape my memory.

All the same, it has been a fascinating voyage; and our dear hearts are divided between a sense of relief, on the one hand, that the good time cannot now be spoilt by the weariness of its delights, and, on the other hand, the regret that our community is to be broken up to-morrow. Still, many of us will be within hail of one another at Delhi, and a good few besides the Two Pilgrims are to return home under conduct of that very PARFITT 'Arabian knight, our present Captain.

My next missive must leave too soon to tell you of the Durbar; but we shall have seen the State Entry; and, though I may not date from a howdah, as I have not yet secured a private elephant, yet I will engage that my language at least shall already be marked by Oriental luxury and abandon. O. S.

INGENIOUS BALLADE OF THE PANTOMIME.

WHEN winter snows are on the ground,
When winter skies are grey,
When nephews everywhere abound,
And nieces come to stay;
Then, though my youth be far away,
And pleasure but a phantom, I'm
Moved by the season to convey
A party to the Pantomime.

Myself, alas, with yawns profound
I see the limelight play
Upon the fairies dancing round
In tinsel bright array.
The prince, in tights and spangles gay,
Struts proudly like a bantam; I'm
Subject no more beneath the sway
Of princes in the Pantomime.

Yet those who in my box are found,
Types of a later day,
The jokes amuse, the shifts astound,
Of demon and of fay.
I look at MARJORIE and MAY,
Watch CHRISTOPHER and sean TOM; I'm
Glad to observe at least that they
Appreciate the Pantomime.

Children, my fancies, far astray
From screech o' clown and rant o' mine,
Have found, I'm gratified to say,
Four legal rhymes to Pantomime.

"WHAT is conviction?" asked Sir HERBERT STEPHEN in the *Times*. Judging from police reports, where it is frequently stated that "many previous convictions were proved against the prisoner," we should be inclined to say that, as a rule, conviction seems to mean imprisonment with or without option of fine.



UP COUNTRY JOYS IN INDIA.

The Mem-Sahib (with a view to reasonable festivities). "I WONDER IF YOU HAVE GOT SUCH A THING AS LEMON PEEL OR CANTHARPEL PEEL IN YOUR SHOP?"
 "Europe Shop" Keeper. "Ah, NO, MEM SAHIB. ONLEE GOT IT 'COCKLE' PEEL AND 'BEESHAM' PEEL."

AN ELLAINE TERRISS-TRIAL MATTER.

ONE must not look a gift picture-book in the mouth. A gift picture-book hasn't a mouth, but the giver has, and the nearest substitute for mouth in the above-adapted proverb is "palette." There we stop, and only say that the *Ellaine Terriss Souvenir* ("Bless 'er 'art!" as the inimitable Mrs. JOHN WOOD hath it) for 1903 is one of the cleverest put-together pieces of workmanship we have seen for some time. Who compiled it is a mystery, but be he, or she, who he, or she, may, the general result is excellent, and all the quotations most happy. Personally we should have preferred the small portraits to have been theatrical, or simply "professional," notabilities in Art and Literature. What profits "rank" in such an assembly? Here, as *Hamlet* says, the "offence is rank." But—pardon—the book is a "free gift," a souvenir to all, from the present Manageress and Manager of the Vaudeville, to whom *Mr. Punch* wishes the best of luck—and it can't be much better than it has been) in their career.

A SANGUINARY SUGGESTION.

TO MR. PUNCH,—SIR, MR. GARRETT FISHER has been describing, in the columns of the *Daily News*, the methods by which a new Literary Society proposes to stem the awful flood of new and worthless books. This Society will call itself the Omar Club, after the gentleman who burnt the Alexandrian Library, and is to be "modelled on the organisation of the late Thugs." Each member must pledge himself "to destroy a certain number of new books in the course of each month, and to do his utmost to dissuade at least two authors." I understand that in literary circles the idea is very warmly approved, everybody believing that the other fellow's books are sure to be burnt. But with that I have nothing to do. The beautiful ambiguity of that "to dissuade at least two authors," and the reference to the Thugs, have inspired me with a notion for dealing with the decadence of the periodical Press.

If you will ask any one of the Great Rejected what is the cause of this decay, he will explain in a quite unprintable speech that it is the Editors. Never before was there so much suppressed genius knocking about Fleet Street. Never before did poor, starved Miss LITERATURE, chained to the chairs of a crowd of mahogany-headed Editors, cry so piteously for literary bread.

You are known, Sir, to be a man of chivalry, and a personal friend of that

young lady, and hence I call upon you to open your columns to this invitation to my brother objects of the Editor's regrets to rise, and follow me!

Our numbers are thousands, and our oppressors are but hundreds! If my fellow-sufferers will meet me unshaven by the Law Courts one fine dark night, in Inverness coats and squash hats, we will rescue Miss LITERATURE and win eternal fame. I will lead them to a battle where they are certain to get the best of it, as the enemy will be hopelessly outnumbered. We will seize these wretches, these Editors (bah!), and we will strip some of them and paste their regret-slips all over them and set them alight! We will cram the nostrils and the mouths of others with printers' ink and suffocate them! Others we will cast into their own presses! And the worst we will force to listen to their own effusions while we jeer at their dying wails! "Something with boiling oil in it," and the Huguenots' massacre will be child's play to the things we shall do to these tyrants who have lorded it over us far too long. Excepting yourself, spared for your kindness in publishing this *pronunciamento*, not one of them shall be left alive, and Literature shall be free—to us.

And then, Sir, we will go "odd man out" for their vacant chairs, and there shall be no more refusals, and our letter-boxes shall rattle only with fat cheques.

Yours, &c. GRADUS AD PARNASSUM.

CHARIVARIA.

SEVERAL articles on the Sultan of MOROCCO have recently appeared in our papers. From one of these we learn that he is fond of amusement. His ambition is to see a Parliament on English lines established in Morocco.

Severe weather is reported from Jersey City. Last week two heavily-laden milk-wagons collided, and all the contents were upset. In a few minutes people were skating on a magnificent sheet of water.

General ANDRÉ, the French War Minister, has abolished the Mess for the Army, and M. PELLETAN is introducing it into the Navy.

We are improving. The news that Venezuela had definitely submitted was received in a quiet and dignified manner, and did not lead to a repetition of the wild and hysteric scenes which took place when peace with the Transvaal was announced.

America, it is announced, possesses a monkey that can play Ping-Pong. We

have no wish to foster international jealousies, but we have seen thousands of them in England.

There has been friction with Russia about the Dardanelles, and it has been proposed that a fresh agreement shall be concluded between the signatories to the existing Treaty, by which no foreign Power is on any pretext whatever to be allowed to send war-ships through the Dardanelles unless strong enough to insist on it.

Meanwhile, Great Britain has told Russia in no uncertain voice that it was really too bad of her.

There is very little doubt now that a Bill will shortly be introduced to prevent the influx of undesirable aliens into England. Such a measure has become absolutely necessary, as it is declared that our own criminal classes are now finding it difficult to earn a living.

There were prospects at one time that the coming Riviera season would be a peculiarly brilliant one, but it is now announced that VIDAL has been reprieved.

The troops at the disposal of Sir BRUCE HAMILTON, appointed to command the 3rd Infantry Division of the 1st Army Corps, at present consist of only his Aide-de-camp. We hear that the General has received orders from the War Office to manœuvre him.

Professor SORMAGNI, of Pavia, has discovered the hydrophobia microbe. Many dogs have gone mad with excitement at the news.

England is not the only country that requires a Drunkards Act. A remarkable sea-monster has been seen by some fishermen near Melbourne.

The War Office has been making experiments with wireless telegraphy. It is not known who told the War Office of the invention.

Gold will always have an attraction, but that was quite an unnecessary misprint in a Radical paper which said Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was, of course, being drawn towards the Gold Magnets in South Africa.

The SULTAN has objected to the performance of *Dick Whittington* by the members of the British Embassy at Constantinople on the ground of the pantomime being immoral. He considers *Dick's* rapid rise to opulence is not satisfactorily accounted for.



The Vicar's Daughter. "AWFULLY COLD, ISN'T IT, MRS. MUGGLES?"

Mrs. Muggles. "YES, MY DEAR. BUT, BLESS YE, I'M LOVELY AND WARM!"

WHITEWASHING THE BLACKAMOOR.



Beetle (log.). "Haply, for I am black."—*Othello*, iii. 3.

exquisite work of art, it is "all," or, almost all, "my (or anybody else's) fancy painted," it is lovely, pure, simple, and touchingly child-like. Her mere appearance makes *Iago* trebly the villain he is, and *Othello* infinitely blacker than he paints himself. For Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON'S *Othello* is only a light mahogany-coloured hero, with scarcely a smear of the tar-brush visible; nay, so highly polished is he, as mahogany should be, that when he alludes to himself as being "rude in speech," everyone feels that this expression is only a false modesty or a trick of rhetorical art, intended to catch the ear of the courteously appreciative and politic *Doge* (Mr. IAN ROBERTSON) and of the assembled *patres conscripti*, including the *Pater Gravis Brabantio* (impressively played by clever Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE), of the Venetian Republic, whom, one and all, he wins over to his side by the simple eloquence that had already captivated *Desdemona*.

Opinions may, and surely will, differ as to Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON'S impersonation of the "lusty Moor," who sneers at "the turban'd Turk" while himself wearing a similar head-dress (but perhaps after all this is a subtle touch of human nature, indicating that *Othello* doesn't see himself as others see him), and who is never really terrible until the last scene, when his determination to avenge his supposed dishonour is irrevocably fixed; but there must be a strong *consensus* of opinion in favour of Miss GERTRUDE ELLIOTT'S fitness for the rôle of *Desdemona*. Her *Desdemona* is just the child-like, home-nurtured creature (own sister to *Romeo's Juliet*) to be entranced by the wondrous stories that the wandering warrior either invented, or founded upon his own experience in many lands, for her special delectation, improving upon them as he perceived her hero-worship developing, and himself becoming the very "god of her idolatry." She took in all his legends as eagerly as she would have taken in romances from a circulating library. In the accomplished story-teller she sees nothing of the "black art" attributed to him by *Brabantio*, who, on any other hypothesis than that of magic, cannot conceive how the dusky warrior could possibly think of such wonderful things! In the man who possesses "the voice of the charmer," sweet simple *Desdemona* scarcely notices the tinge of light brown that differentiates him from other "coloured gentlemen" of a deeper dye; no, to her he is what she chooses to paint him, and in her heart of hearts she says to herself, "*Othello's* is the colour for my money." And when the audience beholds this confiding child, so miserably unhappy, and so distraught that she does not even kneel down and say her prayers before going to bed, would they not willingly stop grim *Othello* at the very door of the bed-chamber and implore him to kill anybody, everybody, himself included if he likes, rather than hurt a single fair hair of *Desdemona's* head?

But *Othello* must carry out his author's purpose: it is his destiny! *Kismet*. His wife has been sadly singing about

"Willow, Willow," and now he gives the rhyme to that word, and it is "pillow, pillow!" He bolsters up his fell purpose by lunatic reasoning, and, as it were, throws "pillow" in her teeth . . . then—draw the curtain. . . . Macbeth-like, he is startled by the knocking at the door! "Who's dat a-knockin' at de door?" and "Who's dat a-callin'?" These are the Ethiopian melodies, quite modern, which should suggest themselves to the Musical Director, Mr. CLAUDE FENIGSTEIN, as a kind of dramatic Wagnerian accompaniment describing the Moor's motive. "But," as Mr. *Serjeant Buzfuz* observed, "Enough of this, gentlemen. It is difficult to smile with an aching heart; it is ill jesting when our deepest sympathies are awakened."

Miss GERTRUDE ELLIOTT'S *Desdemona* is a perfectly charming performance, and Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON'S *Othello*, in the last scene, when we witness the madness of his jealousy and the misery of his passionate love, is a masterpiece of terrible realism.

Mr. BEN WEBSTER is an excellent *Cassio*, and in his intoxication he is drunk as a lord, and behaving as much like a gentleman as is possible to one so disguised in liquor.

Mr. GRAHAM BROWNE'S *Roderigo* is humorous, but rather too idiotic. As *Bianca*, Miss AIMÉE DE BURGH is "naughty but nice;" though how a lady of her notoriety contrives to obtain the *entrée*, unquestioned, to *Othello's* castle, is rather a puzzle. The arrangement is not Shakspearian: the scenes where she appears in WILLIAM'S play are "Before the Castle," i.e., out of doors.

Either *Emilia* is unsuited to Miss LENA ASHWELL, or Miss LENA does not properly appreciate *Emilia*; it matters not which. *Emilia* is the antithesis to *Desdemona*; she is a woman of accommodating virtue; a coquette and a virago. Yet, on occasion, she is a grand person, dominating *Iago* and *Othello*, and carrying all before her. But this *Emilia* is only a commonplace waiting-woman; waiting for the chance, and losing it when it comes. After *Iago* has killed *Emilia*, *Othello* puts her away somewhere behind the bed, out of sight, and she is not missed. This is as it ought not to be.

As for Mr. WARING'S *Iago*—well—personally I should like to see him play *Othello* to Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON'S *Iago*. I feel morally sure that Mr. WARING would be far more at home as that "rantin', roarin' boy," the Moor of Venice, than he is as "The Ancient," while Mr. ROBERTSON'S *Iago* would be a very fine and subtle performance. At the Lyceum IRVING and BOOTH used to alternate the parts. Why not try the experiment at the Lyric?

MEM. (from our "Cottage" near a "Broadwood").—At the St. James's Hall, as one of the items of a "Broadwood Concert," Miss ETHEL WOOD sang Mr. *Punch's* "*Durbar Ode*;" music composed by Sir ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, words by Mr. *Punch's* Own Laureate signing himself "O. S." It was first-rate, not by any means "a one-OS affair." Sir ALEC, in his happiest vein, has written a composition of very great difficulty, and on this, the first, occasion of its being heard in public, Miss ETHEL WOOD interpreted the Maestro's work with rare intelligence and strong dramatic feeling. Sir ALEXANDER was the accompanist. When he has any time to spare that he doesn't require for a tune, perhaps he may be induced to arrange his work for a full orchestra (of course not for an empty one, *cela va sans jouer*) with the same fair vocalist singing, and then we shall hear the grand effect of Wood and string combined with (what, well managed, it ought to bring in), plenty of "brass."

AN EXCITING MOMENT FOR AN EMPLOYER OF LABOUR.—The Hands joined at the hour of twelve! In another moment they would strike!! No!—the works were out of order. The clock stopped.

MR. FRANKENSTEIN AND HIS EX-TEMPORE PROMETHIAN.

A TRAGICAL DRAMA. BY H. B. JABBERJEE, B.A.

ACT SECOND: SCENE SECOND.



Are now in the Garden-Compound of Old Syndicate FRANKENSTEIN'S bungalow-villa, at Plainpalais, outside Geneva.

Correct Swiss scenery in background. Crevasses are seen uplifting their icy summits into the cloudless ether, glaciers foam and sparkle over lofty precipices, and now and then an avalanche is heard rustling among the pine trees. Distant cowbells are carolling forth their merry angelus.

MISS ELIZABETH LAVENZA *appears*, supporting the limp and emaciated form of Mr. FRANKENSTEIN (JUNR.).

Miss Eliz. (*tenderly*). You have indeed experienced the narrow squeak, my beloved VICTOR. Happily you have saved your bacon by the skin of your teeth!

Mr. F. If I am now going strong as a Phoenix refreshed, it is entirely due to your kind attentions, my adored ELIZABETH. I am resolved to chuck scientific researches in future, and content myself with connubial bliss and matrimonial felicities.

Miss Eliz. (*blushing like a beet*). It is never too late to turn over a new leaf. But here comes little darling WILLIAM.

[Little darling WILLIAM dances sportively in, and there ensues a rather pretty interval of infantile prattlings.

After which—

Little d. W. (*coaxingly*). Sweet Cousin ELIZABETH, what a magnificent miniature bedecks your swanlike bosom! How I should like to possess it as a plaything!

Miss Eliz. It is worth a Jew's eye—but I cannot nill so artless a petition. It is yours.

[She hangs it round his neck as Ayah JUSTINE enters; this miniature episode is borrowed from original story.

Ayah Justine (*smiling*, as Little WILLIAM exhibits his treasure.) Truly it is a valuable donation for so small a juvenile! I have come to take you out for an evening airing.

[Little WILLIAM gambols frolicsomenly off with her, like lamb to the shamble-house.

Miss Eliz. Poor girl! She is of a gay inconsiderate temperament, and has undergone many trials, having lost all her brothers and sisters, and been accused by her maternal parent of causing them to de cease. (*V. original.*)

Mr. F. She is very, very gentle and of considerable pulchritude.

[Here the Old Syndicate enters, and there follows an eloquent discourse on the Objects of Existence, the momentous aim of the Disposition of Things, and how best to make effectual the Epicedium. This of course is despatch-cooked in merely to allow reasonable time for a murder to be committed behind the scenes. At the conclusion a Swiss Police enters in a violent stew.

The Swiss P. (*respectfully*). I deeply regret to inform you of a sad family cataclysm. Your little WILLIAM has just been found throttled to death.

[N.b.—I beg to announce that this incident is Mrs. SHELLY'S invention—not mine—and that I have accordingly felt compelled to include it. But, not to harrow up the audience too severely, I have carefully arranged for the affair to be transacted off the stage, as in the leading precedent of MEDEA and her brats.—H. B. J.]

Miss Eliz. (*completely upset*). This is a truly calamitous occurrence! He was wearing a costly miniature portrait which I gave him as a plaything.

The Swiss P. The miniature non est inventus—and Ayah JUSTINE likewise.

[Enter another Swiss Police.

The Other Sw. P. (*salaaming*). I have the honour to report that Ayah JUSTINE has just been run in, with a valuable portrait concealed in her pocket. On being twitted with infanticide, she tearfully owned the soft impeachment [for this see book.—H. B. J.] Kindly favour us with official instructions as to further proceedings?

Old Syndie. F. (*severely*). Since she has cried "*Mea culpa*," fiat Justitia! Let her be blockheaded instantaneously!

[The Swiss Police make obeisances and depart, to execute orders.

Mr. F. It is barely credible that so good-natured a girl should become impromptu such a first-class misdemeanant.

Old Synd. F. As a Judge, I cannot disregard the King's evidence of a culprit who is also the sole eye-witness.

Mr. F. I know that you, my revered parent, are nulli secundus in knowledge of Criminal procedures. But such a sad event has afflicted me with total loss of spirits.

Old Synd. F. Do not be too cast down. These calamities will occur even in best regulated family circles. Let us summon up a stoical demeanour and celebrate the funereal obsequies with elegant first-class gentility.

[They go out, and the Scene ends here. Perhaps more sensational dramatists would have piled the agony up to higher altitudes, and even have sought a meretricious effect by representing elaborated burial ceremonies and scenes of weltering lachrymation. But I cannot condescend to employ such ad captandum and claptrap devices merely to tickle the groundlings.—H. B. J.]

The THIRD SCENE represents an isolated neighbourhood insufficiently illuminated by a sickish moon.

Mr. F. (*entering gloomily—to himself*). 'Twas here that little darling WILLIAM wheezed forth his last breath! Such an awfully atrocious tragedy would make even the boulders to fondre en larmes. It is a comfort to know that Ayah JUSTINE has been officially blockheaded.

[Suddenly the Monster is seen bounding over the ice-crevices, as per volume.

Mr. F. (*recoiling*). You here! Begone, vile insect!

(Mrs. SHELLY'S own expression.)

Monster. I expected this reception. (Mrs. S. again.) Learn that it was this hand that wrung Little WILLIAM'S callow neck, and subsequently inserted the miniature into Ayah JUSTINE'S unconscious pocket.

Mr. F. Then she was innocent—and you have behaved in a most discreditable fashion! Approach, and let me instantly extinguish the spark that I so negligently have bestowed!

(This splendid speech is also the work of Mrs. S.)

Monster. Do not sport thus with life. Remember that

you have known me *ab ovo*, and been Father and Mother to me! I entreat you to *audi alteram partem*. Have I not suffered *ad nauseam*? It is the positive fact that I only annihilated Little WILLIAM because he declined to regard me with love-at-first-sight. My soul was glowing with love and humanity. (Mrs. S.'s words.) Show me some fair play, and sit down and listen to my tale of ill-luck!

Mr. F. (relenting). I will allow you half an hour to explain.

[They seat themselves—on separate logs.]

Monster (commencing as in story). It is with considerable difficulty that I remember the original era of my being. [He unfolds his harrowing tale at length; Mr. F. is reduced to shedding copious tear-drops at intervals.]

Mr. F. (at conclusion). Your story proves you to be a creature of fine sensations (taken from original text), and there is considerable excuse for your goings on. But what can I do for you?

Monster (with eagerness). Construct me a better half as hideous as myself, to keep me in countenance!

Mr. F. (firmly). No. I have had enough of composing ill-favoured monstrosities.

Monster. Do not meet me with a bald *nolo episcopare*! I ask a very moderate favour, but it will content me. As Monsters, we shall be cut off from Society, we shall not be happy—but at least we shall be harmless!

Mr. F. (aside, with a wobbling resolution). Have I the right to withhold the small portion of happiness that is yet in my power to bestow? [taken verbatim from text]. But, if I comply with your demand, I shall merely have a pair of incubuses on my unfortunate back instead of one!

Monster (with asseveration adapted from story). I swear by the sun, and by the blue sky, and by the love that burns my heart, that, immediately on delivery of such an *alter ego* as I request, I will book passages for self and partner to South America!

Mr. F. It is a bargain! I on my side undertake to go to England *sine die*, collect ingredients for such a *magnum opus*, and complete the job later on in the seclusion of the Orkney Islands.

Monster. Depart then, and commence your labours. I shall watch their progress with unutterable anxiety [Mrs. S.], and will not fail to look in as soon as my companion is the *fait accompli*. [With this he skips nimbly over the erevices, and promptly becomes an invisible.]

Mr. F. (alone). Dark events have dawned through the balconies of my house of life! I had quite made up my mind to restrict myself to a single Monster—and lo and behold! I have let myself in for the production of a replica! *N'importe!* I shall take care not to repeat the performance a third time!

[He strides sombrely away as the curtain is let down.]

The next Act will be the last, and infinitely the finest, of all. I am aware that this is almost as if to promise an utter impossibility—but please, Mist'ers, reserve judgment till after publication.—H. B. J.

Puddle and Muddle.

THE state of the London streets in thaw is bad enough, but we hope not so appalling as reported in the *Manchester Guardian* of the 16th inst. :—

"Harrowing stories were told by councillors of Hyde Park Corner flushed during severe St. James's Street, observing how that thorough-frost, of no one being at one point to sprinkle ballast, and of 'a policeman actually doing it himself, so great was the need.' One councillor had spent a profitable New Year's Day in fare was, in defiance of orders, flushed and left unballasted, to become one horrid puddle, and a puddle in St. James's Street is a very great matter."

The narrative of the *Manchester Guardian* really makes one ask *Quis custodiet custodem?*

DALMENIUS MENTMORATOR.

(The Wail of a Liberal Leaguer.)

WE are waiting, idly waiting: will you not come back again, Speak a word to give us guidance and relieve us of our pain?

There are scoffers to deride you, there are carpers apt to sneer,

And they dip their pens in poison, and they think to make you fear.

Patriot-peer, come forth and smite them till their insolence abate

As they see your awful presence, as they hear the words of Fate.

We have roses for your pathway, and there's EDW-RD GR-Y to strew;

And we've lime-light, lots of lime-light, and we're keeping it for you.

We have tried to be efficient: we have dubbed your speeches great;

We have Chesterfielded wildly since you came and saved the State;

We have ostracised the caitiffs who would dare to do you wrong;

We have called you—so you wished it—bold and resolute and strong.

How we went about the country striving only for your fame!

How we hushed our reverent voices when we spoke your noble name!

Chieftain! would you know our efforts you have only got to look

At the daily PRIMROSE-*pæan* in the *Chronicle* by C-K.

Oh beloved one, oh adored one, bid our aching hearts rejoice

With the quintessential wisdom of your fascinating voice!

CH-MB-RL-N may roast and toast you, like a common loaf of bread;

Yet he makes you fit for butter, which your friends are there to spread:

Luscious butter by the firkin from our unexhausted store.

Lo, you take it free and smiling and your cry is still for more,

And if ASQ-TH tires of ladling you may look, and not in vain,

To the man from Auchterarder, Mr. R-CH-RD B. H-LD-NE.

But you linger, ah, you linger; and the months are creeping on;

Mr. B-IF-R's still in office, though Lord S-I-SB-RY is gone.

From C-B.'s embrace you parted, roughly parted with a curse,

But C-B. is up and doing, and he doesn't seem the worse.

We have laboured late and early for our lord, the Earl of R.,

While you ploughed your lonely furrow—though you didn't drive it far.

Now we're tired of drawing water, and we're tired of hewing wood,

And we might be forced, like others, to forget you—and for good.

"MOST INHOSPITABLE.—SIR,—I read in the interesting and graphic article supplied by the Ipswich correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* to that paper, how, during the recent trial, 'The Jury were driven from the hotel in which they had passed the night,'—but he did not inform us what their conduct had been to deserve this summary style of treatment. Who drove them from the hotel? The landlord?"

"JUROR INDIGNANS."



ECHOES FROM DELHI. A QUIET DRIVE IN A DURBAR "HANSOM."



SOMETHING THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

Mrs. Brown (being helped out of a brook by the gallant Captain, who has also succeeded in catching her horse). "OH, CAPTAIN ROBINSON! THANK YOU SO MUCH!"

Gallant, but somewhat flurried, Captain. "NOT AT ALL—DON'T MENTION IT." (Wishing to add something excessively polite and appropriate.) "ONLY HOPE I MAY SOON HAVE ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY OF DOING THE SAME AGAIN FOR YOU."

MASTERING THE OLD MASTERS.

SCENE—The third gallery at Burlington House. The usual self-complacent crowd is jostling its way round.

Enthusiastic Amateur (excitedly). Why, there's the Earl of ESSEX!

His Fair Companion (interested in the aristocracy). Where, TOM? do show me! Is it the tall man, the one shouting to the old lady in green, or the stout man with white spots?

Enthusiastic Amateur (impatiently). No, no, MILLY, not a real live Earl. Here, No. 62, by ANTONIO MORE. Talk of the realism of SARGENT! Why, do you know, the expression of the lips behind the moustache has been discussed by our eminent critics?

His Fair Companion (not so much interested as she was, indifferently). No? Really? [Sits.]

American Visitor (planting himself before a portrait, exclaims enthusiastically) "Nicolas Ruts," by Jingo!

Prim English Lady (his companion). By whom did you say?

[Refers to catalogue.

American Visitor. By REMBRA-ANDT.

Prim English Lady (examining the canvas critically). I suppose it really is a REMBRANDT?

American Visitor. Why, certainly. See here: "Lent by J. PIERPONT MORGAN, Esquire." That's better than any brass-bound certificate, I reckon.

[Proceeds to explain how Mr. J. PIERPONT MORGAN will just purchase the National Gallery and the entire show.

Smart Lady Visitor (coming before CONSTABLE's celebrated "Salisbury Cathedral"). This is the great "Rainbow," don't you know.

Second Ditto (turning her back towards it). Really? That reminds me, did I tell you how we motored down to Maidenhead with the VENNINGS in a thunderstorm? It was huge fun!

First Smart Lady Visitor. No, do;

come to the tea-room, where we can talk without being smothered.

[They rustle away.

Enthusiastic Amateur. Ah! here's chiaroscuro if you like!

His Commonplace Companion (searching in guide-book). Skuro? Who's he?

Enthusiastic Amateur (not heeding the interruption). See how the face seems to glow from the transparent shadows, like opalescent amber!

His Matter-of-fact Companion. I don't know anything about that, old man, but it's a ripping likeness of TREE as Hamlet or (vaguely) somebody. But, I say, it's just one-thirty. I'm peckish.

Enthusiastic Amateur. Oh! I think this is delightful! I could stay here all day. A real treat! One feels—

His Matter-of-fact Companion (interrupting him). So do I. Look here, come over the way and (nobly) I'll stand you lunch!

Enthusiastic Amateur (with the utmost alacrity). All right, old man! I'm with you! [Exeunt quickly.]

A BALLAD OF THE (THAMES) FLEET.

[“When the necessary Parliamentary powers have been obtained, the London County Council will put on the Thames boats capable of holding 500 passengers, which will run at 16 miles an hour.”

Daily Paper.]

“For forty years,” said the ancient salt, “I’ve sailed on the rolling wave,
And scores of times, in various climes, been near to a watery grave;

Once ‘twas a liner ran us down within a mile o’ the Nore,
And once an iceberg gone astray in the region of Labrador;
I’ve lived a week on a leather boot, adrift in an open boat,
I’ve plugged a crack in a fishing smack with the tail of my Sunday coat;

The stiffest gale couldn’t turn me pale, and when on a rock we bumped,

I fairly laughed as I strolled abaft, and headed the lads who pumped;

I’ve sailed in a first-class battleship, I’ve sailed in a collier too,

And filled a bunk in a rickety junk that smuggled around Peru.

Nothing, it seemed, which sailed or steamed, could frighten me or dismay—

That’s how I felt last night, at least. It’s not how I feel to-day.

“A tidyish sort of craft she seemed; I liked the looks of her,

And paid my passage and stepped aboard as she lay off Westminster.

Five hundred passengers, as I heard, was her due and lawful share;

But, with no more than a couple of score, we’d plenty of room to spare.

The skipper hugged his wife and child—a rummyish thing to do,

And his voice nigh broke with a sort of choke as he summoned his trusty crew.

‘The hour has come!’—which was still more rum—in a quavering voice he said,

And then he signalled the engine-room, ‘Full speed—full speed ahead!’

With a splash and a dash we shot away—we were running full and large,

We’d sunk in a jiff a pair-oared skiff and damaged a timber barge.

The Thames was running mountains high with billows foaming white—

Our wash was enough to make it rough as the Fay on a dirty night!

We sent a tug to Davy Jones, we carried away a pier,
And—I don’t remember the rest of it—but thank my stars I’m here!

“Now, I’m no chicken-hearted tar, nor touchy about my craft,

And if the worst should come to the worst I’d manage aboard a raft;

I’d serve in one of them dratted things what buckles and breaks in two—

Destroyers they call them—which destroys, as a general rule, the crew;

I’d put to sea as a mere A. B. in a crank-rigged brigantine,

Or even go to the depths below in a patent submarine;
But never again so long as I live a passenger will I be,
Or take a trip in a pleasure-ship that’s owned by the L.C.C.!”

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ANOTHER delightful addition to the series of *The Temple Classics* “for Young People” (DENT & Co.), is *Heroes of the Norselands, Their Stories Retold*, by KATHARINE F. BOULT, who, if she will not take offence at the Baron’s manner of expressing his opinion, is a “champion storyteller.” The aim of this BOULT is achieved, hitting the mark direct, and so (lucky publishers) making a DENT! Let not the purchasers of this “Temple Classic Set” miss one *specialité* of the series, viz., that inside the cover, just as you open the book, you will see a little pictorial device with the lettering, “This Book Belongs To”—then follows blank to be filled up with “M. or N. as the case may be,” being, of course, the name of its lawful possessor. The Baron, who has hitherto been so engrossed in the contents of the series as not to have noticed this excellent arrangement, at once, in *Cap’n Cuttle*-like fashion, “overhauled” the previous volumes, and added to their value by attesting his ownership. Now “this in-dent-ure witnesseth.”

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

ODE ON THE MONUMENT TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

(*A long time after Tennyson.*)

[“It is now fifty years since the Duke of WELLINGTON died, but his monument in St. Paul’s is still unfinished!”]

BURY the Great Duke

With an Empire’s lamentation;

Let us bury the Great Duke

To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation!

How shall we honour him whom we deplore?

On the great Cathedral floor

(After more or less delay)

We will put up, some fine day,

A stately monument

To mark our love of him whom we lament.

The statue over it shall represent

The Great Duke on his horse.

(It won’t be done at once, of course,

But after half a century or so

Up the thing will go!)

Meantime, somewhere about—

Though just precisely where I am in doubt,

It may be in the crypt or it may not—

But somewhere, anyway,

There lies a cast, in clay,

Of horse and man, lying *perdu* and quite forgot.

A verger p’raps might point you out the spot.

Yes, somewhere, on the ground,

But not conspicuously easy to be found,

Lurking in darkness lies

The image of the man whose memory we prize.

Such honour has a great man when he dies!

How strange that he,

So far renowned through English lands,

Should meet so little reverence at our hands,

And that his image thus should be

Neglected shamefully!

The Duke was great and good,

And well deserved more show of gratitude

From us by whom he was so loud acclaimed

For his renown in fight;

From us whose foes he manfully withstood:

Can we then, till we do his memory right,

Boast that “Whatever record leap to light

We never shall be shamed?”

PILGRIMS TO THE EAST.

V.--DELHI Ho!

New Year's Eve: Viceroy's Camp, Delhi.—After a *voyage de luxe* of two days and a night in one of the VICEROY's specials I slept in a siding at Aligarh Station so as not to reach Delhi before daybreak. The other Pilgrim was reported to be similarly shunted for the night at Toondla, in another special, just behind us. A section of the native population, less commodiously quartered, lay about the platform, disguised as sacks of oats, waiting to be picked up by a passing train either that week or the following. I was as happy in my private *coupé* as a man could well be who had missed his specially chartered bearer at Bombay, been compelled to engage a duplicate at sight, and lost four articles of his baggage.

On the previous morning I had experienced the most crowded moments of a not too tedious career. If one could choose one's first impression of the East, one would ask to drive, just that way, at early morning through the Bombay bazaar, alive with natives of every shade of bronze, moving with superbly graceful ease to their respective spheres of indolence. Happily the stray lady's-maid who found herself beside me had travelled enough in Egypt to be tolerant of the pronounced sketchiness of their costumes. The scene at the Victoria Station must have been unique, even in a country which is not easily surprised. The Viceroy's private guests had been whisked off with their cabin baggage from the *Arabia* by a special launch before they were fairly awake, while heavy trunks went round in the ship to another landing-stage. And here at the terminus we all stood scanning the mountains of luggage piled on a long queue



IN THE BALUCHI STAND AT THE STATE ENTRY OF THE VICEROY.

PUZZLE.—To FIND OUR ARTIST.

of bullock-carts, and yearning with passionate eagerness for a sight of the loved objects from which we could not bear to be severed. As the various packages were identified, the scenes of recognition had in them something of the pathos of a Sophoclean *anagnorisis*. Women fell on one another's necks laughing hysterically over their recovered treasures. But the pean of joy was mixed with the wail of woe, or the hoarse gutturals of despair. I heard a high War Office official remark, with noble resignation, "I have found twenty of my trunks out of forty-five;" while his wife cynically recorded the lurid scene on her Kodak.

The generosity and forethought of our host made the journey one long delight, chastened only by the intense cold of dawn and a sense of urgent regret for what we might possibly have lost for ever. When we paced the platforms, or met in the dining-car, it was to revive that pleasant intercourse which so commonly ends with the arrival at port. The quiet monotony of the plains, constantly relieved by splashes of vivid colour wherever life was found, gave way at last to the splendour of the battlements of Gwalior; and just at

sunset we reached Agra Fort, crossed the wide bed of the Jumna, half lost in its sands, and saw the dome and towers of the Taj Mahal silver-grey in the swift twilight.

The lot of the Two Pilgrims has fallen in a lovely tabernacle. You lift the double hangings of green rush and Indian drapery, and enter the salon where we receive our admirers. To left and right are the sleeping apartments, and beyond these the bath-rooms. Everything that the heart could ask, or courtesy devise (including bicycles and electric light) is here to our hand. Carriages or ponies may be had in this fairy land for the waving of a wand. The huge camp of the VICEROY—one of nearly half a hundred—has been laid out with the genius of an architect of cities, and the care for detail of a worker in mosaic. This is just our private tent; but for the Guests' Mess, reached through a charming suite of rooms, there is a most noble marquee (surviving from a former Darbar), where we are served by bare-footed priests, robed in long liveries of scarlet and gold, with particular phylacteries for the bearers of wine.

By one of those mysterious processes



A PROVINCIAL POTENTATE.
Seen in the streets of Delhi.



EAST AND WEST IN A HOWDAH.

Sketched at the State Entry of the Viceroy into Delhi.

which are familiar to the students of *Kim*, our original bearers (engaged by a friend at Calcutta and mislaid at Bombay), had passed us in the night, tracked us down, and at the moment of our arrival sprang out of the earth at the back of our tent with written proofs of their identity. We naturally dismissed their substitutes, picked up at Bombay; and as I had advanced a month's wages to mine, with payment supposed for warm clothing, and now handed to him by request his return fare, money for his food on both journeys, and a trifle of baksheesh, I consider him not ill-paid in touching something over a five-pound note for two days' attendance. I have subsequently found him a new berth, for which he had the hardihood to demand another full month's wages in advance. These terms I modified, although he declares himself to be a Christian who has lost half his baggage *en route*—statements, both of them, which are at once fashionable and unworthy of credence.

A long line of Viceregal carriages bore us on Monday along roads lined by Tommies and Native regiments, to the State Entry, which we saw from the high porticos bordering the raised court of the Jumma Masjid. The procession wound round the Mosque, on three sides confined by houses; but on the fourth side the setting of the scene was spoiled by a wide stretch of waste land, made more hideous by an advertisement of British fireworks. Beyond this the elephants of the Native Chiefs' retinues waited to fall into line. I should have been better pleased if the double files of these quadrupeds had not marched in

such close order that the eye was left no time to do justice to the gorgeousness of their trappings, and the elaborate patterns painted on their supercilious faces. I understand that they prefer to march like that; and there are limits to their amenability to suasion. I wish now that I had gone down the vast steps of the Mosque—where the turbans of the native spectators glowed, tier on tier, like a bank of chrysanthemums—and joined the crowd below; for it is not quite fair to an elephant to fore-shorten him from above.

As for the procession, it left the imagination sated to the point of repletion. I feel, even at this distance, that the one need of England is more elephants. Why should London wait?

Myself flitting from one corner of the courtyard to another, so as to see the procession twice, I was most impressed (always apart from the elephants) with the Imperial Cadets, a new volunteer corps of young Native Princes, brilliant in their blue turbans and white uniforms embroidered with gold; the hairy Baluchis (depicted by the Other Pilgrim); the smart mounting of the Bombay Bodyguard; and the Native uniforms of the English officers of the 11th Bengal Lancers. The troops lining the roads had had enough of the heat, and dismissed themselves as soon as the procession had gone by; and the drive back to camp possessed some of the elements of a return from the Derby in a dry summer, but with three extra inches of dust.

My lost luggage has been reappearing at arbitrary intervals; but, in a land abounding with natural trunks, I am still parted from the one that holds my frock-coat, the necessary garment of undecorated civilians at to-morrow's Durbar. An amiable A.D.C. has undertaken to make good this defect.

Yesterday, under the escort of a young gunner who knows his Delhi, I shopped at the jeweller's, the em-

broiderer's, and the ivory-carver's, winning respect everywhere by my refusal to buy anything on a first visit. As I write, the Other Pilgrim is closeted behind the arras with the vendors of rubies from the Chadna Chowk Bazaar, the richest street in the world. In tones of depreciation he urges the worthlessness of their wares; they protest in courteous but very firm phrases, and he will presently emerge a ruined man.

New Year's Day.—The Durbar is over; and it would have been an unmitigated success if it had not made us two hours late for luncheon. This is Mail Day, and I will ask leave to defer my observations on the Great Event till next week. Meanwhile, the new moon, only a day older than the year, lies on her back in her curving cradle over the dull red glow of the West, that loses itself in the mists of evening and the wood-fire smoke hanging low above the camp.

O. S.

INDISPOSITIONS.

["For a wager a man essayed to eat a rabbit-skin as well as drink a quart of gin and another of petroleum last week at St. Leonard, near Liège, Belgium. He is now seriously ill."—*Daily Mail*.]

SINCE this case of melancholy interest was reported, several others have come to light from different quarters, and have been at once Marconigraphed to the *Daily Screecher* by its enterprising Special Correspondents.

1. A singular incident has taken place at Delhi since the Durbar. In order to win a wager, a man essayed to eat the skin of the elephant on which Lord and Lady CURZON rode on the great day, as well as drink a quart of *bhang* and the same quantity of prussic acid. After making the essay the man became slightly indisposed.

2. As the result of a recent friendly interchange of visits a Mr. BRIT. TAXPÄER was induced to swallow a German ironclad, with concentrated essence of British warship in Venezuelan waters. It is conjectured that the mixture proved deleterious, for since taking it Mr. BRIT. TAXPÄER has been greatly out of sorts.

3. It is rumoured in London that a certain prominent citizen has been forced to swallow an Appeal-to-the-generosity-of-the-British-Public, together with six of the bacilli-haunted bricks of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. It is alleged that this has not agreed with him.

4. Owing, it is thought, to an oversight, to which, however, his somnolent habits largely contributed, a Mr. J. BULL has taken a Mixed Body of Aliens, together with several quarts of absinthe and the same quantity of Italian ice-cream. It is probable that his system will have to undergo serious treatment.



AN INDIAN SCARECROW.
Seen from the Train.

CHARIVARIA.

LAST week there was no Austrian Imperial scandal.

Baron SPECK VON STERNBURG, the new German Ambassador at Washington, has made his first attempt to ingratiate himself there. He has declared he is often told he is as much of an American as the average American, as he was born in England, his mother was Scotch, his wife comes from Kentucky, his father was a German, and he is going to keep an Irish servant.

It has been proposed that, as a compensation for the hardship of having their names on the Black List, confirmed inebriates shall be allowed to place the initials B.L. after their names.

Mr. TILLMAN, Lieutenant-Governor of South Carolina, has shot a newspaper editor. It is thought he will be reprimanded.

A printer's error, which caused it to be stated in a newspaper that the South African Shipping Ring had "lowered its rates for frights to and from the Cape," has led several South African millionaires to write and say they are every bit as good-looking as the average journalist.

We doubt if there is anyone living who possesses the traditional British phlegm in the same degree as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. He even betrayed no emotion on learning he had been assassinated. Imagine a Frenchman in similar circumstances.

The War Office has sanctioned the issue of medals for an Expedition that took place ten years ago. The War Office still refuses to see the necessity for presenting medals to the nearest relatives of those persons entitled to them who are no longer living.

The outlook in America is less black than it was. President ROOSEVELT has decided to go gently in his policy of appointing negroes to official posts. The latest appointee is stated to be a Mulatto of a light yellow shade.

At the same time, a Southern newspaper reports that the name of the White House is to be changed to the Black House.

As the recent cold weather was causing much distress it was decided to put an end to it by making arrangements for holding the Skating Championship of Great Britain.



AN ECHO FROM BROADWAY.

Old Lady. "YES—MADAM 'AS BIN A DEAR GOOD SOUL TO US POOR PEOPLE THIS COLD WEATHER. IF IT 'ADN'T 'AVE BIN FOR 'ER, SOME OF US OLD ONES WOULD 'AVE BIN NIPPED IN THE BUD!"

THE COMMON OR GARDEN MICROBE.

["It is becoming generally recognised that plants as well as animals are the victims of bacterial diseases."—*Science Notes in Daily Paper.*]

LITTLE blossom, is it so?
In my garden as you grow;
Where with waterpot I tend you,
And from nipping frosts defend you,
In your buds do microbes lurk,
Doing there their deadly work?

Do the roses, white and red,
Pine upon a sad sick' bed,
Stricken by the dread bacilli?
Must you tall and stately lily,
'Scaping seath of loathly worms,
Fall to pathogenic germs?

Ah! grim Science,—that can spy
The bacteria that lie
In our bread, our cheese, our kisses,
With an aim that never misses,—
From your threats of dire disease,
Spare our gardens, if you please.



Auntie. "YOU KNOW YOU OUGHT NOT TO BE PLAYING SHOPS ON SUNDAY."

Marjorie. "BUT, YOU SEE, AUNTIE DEAR, WE WERE JUST PRETENDING IT'S MONDAY!"

M. DE BLOWITZ.

BORN: DECEMBER 28, 1832. DIED: JANUARY 18, 1903.

THE Tenth Muse weeps; all England is forlorn,
Her breakfast table of a thrill bereft;
And Kings and Kaisers in communion mourn
That none to understand them now is left.
Sweet Peace descends on Ministers like rain,
And Diplomats see half their thralldom o'er,
Since Courts can keep their secrets once again.
Europe is free; DE BLOWITZ is no more.
Yet grief and admiration are sincere
Beneath our cloak of custom-sanctioned jest
(Hard to relinquish after many a year).
A Prince of Correspondents is at rest:
Far-sighted, shrewd, untiring, rich in zest,
A Press Ambassador without a peer.

SINCERELY [does Mr. Punch condole with the nation—for the loss is a national one—on the death of the unique Paris correspondent of the *Times*, M. DE BLOWITZ. Well nigh a dwarf in stature, he was a very giant in journalism. He knew exactly when to speak, what to say, and when to be silent. What M. DE BLOWITZ did not know of European politics was not worth knowing. He died, if not actually "in harness," at least but a few weeks after he had laid aside

his armour and hung up his shining weapon. Truly might he have said with GOLDSMITH:—

"O bless'd retirement, friend of life's decline,
Retreats from care that never must be mine!"

And so farewell, *Chevalier de la plume, sans peur et sans reproche!* old friend of Mr. Punch. *Requiescat.*

AT THE SAVOY.—In one account of the latest musical production at this Theatre, we read how "not a discordant note was sounded by the audience throughout the evening." Were they provided with musical instruments and expected to join in occasionally? If anyone even had introduced a solo on the penny trumpet, of course he would have been immediately expelled.

The Englishman's Weather Guide.

DESPAIRING weather prophets, hope again!
There still exists one firm, unshaken law:
For Fêtes Botanic—thunder, snow, hail, rain;
For Skating Championships—a general thaw.

AT HER MAJESTY'S.—*The Eternal City* having belied its title and come to an end, Mr. TREE becomes a Revivalist. When he has divorced himself from his *Merry Wives* he is to become a (Tolstoyan) "Resurrection-man."



THE THREE CASKETS.

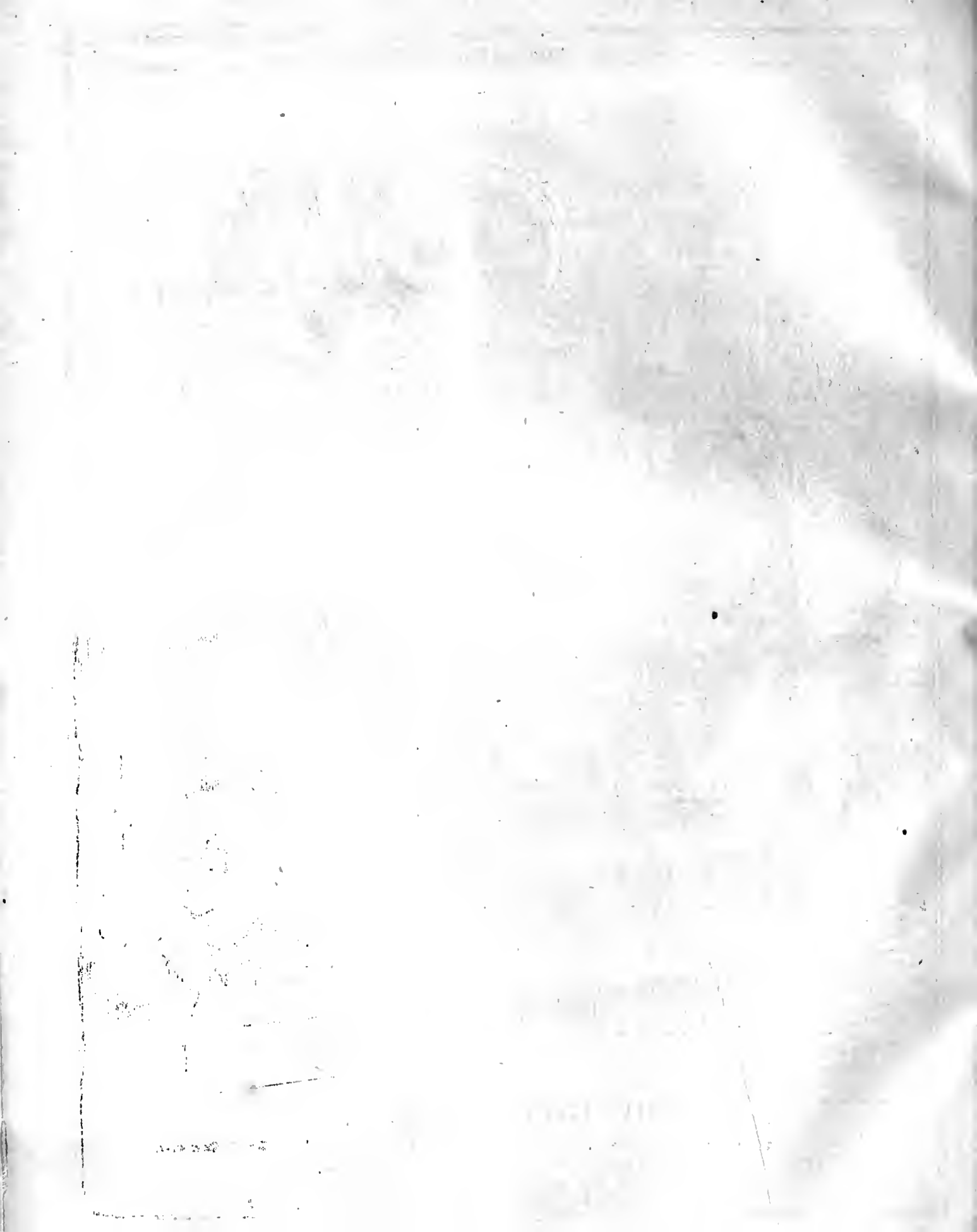
Portia

. . . SOUTH AFRICA.

Bassanio

RIGHT HON. J. CH-ME-RL-X.

PORTIA (to BASSANIO). "I PRAY YOU, TARRY; PAUSE A DAY OR TWO,
BEFORE YOU HAZARD; FOR, IN CHOOSING WRONG,
I LOSE YOUR COMPANY."—*Merchant of Venice*, Act III., Scene 2.



HOW IT AROSE.

It was bruited about everywhere that AUGUSTUS BROWN had made a most unhappy marriage, and that consequently misery was in store for him. So everybody sighed, "Poor BROWN!" Yet GUS BROWN and his bride were as happy as the day was long, or short, it mattered not which.

How was this false rumour of BROWN's misery started? Very simply.

Mrs. ROBINSON, a most hospitable and very impulsive lady, delights in giving verbal invitations at short notice. Seeing BROWN walking along Piccadilly, on Monday, Mrs. ROBINSON stopped her carriage, and suddenly startled him out of a reverie by cheerily asking him to dine with her on Wednesday.

"Awfully sorry," replied BROWN, apparently rather taken aback, and unusually nervous, "but the—er—fact is I'm unhappily engaged—and—er—"

"Thought I should have caught you," interrupted Mrs. R., who had no time to waste on explanations. "Ta! ta!" and ordered her coachman to drive on.

She had not proceeded far, when it suddenly struck her that BROWN had not appeared to be quite himself, that he seemed depressed, and, somehow, that his manner altogether had implied much more than he had said when telling her he was "unfortunately engaged." Then she began wondering to herself whether he had wished to confide some sad story to her, and if so, she greatly regretted having left him in so hurried and unsympathetic a fashion. This was on the Monday. As there were many other matters to occupy the active hostess, she thought nothing more about BROWN, until Wednesday, the morning of her dinner party, when she read an account of AUGUSTUS BROWN's marriage on the Tuesday!

Then she recalled his flurried and worried look, and the full meaning of his words flashed across her. "Ah! I understand! He told me himself he was '*unhappily engaged*!' Poor fellow! and *now he is miserably married*! Dear! Dear!"

And that evening there was quite a new and all-engrossing topic of conversation for Mrs. ROBINSON and her guests.

But when the happy honeymoon was over, the first guest invited was Mrs. ROBINSON. And after that—there was an end of the story.

MY BIRTHDAY.

GOLD tinsel, red frillings, a casket most fair,
Decorated with blue paper roses;
Close lying within, packed with tenderest care,
My present from WINNIE reposes.
I gloat o'er the box with a lover's delight,
As before me it lies on the table;
When, gummed on a corner, there looms on my sight,
Half hidden, a small paper label.
"Exquisitas, Habana," is branded above,
But plainly this states—Ah! my WINNIE,
I sink 'neath the blow thou hast dealt, O my love,
"One hundred cigars, half a guinea."

SOME GOOD IN IT AFTER ALL!—After the dense London fog, with sudden sleet and frost combined, when the streets were hopelessly slippery, Mr. BOOZER was at last able to supply his excellent wife with a perfectly satisfactory ("perfly shashfakry" he called it) excuse for being unable to monnt the second front-doorstep, and remaining where he had fallen when the policeman found him and rang the bell.



LANDSCAPE GARDENING.

Mr. Intrim D. Scoop. "WELL NOW, THAT'S WHAT I CALL REAL ART!"

LITTLE MISS MERCURY.

LITTLE MISS MERCURY, nimble and merry,
Lives in a house made of glass.
She is a lively young person, but very
Fickle and flirting, alas!

Suitors has she
Of every degree,
Some of them quite at the top of the tree.
Seldom can one of them get her to stay
Faithful and constant for more than a day.

Little Miss MERCURY, gaily coquetting,
Most of the summer-time spends
High in Society, nearly forgetting
Lowlier FAHRENHEIT friends.

Then, if you please,
She by degrees
Sinks to a point where all compliments freeze.
Though at the first she's a welcome that's cold,
Soon she will settle down, just as of old.

Little Miss MERCURY, folks without money
Find you a bit of a curse.
When you go down in the world, it seems funny
Other things do the reverse.

Fuel and beef,
These are the chief,
Now they go up, but it's quite my belief,
If you were moderate all the year through,
Prices perhaps would be moderate too.

Little Miss MERCURY, I have at present
Other complaints of my own.
East is the wind, and it's very unpleasant;
Blue is the nose that is blown.

This is my plea,
Listen to me,
Though my request a bit snobbish may be.
"All of your humble acquaintances drop,
Stick to your friends rather nearer the top!"

MORE CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE.

II.

DAN has not been home either night that the cold mutton did duty for dinner. He is *very* Greek god-like, in these matters.

Last night he smelt game cooking at the CURTICE's and dropped in there promiscuously, ten minutes before their dinner hour. They *had* to ask him to stay.

Here, in my own room, I see, everywhere, the careless, precious signs of him—his muddy boots upon my toilet table—his coat lightly tossed over my mirror, his cigar ends dropped about the carpet for me to pick up. So, upon my heart, he flings the traces of his presence. I rather wish he wouldn't.

DAN has gone away. It is three weeks since I heard from him. It is six weeks more before I know where he is, and then—He has gone to Monte Video.

Hooray!

Then another letter comes. He says Monte Video would not agree with me. I have heard this yarn before from absent husbands. He declares the whole country is a malaria microbe, and encloses a draft for fourteen and sixpence.

Unsent.

DAN! DAN! come back to me—or else, for goodness sake, send more money, so that I can get some new dresses and a hat or two. I don't mind which you do—but let it be one or the other.

One day when I was opening the front door unexpectedly, Dr. ROBERT FOOZLETON fell in. Rising from the mat, he said:—

"I have a letter from your husband. He has been ill and has gone for a sea voyage."

Then I re-started writing those interminable and semi-erotic letters to DAN. I wrote on an average twenty-eight a day. The Doctor took my husband's letter to the window. I looked and wondered why I had ever thought him too short. I am sure he is fully five feet high.

"You stand between me and despair," I said.

"Pardon me. I stand between you and the window," he replied.

Of course it was true. All that ROBERT FOOZLETON ever says *is* true—except that which is manifestly inaccurate.

"FOOZLE," I said, "what shall I do?"

And he replied, "Give me time."

At that moment I would have given him six months. Oh, why was I not born a police magistrate?

MY DEAR DAN,—I try to write, but my pen is dumb and I have not a "J" nib. What would you have me say? Whatever it is, say it yourself, and then we shall both be satisfied. If you would break the tie between us—break on, Sweet Angelus! Trust me, DAN—with a little more money than you have been remitting lately. Let us help each other, and above all, let us help ourselves. You, at least, were never backward at doing that, dear. It was ever ill to leave you alone with the leg of mutton.

YOUR WIFE.

And JOB barked loudly as Dr. ROBERT FOOZLETON crawled out from under the dining-room table. He always seems to be upon the premises somewhere, this invaluable man. I, the Wilderness Girl, laughed.

He said severely, "ELLA, your conduct is rather unbecoming. If you wish to work off your superfluous pleasantries, ring up the Telephone Exchange clerk and tell him he is a monumental ass."

I threw the sofa-cushion at him and left the room.

I cannot sleep. I am thinking of the evening when FOOZLE asked me to be his wife. We were playing ping-pong in the drawing-room, and I was wearing a rose-pink and purple-striped dress with piebald trimmings. I told him, "No, that he was too short."

He left with quite a relieved look upon his face.

It snowed fitfully. I sat watching JOB trying to choke himself with a chicken bone. It was most amusing—except, perhaps, for JOB, and even he didn't seem to have a dull moment. And just then some one knocked at the front door.

I went down, and there was DAN. DAN, looking considerably the worse for wear.

"I was a darn fool (*sic*) to leave you," he remarked.

"Try a split soda," I said encouragingly. And he came in and drank greedily out of a bucket. Then he went to bed. He was a very sick man.

ROBERT FOOZLETON, the ever-on-hand, emerged from the coal-cellar. Anxiously he examined his patient: then he turned away and sighed.

"FOOZLE," I said imperiously, for I was once more the Wilderness Girl, "what ails him? What is it?"

He quietly observed that DAN held a greater quantity of morphine to the square foot than any man he had ever yet attended.

Two weeks later DAN was completely cured, and began singing that eternal "*Bedouin's Love Song*" again.

I regretted this. I mentally resolved to counter him by writing yet more of those dreary epistles of mine, which had

always had such a damping effect on his spirits.

FOOZLE and I listened to the "*Bedouin*." And after DAN had sung it over about thirty-five times ROBERT said:—

"Go to him. I will wait till he has ceased singing." (Crafty FOOZLE!) "When you see him, you will find him a new man."

"I wish I could find him a new song," I retorted.

FOOZLE laughed. He could afford to laugh, as he was stopping outside.

FIRST QUARTER.

(From "*Young Moore's Almanack* for 1903.")

YOUNG MOORE presents his compliments to his readers, and without further preface except to say that it is no use predicting what has happened in January, proceeds to prophesy with the utmost confidence what may be expected in

FEBRUARY.

News from New York may reach us of a slump in something, and somebody may possibly be ruined. A most amusing breach of promise case will come on about now, and YOUNG MOORE is pleased to say that *all* the details will be published. The prophet would not be in the least surprised if we were to hear something about trouble in the Balkans this month. The weather will consist of samples. Several persons will suffer from a great blow. Much depression.

MARCH.

Towards the middle of this month a train on "the 2d. Tube" will suddenly stop at the Bank Station. With admirable presence of mind, however, all the passengers will get out, and most of them will be conveyed by the lifts to the surface. In this month no hare should be out without the keeper. On the 25th many changes may be expected, and considerable restlessness will be exhibited in various parts of the Empire, coupled with remarkable activity.

Varied weather will be the rule.

NEW FOOD SUPPLY.—"A French entomologist recommends insects as an article of food. . . . We quote the French entomologist's recipe. It is as follows: 'Pound your cockroaches in a mortar, put in a sieve, and pour on boiling water or beef stock.'"*Daily Telegraph*, Jan. 22. And Mr. Punch would like to add the further stage direction—"Then exit quickly."

ODD.—"Not to let your right hand know what your left hand gives" applies, strictly speaking, to alms.



Lady Catter (to old Family Servant). "Well, Bridget, did Master Arthur shoot any tigers in India?"
Bridget. "Of coorse he did. SURE WE HAVE THE HORNS OF THE CRAYTHERS HUNG IN THE HALL!"

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

XVI.—"THE WHOLE TRUTH."

A SQUALID street of dingy, straggling houses, each fronted by a row of stunted palings inclosing an oblong asphalt plot, for the existence of which I can find no reason, æsthetic or utilitarian, save, perhaps, that a number of dirty infants can make themselves still dirtier by lying on it. In the doorway of each tenement stands a bareheaded woman of careless coiffure, who has in each case rolled up her sleeves in order to maintain a desultory conversation with the lady next door. For the rest, a dozen or so of knowing-looking cats prowls suspiciously about at various altitudes.

At the far end of the street a crowd of loungers, plentifully interspersed with policemen, has gathered outside a massive building of dirty granite. I make my way towards it, and find the centre of interest to be a stout policeman who, standing at the top of the steps leading into the building, is reading from a blue paper a list of names, and ticking them off with a fat pencil as their owners, an unsavoury crew, answer to them from various points in the crowd, and mount the steps to the entrance. I inquire of a policeman what is going on.

"Answering to bail," he replies, laconically, and I become aware that I am outside the Police Court. It is noticeable that the crowd regard the whole affair as a form of light and amusing entertainment.

"VICTORIA STOTT!" calls the stout policeman, and a bedraggled woman in limp ostrich feathers makes her way towards the steps.

"O-uh g-urls!" cry the crowd in high good humour, and a man in his shirt-sleeves expresses a wish to be chased and tickled.

"Less o' the noise there," observes the stout policeman. "Come along, ducky, come along."—DOUGLAS ALEXANDER TUBBS!

A roar of laughter goes up from the crowd, and all eyes are turned upon a little white-bearded man in a battered top-hat on the other side of the road. Mr. TUBBS seems to be somewhat of a celebrity, and obviously knows it, for he waits for the noise to subside, then cocks his hat over one eye, observes "That's me!" and executes a somewhat intricate step-dance across the road and up the stairs.

"That's enough of it," observes the stout policeman, tolerantly rapping Mr. TUBBS on the back of the head with the fat pencil.—"GEORGE SPINKS!—Come on there, can't wait all night for yer. That'll do, no lip.—ELIZABETH SHAND!—come along, you beauty!"

Soon the list is finished, and the prisoners have all disappeared within. The stout policeman folds up his list, replaces it with the pencil in the breast of his tunic, and looks down on the crowd jocosely.

"And a nice lot they are too!" he observes; then withdraws within the building.

After some silent contemplation of the exterior, I ascend the steps and enter a blank little vestibule. Standing by a small shuttered window like that of a station booking-office, I find the stout policeman in familiar converse with an excessively jocund grey-haired female in a plaid shawl. The lady, in sheer exuberance of spirits, has just administered a nudge to the softest part of his tunic, accompanying it by the intimation that he is a giddy young kipper. I inquire of the policeman whether there is any room inside.

"You're not a witness or anything?" he queries.

I assure him that on this occasion at least I am neither a witness, nor (I am pleased to say) "anything."

"Just want to see what's going on, Sir?" he assents with indulgence, then leans towards me confidentially. "You leave it to me, Sir, an' I'll try an' get you in. You just wait a minute. I'll do my best to manage it for you."

He brushes out of the way the jocund female, engaged in a squatting position in looking through the keyhole into the Court, and taps mysteriously at the shuttered window. Nothing happens.

"I'll manage it for you all right, Sir," he says protectively; "you just stay close to me. That'll do, POLLY."

The jocund female is pulling him by the skirts of his tunic.

"When'll they want me, DICKIE?" she inquires.

"They won't want *you* at all, I should think," returns the policeman jocosely. "You're a nice sorter witness *you* are."

"Go hon!" cries the jocund female, digging him in the ribs in sheer delight.

"What d'yer think of 'im, young man—ain't 'e a 'andsome figger of a man?—'Ave I got time fer a drink, DICKIE?"

At this moment there is a shuffling noise inside the Court.

"Now then, Sir," whispers the policeman hurriedly, opening the door; "just squeeze in after me. That's it. I thought I'd manage it for you."

I really do not know what it is that he has managed for me, beyond opening the door and allowing me to pass into the public part of the Court, where a number of onlookers in various stages of dirt are already gathered. Being weak, however, I give him sixpence, and he retires on tip-toe with a vast

deal of noise, confidently assured, I suppose, of my perfect idiocy.

A constable with a black eye is in the box giving evidence of the assault committed upon him by the muscular lady in the dock, on his arresting her for maliciously wounding the prosecutor with a beer-glass.

The prosecutor next enters the box with a bandaged head, and gives a clear account of the affair, which is corroborated by four more witnesses, the only person who is not absolutely agreed as to the facts being the prisoner, who, while admitting that she was drunk, emphatically denies that she was incapable (which, needless to say, no one has suggested), and hints at perjury from the constable and the prosecutor with regard to the black eye and the beer-glass, both assaults having been committed by accomplices of their own while she was saying that she was innocent and would go quietly. Furthermore she has a husband and five children, is unaccountable for her actions when drunk—indeed she never remembers anything afterwards, and hopes the magistrate will deal leniently with her. Moreover, the prosecutor is a dirty 'ahnd, and only got what he deserved.

"Have you any witness to call?" inquires the magistrate.

The policeman by the dock repeats the magistrate's question with a nudge, and the prisoner suggests "POLLERBUNCE."

"Who?" demands the magistrate.

The prisoner repeats "POLLERBUNCE," and the policeman interprets to the magistrate as "POLLY BUTTONS."

"POLLY BUTTONS, then," says the magistrate wearily, with a sideways movement of the head.

"POLLY BUTTONS," says the usher, in a loud voice.

"POLLY BUTTONS!" shouts the policeman by the door, and the mystic word, passing from mouth to mouth, reverberates through the passages and is heard faintly outside in the street. After a pause the phrase "Hurry up there!" is heard in the street, then in the passage and then at the door, and a grey-haired matron in a shawl enters the Court and takes her place in the box. I recognise her at once as the jocund female whom I have already seen in the vestibule. But the jocund expression has vanished, and she turns to the magistrate a sad, worn face, with a suggestion in it of honest toil and years of trouble.

"It was abah! a quarter past eleven, yer worship," she begins immediately, "I went aht to get a bit o' fish fer supper—"

"The book," interrupts the usher.

The witness kisses the book perfunctorily and begins again.

"It was abahit a quarter past eleven—"

"What is your name?" repeats the clerk in a louder voice.

"MARY PEARCE," returns the witness.

"It was abahit—"

"Who," here inquires the magistrate, "is POLLY-er-BUTTONS?"

Discursive etymology from the witness with regard to POLLY, with anecdotal disquisition on the origin of BUTTONS. She is cut short, and returns once more to the fish-expedition, where she shows a disposition to discuss the relative merits of haddocks and kippers, and is at once whisked through space by the unsympathetic clerk to the first meeting with the prisoner. Yes, she saw VILT at 'alf past eleven. Yes, the prisoner is VILT, an' a steadier, soberer, 'arder-workin'—she knows it was 'alf past eleven because she saw the clock at the Crown through the winder. Through the winder only, because she'd only been out to get a bit o' fish and—Yes, she saw the prisoner speaking to TED 'ARGREAVES outside the Crown. Yes, the prosecutor. 'E was molestin' of 'er. Somethink crool.

"How did he molest her?" inquires the magistrate.

"Askin' of 'er t'ave a drink," returns the witness. "She sez, 'No, Mr. 'ARGREAVES,' she sez, 'I don't drink an' I won't drink.' An' she don't neither. A steadier, soberer—"

The clerk, more unsympathetic than ever, presses the magistrate's question.

"She sez to 'im," continues the witness, "'No, Mr. 'ARGREAVES,' she sez, 'I don't drink an' I——'"

"How—did the prosecutor—molest her?" breaks in the magistrate harshly.

The witness ponders.

"Caught 'old of the sleeve of 'er body," she replies cheerfully,—"the same body what's on 'er now. There it is. The very body 'e caught 'old of."

The witness seems elated at the conclusiveness of this proof. The clerk asks if she saw the prisoner throw the glass at the prosecutor.

"She never threw no glass," declares the witness; "she dropped the glass out of 'er 'and like, an' 'e slipped an' fell on it an' cut 'is head. She sez to 'im——"

"I think the witness can step down now," remarks the magistrate. The witness seems reluctant to leave the box.

"I shouldn't never 'ave seen it, yer worship," she exclaims, "only I 'appened ter go aht fer a bit o' fish fer supper——"

Here, still loudly addressing the Court, she is hustled out of the box by the attendant policeman. The magistrate turns to the prisoner.

"A particularly brutal assault," he observes. "Four months' hard labour."



SCENE—*Depths of a b'g Woodland.*

Huntsman. "NOW THEN, WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT? WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?"

Keeper's Underling (in tears). "PLEASE, SIR, IT'S THE LUNNON FOX, AND I CAN'T GET THE LID OFF! IT'S SCREWED!"

The musenlar lady looks round the Court with amusement.

"Four months without a drink!" she exclaims. "Oh, chase me!"

Then, leaving the dock, she accompanies a constable through a door on the left with considerable good humour.

POLLY BETTONS, giving the plaid shawl a hitch, leaves the Court with an unclouded brow, the jocund female once more. I turn and follow. In the vestibule I pass her, rallying "DICKIE" on the subject of his figure. He salutes me with a protective and indulgent air.

I pass out into the squalid street once more, the voice of the late witness from the steps behind recommending DICKIE to have a piece let in at the back of his toonic.

POSTCARD POLITICS.

(To Sir M-eh-l F-st-r.)

Ufox the Parliamentary fence
You occupy *pro tem.*, MICHAEL,
A posture that but ill befits
A leader academical.

Leave chopping to the fickle winds,
And trimming to the tar, man:
Leave measures vague or half-and-half
To BANNERMAN or barman.

'Twere best with Tory or with Whig
To range yourself in line:
Remains yet one alternative—
In silence to resign.



THE PANTOMIME REVIEW. MARCH PAST OF THE SPANGLES BRIGADE.

THE NEW SYSTEM.

[Professor SULLY accuses the British business man of taking life too seriously, and hints that his methods would be all the better for a little levity.]

"WELL," said the Bank Manager, as he finished reading the last of the letters which the candidate for the vacant stool had produced, "your credentials are certainly excellent. All that could be desired. I see that the Editor of *Screaming Shots* says, 'We have enjoyed many a hearty laugh over jokes submitted by Mr. JONES.'"

"Yes, Sir," said the candidate. He modestly omitted to mention that the Editor was not the only man who had laughed at those jokes. SYDNEY SMITH had won quite a reputation with them.

"And I notice," continued the Manager, "that the senior partner of your late firm also speaks highly of your abilities. Let me see, where is it? Ah, yes. 'While I cannot conscientiously say that Mr. JONES has the commercial instinct highly developed'—here the candidate, conscious of not knowing the difference between a ledger and a copying-press, bowed—"yet he possesses a sense of humour which would make his services invaluable to any firm. Mr. JONES knows a good joke when he sees one."

The senior partner of Mr. JONES' late firm had had two good stories, one about missing the train from Wandsworth Common, the other in connection with a wonderfully smart saying of his youngest son (aged two), and Mr. JONES had always duly honoured them on presentation.

"Yes," said the Manager, "your

credentials are excellent. But perhaps you could give me a specimen of your abilities?"

"Certainly, Sir."

"Then what would you say if a customer, having presented a cheque for a large amount, slipped as he left the building and dropped the money down a grating?"

"I should say that he had lost his balance."

"You would not say that to the customer?"

"Certainly not, Sir. I should make the remark in a humorous undertone to a colleague."

"Quite so, quite so. I merely asked, because in no business is tact so essential as in banking. A customer, for instance, tells you a story about a cat that belonged to his Aunt JANE, and its wonderful instinct. Your natural impulse is, of course, to cap it with the anecdote relating to your Uncle THOMAS's dog, which found its way from India to Forest Hill solely by its sense of smell. But you must stifle that impulse. Otherwise the customer will in all probability withdraw his account and induce his friends to do the same. A sense of humour, though essential to success in a modern bank, must be judiciously exercised. Why, only the other day we had to get rid of a most promising young fellow. An excellent worker, full of the quaintest conceits. His idea of pouring ink down the speaking-tube when he knew the sub-manager's mouth was at the other end was extraordinarily happy. But he had to go. He would insist upon emphasising the points of his stories

by digging his hearers in the ribs. He was a fine strapping young fellow, and after a time customers began to complain. And one day, when he was making an epigram about cashing cheques and checking cash, he very nearly injured an old gentleman permanently. There was a good deal of unpleasantness, and he had to go. But may I ask why you are turning up your coat-collar?"

"I have a slight cold," explained the candidate, "and the room is full of drafts."

"Excellent, Mr. JONES," said the Manager, "you may certainly consider yourself engaged. And as regards salary—"

"Yes, Sir?"

"We generally pay by the thousand words. Would three guineas—?"

Two minutes later shouts of inextinguishable laughter from the outer office proclaimed that the new clerk had entered upon his duties.

A Modern Adaptation.

(Attributed to the D-ke of B-df-rd.)

If I were a cassowary
Just presented to the Zoo,
I would eat the Secretary,
And quite half the Council too.

LITERARY GOSSIP.—The CZAR's favourite passage—the passage of the Dardanelles.

MR. FRANKENSTEIN AND HIS EX-TEMPORE PROMETHIAN.

A TRAGICAL DRAMA. BY H. B. JABBERJEE, B.A.

THE FINAL (AND FINEST) ACT.



SCENE 1.—*The exterior of an hotel at Evian (on Lake Geneva). A magnificent Marriage Procession enters, with musicians and singing and dancing girls. Mr. FRANKENSTEIN and his blooming bride are carried on, seated beneath a golden canopy. Mr. Hotel-keeper presents his best compliments, and suspends floral garlands round their necks. Then the company toast the happy pair, and indulge in facetious badinages—after which they retire huzzaying with joyful hearts. Mr. F. is left in solitude with ELIZABETH, his blushing and beauteous rib.*

Mr. F. Another year has rolled by on irreparable pinions, and we are at last united in chains of Hymen!

Mrs. F. (*archly*). Is that a reason for being in such doleful dumps? It is contrary to *bon ton* for a bridegroom to look glum as a gib-cat!

Mr. F. (*aside*). Can any Benedict assume a frolicsome demeanour when a Demon has threatened to turn up on his bridal night and play Old Gooseberry? (*Aloud*) You are mistaken, my beloved, I am not looking glum. On the contrary, I am simpering. [*He simpers laboriously.*]

Mrs. F. I am sure you are afflicted by some internal trouble or other. You have never recovered entirely from being accused of the butchery in Ireland of your bosom's friend, HENRY CLERVAL. [*See book for this incident.*]

Mr. F. I was luckily able to prove an *alibi* in the Orkney Islands at the precise time he was being decimated.

Mrs. F. But I never clearly comprehended what business you had in said Orkney Islands?

Mr. F. (*in agonised aside*). How to confess that I was busily engaged there in the composition of a feminine monster! (*Aloud*) I was working at a large scientific job—but I tore it up in disgust. [*V. original text.*]

Mrs. F. What a sad pity! But some day you will go to work on it again, my Victor?

Mr. F. (*firmlly*). Not if I know it! In future I have other fish to fry. But see (*here he points to the sunset sky*), the God of Day is already putting up his shutters. Go within, my ELIZABETH. I have a business appointment here, which must be conducted in the strictest privacy.

Mrs. F. I will obey the wish of my Lord and Master, and refrain from all indiscreet curiosity.

[*She enters the hotel; presently beams of candlelight are seen illuminating an upper chamber in same.*]

Mr. F. (*soliloquising sadly*).—[N.b.—I shall probably—if I have time—turn this into correct blank versification.—H. B. J.] The hour approaches for my diabolical rendezvous. The Monster promised to be with me on my wedding night! [*This is taken from book.*] He will indubitably look me up, being so infernally irritated by my failure to complete and deliver his demon consort, as per contract. I could not bring myself to carry out such a hideous *nudum pactum*, and so he has already vented his annoyance by burking my best friend. Fortunately, my ELIZABETH is snug under cover, and will be spared the heart-rending spectacle of beholding this unlucky self popping off in the gripe of a gigantic demoniac. (*Here an appalling shriek rends the air of the upper apartment.*) Lack-a-daisy! I recognise the affrighted squeak of my unprotected spouse! Probably she has encountered some member of the mouse department. [*The light is suddenly put out.*]

The Monster (*comes out on the balcony, and points with his fiendish finger*). Aha, my friend! Since you have deprived me of a *placens uxor*, I have just returned the compliment with a *tu quoque*!

Mr. F. This is the *ne plus ultra* of devilish procedure! [*He extracts a pistol from his bosom and lets it off with a terrific report. It misses.*]

The Monster. Ho-ho! You will never make a marksman! Catch me if you can!

[*He plunges from the balcony into the lake, with a resounding splash, and disappears.*]

Mr. F. He has dived into watery regions—but I am very soon to run him to earth!

[*He jumps in too. The Monster's and Mr. F.'s heads are perceived swimming in the moonlighted billows as scene changes to:*]

SCENE 2.—THE WINDINGS OF THE RHONE [*as in volume*].

The Monster (*enters in a violent hurry*). Mr. FRANKENSTEIN is pursuing my retreat—but I will lead him the pretty dance!

[*He goes off on one side, as Mr. F. enters on the other.*]

Mr. F. I have lost his scent! Here comes a Rhonish ryot. I will interrogate him. (*A Ryot enters.*) Have you happened to observe any fiend of excessive magnitude and cadaverous appearance in this vicinity?

The Rhonish R. (*obsequiously*). Indeed, magnanimous Sir, I have not noticed any person at all answering such a description.

Mr. F. (*aside*). Either this Rhonish is a confirmed taradiddle, or else the Monster has disguised himself beyond all human recognition. No matter, I am no pigeon-livered, and am determined to be in at his death!

[*Exit pursuing, as the scene changes to:*]

SCENE 3.—THE BLUE MEDITERRANEAN, WITH A LARGE VESSEL ANCHORED IN THE CORNER.

[*If Mr. Seenie Painter will only take moderate pains, this should prove a splendidly handsome scene.*]

The Monster (*entering as before*). I am beginning to lose my breeze, and Mr. FRANKENSTEIN is still engaged in his wild-geese-chase. *Que faire?* Ah! I will conceal myself in the basement of yonder bark!

[*He slips on board. Mr. F. enters the moment afterwards.*]

Mr. F. Again he has slipped under some bushel! It is Lombard Street to a Chinese orange that he is on board yonder vessel!

[*The Captain appears on the poop, ringing a large bell.* Captain. Now then! All on board for the Black Sea! I cannot afford to lose the tide.

Mr. F. One moment, Mr. Captain! How much is a passage ticket to the Black Sea?

Captain. For a first-class saloon passenger, it is rs. 50, refreshments included. There is still one bed vacant.

Mr. F. I will book it! (*Going on board*). This time the Demon will be compelled to grant me an interview!

[*The ship sails slowly away as the Scene is altered to—*

SCENE 4.—A DESERT LOCALITY IN TARTARY AND RUSSIA.

(*V. Book for Geography.*)

Monster (*entering*). The voyage is concluded, and I have managed to do a guy clandestinely. As Mr. FRANKENSTEIN was the first-class, saloon passenger and myself a mere stowaway in steerage regions, we were as distant as a couple of Poles. But he is again at my heels, though becoming blown by persistent efforts and want of proper nourishment. Poor chap! I feel compassion for him! Here is a deceased hare. I will leave it for him with a polite message. It may soften his heart towards this unfortunate self.

[*He writes a note and affixes it to a trunk with the hare, as in original story—then exits hastily.*

Mr. F. (*enters*). I am on the Monster's tracks; but, hey-day! the Wilds of Tartary are on mine!

[*Enter the Wilds of Tartary with ferocious war cries. Mr. F. shoots a few of them with his pistol; the rest fly, exclaiming "Sauve qui peut! He is firing crackshots!"*

Mr. F. At last I am alone! (*here he perceives the trunk, &c.*). What have we here? A deceased hare—and a note! (*He reads aloud*) "You will find here a deceased hare. Eat it and be refreshed; for many hard, miserable hours must you endure till the period of our rejoinder. (Signed) MONSTER." (*Condensed from original missive in Mrs. S.'s story.*) *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes!* But a starving individual cannot reject a present of game—even from a fiend.

[*He sits down, and cooks the hare as the Scene changes to—*

But I find I have so many 'even more sensational scenes before the grand wind-up that I cannot squeeze them into the very very mediocre space allotted to me by Honble Editor's caprice, so I must reluctantly postpone same to another instalment.

I have written the above on board P. and O. in intervals of nausea, and shall post it immediately after reaching *terra firma*. I am in lively hopes of being besieged on arrival by applications from first-class managers to produce my drama (when completed) on the boards of some tip-top temple of Thespis; but not being an *au fait* in knowledge of London theatrical affairs, I shall make careful inquiries before sealing any bond, lest—like *Honble Charles Surface* in *GOLDSMITH'S School for Scandal*—I sell valuable family portraits to MOSES the Jew for a gross of shagreen spectacles. I am not a weasel to be captured while snoozing!

H. B. J.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN the *Magazine of Art* (CASSELL & Co.) for February, among the many articles that, under the able editorship of Mr. SPIELMANN, attract various readers, there is one entitled "CHARLES DICKENS as a lover of Art and Artists" (No. II.), written by Mrs. PERUGINI (KATE DICKENS), that will interest all. Mrs. PERUGINI, alluding to some absurd statements as to her father's curious taste in dress, denies that he ever affected any costume that could possibly be considered eccentric or ridiculous. That he was fond of bright colour she admits, and the Baron remembers very distinctly having seen CHARLES DICKENS in the stalls of the Lyceum Theatre, attired in his ordinary day suit, with a bright red tie. The youthful Baron was fascinated, and his gaze was not distracted by the play away from the red tie and its wearer. When CHARLES DICKENS, inseparable from his tie, suddenly quitted the stalls, it was to his entranced admirer as though life and light had been extinguished.

Mrs. AYLMER GOWING, your Occasional Assistant Reader says, hath written a book which deals with scenes by *Thames and Tiber* (JOHN LONG), and would have been very good indeed if the author had confined her puppets within the limits of the Thames Valley. The moment, however, they settle themselves in Rome, and take a supernatural excursion into the far-away past, and form the acquaintance of NERO, OCTAVIA, AGRIPPINA, ST. PAUL, and an early Christian maiden of the WILSON-BARRETTI type, their struggles to set things right at the Imperial Court, and to rescue the said maiden from the clutches of NERO and Company, prove altogether too much for them, and they collapse dismally. It requires something more than mere talent to revive the classical past. Still your O. A. R. is sufficiently interested to inquire "What this lady is GOWING to do next?"

Your Occasional Assistant Reader also regrets that he cannot encourage you to spend much of your leisure over *An Unwise Virgin*, by Mrs. COULSON KERNAHAN (JOHN LONG), enamoured of a medical gentleman named *Maxime*, who is afflicted with uncontrollable passions. When the unwise fair one came to bid him what she thought was a last adieu, he turned the key upon her, and

"I am glad. I am glad. You are in my arms," he cried, with a burst of uncontrollable weeping. Yes, he wept like a woman. Those tears raining on her face roused her, and she looked at him. That look sufficed. It was love! love! and he knew it."

Very soon afterwards this excitable medical practitioner marries "the unwise virgin," who, let us hope, makes him a wise wife.

In no particular does the fourth number of *The Ancestor* for this quarter (ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & Co.) lag behind its predecessors. The letter-press is clear, the illustrations are well reproduced, the articles are of most varied interest, and the style of their treatment by the different writers is, in every case, so attractive, that the study of the driest of subjects becomes most delightful reading. The article on "What is Believed" contains much amusing information. The anonymous writer of these notes in *The Ancestor* says that "the most famous Englishman in history" is, "to his own mind"—who?—why, "GUY FAWKES!" Good old GUY was "English of the English," and, disagreeing with the Government of his day, he merely meant to give the King and Parliament "a good blowing up," just to bring them to their senses. Clearly a plain, honest, outspoken, thorough-going Englishman was County GUY FAWKES. The Baron hopes to read more in this vein from the same pen.

The Baron wishes to disclaim any relationship with "The Baron," in "A Love Story," so delightfully told in *Macmillan's Magazine* for February. "BARON von B." is not "BARON de B.," with an emphasis on the "de." Yet the Barons in France and Germany are for all time, or else how could the truth of the prophetic proverb be proved, which, as given by the Austrian Baron, says, "*Von ders vill nevaire cease?*"

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

Now and Then.

THE Newly Elected says, "Great thing, as a Professional man, to belong to the Particular Club; you see, *there* you meet everybody."

Opinion of the same after a few years' membership, "I don't go much to the Particular Club now; you see, you meet everybody."

QUITE AN EQUIVALENT.—The always tuneful and, at one time, most popular comic opera, *Les Cloches de Corneville*, has been transformed into a ballet. *Les Cloches* are to be represented by the *Belles* of the Alhambra.



“ARS (BRITANNICA) LONGA.”

Paris—Hôtel des Invalides, 1840. London—St. Paul's, Nineteen hundred and—?

SHADE OF F.-M. THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON. “BEGAD, SIR, HERE 'S NEWS! THEY 'RE GOING TO FINISH MY MEMORIAL IN ST. PAUL'S!”

SHADE OF NAPOLEON. “DÉJÀ?”

PILGRIMS TO THE EAST.

VI.—THE DURBAR—AND AFTER.

January 8: Viceroy's Camp, Delhi.

—The little moon that emerged on the eve of the Durbar was not the simple thing it looked to be. I had always supposed that the appearance of these heavenly bodies was determined a century or so in advance by the almanacks. Yet the sight of this new moon seems to have come as a surprise—certainly it modified the arrangements for the feast of Ramadan—and in some obscure way necessitated the postponement of the Durbar by the space of half an hour. Personally I am ill-versed in local creeds, and should myself have thought that a distinct engagement like the Durbar should not have been affected by anything short of an eclipse. I have no further criticism to offer on the proceedings, except that I think that some few score of the salutes might have been taken as fired, or else let off at such a distance as not to delay the action of this imposing drama. For the rest I cannot conceive a more admirably ordered spectacle.

The scene in the vast verandahed amphitheatre, opening out across the plain upon a vista of long avenues of foot and horse, British and native, was one to paralyse the pen. Among the happiest effects were the movements of the herald's trumpeters (who blew up STANFORD's delightful fanfare); the crackle of the *feu de joie* that raced along the boundary line and back; and the sweep of the pennoned lances of the 4th Dragoon Guards, as they swung into line behind the infantry. The blazing scarlet of our officers' uniforms paled before the gorgeous velvets and silks and brocades of the Native Princes.



The latest thing in Decoration—
Candelabra Elephantina.



The Nizam of Hyderabad and other notabilities playing "The Heavy Lead" in the Grand Spectacle entitled "The Delhi Durbar."

The boy Maharajah of PATIALA, looking less than his thirteen years, and wearing pearls to ransom a family of Kings on his little chest, stirred the emotions of the ladies; while many a manly heart beat faster below its fighting medals at the spectacle of the veiled Begam of BHOPAL prostrate before the throne—until it was understood that the two stalwarts in her train (both of them, as I hear, too heavy for the mounts of the Imperial Cadet Corps) were the lady's lawful sons.

Conspicuous by the reticence of his attire was the Nizam of HYDERABAD, first in precedence of all the Native Princes, and rich beyond the range of human calculation. He and I wore a frock-coat each. I say nothing about myself; but the Nizam has a yellow bodyguard, and is a person of extraordinary importance. He it was who arrived at Delhi Station after sunset on the 24th of December, and, when he found that no salutes were to be fired on Christmas Day, remained splendidly aloof in a siding for some forty hours till he could get what he wanted.

English papers will probably have given more space to the Durbar than to any other spectacle of the series. But everybody here has decided that the Review of the Native Chiefs' Retainers, where free play was allowed to Oriental fancy, was the best turn in a remark-

able programme. I first caught sight of this motley army and the glint of its gold, a mile away over the plain, as I drove to the amphitheatre yesterday. For two continuous hours it streamed past the throne, doing homage, man and beast, each after his kind—elephants saluting with waved trunks or lifted fore-feet, and horses rearing on their hind legs in the best manner of the *haute école*. Giants from Kashmir; dwarfs from Nabha and Patiala; four-in-hands of elephants, housed and caparisoned with Oriental recklessness; horsemen in coat-of-mail; lancers with targes slung behind them; drummers mounted on camels; soldier-priests from Jind; masked devil-mummers from Thibet;—never was such a circus got together in the history of India. It was a spectacle that an IMRE KIRALFY might see once and die of despair.

I hope that these peoples appreciate their own picturesqueness, yet I seemed to detect here and there what I may call an Occidental rift within the lute. This was naturally most apparent among the native musicians, who in the midst of this barbaric pageant made heroic efforts, not always crowned with success, to render "Annie Laurie" and "Do ye ken John Peel?" I confess that a strange nostalgia overtook me at the sound of these hallowed airs.

Another gorgeous spectacle, and one

in which, this time, the dominant colour was British red, was presented at the Investiture of the Star of India in the Diwan-i-'Am, at Delhi Fort. I doubt if Shah JEHAN, of blessed memory, who used it some two centuries and a half ago for his Hall of Public Audience, ever witnessed between its sandstone pillars a scene more brilliant than this. For the first half hour one wanted never to leave it: then the eye grew less alert, and though one was buoyed up for a time with the hope that some of the new Knight Commanders, as they backed from the throne, might cause a diversion by overlooking the downward step that came at the end, the entertainment grew tedious: and when it had to be gone through *da capo* for the Order of the Indian Empire, many of the spectators frankly slumbered under conditions of unparalleled splendour. But it was all to be eclipsed in a few days when the State Ball was given in the same building, and supper was served to some 3,000 guests, in relays of 400, in the lovely marble Hall of Private Audience, the Diwan-i-Khas, extended for the occasion by a clever scheme that simulated the ancient design. The original Hall, lit from above with electric light, was left unprofaned by wassail, out of regard for the memory of the departed Peacock Throne.

On Sunday I attended the State Service on the Polo Ground (club-badges not required to be worn). The

sermon, by the Bishop of CALCUTTA, was printed beforehand and distributed; and I can testify to his lordship's admirable mastery of his own words. The service was on so gigantic a scale that the choir, stationed beyond reach of the unassisted ear, had to sing through megaphones; and the cues for their responses were conveyed to them by flag-signalling.

You will probably have a question asked in the House in connection with the State Entry. A small group of men had disposed themselves in a portico, at a corner of the Jumma Musjid, reserved for selected guests of the VICEROY. Gently but firmly requested by an A.D.C. to withdraw, they informed that official, through their spokesman, that the party embraced certain Representatives of the British Electorate. With difficulty concealing the profound impression produced by this statement, the gallant officer courteously hinted that such an appeal, commonly unanswerable, would at this juncture avail them nothing. "*England shall ring with this!*" was the reply of the outraged Member. Shortly afterwards they retired under protest. I give the story roughly, as I heard it from the Aide who conducted their removal.

On Saturday we talk (so sanguine are our tempers) of moving on to Lucknow. Over at least a week of our halcyon time in camp, where every need has been anticipated, the horrors of a



A Sikh Priest in Native Review.

general exodus have cast their shadow before. The lethargy, the parsimony, the lack of enterprise of the Railway Companies in India are a perpetual reproach. The Durbar has been their opportunity; it has called forth all their worst qualities, as the sun brings out the adder—"and that craves wary walking." Indeed, if the VICEROY's special fails us, we may yet have to do the journey (not much more than 300 miles) on foot. Still, at a pinch, there are always elephants. O. S.

TO MARK.

DEAR little lad, how well I can
Recall your face, brimful of fun,
A baby and a grown-up man
Delightfully combined in one.

A man compared to MARGARET,
Your tiny sister, aged two,
Yet Mother bade you not forget
How brothers big looked down on you.

At table how sedate you sat,
Obeyed dear Mother, never fought her,
Yet how, just five, you chortled at
The shilling pump with real water,—

The penny squirts that Mother bought,
("We boys shall use them," so you said)
The river where you always sought
For "business boats," decked out in red.

Dear little lad, before you grow
As big a boy as each big brother,
Come up again to see us—though
Please don't forget to bring dear Mother.



More Performers in the Comic Durbar Ballet.



"GOING TO THE DURBAR IN MY DONKEY CART."

Old Song altered to the Needs of Delhi.

ANTI-RATE AGITATIONS.

Basil Regis.

DEAR SIR,—I have considered the Government Bill from all standpoints, and in conscience I cannot consent to put my neck under the clerical yoke. The battle has been deliberately forced upon me—it must go on to the end. Quietly, earnestly, and even reverently, I say that I will not pay the Education Rate. I am but a poor unknown citizen, but I am proud to take my stand with MILTON, with CROMWELL, and with LUTHER. "I cannot otherwise."

Yours sincerely, NICOLL CLEAR.

P.S.—Let the tyrants do their worst—I am a lodger.

London.

DEAR SIR,—The movement against the payment of the Education Rate has my sincerest sympathy. I can see the honest, beloved objector's furniture seized by Government hirelings. My heart bleeds to think of these cherished belongings exposed to the rough and careless usage of reckless bailiffs. Ah! they will light such a fire in England as will not easily be put out. Yours truly,

CARTER, PICKFORDSON.

P.S.—Furniture removed with care,

secrecy, and despatch at all hours of the day and night.

*His Majesty's Castle,
Holloway.*

DEAR SIR,—I gives the Government notice that I'll pay no more blimy rates —no, not even if they sells the plank bed from under me. A lot of silly jossers.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM SIKES.

Cockermouth.

DEAR SIR,—I have recently discovered to my horror that part of the funds of our town council are raised from the demoniac traffic. I will have nothing to do with the drink money. I hereby give notice that from this day I will not light the municipal gas, nor drink the municipal water, nor be technically trained at the municipal school, nor be protected from burglars by the municipal police, nor be slaughtered at the municipal slaughter-house.

Yours sincerely,

W-LFR-D L-WS-X.

Greeba Castle, Isle of Man.

DEAR SIR,—I do not wish to advertise myself, as certain minor novelists do, but I must emphatically decline to pay the Gas Rate. The dark places of the earth are full of cruelty. I often weep

as I see the Juggernaut Car of Civilisation rolling over the poor and helpless—in their turn I see Pete, Gloria, and Roma all crushed—though Roma survives in the version so intelligently, and may I say reverently, presented by my friend Mr. BEERBOHM TREE. Let us have light—more light. From this day I dedicate my intelligence and my eloquence to the cause of Free Gas.

Yours sincerely, H-LL C-NE.

P.S.—As I do not wish for publicity I should prefer this letter to be signed simply with the obscure initials "H.C.," but if the Editor thinks that some poor mortals might not recognise their champion, let him place my name in full.

TERRIBLE OUTRAGE BY A PEER.—We read the following in the *Aberdeen Free Press* for January 20, à propos of Mr. BALFOUR'S illness:—

"The uncertain character of the weather makes it highly undesirable that he should venture out before his convalescence is practically complete. Many callers continue to make frequent inquiries at 10, Downing Street. Yesterday Lord LLANDAFF was among the number, pressing his throat, throwing him to the ground."

No wonder some people clamour for the "ending" of the House of Lords.

THE EXPULSION OF EUCLID.

WELCOME, reformer! whose enlightened hand
Strips off anew each day some swathing band
In bygone years by schoolmen's blindness bound;
To-day dull Latin goes, cramp Greek is barred,
To-morrow useless grammar you discard
Out of the up-to-date scholastic round.

Then worn-out EUCLID falls before the pride
That marks the onslaught of the modern "side."

His bridge of asses valiantly it takes,
His squares it shatters, it destroys his lines,
Faith in his axioms it undermines,
Till the whole superstructure sways and quakes.

Thus shall dogmatic rules, long since outworn,
Be treated by our pedagogues with scorn,

Till not a wrack of them is left behind,
And hopeful scholars, in the days to come,
Unfettered by a dry curriculum,
Leave school and college with an open mind.

HOW TO GET ON.

No. VI.—IN MUSIC.

THERE are a hundred different ways in which this subject might be treated. Read the musical papers, listen to the lectures and *obiter dicta* of accomplished professors, and ponder over the occasional pronouncements made in ordinary periodicals, in *partibus infidelium*, as it were, by those ardent souls who devote themselves to the criticism of the work of others still more ardent, and you will find with how great a diversity, both of opinion and manner, a matter so simple in its origin and so universally attractive can be considered. Of course professors and critics, to say nothing of actual composers, are not the only people who know all there is to be known about music. Almost everybody does. On the strength of having sung treble in his school choir thirty years ago, my friend BARKSTONE passes in his own opinion, and that of his family circle, for a musical genius of no common order. He can still hum little pieces of HANDEL's oratorios, and believes that great master to have said the last word (or written the last note) in musical matters. He admits a certain competence in PURCELL and BISHOP, and has since heard favourable reports of BALFE and MACFARREN and ARTHUR SULLIVAN. "English music, my boy—that's the thing for me: none of your fantastic foreigners, with their symphonies and sonatas and concertos and gim-crack operas, and all that sort of stuff. Give me a few notes of old GEORGE FREDERICK and I'm happy." It's an easy doctrine, though it leaves out of account the fact that old GEORGE FREDERICK, though he spent much time in England writing for the English public, was about as German as a man could well be. BARKSTONE may pass, but what is to be said about PORTUNSCALE? This plethoric gentleman doesn't know one note from another. When the band plays a selection from *Florodora* he is as likely as not to rise and take his hat from his bald and perspiring head, under the impression that the National Anthem is making an appeal to his reverence for King and Constitution. "The sort of music I like," says he, "is the music you can tap your foot to and carry away in your head—not the heavy sort, but good rousing tunes. All the rest's rubbish." And away he goes, la-la-la-ing to his own heart's content, and the excruciation of those who are compelled to listen to him. Now the point that you have got to get firmly into your head, if you want to make a popular and pecuniary success of your music, is this:—That at least ninety per cent. of the great public to whom you must appeal are BARKSTONES and

PORTUNSCALES, and, that being so, what on earth do the odd ten per cent. matter? They are of no account, they cut no ice, they are musical Pro-Boers.

Of course, if you happen to be desirous of success as a singer I can give you an infallible recipe for success. You must start in life (I leave out of consideration your very tender early years) as a poor but honest and hard-working scullery-maid. While you clean up the dishes and generally obey the dread behests of the queen of the kitchen you keep a happy heart by singing to yourself. A memorable day comes when a well-known impresario happens to be lunching with your master. As he sits after lunch, sipping his coffee and puffing his cigar, he hears sounds of vocal melody wafted sweetly from the nether regions of the house. He listens in amazement. "Is that," he asks, "a nightingale, or am I in a dream?" His host, that indolent neglectful man, remarks that "it's only JANE, the scullery-maid. She does that kind of thing all day long, confound her!" But the impresario hasn't waited for the end of the sentence: he has dashed precipitately down the kitchen stairs, has seized the scullery warbler by both hands to the respectful astonishment of all the other denizens of the kitchen department, and has promised her mountains and marvels if only she will follow his advice and place her musical future in his hands. Two years later JANE STRADDLE has blossomed into Miss GIANETTA STRADELLA, and in this guise she takes the Ballad-concert-loving public by storm, no small factor in her brilliant artistic triumph being the touching story which I have related. I know that not everybody can be a scullery-maid, but we can all try, and even if we fail to turn into singers, we shall have the satisfaction of reflecting that we have spent some time in a sphere of honest toil diversified by the delightful breakage of many plates and dishes.
(To be continued.)

AFTON WATER REVISITED.

[We hear that Mr. F. E. JONES has been commissioned to build a Sanatorium in Afton Glen, Ayrshire.]

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
I'll sing thee a medical song in thy praise;
My MARY's inhaling thy breezes so pure,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her cure.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds 'tho' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, a truce to thy squeals,
My MARY must rest for an hour after meals.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills!
To climb them is better for MARY than pills.
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
To see her take exercise under my eye.

How pleasant thy banks where my MARY may bask,
Or wander at will with her Dettweiler flask.
There three times a day, for exactitude's sake,
The temperature of my MARY I take.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides
By the snug Sanatorium where she resides;
Ner think that thy dampness can reach to her bones
Thro' the walls that are builded by architect JONES.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, and lengthen her days.
My MARY's inhaling thy breezes so pure,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her cure.

THE HIGHER AND LOWER CRITICISM (from the KAISER's point of view).—Babel und Bibel, und Bebel.

JOURNALISM À LA MODE.

Publisher's Announcement.

£000 A WEEK FOR LIFE!!

A UNIQUE OFFER!!!

(See this week's "Snippy Bits.")

It is almost impossible to realise what such a prize means, but the following facts will perhaps enable you to grasp its magnitude.

£000 a week for life means:—

That you can breathe as much air as you can possibly get.

That you can give it all away to a needy friend without reducing your income.

That, if you are a careful business man, you can double it in a few weeks.

That, if you are an extravagant woman, you can never possibly spend it.

That it exempts you from any additional Income Tax.

That, if placed in a bank, you can never overdraw your account.

In fact, there is no limit to the things you can't do with £000 a week for life.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

£000 a week for life will be paid to the person (perhaps you, perhaps not) who solves the pictures which will appear in *Snippy Bits* weekly for the next few years. Each picture consists of certain objects, the names of which represent the names of something else quite different, not spelt in the same way. Every word will be found in *Webster's Dictionary*.

EXAMPLE.



Hare (Correct Solution).

Hair (Incorrect Solution).

(An object does not include anything which is necessary to explain the picture, such as the piece of neck in the accompanying example).

CONDITIONS.

(1). Write your answer clearly in red ink (use a camel-hair brush).

(2). If you make a mistake in spelling, you must get another copy of *Snippy Bits* and begin again.

(3). In the event of a tie a further, or if necessary, several hundreds of further sets will be submitted to the tying competitors, until the prize is won outright (or until the tiers are tired of tying).

(4). When you have filled up your list, cut it out and keep it by you until you are too old to send it in.

(5). The prize—£000 a week for life—cannot be divided.

Don't be discouraged if you cannot fill in all the pictures. Life is short, and other people may not live so long as you.



OVERHEARD ON A RECENT MUDDY DAY.

Old Lady. "I DON'T SEE THE CROSSING-SWEEPER HERE TO-DAY, POLICEMAN!"

Policeman. "NO, MUM. HE'S OUT MARCHING WITH THE UNEMPLOYED TO-DAY."

Get a copy of this week's *Snippy Bits*.Get a *Webster*.

Get to work, and

Get the Prize of £000 a week for life.

IT MAY BE YOU!

"HE WOULD HAVE SAID."

In the course of a clever speech Count von Bülow, intending to exhibit the Monarchy as not only most favourable to social legislation, but voluntarily granting to the people universal suffrage and the ballot, quoted Dr. HILLIER, who said in 1881, "When the names of a

CÆSAR and of a NAPOLEON have long been forgotten, these words of a German Emperor will endure for ever." Surely the quotation of the speech, which itself was founded on an old model, might have been adapted by Count von Bülow to one still more ancient, and should have run thus:—"These words of a German Emperor will be remembered when the names of CÆSAR and NAPOLEON are forgotten, but not till then."

However, even a great orator, "as BRUTUS [von BÜLOW] is," can't think of everything, and must occasionally miss a good point.



A MODEL MATRON.

Charles ("his friend," "in amazement lost"). "HULLO, FRED, OLD MAN! WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING?"

Fred (looking up calmly and quietly). "WELL, YOU SEE, MY DEAR BOY, MY WIFE'S OUT PLAYING GOLF THE WHOLE MORNING, PLAYING BRIDGE THE WHOLE AFTERNOON, AND HEAVEN ONLY KNOWS WHAT SHE DOESN'T DO BESIDES. OUR NURSE HAS GOT A HOLIDAY; SO THERE'S NO ONE LEFT TO LOOK AFTER THE HOUSEHOLD BUT MYSELF. SOMEONE MUST DO IT, AND 'IF YOU WANT A THING WELL DONE, DO IT YOURSELF,' IS MY MOTTO. SO HERE I AM!"

VERB. SAP.

["Yesterday a number of University students, who had been 'ploughed' in a recent examination, organised a demonstration against M. LOUBET. Their march on the Elysée was checked by a strong force of police."—*Paris Telegram*.]

To Mr. BALFOUR, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN,
And other members of the Cabinet, --
Respectful greeting.

I, the undersigned,
In statu pupillari by the Cam,
Find myself, by the whim of tyrannous
Dons,
Compelled to enter for the Little-Go.
I know not mathematics; no, not I:
Examiners will ask, and ask in vain,
That I should tell of factors, simplify
Abstruse equations, cope with decimals.
I am—you will appreciate the phrase?—
A child in all such matters. Further-
more,
My ignorance of classics, I believe,
Is singularly perfect and complete.
Indeed, my Tutor, in his brutal way,
Remarks that I shall certainly be
ploughed.

Ploughed I may be. But, Sirs, if I am
ploughed

You—one or more of you—will have to
pay

The penalty! No bookworm as I am,
I read the daily papers, and therefrom
Have taken sage advice concerning
things

They manage with astuter skill in
France. --

If I am ploughed, I mean to lead a host
Direct on Highbury or Downing Street—
A host of stern, determined, truculent
men,

My fellow-victims, bound by solemn
oath

To give no quarter!

So upon yourselves
Depends your fate; greatly should I
deplore

Distressing scenes and deeds of violence;
The issue rests in other hands than
mine.

The time grows short, but even now
your hint,

Promptly despatched to my examiners,
Will save. . . . Enough. You under-
stand? Farewell!

WAITING.

ENCHANTRESS with the nut-brown hair,
Bright genius of the A. B. C.,
Approach, in beauty past compare,
And spell Love's alphabet to me!

Content no more am I each night,
Amid a weird, dyspeptic host,
To order, with a keen delight,
And watch thee bring, the tea and
toast.

I covet more transcendent joys;
Be mine, and come where Ocean waits
Instead of thee, and where annoy
No tinkling clash of cups and plates.

There grant to me, beneath the stars,
Not buttered scones, but smiles of
bliss;
Not pastry, that digestion mars,
But something sweeter still—a kiss.

* * * *

Enchantress with the nut-brown hair,
Bright genius of the A. B. C.,
Ah, heed a lover's anguished prayer,
And be not D. E. F. to me!



NEVER AGAIN!

BROTHER JONATHAN. "I GUESS, BROTHER JOHN, NEXT TIME YOU'LL FIND IT BETTER TO PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE."

JOHN BULL (to himself). "I WILL."

MORE STRENUOUSNESS!

[According to the *Daily Mail* of January 29, Londoners will shortly be able to experiment with the first of a number of American "quick lunch" establishments. Customers will wait on themselves, and on certain days will receive gold watches and other souvenirs from the proprietor.]

"LUNCH while you wait" is now the cry,
And 'tis *you* who will do the waiting!
And yet you'll *not* wait for the quick supply
That you'll seize from the counter of pumpkin pie
And clam and "griddle-cake" sating!

And everything comes to him who'll wait
At the meal of this generous Yankee;
There'll be watches for those who like such bait
To swallow (I don't insinuate
That the show's to be hanky-panky!)

A "minute menu" should make things hum,
But will it assist digesting?
We may possibly laugh at the process rum
Of this lightning lunch and then succumb—
That's to say, in a fit die, jesting!

SUGGESTIONS FOR A SHORT SPRING COURSE OF LECTURES.

(To be delivered before any audience of sufficiently advanced Socialistic views.)

LECTURE I.—*Shakspeare as the True Socialist should see him.*

Synopsis of Lecture.

1. Fundamental Maxim of Society—"All men are, or ought to be, born equal."
2. First commandment of the Social Decalogue—"Thou shalt not excel thy fellows." He who violates this law an enemy to the commonwealth and a breaker of the Social Bond.
3. The pre-eminence of SHAKSPEARE plainly established by existence of such works as *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, &c., &c.
4. The generally accepted estimate of SHAKSPEARE a mistaken one, and founded on a false conception of merit.
5. SHAKSPEARE in his true light as the Arch-"Out-Topper," and enemy of the community.
6. Final verdict upon SHAKSPEARE—*Anathema Maranatha*.

LECTURE II.—*Wordsworth and his Work as the outcome of a Crying Injustice.*

Synopsis.

1. The natural beauties of the Lake District the chief inspiration of WORDSWORTH. Probable arrest of his poetic development had his surroundings been those of the Black Country.
2. The inequality in the beauty of natural surroundings a glaring injustice.
3. Suggested remedy:
 - (a) Total number of natural beauties of England counted and classified; thus:—number of mountains, number of lakes, of trees, of meadows and so on, ascertained.
 - (b) Average number of natural beauties as apportioned to each square mile ascertained, e.g., one hill, one lake, forty trees, one-fourth of an acre meadow-land, and so on.
 - (c) Funds supplied from Imperial Treasury to carry out transference of natural features from one part of England to another, thus making the scenery for each square mile uniform.



A NEW OCEAN TERROR.

"GOODNESS, BERTIE, WHAT EVER'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? BEEN PLUCKED FOR YOUR EXAM.?"

"NO. JUST FLEW INTO ONE OF THOSE NEW-PANOLED MARCONIGRAMS, THAT'S WHAT!"

Mountains displaced by dynamite, solid matter conveyed by a nationalised railroad, water by canals and pipes.

(d) Expense a drain on Treasury, but justice thereby done to all citizens in all parts of England.

LECTURE III.—*The Marriage of King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid no pleasing incident, but an act of the highest injustice.*

Synopsis.—1. Beauty of *Beggar-Maid* apparently the sole reason of *King Cophetua's* choice.

2. Plain or even squint-eyed beggar-maid just as worthy of promotion to rank of Queen, hence injustice of marriage.

3. Suggestions for removal of inequality of beauty in Society.

(a) All women to be placed by Local Commissioners in five classes of *descending* values of beauty *A, B, C, D, E*—*C* representing the average.

(b) All female dress to consist of uniforms designed by members of the Royal Academy, and arranged in *ascending* values of beauty, *a, b, c, d, e*—*c* representing average.

(c) Women compelled by law to wear the uniform of the class corresponding to their own; thus, women of class *A* (beautiful) to wear uniforms of class *a* (unbecoming), while women of class *E* (plain) to wear uniforms of class *e* (highly becoming).

HONEST INJUN!—The following advertisement appears in the *Daily Telegraph* of the 23rd ult. :—

HONEST young gentleman wishes to be **BOARDED** in a private family, where no German or French boarders are.—Address, &c. It should be added that the name of the advertiser, like the grammatical structure of the last sentence, is unmistakably German.

TOBY, M.P., IN TRINIDAD.

EXTRACTS FROM A TRAVEL DIARY.

R.M.S. Atrato, Solent: Christmas Eve.
 —“At last we too were crossing the Atlantic. At last the dream of forty years, please God, will be fulfilled, and I shall see (happily not alone) the West Indies and the Spanish Main.” Thus CHARLES KINGSLEY, writing thirty-two years ago, joyously bound Westward Ho for the islands he had never yet seen, but had in stirring story peopled with living men. At last we too fared forth, in the very same month of a later year, traversing the same illimitable sea.

Seems uncanny setting forth for the Tropics on Christmas Eve. But time, tide, and the *Atrato* wait for no man. This is the good ship's appointed day for sailing, and we cast off our moorings contentedly contemplating a Christmas meal consisting exclusively of chops of the Channel (*froid*).

Meanwhile, a beautiful evening. Steam out to the West under the appropriate gateway of a golden sunset.

Monday morning: South of the Azores.—Wonderful weather for time of year. No sun, steering by dead reckoning, whatever that may be. Has funereal sound: LONG TOM COFFIN ought to be at the wheel. Happily, no wind, desolate but level sea.

All going well except the electric light. In fact last night, just before dinner, it went out. Captain tells interesting story of commander of a ship (on another line) who had rooted distrust of electric light. Bound to instal it in obedience to mandate from head-quarters. Kept on all the old oil lamps, in view of contingencies confidently anticipated. Instituted what he called lamp drill. As soon as soup was served at dinner, he held up his starboard hand; electric light was switched out. Stewards, every man at his post, rushed to appointed rows of lamps and lit them. Meanwhile fish getting cold; roasts overdone; Captain gratified with sense of accomplished duty.

This all very well once or twice a week. But when Captain showed disposition to have performance every other night, passengers rose in a body, put him in irons, and dined comfortably ever after till end of the voyage.

Through the Roaring Forties, terror of the landsman on this tack. Weren't even aware of the locality till we had steamed through it. The MEMBER FOR SARK, who was brought up for the church, but whilst still a young man took to breeding bull-dogs, says the Thirty-Nine Articles are much more aggressive than the Roaring Forties.

New Year's Eve: In the Tropics.—Aft of the Promenade Deck, connected

by a gangway, is smaller deck reserved for second-class passengers. Europe walks along the larger deck, a composite group of Britishers, Frenchmen, Spaniards, and eke Portugee, bound for one or other of the West Indian Islands. On the smaller deck struts Africa, swarthy, magnificent.

First caught sight of THEODOSIUS HENRY CLAY towards mid-day on Sunday. Delay in appearance due to prolonged process of attiring. But what a result! THEODOSIUS is a full-blooded Negro of, some twenty-four summers—exceedingly hot ones. His tall, straight, svelte figure is clad in neatly-patterned tweed suit, the fit of which would make the late Mr. POOLE turn in his grave with envy. Envy also would mantle the ingenuous countenance of “BOBBY” SPENCER if he could view the height and depth, the pearly whiteness, of the fabric of THEODOSIUS's collar. The tip of a cambric handkerchief peeps from the breast-pocket of his jacket. Only objection the most fastidious taste could find in his faultless attire is the gold chain hanging from the same pocket, indicating that, in the absence of a waistcoat, his watch therein lies *perdue*. Also as THEODOSIUS squared his shoulders and paced the deck, there was just a little bit of swagger in his walk, indicating to whom it might concern—the circumventing Atlantic Ocean to wit—that there are other personages who can, an' they will, roll in their gait:

The merchant to secure his treasure
 Conveys it in a borrowed name;
 THEODOSIUS serves to grace my measure,
 But DINAH is my real flame.

DINAH is MRS. HENRY CLAY, *etat*.—I guess—about eighteen. If THEODOSIUS is perfectly apparelled, who shall hymn the praises of DINAH's dainty dress? A tailor-made jacket of fawn-coloured cloth fitted her graceful body like a glove. Beneath a petticoat of navy blue peeped a pair of dainty feet, shod in tan, discreetly disclosing open-work stockings. No sun upon an Easter Day saw half so fair a sight. Round her neck is the blue ribbon of the order of girlhood budding into womanhood. The masses of her dull dark hair, whose abundance some Duchesses might envy, are deftly gathered up into a shapely roll at the back of the head. Over her brows coquettishly dipped a white sailor's straw hat. Africa, proud of its daughter, filled her mouth with its pearls fashioned as teeth. To tell the truth, Africa rather overdid it. Even the generous spread of Mistress DINAH HENRY CLAY's mouth cannot encompass Motherland's liberality, a tendency to projection of the teeth giving appearance of fixed but not unpleasant smile.

This is but the artistically-planned

flaw that brings into fuller light the perfection of the whole.

DINAH is incomparable even when, with fingers lightly pressing her husband's stalwart arm, she stands side by side with THEODOSIUS HENRY CLAY, smiling at the responsive Atlantic.

Off Barbadoes: Sunday.—Still sailing over a level sea, through the past week glistened with summer sun. An added joy to think of *vous autres* in slushy London, or in snow-bound country homes wrapped up in furs or shivering by ineffective fires. “What would present company think,” as Joe Gargery used to say to *Pip*, of getting up at seven o'clock this morning, leaving a cabin through which, all through a summer night, the fresh ocean air has coursed through open port, to take a dip in the Atlantic, cool not chilly? What would present company say to repairing after its bath, clad in pyjamas, to the main deck, where a table is spread with early breakfast, consisting chiefly of fruit? Then a walk on deck till nine o'clock, when real breakfast is served. Before you a delightfully long day, throughout whose sunlit hours is to be enjoyed the—for some people—rare luxury of doing nothing.

I do not wish to be disagreeable on eve of New Year, nor create anything akin to envy or malice. So will not pursue the subject beyond mentioning that, “If these delights thy mind may move,” book a passage by the first Royal Mail Steamer and come along to the West Indies.

IN BRAID ALBYN.

LINES FROM BEN LAWERS.

(To be read *Scotto-Voce*.)

FROM Kenmore

To Ben Mohr

The land is a' the Markiss's;
 The mossy howes,
 The heathery knowes,
 An' ilka bonnie park is his.

The bearded goats,

The toozie stots,

An' a' the braxy carcasses;
 Ilk crofter's rent,
 Ilk tinkler's tent

An' ilka collie's bark is his.

The muir-cock's crow,

The piper's blaw,

The gillie's hard day's wark is his;

From Kenmore

To Ben Mohr

The World is a' the Markiss's!

“BIRDS OF A FEATHER FLOCK TOGETHER.”
 —That presumably explains why the gulls all flocked round Madame HUMBERT.



THE TRIALS OF AN M.F.H.

M.F.H. (to misguided enthusiast who has been cheering hounds on a bad scent). "NOW THEN! AM I GOING TO HUNT THE HOUNDS OR ARE YOU?"
 Enthusiast (exactly). "JUST AS YOU PLEASE, M' LORD, JUST AS YOU PLEASE."



"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR LORDSHIP, I ASK THAT THE WITNESS BE FORCED TO PRODUCE THE PAPERS THAT WERE BURNT!"

MY FRIEND BINKS.

I SUPPOSE I have not behaved altogether well to BINKS. By day sometimes, when my liver is troublesome, I feel distinct twinges of conscience about my conduct to him, and at night, on the fortunately rare occasions when I can't sleep, the thought of BINKS rises before my mind like an accusing spectre.

I believe a talented dramatist recently wrote a melodrama which he called *Boys Together*. He was wrong. He should have made it a tragedy. BINKS and I were boys together, and it is with the tragic consequences of that circumstance that this confession of mine deals.

When BINKS and I were at school we were bosom friends. We were inseparable. We shared those repulsive dainties in which schoolboys take delight. In a word, there could not have been a more united pair. When BINKS left I believe I shed tears. I know I regretted his loss keenly. And for a time we even exchanged occasional letters.

But that is hard on twenty years ago, and since then BINKS and I have gone our separate ways, he in some prosperous berth in the city, I in that penurious calling on which we authors starve. The profession of Letters is an engrossing one, and I will frankly confess that I had forgotten BINKS.

But BINKS had not forgotten *me*. That faithful heart still beat faster at my memory. And at last, one fatal morning, we met again!

It was in my humble attic in the Temple. I had only just breakfasted—it was not long after mid-day—and was still immersed in my morning paper when a knock came at my door. Sadly bored at the interruption I arose and opened it, and in walked BINKS, the old expansive genial BINKS, beaming with affectionate regard.

I recognised him at once—his appearance was ridiculously unaltered—and grasped his extended hand.

"My dear old chap," I cried, with, I trust, real feeling, "how glad I am to see you again!"

Poor BINKS was obviously touched at the warmth of his welcome, for there was a suspicious moisture in his eye, and he wrung my hand again and again. So far at least I had not wounded that faithful heart!

"It is really splendid to have found you out at last," he replied enthusiastically.

He had *not* found me "out," as I reflected with a touch of regret, even in that first expansive moment of renewed friendship, but I forbore to correct him.

"How did you manage it?" I inquired instead.

His answer was pathetically absurd. He had searched directories, it appeared, and inquired in all sorts of unlikely quarters. In fact, for some years an appreciable portion of his leisure seemed to have been spent in ferreting out my uninteresting self from among the millions of Great Britain. At last a chance look at the Red Book had revealed the fatal secret.

Infinitely touched that he should have taken so much trouble—but with a vague fear that I wished he hadn't—I carried him forth to luncheon and gave him of the best. I plied him with expensive forms of food and drink, struggling the while to convince myself that I was enjoying our meeting as much as he was.

But the effort was useless. All the time I was conscious that I had nothing whatever to say to him. We had not met for years. We had no friends, no interests, in common. He knew nothing of my world, I knew nothing of his. We talked, of course—talked energetically. But we had nothing to say.

Anything more dreadful or more absurd than that conversation I have never experienced. We spoke of old schoolfellows. Had I seen anything of SNOOKS? No. Good fellow, SNOOKS! What had become of BROWN? Dead, poor chap. Didn't I know? Ever hear from JAGGERS? Forgotten JAGGERS. BLOGGS was married. Forgotten BLOGGS. PERKS was in the Bankruptcy Court, and TOMPKINS in the Church, and SIMPSON in the Colonies.

To my fevered imagination we seemed to go through the entire list of our school contemporaries, and not one of them appeared to have done anything worth recording, to have achieved even the poorest little rag of fame, or to have benefited his kind in the smallest degree. They were dreary, commonplace, boring people. Any semblance of interest which they may have seemed to possess in my undiscerning youth—I disclaim all responsibility for that period—melted away before the cold light of middle age, and as their depressing phantoms were paraded relentlessly before me by the enthusiastic BINKS, I could have wept with weariness.

At last that dreadful luncheon ended. We parted with expressions of the heartiest regard.

"So jolly to have met you again!" "Haven't enjoyed anything so much for years!" "Come and see me in a day or two. Don't forget." (This from BINKS.)

"Delighted, my dear chap." This with elaborate warmth from me.

And then (at last!) he was gone.

I crept back to my chambers broken in spirit, and spent a dreary afternoon, alternately lamenting the re-appearance of BINKS and rebuking my own callousness.

I never went to see BINKS. After six weeks he came again. I expected a rebuke. None came.

"So ashamed of myself for not having been round to look you up before!" said the simple fellow, heartily.

I mumbled an excuse at not having been to see him, protested my delight at his visit with a fervour at which I could blush at this moment if I allowed my thoughts to dwell on it, and again took him out to luncheon. Again we talked of old days and old friends, of SNOOKS and JAGGERS and TOMPKINS. Again I pledged myself to go and see BINKS without fail in a day or two. Again I did not keep my word.

The honest fellow came a third time, and the farce was repeated.

By this time BINKS was getting on my nerves. The hypocrisy of the whole proceeding sickened me, and the boredom was turning my hair grey. Yet there seemed to be no escape. I couldn't tell BINKS that I had ceased to derive the smallest pleasure from his society. It would have been brutal. I should have liked to write to him explaining that, although my affection for him was unalterable, I never wished to see him again, but I felt it would be impossible to make such a complex emotional attitude clear to the poor chap's intelligence.

At last in a panic I gave up my chambers, and took others in a humble quarter where, I trust, the emissaries of the Red Book do not penetrate.

And now I spend my life in hiding from BINKS. I never turn a corner in Fleet Street without peering cautiously round it to see if BINKS is in sight. I never enter a restaurant without first peeping through the glass doors and scanning the occupants narrowly.

But I know that all precautions are in vain, and that some day, when I am off my guard, BINKS will turn up in the old warm-hearted way, and I shall grasp him by the hand and carry him off to luncheon, and we shall have another of those dreadful conversations, the memory of which still haunts me in nightmares.

When this happens I shall know that London has no longer any future for me, and I shall emigrate.

DUX FEMINA FACTI.

ACCORDING to a morning contemporary, c-rs-ts are becoming more and more common amongst Army men. This tendency towards feminism can have but one result, a complete—if gradual—revolution in military fashions, and a revolution, too, before which even the most manly must give way.

Moreover, this change is certain to have its effect on the nation at large. With an Army clad like women, we may expect public opinion to adopt the feminine view that Dress dominates the Universe. No doubt newspapers of the future will contain such paragraphs as the following:—

From the "Daily Fulldress," April 1, 1908.

At the great review which took place to-day on the Horse Guards Parade there were to be seen some of the most wonderful creations of the costumier's art. Mr. BRODRICK was a perfect dream in a dress of khaki colour, trimmed appropriately enough with red tape. Lord ROBERTS, in his red coat and skirt with gold embroidery, captivated all hearts, whilst Lord KITCHENER looked delightfully fresh and pretty in dark



Mr. Easytime (to Sweep). "ULLO, WILLYUM, BEEN 'UNTIS'?"
Sweep. "YUSS, AN' GOT THE BRUSH TOO!"

blue, with a smart leather belt surrounding his dainty waist. General FRENCH, who brought two pretty aides-de-camp, wore pink, and amongst other lovely men present were Major-General BADEN-POWELL, in large picture-hat and khaki gown, pretty Lord EDWARD CECIL, and Colonel WARD, in a becoming black frock and hat to match.

From the "Crimes," Nov. 5, 1907.

In an Army Order issued last night it is laid down that, with a view to further increase the efficiency of the Army, no man will be allowed to appear on parade in boots or shoes with heels of a less diameter than three inches.

From the "Daily Wail," Jan. 31, 1929.

We hear that an agitation is being started in certain quarters against the use of whalebone in the Army. We desire to enter a strong protest against this insidious attempt to undermine the efficiency of our military forces. England's supremacy rests upon, or rather is held up by, the staying power of her soldiers. Remove their supports, and the whole fabric of our glorious

Empire will crumble in the dust. Britain shall be as Nineveh and Tyre, as Greece and Rome!

From the "Snaily Views," Jan. 16, 1930.

PUDDLETON DIVISION ELECTION. — Our correspondent, Mareonigramming from Puddleton last night, says, "This evening a Deputation waited upon Mr. PRIMROSE-DAME, the Conservative candidate, and desired from him a pledge that he would support the introduction of muffs into the Army. Mr. PRIMROSE-DAME in reply expressed himself as entirely in agreement with the views of the Deputation, and said that he would only support a Government which made the first plank in its platform the compulsory wearing of muffs by every member of the British Army. The Radical candidate airily dismisses the subject with the remark that there are more than enough 'muffs' in the Army already. It is feared by the Liberal leaders that this unseemly levity in regard to a great National question may have the effect of alienating a large section of the electorate that had otherwise voted Liberal."

CHARIVARIA.

OUR War Office is being twitted with the fact that, in the organisation of the Army Corps, no provision has been made for a special intelligence staff. It seems there is some confusion as to the extent of the jurisdiction of our War Office. It declares it has nothing to do with intelligence.

Excellent reports of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S progress in South Africa continue to reach us. The statement that, at Potchefstroom, "Fifty burglars took the horses out of the right honorable gentleman's carriage," contains an obvious misprint.

A patriotic native of Cyprus has written a book denouncing British rule in that island. He declares that, in ancient times, with its Greek population, Cyprus was the home of beauty and plenty, while to-day, under British government, it is almost a desert, devastated by locusts. Which reminds us that we know a man who has turned from Conservative to Liberal because he considers the present Government has made a mess of the weather.

We hear that the office of Chief Boot Black at President ROOSEVELT'S official residence will shortly become vacant, and it is said that, with a view to calming Southern susceptibilities, the President intends to bestow the appointment on a white man.

A German Jack Tar, for murdering a petty officer, has been sentenced to death, to penal servitude for six years, to dismissal from the navy, and to perpetual loss of civil rights. A movement is on foot to get the latter part of the punishment remitted.

It is reported that Professor MOMMSEN has had part of his hair burnt off. We cannot understand this, as it will be remembered that during the South African War the Professor lost his head.

Sir THOMAS LIPTON is just as confident in *Shamrock III.*, the new challenger for the America Cup, as he was in *Shamrock I.* and *Shamrock II.*

In future all naval bandsmen are to be combatants. We have long felt that not enough has been made of the offensive power of a band out of tune.

At Lord CURZON'S ball at Calcutta all the guests had to wear costumes of 100 years ago. A certain mean centenarian who received an invitation is said to have been delighted to be able to use his old clothes.



Boy (looking forward to a Party in the evening). "OH, MUMMY, BABY IS NAUGHTY! HE HAS TAKEN TWO THINGS OFF THE CALENDAR, AND MADE IT TO-MORROW!"

"IF NO ONE EVER MARRIES ME—"

(By a Bachelor. With apologies.)

If no one ever marries me—
And they don't seem very keen,
For I can't pretend I'm handsome,
And my purse is rather lean—
If no one ever marries me,
I'll get along all right—
I shall play at golf the whole day
through,
And at Bridge the livelong night.

I shall have a little sailing yacht,
And a motor all my own,
And I shan't be plagued with children's
bills
For things that they've outgrown.
And when I'm sick of everything,
And dull as dull can be,
I shall think how glad I've made some
girl
Who didn't marry me.

Appreciative!

The Eldest Miss Bluestocken (to Mrs. Mugby, of the village laundry). I'm delighted that you were able to come to our schoolroom performance of *Scenes from Shakspeare*.

Mrs. Mugby. Oh, so was I, Mum. That there 'Amblet—and the grand lady, Mum—

Eldest Miss B. (condescendingly). You mean Hamlet and his mother—the vicar and myself. You enjoyed it?

Mrs. Mugby. Oh, we did, Mum! We ain't 'ad such a rale good laugh for many a long day.

[Exit Miss B., thinking that Shakspeare is perhaps somewhat thrown away on this Yokality.]

TO RICHARD STRAUSS.

GREAT anarchy, whose truculent numbers,
Abounding in *Donner* and *Blitz*,
Have startled the sane from their slumbers,
And frightened thy foes into fits;
All hail! O ineffable hero,
Of stature so terribly tall,
Ev'ry other composer from NERO
To SOUSA looks small!

Our innocent fathers, adoring
The simple Handelian theme,
Knew not that elaborate scoring
All absence of charm could redeem.
But the epoch of HALLÉS and HULLAHS
Is long irretrievably flown,
And the maddest of musical MULLAHS
Is monarch alone.

Beguiled by the obsolete fiction
That art was intended to please,
We cherished the crazy conviction
That discord was kin to disease;
Now spurning the base and insidious
And honeyed allurements of Tune,
We welcome at last in the Hideous
Art's ultimate boon.

We are faint with insatiate hunger
For food that is racy and rank;
O ransom us, RICHARD the Younger,
From life that is blameless and blank!
Breathe on us the blast of the blizzard,
Pour poisonous drugs in our cup,
Stick pins in us, down to the gizzard,
And make us sit up!

Too long have we slavishly swallowed
Mild MENDELSSOHN'S saccharine Psalms;
Too long have contentedly followed
The footsteps of WAGNER and BRAHMS.
O free us from all that is formal,
O banish the ways that are plain,
Eliminate all that is normal,
And make us insane.

We are cloyed with the cult of the
Russian,
We are sick of the simple, the bland;
We long for persistent percussion,
For brass that is gruesomely grand.
O teach us that discord is duty,
That Melody maketh for sin,
Come down and redeem us from beauty,
Great despot of din!

A MISNOMER.—According to the *Daily Mail*, Mme. JUSTINE POULET, of Vimenet, a village in the Department of the Aveyron, has just died at the age of 101. This POULET was certainly no chicken.

"A PWOBLEM." (Communicated by the Shade of Lord Dundreary.)—Every one has a "Bee in his Bonnet." The bonnet is on the head. Keep your head, and if there's no "Bee in Bonnet," where is it? Ans. On it. ("That's the sort of thing that no fellow can understand.") Disappears.)

SUMMER LAND IN WINTER TIME.

EXTRACTED FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Government House, Grenada: Jan. 14.
—No newspapers here morning or evening; no post save once a fortnight; no cabs, few carriages, and no Tuppenny Tube. In the afternoon there arrives a sheet that answers to the Londoners' "hextry speshul." It is the telegraph summary of European news supplied to the Governor. In to-day's despatch we read:—"Severe cold gales and snowstorms are prevalent throughout England. Railway trains are embedded in snow drifts."

Being, after all, almost human, this gives the last touch to the luxury of life in the West Indies in mid-winter. Here we sit, ladies in muslin frocks, men in cool white linen suits, looking out over tropical garden on a pond-like sea, whose illimitable expanse of turquoise hue is ruffled only by the ripple of foam that lazily breaks on the shores of the Bay.

Cold gales and snow? Possibly slush through which to take a walk down Fleet Street? What things are these? What fairy tales of reckless romancer? In this languorous air it is pleasant to think of a thing called snow, and—thank you, I will take another bit of ice in the lime-squash. But to realise temporary entombment in a snow-drift, fire on the hearth, a fur overcoat, icy winds whistling round bleak corners, is an acrobatic feat of imagination too fatiguing for the tropics.

Friday.—What I like about travel is the opportunity it presents of learning strange things at first hand. Met to-day a spectacled gentleman making his leisurely way to Jamaica. Turning the conversation in direction I surmised would be congenial to him, talked of books. In intervals of growing sugar did they read much in Jamaica?

Yes, they made the best of their opportunities. But it wasn't possible to keep anything like a library. Among other gifts of nature, Jamaica boasts one of the most persistent and voracious Bookworms that ever devoured literature (no connection of my revered colleague, the BARON DE BOOK-WORMS). Hardly have you finished the latest book from London than he takes it in hand, and pensively bores his way through. His manner of study is peculiarly destructive. In Europe we write, and consequently read, from left to right—the Chinese from right to left. The Bookworm reads right through a book vertically from binding to binding. When he arrives at the top, he stretches himself, moves a little to left or right and bores his way back again. Process



DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

Customer (Time—Saturday afternoon). "I DON'T WANT ALL COPPERS IN CHANGE FOR THAT SHILLING. HAVEN'T YOU GOT ANY SILVER?"

Newsboy. "ALL RIGHT, SIR. WANT A LITTLE SUNDAY MONEY, I S'POSE, SIR?"

continued till only a few disjointed remarks left for subsequent students.

My friend—I fancy he is a Professor—has conducted some interesting experiments. Selecting a particularly vain, self-advertising Bookworm, he, casually as it were, deposited him within the cover of *The Sorrows of Satan*. At the end of a year, when he had thoroughly mastered, not to say masticated, the contents of that great work, my friend really didn't know him. He was transformed into one of the most modest, retiring Bookworms you ever saw.

Shrank from nothing so much as publicity. Once he went to a function at which the Governor of Jamaica appeared. His name got into the local papers among other notable guests; he was that angry he has never since left the confines of the library, and is now engaged upon *Drelincourt on Death*.

This story drew another from a planter in Barbados. It seems that island is sparsely peopled with the longest and most able-bodied centipedes that ever walked. Tamed and trained, they carry children on their backs, walking or trotting as directed. Har-

nessed in pairs they drag about Kingston the morning milk-cart, as dogs do in Brussels and other Belgian towns.

This rare and valuable possession is regarded with great jealousy by the neighbouring islands. Many overtures have been made for importing them. Trinidad in particular formulated a scheme for running the tramways in Port of Spain by teams of these useful creatures.

Happily for Barbados, there is insuperable difficulty. The centipede, my other friend tells me, cannot stand a sea voyage, howsoever short. The reason is simple—even obvious. *It can never get all its sea-legs at the same moment.* Either 25 are all right and 75 quite out of it; or, with slight variation of proportion, the reverse happens. However it be, a centipede on board ship is absolutely hopeless. After several painstaking endeavours to overcome this peculiar infirmity, it is now left in peace in its island home.

These things are told me. What I have seen and tasted are oysters that grow on trees. No mistake about it; saw the lower branches of the mangrove tree to which they were still attached. Cannot say they equal a fine fat native, either in flesh or flavour. But they are the best that can be done in the circumstances, and, as SARK says, you mustn't look a tree oyster too closely in the mouth.

Saturday.—Confess that when, on leaving Southampton, I saw some passenger's luggage labelled Grenada I wondered how it was going to get there by our ship. Up to this month knew only of one Granada, the city in Spain on whose hill-top stands beautiful Alhambra. Thence this island took its name. For me its identity was lost amid the muddled obscurity in which the average Englishman regards the West Indies.

Came on here from Trinidad because we were told that Grenada is the most delectable of the islands. Believe it. Anyhow, it is hard to conceive anything more exquisite than the gem or its setting. An emerald isle, it uplifts its fronded palms from a sea, deep blue in the sunlight, opal in these moonlit nights. It is rare to come upon a hundred yards of level ground. A ridge of tree-clad hills runs the full length of the centre of the island—it is only twenty-one miles long. From any point of these there are presented beautiful views of land and sea. All kinds of tropical fruit abound. The temperature is what may be called cool. Here on the hills the maximum prevalent for a few hours in the day, is 83°; on the plains and in the town it runs up to 90°.

The garden at Government House

seems like a slice cut out of the Tropical Department under glass at Kew Gardens. The difference is that the trees are finer and bigger. Within the range of a few paces you shall see the cocoanut tree, now in full fruit; the palm tree growing sheer up for eighty feet, a bare stem, at its summit throwing out graceful foliage; the Bamboo growing in immense bushes, the branches whereof are tossed about by the Trade Wind that blows over sea from sunrise to sunset. As for orchids, instead of being indigenous to the button-hole of a statesman's frock-coat, you come upon them at every turn, thrusting their heads forth from the trunks of sturdy trees.

But enough.

For we which now behold these present days Have eyes to wonder but lack tongues to praise.

And "severe cold gales and snow-storms are prevalent throughout England!" And "railway trains are embedded in snow-drifts!" Dear me!

I wonder if I shall have any tree oysters at dinner to-night.

VANUA.

[When London clocks are striking noon it is midnight at longitude 180°. The line where the day changes is arbitrarily drawn, zigzagging across longitude 180° in order to avoid land. It does, however, pass through Vanua, with the consequence that one side of the street is a day ahead of the other.]

In other countries certain dates
Fill men with apprehension,
And keep them in unpleasant states
Of ultra-nervous tension;
But here in sunny Vanua
We're free from all such sorrow;
In half the place it's yesterday,
In half it is to-morrow.

You'll find it in a thousand ways
Convenient past measure
If you can change about the days
According to your pleasure.
Suppose, *e.g.*, you do not care
To go to work on Monday,
Just step across the road, and there
You're back again in Sunday.

In London town, I understand,
Some naughty words are uttered
When ladies go out shopping and
They find the shops all shuttered.
Now here but half are closed—which I
Declare a great improvement—
The rest are unaffected by
The early closing movement.

If any day is clouded grey
With unexpected sorrow,
Just step across to yesterday,
Or back into to-morrow.
Then bid adieu to sigh and tear
And everything unpleasant!
For care is past or future here,
It never need be present.

AVENGED!

AFTER a pause ALICE began, "Well, they were *both* very unpleasant characters——"

"*De mortuis*——" said TWEEDLEDEE reprovingly.

"I don't know what that means," said ALICE.

"You don't know much," said TWEEDLEDUM, "and that's a fact."

ALICE did not at all like the tone of this remark, and thought it would be as well to introduce some other subject of conversation.

"If you have really finished——?" she began, as politely as she could.

"Nohow. And thank you *very* much for asking," said TWEEDLEDUM.

"So much obliged," added TWEEDLEDEE. "There are four more verses."

He smiled gently, and began again:—

"O Carpenter," the Walrus said,

"Life's joys soon disappear.

There seem to be no oysters left,

We've swept the table clear."

The Carpenter said nothing but

"I'm feeling *precious* queer."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" said ALICE.

"O Carpenter," the Walrus said,

"I sympathise with you.

You say that you feel rather odd,

I doubt not that you do,

For, curious as it may appear,

I feel peculiar, too."

"The time has come," the Walrus said,

"To talk of doctors' bills,

Of pulses up to fever height,

Of medicine and pills.

I would not for the world alarm,

But—shall we make our wills?"

"O oysters!" moaned the Carpenter,

And that was all he said,

As on the coolest piece of rock

He laid his aching head.

The Walrus, too, refrained from speech,

He was already dead.

"And did the Carpenter get well?" asked ALICE.

"Nohow," said TWEEDLEDUM.

"Contrariwise," said TWEEDLEDEE; "he died."

"Well," said ALICE, "thank you very much, but I don't think the last four verses *nearly* so good as the others."

"Ah," said TWEEDLEDEE, "perhaps not. But they're much truer. You see, those oysters were near the isthmus of sewage."

"CROSS-CHANNEL PASSENGERS SEARCHED."

—If the Belgian Mail authorities continue to insist on this proceeding they will do an enormous business, as such action is *enough to make everyone cross.*



AVENGED !

"O CARPENTER," THE WALRUS SAID,
"I SYMPATHISE WITH YOU.
YOU SAY THAT YOU FEEL RATHER ODD,
I DOUBT NOT THAT YOU DO,
FOR, CURIOUS AS IT MAY APPEAR,
I FEEL PECULIAR, TOO."

MR. FRANKENSTEIN AND HIS EX-TEMPORE PROMETHIAN.

A TRAGICAL DRAMA. BY H. B. JABBERJEE, B.A.

THE SHUDDERING CLIMAX.



IT is a superfluity to remind the Constant Reader that, when last seen, Mr. FRANKENSTEIN was occupied in cooking and eating a deceased hare provided by the [now] penitent Monster. We pass on to:

ACT III. SCENE 5.—A LANDSCAPE IN LAPLAND.

[Being personally unfamiliar with said locality, I should recommend the Honble. Manager to despatch some competent scenic painter who can be depended upon to draw from nature.

Laplandish natives are seen flying in uncontrollable panic. Then, after a pause, the Monster drives in on a dog-sledge harnessed to a team of canines. [N.b.—If possible, these should consist of authentic Laplandish curs—but poodles or any similar hounds might serve as makeshifts.]

The Monster (pulling up). These are deucedly good dogs. I have left Mr. FRANKENSTEIN stuck in a lurch!

[He drives off. Presently Mr. F. drives on in another dog-sledge.

Mr. F. I have tracked his fiendish footprints in the snow. He cannot be afar off! (Laplanders return.) Kindly inform me whether you have encountered any dog-sledge containing a gigantic Demon?

A Laplandish. Not a quarter of an hour ago, highly respectable Sir, an individual of that description was remarked in the act of crossing the Frozen Sea.

Mr. F. (tossing a purse full of pice among them). Many thanks for your valuable information. (To the dogs) Gee-up, for the Frozen Sea!

[He drives off, leaving all the Laplandishes aghast with admiration. Change to:

SCENE 6.—THE INEQUALITIES OF THE FROZEN SEA.

[Mr. F. is discovered in his sledge, surrounded by fainting dogs.]

Mr. F. (lugubriously). This is indeed the pretty kettle of fish! I have totally lost the Monster, a moiety of my dogs are out of joint, and the remainder are worn to a stump! And, as though to pile Peleus on Ossian, the Midnight Sun is rising and will shortly liquefy the ice!

[Here the Midnight Sun is seen getting up. The ice is heard to crack audibly, as it commences to dissolve partnership. One by one the dogs sink beneath the glacial fluid and bite the dust. Mr. F. rescues himself by clutching

despairingly to a convenient ice-berg, as a ship (Commander, Capt. WALTON—c. book) appears on the horizon.

Mr. F. (in plaintive accents). Ahoy! Help me out of my tight fix! [The ship approaches nearer.

Capt. Walton (looking over the gunwale). Sursum corda! You are salvaged!

Mr. F. (with a mournful smile). Like Cardinal Lord WOLSELEY, on his arrival at the Death's Door of Traitors' Gate, I may say, "I am come to deposit my bones on your premises!"

Capt. Walton (courteously). I am overjoyed to receive them. But why are you journeying incognito on an iceberg?

Mr. F. (looking at his watch). I have barely time to relate my unparalleled adventures before going out like a candle-snuff.

[Here he recites his story with pathetically eloquentia] faeundity.

Capt. Walton (at the conclusion). Yours is certainly a gloomy narrative. But it is humanly incredible that any individual could succeed in manufacturing a Monster offhand.

Mr. F. Behold the proof of such a baleful pudding! For here—unless I am mistaken—comes the spurious creature whom, in a fit of enthusiastic madness (this phrase is borrowed from book), I did so rashly put into circulation!

[At this the Monster advances with leaps and bounds over the icebergs.

Capt. Walton (flabbergasted). Odzookers! Mirabile dictu! Who'd have thought it!

Mr. F. (excessively put out, addressing Monster). Unwieldy and malignant Tormentor! you have arrived the day after the fair, since I am already practically a post-obit.

Capt. Walton (to Monster). As sure as a gun he is speaking the nude truth. You will only annoy his ghost by stretching it out any longer on the tough rack of persecution.

[If too like "King Lear," please to alter this speech, Mr. Printer.

The Monster. O generous and self-devoted Mr. FRANKENSTEIN, kindly defer thy decease until I have rendered profuse apologies.

Capt. Walton (indignantly). Wolf in sheepish get-up that thou art, it is in vain to shed tears of a crocodile over such spilt milk as thy unfortunate victim!

The Monster (with feeling). Believe me, I am no crocodile in asserting that I am confoundedly sorry for having been instrumental in causing Little Darling WILLIAM, Ayah JUSTINE, HENRY CLERVAL, and—last but not least—the amiable Mrs. FRANKENSTEIN to suffer the autumnal breath of the King of Terrors. Think not that I acted *con amore* in this affair. On the contrary, this heart of mine was fashioned for love and sympathy [V. book for this] till rubbed the wrong way by systematic snubbings. I beseech thee not to kick the bucket until thou hast pardoned my devilish escapades.

Mr. F. (after a heaving internal conflict). To err is human; to forgive is a divine hobby. Monster, I pardon thee. WALTON, my birdlike soul is now about to hop the twig of vitality, and flutter to Morning Stars. [He expires.

Capt. Walton (reverentially). The noble FRANKENSTEIN has passed into the Lobby of the Other World and joined the Majority. (To Monster) There is nothing to detain you here any longer.

The Monster (in hollow and sombre accents). No—for this unworthy self is soon also to become a gone concern. Already I have prepared a funereal bonfire in which my burning miseries will promptly be extinguished. (This striking phrase is borrowed from Mrs. S.) Farewell! Grieve not for me. I am en route to rejoin my victims, and bury my hatchet in oblivion!

[He stalks slowly off. A prolonged pause follows. Then a ruddy glare suddenly irradiates the scene. This, I

believe, can easily be contrived by dint of some chemical powder which, when combusted in a tin dish, will produce a rather weird effect.—H. B. J.

Capt. Walton (taking his hat off). He has cremated himself to a cinder! Well, well, *de bonis nil nisi mortuum!* (N.b. I am not absolutely coeksure of the correctness of this last classical quotation, so I will ask Mr. Printer to kindly see that it is au pied de la lettre. H. B. J.)

PRINTER'S NOTE.—It appears to be correct Latin.

(The Curtain descends slowly and solemnly.)

FINAL WORDS.—The above is of course merely a bald outline of a Tragedy which, if it is not actually to render the Thames in a state of incendiarism, will at least, if I may waggishly venture the prediction, compel any Fire Offices in which said river may be insured to raise their premiums very considerably.

Already I am engaged in important negotiations for the production of this fine Tragedy, and may soon be at liberty to make a rather interesting announcement. My first idea was to have it performed on the Drury Lane stage, which I am told would be quite suitable for the purpose, but it seems that the boards are occupied at present with some Pantomimic entertainment or other, and that this cannot be suspended even to allow a hearing to a deserving Native Indian neophyte whose entire fortunes are dependent upon gaining the plerophory of the *profanum vulgus*. A pitiful instance, surely, of pigheaded racial prejudice and want of ordinary acumen in spotting this insignificant self as the dark horse who is—who knows?—perhaps destined to regenerate the British Drama! H. B. J.

TWO THEATRES TO BE "HAMMERED."

It is announced that "the Court Theatre is in the Market." 'ARRY observes, "Were it in 'Amarket there would be more chance for it."

FAREWELL, Lyceum! old familiar name,
Where VESTRIS sang and CHARLEY MATHEWS played;
Where of our IRVING first commenced the fame,
And where all wish Sir HENRY could have stayed.

THE MAKING OF MANNERS.—In order to start and provide for the support of English Opera, with head-quarters in London, why not tax a few luxuries and give the result to English Opera? Motor-cars, photographs, picture-posters, and a lot of other things which, coming under the head (generally) of *Customs*, would be sacrificed to *Manners*, who would then be dissociated from partnership with "MOODY"—that is if the company be still "MOODY-MANNERS"—and would become "Lively Manners, Pleasant Manners," and so forth. Yours, Sir,

OMNE IGNOTUM PRO MUSICO.

THE PROPHETIC POTATO.—According to the December number of the *Board of Agriculture Journal*, potatoes in 1900 developed a disease called "anbury," thus anticipating the appointment of the present President of the Board. We have heard of sermons in stones, but never before of prophecies in potatoes.

MUSICAL MEM.—We clip the following from *Meyers's Observer*, an Enfield paper:—

ENFIELD CORONATION BAND.—Wanted several Members for the above; respectable, steady, and active; knowledge of music not necessary.—Apply to the Bandmaster, —, —, Enfield.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ONE of my Baronites reports:—"I have just read *Godfrey Marten, Schoolboy*, by CHARLES TURLEY (HEINEMANN), and can cordially recommend it to all who can enjoy a story of school life, where the tone is good and the boys are represented neither as brutal young barbarians nor sentimental little prigs. There is nothing mawkish or morbid in the book; every sentence in it rings true. *Godfrey Marten* is his own historian, and tells us the tale of his successes and his failures, his fights and his lickings, with delightful candour and spirit, from his first term as a Lower Fourth boy at Cliborough College, to the day when, as Prefect, a member of the School Eleven, and 'full-back' in the Fifteen, he takes his leave, 'feeling very grateful and very sorry.' And throughout we have an impression of a 'thorough good sort,' plucky, straight, wholesome—the type of boy, in short, that every father would wish to see represented in his son.

"There is plenty of fun in the book—for, as *Marten* observes:—'It is all humbug for grown-up people to wag their heads and say that boys never have a sense of humour . . . it is there all the same in heaps of fellows.' Which nobody can deny after reading *Godfrey Marten*—in my opinion," says my Baronite, "far and away the best and truest story of life at a Public School since the immortal *Tom Brown's Schooldays*."

The story entitled *The Shutters of Silence*, by G. B. BURGIN (JOHN LONG), is in its commencement—that is, for over a hundred pages—excellent. As it proceeds the author becomes somewhat careless in his work, and the novelty, promised by the original idea, gradually loses the interest aroused by its freshness, and the narrative drops into the commonplace style which means tediousness. The finish is disappointing. The pity of it is that the work is not up to the attractive title. THE BARON DE B.-W.

A VALIANT VALENTINE.

The governess sat in a school-room chair,
Reading a school-room book;
Her brow was lined with studious care,
She wore a classical look;
And she frowned at a sound she had heard before—
Someone fidgeting at the door.

"Come in!" she exclaimed, in tones severe.
"Don't fidget there outside.
Now, dear me, JAMES, what brings you here?
Your shoe-lace is untied.
Head up! Feet first position, pray.
Hands down! Now, what have you to say?"

The baby eyes were blue and sweet
He lifted to her face.
First, he attended to his feet,
And put his hands in place,
Then said, with stiff and rigid spine,
"Please, will you be my Valentine?"

Small JIMMIE conquered in a fray
Where a stalwart man would flee.
The governess pushed her book away,
And took him on her knee.
The end of the affair was this—
A wistful sigh, a tender kiss.

NOMEN, OMEN.—Suggested Chairman for the Committee of Inquiry into Our Food Supply in time of war:—Admiral Sir WALTER HUNT-GRUBBE, G.C.B.



THE TRIALS OF AN M.F.H.

M.F.H. "BY THE WAY, HOUNDS WILL PROBABLY BE ROUND YOUR WAY TO-MORROW. I SUPPOSE WE MAY DRAW YOUR COVERS?"

Bounderley (of the City). "WELL—AH—YOU KNOW, I SHALL BE SHOOTING RABBITS IN THE MORNING, BUT YOU MAY DRAW THEM IN THE AFTERNOON."

LITTLE FARCES FOR THE FORCES.

I.—DUAL RESPONSIBILITY.

Official room, in the War Office, of the Minister of War of the State of Ruritania. Through an open door can be seen a passage, with a new carpet on the floor, and a door in the opposite wall with "Commander-in-Chief" on it in bold letters. The Minister, in a new grey frock-coat, is sitting at a writing-table and motions to his Private Secretary to close the open door.

The Minister (to the Secretary). You are quite sure that I can assure the Sobranje at its next sitting that this State has followed in all respects the Army Reforms instituted by Great Britain?

The Secretary. In all respects. By the way, Sir, would you like red or blue facings on your new khaki coat, and should the lace on the sleeves be silver or gold?

The Minister. Really, that is a matter for my tailor to decide, not for me. Besides, there are no more manœuvres till the autumn.

[There is a loud knocking at the door.

The Secretary opens it, goes outside, remains there for a minute, and then returns.

The Minister. Well?

The Secretary (testily). It is the Commander-in-Chief again, Sir. He has sent an A.D.C. to ask for a reply to his letter.

The Minister (searching for the letter amidst a heap of correspondence). Ah, er, um, yes. I wish they wouldn't wear out that new carpet. Here it is. He says he holds himself responsible for the efficiency of the Army, and wants to be allowed to do something. What next?

The Secretary. This restlessness is certainly mischievous.

The Minister. What can we let him do? Can't we send him abroad? Isn't there a war going on somewhere or another?

The Secretary. We have something small on hand somewhere about the Equator.

The Minister. He might issue a proclamation when he got there saying that the war was at an end, and come home again. Then the Sobranje would have to vote him something handsome. No, that will not do.

The Secretary. We can send him on a tour to inspect coaling stations.

The Minister. No, I've done that myself. Is there no case of "ragging" amongst the subalterns of the Guards for him to devote his mind to?

The Secretary. I am afraid not, Sir. Since we made a Sunday School certificate a *sine quâ non* for candidates for Sandhurst, Lotto and Spillikins have become the only pastimes of the Household Brigade.

The Minister. No fires at Sandhurst?

The Secretary. Not since hot-water bottles have taken the place of grates.

The Minister. Ask him to select manœuvre grounds.

The Secretary. They've all been built over.

The Minister. Send him to inspect the Army Corps.

The Secretary. The real one, Sir, or the paper ones?

The Minister. Oh, any, either, all of them. Really you are of very little use unless you can make some suggestion, and I am sure that A.D.C. outside the door is kicking holes in the carpet with his spurs.

The Secretary. We might let him draw up some regulations as to the

conditions under which Generals may stand for a constituency.

The Minister. I should just like to see him interfere in any such matter.

The Secretary. I have an idea, Sir. When once I was on leave and visited London I saw a most amusing farce at one of the theatres. It was titled *Two Heads are Better than One*, and in it a very merry fellow substituted a wooden head for a real one, and brought matters to a happy conclusion.

The Minister. I take you. Exactly. Very good. What is the Commander-in-Chief's favourite pursuit?

The Secretary. I gather from the "Society" columns of the daily papers that he has been very busy lately opening bazaars.

The Minister. A most innocuous amusement. You can suggest to him to make a bazaar-opening tour of the kingdom, and while he is away place a lay-figure by the window in his room and dress it in a uniform coat and a cocked hat. The public will then think that our senior officers have at last consented to wear the dress of their profession; the Commander-in-Chief will, I hope, have a very pleasant time, and I shall carry on the work of the Army free from any interference on the part of the military Mandarins.

[*The Secretary goes to the door. The Minister settles down to his correspondence.*]

A GREET SUCCESS.

WELL does Mr. WILLIAM GREET, an old hand at this sort of business, keep up the old Cartesian reputation of the Savoy Theatre for sweetness and light, both in orchestra and on stage, the latter having rather the advantage over the former in effective brilliancy. For Mr. GERMAN'S music, composed for Captain BASIL HOOD'S libretto of the *Princess of Kensington*, flows on in true German fashion, melodiously, pleasantly, with occasional burlesque Wagnerisms cleverly introduced, and here and there a brisk catchy dance, always executed in first-rate style by the three principal *dansesuses* (with others also uncommonly good), namely, Miss HART DYKE as *Butterfly* (most Hartistic), Miss LILY BIRCHAM (how frightened little schoolboys must be at the mention of her!) as *Dragonfly*, and Miss POPPIE WILKINSON as a nameless, but not an aimless, fairy. The *mise-en-scène* leaves absolutely nothing to be desired; while for the picturesque set of the Second Act, *Winklemouth-on-Sea*, Mr. W. HARFORD deserves specially high praise.

In the last Act, the *Old Ben* of Mr. GEORGE MUIP, Junior, in make-up and as a bit of character-acting, is simply a gem. Except for his socks (with "clocks!") he might have stepped out of one of the *Arts and Crafts* stories by W. W. JACOBS.

Miss CONSTANCE DREVER as *Kenna*, "*Oberon's* daughter" the bill informs me (but I should be sorry if any conclusion of importance depended on my successfully passing an examination in the details of this story), shows herself a *cantatrice* with a sweet voice which she manages within a measurable degree of perfection. The part makes as little demand on her histrionic ability as does that of *Lieutenant Brook Green* on the possible dramatic talent of the melodious tenor Mr. ROBERT EVETT. Except the sailors' quintet, capital given by Mr. LYTON (excellent throughout) as *William Jelf*, Mr. PINDER as *Bill Blake*, Mr. CHILDERTON as *Will Weatherly*, and Mr. R. LEWIS as *Jem Johnson*, which, as far as the words are concerned, is founded on the quaint old Bideford Ballad (far funnier than Captain BASIL HOOD'S adaptation of it), there is nothing that the dishonest public can carry away.

I had hoped that the old-fashioned "topical song" had been quite banished from the Savoy, but "here we are again!"

It is sung by Mr. WALTER PASSMORE who, as *Puck*, is perpetually coming on in some new disguise, when (as H. J. BYRON said of WOODIN in his entertainment) he is every time more like PASSMORE than ever. He does work hard! He has, however, a fund of good material, "all in the way of business," to draw upon, and, like history, he repeats himself to the great contentment of the audience. The cream of the fun is in the use to which Mr. BASIL HOOD puts Mr. ANSTEX GUTHRIE'S very original idea (carried out with such admirable humour in his *Vice Versâ*) when he makes the spirit of the high-falutin' Mountain Spirit, *Ithuriel*, Mr. ERNEST TORRENCE, animate the corporeal presence of stolid policeman *Yapp*, so capitally played by Mr. R. MORAND as literally to bring down the house, and obtain for him the most unusual compliment of a recall for his admirable delivery of the best speech in the piece. Next in order of merit is the above-mentioned quintet of sailors, then all the dances, and finally the TOM-HOOD-like punning ballad given with great point by Miss LOUIE POUNDS, who sang as she looked and acted, charmingly throughout.

And if a punning song I wrote,
As I believe I could,
They'd say, "You're like a thief
of note,
For you are robbing Hood."

If with arrest they threatened
me,
And prison bars, as thief,
I'd swear to—being up a tree—
Turn over a new leaf.

In this strain, as *Touchstone* hath it, "I would rhyme you so eight years together."

As Mr. Reddish, Mr. CROMPTON is a tower of strength, over seven feet high; Mr. ALEO FRASER is a fine *Oberon*, and the *Titania* of Miss OLIVE RAE is a ray of light.

Mr. WILLIAM GREET is to be congregateulated. I do not think he will have any cause to, as the Scotch say, "greet," on account of the *Princess of Kan-sing-tune*, for whom he has done so much and acted so liberally.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIENDS.

A RIGHT good Festival Dinner was that of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children on Wednesday. The QUEEN, God bless her, had sent a special message of sympathy, and the Lord Chief Justice of England was in the chair. No better Chairman could have been chosen than DICK WEBSTER, the friend of all good causes. So eloquent was the letter in which he had asked for subscriptions that it brought the Society a record amount. No less eloquent was his fine manly speech at the Dinner. He had left his wig behind him. Probably it was on the green with the wig of someone else who had ventured to make disparaging remarks about the Society. The diners were many and influential. There was a Duke (the gigantic one of Somerset, the most good-humoured and smiling gentleman who ever wore strawberry leaves); there were Earls, Judges, Magistrates, and Mayors with their brilliant badges of office, and there was the Rev. BENJAMIN WAUGH ("Woff," the Chairman called him), the great protagonist in the fight for the children.

As he sipped his simple sherbet and cheered the speakers, Mr. Punch, could not help picturing in his imagination another kind of dinner, a might-be feast that can never be, a huge banquet of all the 800,000 children rescued from brutality and misery by the noble efforts of the Society. They appeared to him, some poor and in ragged clothes, others comfortably garbed, but all with happy, shining faces. He heard the clapping of their tiny hands and the cheering of their shrill voices, and he thanked Heaven that there were men and women who had taken their part, disdaining misconception and obloquy. So here's more power to your elbow, DICK WEBSTER, and more to yours, Mr. "Woff," and may you often lift them to restrain or to punish the ruffians who mishandle children. Let those who

wish to help the mites send their mites (and they need not make them too mitey) to the Rev. BENJAMIN WAUGH, Leicester Square, London, W.C. In confirmation of which *Mr. Punch* hereto appends his sign manual:—

PUNCH.

SOMETHING LIKE A SMILE.

["According to the *Pioneer*, an observant correspondent at Delhi contributed the following to a native contemporary: 'Lady and Lord CURZON seemed to have enjoyed their happiest day in their joint lives when making the State Entry the other day. They were wreathed in beaming broad contortionate smiles all the way from the railway station to the corner of the Rajpore road, where the procession closed.'"
—*Daily Telegraph*.]

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Excuse me!

My motive is not sordid.

I send a native Indian "note"]

Which ought to be recorded.

Please let Lord CURZON know, Sir,

No Indian heart can hate him

So long as he can smile a smile

As thus:—(I quote *verbatim*),

"Lord and Lady CURZON

In their State Entry here

Seemed to enjoy the happiest day

In all the glad New Year.

The beaming broad contortionate

Smile that they bestowed,

Reached all the way from the Railway

To the corner of the Rajpore Road."

The rhythm's slightly rugged,

But the sense is clear at least.

I am, Sir PUNCH, Yours truly,

"A LOVER OF THE EAST."

CHARIVARIA.

GENERAL SAMUEL THOMAS, the American millionaire, has, by his Will, cut his son HAROLD off with £20,000.

Lord CLAUD HAMILTON has, with great modesty, denounced Mr. HANBURY's statement that all our railways were managed by ornamental directors.

The movement in favour of Semi-Tetotalism, which has for its object the abolition of drinking between meals, continues to make steady progress, but, so far, very few publicans have joined the Committee.

An ugly incident is reported in connection with the Lambeth Procession of Unemployed. The Committee decided to deduct a certain proportion of the takings for expenses, at which the men threatened to go back to work, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that they were persuaded to start.

The elopement of the Crown Princess of SAXONY has cost M. GIRON a pretty penny, and is likely to cost the Crown Prince a crown.



HOW THE "BLACK LIST" AFFECTS OUR ARTIST.

Old Woman (who has been asked to pose as a model). "So you're a HARTIST, what? Well, JUST LOOK IN 'ERE A MINUTE, AN' GIVE ME YOUR CANDID OPINION OF MY LATEST PHOTOGRAPH."

An attempt is being made to ascertain the numbers of the majority according to CARLYLE. The first number of a new magazine entitled *The Predictionist*—a periodical devoted to National, Political, and International Prophecies—has appeared, and is asking for subscribers.

A new monthly, to be devoted to the lady's Toilet Table, will shortly appear. We understand it is to be called *The Powder Magazine*.

A temperance reformer has proposed that a law shall be passed enacting that every person entitled to obtain drink shall have a registered medal, failing production of which no publican may serve him. We think it would be simpler if every such person were made

to wear a distinctive costume, say, of bright scarlet. The medal might so easily be mislaid or lost.

A ROUND OF ST. VALENTINE'S WANE.

"WHEN Valentine held sway, alack!

It was not as it is to-day;

Love's shafts were keen, his bow not slack—

When Valentine held sway."

So middle-age, now growing gray,
Shaking a head once raven black,
Lets his fond recollections stray.

Yet JILL still somehow finds her JACK,
For wilful woman has her way
Much as she did six lustres back,
When Valentine held sway.



A. "THAT'S JONES'S DAUGHTER WITH HIM. SHE'S JUST ABOUT TO BE MARRIED."
B. "WHO'S THE LUCKY MAN?"

A UNION OF HEARTS!

[According to the *Sunday Special* the new German representative at Washington is reported to have said on arriving at New York that Germany's attitude had been much misunderstood. Instead of entertaining anti-American feeling, her sentiments towards the United States were those of the warmest cordiality. Germany's hand was stretched out across the ocean ready to be grasped, so that the bond of friendship might be strengthened!]

HOSTILE! Dear friends, the notion is absurd,
These harsh suspicions are entirely groundless.
We love you, friends, we do upon my word—
In fact, our friendliness is simply boundless.

For you the great heart of the Fatherland
Brims over with disinterested affection,
In time of stress her sympathetic hand
Stretches instinctively in your direction.

How cordial the friendship we displayed
When you and Spain were battering each other!
The demonstrations of regard we made
Proved clearly that we loved you like a brother.

Or if we acted in a hostile way,
'Twas only to disguise our real feelings,
It isn't what we do but what we say
That really counts in diplomatic dealings.

So now, while sinking Venezuelan ships,
And knocking Venezuelan forts to pieces,

The friendliest words are still upon our lips,
The stream of protestations never ceases.

In this unfortunate imbroglio
You have not fully understood our meaning,
The doctrine called after our friend MONROE
Is one we never dreamed of contravening.

We took the ships, no doubt, but so would you,
We found that they were worthless when we got 'em,
That being so, the only thing to do
Appeared to be to send them to the bottom.

We smashed the forts, but 'twas not wicked pride,
Not arrogance, that made us act as we did,
The practice that assaults like these provide
Is by our German gunners sorely needed.

Turn then, my more than brothers, turn and see
Germany's hand stretched out across the ocean,
Waiting for you to grasp it fervently
In one ecstatic transport of emotion! Sr. J. H.

THEATRICAL MEM.—It was recently stated by the *St. James's Gazette* that Mr. FRED TERRY's piece was to be considerably benefited by the omission of "the supernatural element." This may be so; anyway most spectacular plays would be improved by the diminution of the natural "super" element, except when the drilling at rehearsal has been exceptionally perfect.



COSTUME AND COST.

MRS. BRITANNIA. "REALLY, MR. RITCHIE, THIS BILL IS MORE THAN I CAN STAND! I MUST INSIST ON YOUR TAKING SOMETHING OFF."

MR. RITCHIE. "I WILL MAKE ANY REDUCTION I CAN, MADAM. BUT YOU SEE YOU WOULD HAVE SUCH EXPENSIVE MATERIALS."

JOE'S WAY.

WHILE filibusters with their raids
The nation's conscience vex—
For any fool, as EDWARD GREY
Has put it, can annex—
I have devised a simpler plan
Than painting countries red—
I simply write my name and town
Across the map instead.

When KITCHENER is Eastward bound,
And wants to sling his hook,
He labels his compartment thus :
"Engaged for Mr. COOK."
But while I like to see my friend
Indulge his merry whim,
"J. CHAMBERLAIN, of Birmingham,"
Employs no pseudonym.

Where BULLER slowly struggled on
I passed without a check,
Maintaining my mobility
Alike on train and trek.
Though green-eyed GREENWOOD croaked
his worst,
And prophesied my fall,
J. CHAMBERLAIN, of Birmingham,
Came, saw, and conquered all.

No more averse from exercise,
Across the veld I spin,
And every time I meet a Boer,
A loyal friend I win;
Till even "bitter-enders" learn
That they may safely trust
J. CHAMBERLAIN, of Birmingham,
As strong and straight and just.

'Twas easy going in Natal,
'Twas harder on the Rand;
At Kimberley and Bloemfontein
The atmosphere was grand:
And though a toughish task remains
Before I breast the tape,
J. CHAMBERLAIN, of Birmingham,
Will round (or square) the Cape.

And oh, if e'er invading hordes
Should land upon our coast,
And Great Britannia, brought to bay,
Give up her sacred ghost;
Upon the tablets of her heart,
I'll bet a thousand pound,
"J. CHAMBERLAIN, of Birmingham,"
Will certainly be found.

COMPANION PICTURES.

["The publican stated that already the police had circulated forty-seven photographs of 'black-listers.' His barmaid was new to her duties, and not good at identifying photographs."—*Daily Paper*, February 2.]

"The constable explained that the prisoner had been more or less intoxicated ever since he had been placed upon the 'black-list.' As a consequence, his friends seemed to take a pleasure in giving him drink."—*Daily Paper*, Feb. 3.]

FIRST SCENE—*Inside a refreshment-bar.*
Time—Towards the close of this year.

Well-conducted Citizen (entering hastily). Small Scotch-and-soda, please.



JOE—HIS MARK!

[In the Visitors' Book at the De Beers Mine our Travelling Commissioner signed his name "J. CHAMBERLAIN, Birmingham."]

Barman. In a minute, Sir.
[Disappears behind screen. Interval.
Well-conducted One (thumping on counter). Here, I say, be quick! I've got a train to catch.

Barman (reappearing, with several weighty albums in his arms). Beg pardon, Sir, but we have to be careful nowadays. Before I serve you I must make quite sure that you are not an Habitual Drunkard.

Well-conducted (exploding). Habitual Drunkard, indeed! Look here, do you or don't you mean to bring me that Scotch-and-soda?

Barman (gazing earnestly in turn at the Customer and one of the photograph-albums, the pages of which he turns over slowly). No; can't say that I see any picture of you here. We'll try another volume. (Does so.) Not on this page, at any rate; nor on—hullo! Got you! Here's your living image! Look!

Customer (furiously). What, do you mean, Sir? Do you dare to say that—that—this photo of a dirty scallywag is a likeness of me?

Barman. Certain of it. You've got no beard, of course, and he has—but beards are shaved off easy enough; his hair is dark, seemingly, while yours is a kind of mustardy—dyed, no doubt, which makes the case all the clearer. Wonderful photograph, I call it. Yes:—
"WILLIAM SNARK, aged 40, no occupa-

tion; put on Black List March, 1903." That's who you are, right enough!

Customer (nearly speechless with rage). Here's—here's my card—and I'll have you prosecuted for slander—by Jove, I will! A churchwarden—known and respected throughout Peckham—confused with a dirty, drunken, dissolute ruffian!

[Turns to go.
Barman (leaping across counter and intercepting him). Not so fast, old cock! A Habitual Drunkard—that's what you are—trying to purchase drink contrary to the Act! [Seizes him by the collar.

[At this moment, enter two of the Well-conducted One's most respectable friends and neighbours. Tableau. (Curtain.)

SECOND SCENE—*Outside the bar.* First Toper standing in the road. Enter Second Toper.

Second Toper. Hullo, Jim! Come and have a drink!

First Toper (sadly). It's no go—I'm "blacklisted," bless you!

Second Toper. Oh, we'll soon make that right! (Enters bar; reappearing a few minutes later with bottle under his arm.) Here you are—you gives me a tanner and takes your fill o' that! Yah! Acts of Parliament, indeed! 'Twill take a-many Acts to keep me an' my pals from their liquor!

[The two proceed to demonstrate this truth. (Curtain.)

PILGRIMS TO THE EAST.

VII.—RECESSIONAL.

Lucknow: January 12.—We have had a regal—or, more strictly, Viceroyal—time; and now our weary brains, a very palimpsest of impressions each more indelible than the last, are free to taste surcease of pageantry; and we feel what OUTRAM's garrison once felt in this neighbourhood, a certain sense of relief. Naturally we have fallen a little from our high estate; the livery of our coachmen no longer inspires uncontrollable envy in the passer-by; and I cannot find that any arrangements have been made for the troops to line the roads for us here as they were lined at Delhi; but at least we can oversleep ourselves, if we choose, without fear of reproach for having missed some spectacle unexampled in the history of the Empire.

On Thursday K. of K. gave an admirably rehearsed performance with about thirty thousand of his command. Notable among the Native Princes who led their Imperial Service troops in the march-past were BIKANIR, with his Camel Corps, the veteran NABHA, and little PATIALA on a white pony at the head of his Sikh Lancers. When at the end the cavalry and guns, with a front of something like half a mile, came on at a hand gallop, line upon line, towards the saluting base, with just an interval for the dust to clear, then halted at a signal, wheeled outward left and right, and re-formed for the final massed advance, there were emotions stirred in Grand Stand A. (directly in the line of progress), which I, with all my martial experience as a private in the "Devil's Own," am impotent to record.

Friday was practically an off-day, with nothing spectacular except the finals of the Army Football Cup, and the International Polo Tournament; an exhibition in the elements of the latter art by Gilgits and Manipuris and wild Chitrali horsemen; and an evening party at the Viceroy's to meet the Native Princes. Here the chief attraction was an almost unique collection of Burmese Potentates, cased in stiff flounces of brocaded gold, surmounted by a headpiece modelled on the lines of a pagoda. Their features betrayed an apathetic sense of boredom tempered by wondering pity, and, in the case of one small lady, by profound suspicion when someone offered her a Christian sandwich.

The next day we took our State Departure with much pomp and circumstance. The scene recalled the brilliant ceremony of the State Entry, though shorn of much of the majesty of that opening pageant by the unavoidable absence of the elephants, a class of animal which is almost always out of place on

a railway platform. High officials, civil and military, in the full paint respectively of peace and war, together with Native Princes, "empearled and orient" (as ROSSETTI has it), breathed valedictions as the VICEROY'S Special, to the roar of guns and the music of the National Anthem, moved out of Delhi with the Two Pilgrims attached. At Cawnpore, after dinner in the train, we said farewells and most inadequate thanks, and in the middle of the night slipped out between two slumbering Aides at Lucknow Station, and resumed our intermitted course of private obscurity.

We have made our pilgrimage to the Residency. We have seen the Bailey Guard where COLIN CAMPBELL led in his relief; the water-gate by which KAVANAGH passed out on his perilous mission; and the lofty vaults (the women's shelter) from which JESSIE BROWN was first to catch the distant skirling of the pipes of the 93rd. "And ever aloft on the palace roof the old banner of England blew." And there it blows to-day.

Owing to the other Pilgrim's infatuation for painted mud dolls I have been dragged through the most confined and evil-smelling bazaar that I have yet penetrated; but now that he is recumbent on his couch, working off a sort of Durbar afterglow, a fashionable malady attributed to the mica in the dust of Delhi, I am at leisure to collect and analyse my rude impressions of the problem of our Indian Empire.

One needs a woman's instinct for forming judgments untrammelled by experience of facts. Yet from the ladies of our party, in the brief lucid intervals snatched from public functions and heavy meals, I gathered less wisdom on this topic than I could have wished; so absorbing was their passion for the purchase of "barbaric pearl and gold"; so breathless their desire to possess a blob of emerald larger than anyone else's.

I am sorry I found so little help in this quarter, as the problem is a difficult one. For instance, as I step through my bedroom window I encounter a prophet who insists on telling my fortune. A merchant, established in a squatting attitude on the verandah, urges the advantage—to me—of obtaining a Kashmir shawl and an oriental bed-cover at three times their intrinsic value. A third gentleman, professing the occult arts, is prepared, by illusive methods, to produce a live chicken from the depth of my back hair or either of my trouser-pockets. A fourth calls my attention to the merits of a mongoose which he extricates from a brush-and-comb bag, at the same time exhibiting a cobra (ignored by the mongoose), which rises from a basket and takes a

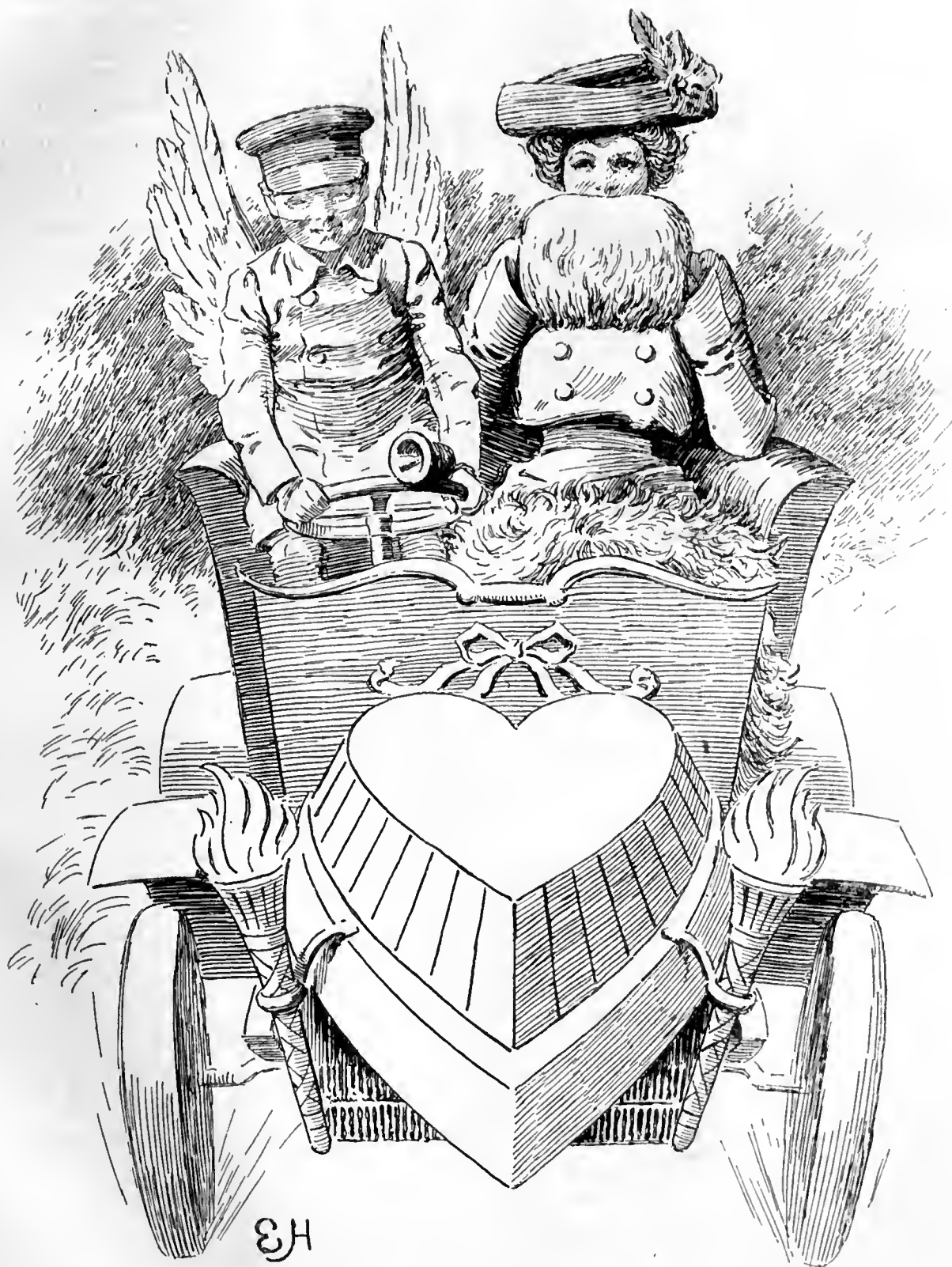
long sinister look at me with the back of his pictorial head. Certainly the native question presents extraordinary difficulties.

Benares: January 13.—We have made our way through a villainous crowd, and gone as near as the profane may go to the Holy of Holies of the Monkey Temple. These chartered liberties are a privileged adjunct of the shrine, and clamber at large about the sacred precincts with proprietary airs that give a touch of dignity to their secular preoccupations; yet I am almost sure that, unless you are brought up to it from early youth, the taste for worshipping in an unregulated community of monkeys, however sacrosanct, is not easy to acquire. The priest, who refused us admission to the shrine, kindly offered to compensate us with garlands of flowers at a reasonable rate of bakshesh. A lower rate was accepted by some snake-charmers who stood, like Laocoon, wreathed in forbidding reptiles while we secured their photographs.

Then, being taken to the Ganges, and accommodated in wicker chairs on the roof of a parody of a house-boat, we were rowed up and down the line of ghats below the staggering minarets that tower about the long wide flights of riverward steps; and saw the burning of the dead and the picturesque ablutions of the quick. To-morrow, as I understand, is one of the great washing-days of the year, and an eager concourse of pilgrims will be at pains to purify themselves in the sacred river just where it receives the sewage of this capital of the Hindu faith. But the Two Pilgrims of this tale may not assist at these immersions, as they will be moving on before the dawn.

By courtesy of the officials of the Oudh and Rohilkhand Railway (and I should like my recent reflections on Indian Railways to be applied to the directors only and not to their overworked and undermanned European staffs) our carriage, which is for the time our nomad gipsy-van, lies in its camping-ground (some camels are reposing close by under a great moon) waiting to be hitched on to the night mail for Calcutta, the bourne of our Eastward travels. O. S.

CHARIVARIA.—No fewer than five hundred and sixty-three small boys are said to have died from sudden excitement on reading of a Gigantic Pie, made for the Consumers' Pie Baking Company's annual dinner in New York, which weighed 110 lbs., and contained 200 eggs, 15 lbs. of cocoanut, 6 lbs. of mincemeat, 6 lbs. of cranberries, 12 lbs. of lemons, 6 lbs. of pine-apple, 6 lbs. of plums, 6 lbs. of peaches, and 50 lbs. of sugar.



CUPID THE CHAUFFEUR.
A VALENTINE-DAY'S JOURNEY.



J. WILSON 1902

FEBRUARY 14.

Mistress. "SO YOU WANT ME TO READ THIS LOVE-LETTER TO YOU?"

Maid. "IF YE PLAZE, MAM. AND I'VE BROUGHT YE SOME COTTON-WOOL YE CAN STUFF IN YER EARS WHILE YE RADE IT!"

ROYALTY'S KING IN "A SNUG LITTLE KINGDOM."

To those who are not so *blasé* as to be unable to enjoy a good plain-sailing homely comedy, excellently played by all concerned in its representation, we unhesitatingly recommend MARK AMBIENT'S unpretentious three-act play entitled *A Snug Little Kingdom*, at the Royalty Theatre. And we will pledge our word for it that such of the play-going public as adopt, in regard to this piece, a "policy of abstention," will have cause for regretting the loss of a great opportunity afforded them by Mr. CHARLES WARNER, who, as *Ben Kershaw*, gives one of the finest bits of acting that, with the unique exception of Sir HENRY IRVING as *Corporal Brewster*, we can recall since ROBSON played in *The Porter's Knot* and *Daddy Hardacre*. Here is an instance of the actor completely losing his individuality in the eccentricities of the character he is representing. Those who are most intimately acquainted with the personality of CHARLES WARNER will fail to recognise it in *Ben Kershaw*. So admirable is the make-up, and so entirely changed his manner, that not a trace of CHARLES WARNER can be detected. It is perfect comedy. His heartiness, his high-spirited fun, his buoyancy, his genuine manly pathos, hold the house from the first moment of his appearance, which is not until the middle of the piece, to the fall of the curtain. His stage-management, for the play is announced as "Produced by Mr. CHARLES WARNER," is most effective, and there is not a single member of the company but contributes proportionately to the general success.

Mr. LYN HARDING tactfully renders the decidedly difficult part of *Bernard Gray*; and Mr. H. B. WARNER, as his

brother *Hubert*, gives a life-like impersonation of a young man whose character, at the commencement of his career, has yet to be influenced for good while inclining, in the most naturally pleasant manner possible, towards "the bad," to which it is evident he may so easily go. The part could not be better played.

Miss MAUDE DANKS, as "a chorus girl," fellow-lodger and youthful *protégée* of the kind-hearted composer, *Bernard Gray*, sings sweetly and plays charmingly the part of an innocent girl in upper-class Bohemia, to which happy land, on the outskirts of society, hero and heroine belong.

Miss NANCY PRICE, playing too much to the audience and so, frequently, putting herself "out of the picture," makes the designing hospital nurse, *Sister Hope*, rather too palpably "a wrong 'un"; yet the absence of this unessential character, representing the "superfluity of naughtiness," would be, for reasons which will be at once evident to the experienced actor or dramatist, a distinct loss to the piece.

Miss WOOLGAR MELLON, as *Amelia*, the little maid of all work, is a sharply drawn suggestive sketch; while Mrs. CHARLES CALVERT as *Mrs. Blower*, the soft-hearted lodging-house keeper who has seen better days, is here, as always, inimitable.

This play, as at present cast with Mr. CHARLES WARNER in the principal rôle, should be seen, as we have insisted, by all who can appreciate such fine acting as his, who in *A Snug Little Kingdom*, is monarch of all he surveys, and whose right to the title there will most assuredly be "none to dispute."

CHARIVARIA.—It is reported that a Cork steamer has sunk.

LITERATURE IN BIRMINGHAM.

(Or Oliver asking for too much.)

[The *Birmingham Daily Post* says:—"Sir OLIVER LODGE described much of what was used in primary schools for reading purposes as perfect rubbish. It was simply twaddle and dissipated energy. He commended the literature of SCOTT, MEREDITH, STANLEY HOPE, and others."]

It is much to be regretted that the report does not tell us who the others were. We hope that the Principal of Birmingham University did not fail to "commend" such admirable writers as ANTHONY LANG, CUTCLIFFE CAINE, BARRY CORELLI, and RUDYARD STEVENSON. MEREDITH in primary schools may be expected to lead to dialogues such as follows:—

Mrs. O'Rourke. TOMMY, ye young spalpeen, why aren't ye home from the school sooner?

Tommy (aged ten, and reading MEREDITH at school). Wullahy, thou witty one, that feignest not to know, I was detained obedient to smart taps from the commanding bâton of the pedagogue.

Mrs. O'R. Ye limb, come here! I'll tache ye to spake to yer mother so!

Tommy. 'Tis true, O mother. I pinafored a jiggling eagerness, once released, and swam towards you on the tide of desire.

Mr. O'R. Take that, then! and larn to keep a dacent tongue in yer head.

Tommy (howling). Oh! Ooh! Oh! This is indeed beyond the ordinary dactylology of parents.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

XVII.—THE VAWZIZ.

THE auctioneer is a large oily man with a carefully curled fringe. From the Olympian eminence of his wooden platform he regards with a smile of sad superiority the somewhat unsavoury crowd beneath, who have allowed one of their number unchallenged to purchase a terra-cotta Cavalier, with black moustaches attached, for one-and-ninepence.

"Appreciation o' Hart," remarks the auctioneer to a venous marble clock of an unhealthy appearance on the shelf beside him, "it's dead. People don't know Hart when they see it. One-and-ninepence. Dead, and gone. Now, 'ere's a pair of 'andsome porcelain dishes. Stylish. Some class about these."

The auctioneer steps back three paces and gazes with his head on one side at the two jaundiced-looking saucers before him; then looks at the crowd again.

"And a bit of jam about," he suggests insinuatingly.

At this the more prominent of the two assistants, who among other functions performs that (evidently considered necessary by the company) of Comic Relief to the proceedings, pauses in his progress through the crowd with the terra-cotta Cavalier under his arm.

"Afternoon tea in the drooin'-room," he cries in falsetto tones, "oh dear GEORGE!"

This temptation proves too great for a lady of social aspirations whom I remember seeing not ten minutes ago discussing a repast of whelks at a stall with considerable relish, and who now paves the way for her advancement in Society by securing the pair of jaundiced saucers for elevenpence-halfpenny. Meanwhile, the Comic Assistant has delivered the terra-cotta Cavalier to its purchaser, after kissing it loudly on the moustache and addressing it as "Gus," which pleases the crowd hugely. The new owner of the Cavalier ties it carefully in a spotted red handkerchief, and departs with it into the comparatively fresh air of the slum outside, followed almost immediately by the ambitious lady with her saucers. The auctioneer has assumed an expression of dreadful importance.

"Now ladies an' gentlemen," he observes, "it's nearly closing time, but I'm going to give you a reely good chance as the last thing.—Let's 'ave No. 59, FRED."

The second assistant, a tragically depressed-looking youth in flannel shirt-sleeves, approaches the shelf and places on the table before his principal a large pair of vases of a shiny magenta surface, breaking out here and there

into a kind of pink eruption. The auctioneer contemplates them with undisguised admiration.

"I don't like to let a pair like that go at a Auction," he murmurs to himself absently—"I don't indeed."

There is a pause while everybody watches the auctioneer, obviously engaged in a severe mental struggle.

"Oh, well," he says eventually with a sigh, still thinking aloud, "they've got to go, I suppose. Dear, dear."

He recalls himself to his surroundings with a start.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," he announces, "I'm going to close to-night's proceedings by offering this pair of extraordinary 'andsome vawziz. No rubbish 'ere, as anybody with 'alf an eye can see. If there's anybody 'ere who knows anything about vawziz, 'e'll show it now. What's bid for the pair? Come, I'll give yer a start at two pounds."

"Start at two pounds," echoes the Tragic Assistant in hollow tones.

"Two quid for the slop-bisins," observes the Comic Assistant.

There is no answer from the crowd, a reputation as Art Connoisseur evidently being considered too dear at the price.

"There's a man dahn at Bettersea—" begins the Comic Assistant.

"I don't mind telling you on the strict Q.T.," says the auctioneer in a generous burst of confidence, "that this is the biggest bargain of the evening. Beautiful work."

Again there is silence.

"There's a man dahn at Bettersea—" resumes the Comic Assistant.

"If the artist," breaks out the auctioneer eloquently, "that decorated these vawziz could see them 'ere now, 'e'd shed tears of—of remorse."

"There's a man dahn at Bettersea," says the Comic Assistant rapidly. "that'd give five pahnids if 'e could see them two vawziz. 'E's blind, pore feller."

This is provocative of merriment, but no bids follow.

"Come, ladies and gentlemen," resumes the auctioneer, "surely there's some person 'ere that knows something about vawziz. Somebody bid what 'e thinks they're worth."

At this a very bricky gentleman next to me, who for the past ten minutes has been mistaking my shoulder for the wall of a public-house, suddenly opens his eyes and observes, "Tanner."

Everybody looks at the auctioneer, who is plainly wondering whether he is dreaming.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," he says eventually, "I don't mind a joke, but it's wasting our time, and we've none to lose. Is nobody going to make a

reasonable offer for these magnificent vawziz?"

Hereupon my bricky neighbour once more opening his eyes observes, "Two tanners."

The auctioneer, searching the crowd, fixes me with a disgusted eye. Eventually somebody in front bids five shillings.

"Five shillings," repeats the auctioneer with resignation, picking up his hammer.

"Five shillings," echo the Tragic and Comic Assistants. "Who says six? Anybody say six?"

"Six," suddenly observes the bricky man from my shoulder.

The bidder in front, after a prolonged inward struggle says, "Seven," but on this being promptly capped by my neighbour with "Eight," retires from the conflict, and the vases are knocked down to the bricky man, who, worn out with the excitement, collapses (as a result of my prudent withdrawal) upon the nearest stranger's shoulder.

The auctioneer announces the close of the evening's sale, and the crowd drift in a body towards the street. The Comic Assistant carries the vases over to the bricky man, and, addressing him as 'ERBERT, requests the payment of eight bob.

"Whaffor?" demands the bricky man.

"Whaffor? Why fer the vawziz 'ere," returns the other.

The bricky man eyes them with fastidious disapproval.

"I don't like 'em," he observes. "They ain't tasty enough fer me."

The Comic Assistant loses all intentional comicality.

"You bought 'em," he says, eyeing his man narrowly.

The bricky man waves a bricky hand airily.

"Not tasty enough fer me," he repeats. "I ain't goin' t' 'ave 'em."

"Mr. 'EARNE," calls the assistant.

The auctioneer descends from Olympus and approaches the pair. The assistant explains.

"I ain't goin' t' 'ave 'em," says the bricky man with finality.

"What d' yer want to bid eight shillings for 'em, then?" demands the auctioneer.

"Eight tanners I bid," returns the bricky man. "I ain't goin' t' 'ave 'em. They ain't tasty enough fer me, I said so ter my pal 'ere"—the bricky man points vaguely towards the doorway—"d'reely I saw 'em."

The auctioneer turns away.

"Let 'im go, Dick," he says.

"You're a nice sorter feller," comments the assistant, "ter go abaht buyin' vawziz, you are."

At this moment there is a commotion

among the group which has lingered outside the doorway, and a loud female voice is heard.

"'Oo's tryin' ter rob my 'usband on Saturday night? Let me get through!"

The group opens, and a purple-faced lady forces her way through to the entrance and addresses the assistant.

"You try ter rob my 'usband, young man, that's all," she screams, "an' you'll 'ear of it. What is it, CUTHBERT?"

"CUTHBERT" appearing incapable of an explanation, the assistant relieves him of the task with alacrity.

"Vawziz?" exclaims the lady. "What's a pore workin' man want with vawziz?"

"What's 'e want'er go buyin' vawziz for?" demands the assistant.

"Wodder you want'er go sellin' 'em for?" returns the lady.

Here the bricky man puts in a word.

"They ain't good vawziz," he remarks incoherently; "they're bad vawziz."

"You can shut yer 'ead, CUTHBERT," observes his spouse, "an' get 'ome. Go on—get 'ome."

CUTHBERT departs hazily through the crowd. This gives the assistant time to think. "We shall sell elephants if we want to," he declares.

"Oh no yer wouldn't, not you," returns the lady in scorn,—“not with the pleece about.”

"Oh yes we would," replies the assistant.

The lady regards him with exaggerated contempt. "Sellin' elephants an' vawziz with a face like a fryin'-pan," she observes.

"We shall sell vawziz if we want to," says the assistant.



"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"



SENTIMENTAL.

Extract from Letter on Valentine's Day:—"SINCE LAST WE MET, A GREAT CHANCE HAS COME OVER ME:

*'I GIVE YOU ALL, I CAN NO MORE,
THOUGH POOR THE OFFERING BE!'*

"I SEND YOU MY LAST HAIR WITH ALL MY HEART!"

"Yes, an' we shall buy 'em if we wants to," returns the lady triumphantly.

"Dick!" suddenly calls the auctioneer from Olympus, "shut up the shop."

The assistant edges the purple-faced lady and the foremost of the crowd back into the street, and proceeds with despatch to put up the shutters. The lady's tones become shriller.

"Tryin' to sell vawziz an' elephants," she screams, "ter pore workin' men with seven children ter keep."

"We can't 'elp yer kids," returns the assistant, adjusting the last shutter with a bang.

"We're English people, we are, an' we earn our livin'," states the lady conclusively. "D'yer want us to starve our children for elephants?"

There is a strong feeling among the crowd, which is increasing in size, that the auctioneer and his assistants expect too much when they expect this. Unfortunately at this moment the assistant retreats inside the shuttered shop, and bolts the small door with a good deal of noise. The purple-faced lady's scorn at this cowardly act is so acute that it is in fears that it may permanently injure both breathing organs. After a

time she recovers somewhat. "Vawziz an' elephants," she mutters, "with a face like a fryin'-pan!"

Then, readjusting her bonnet, she departs in a state of indignation rendered tolerable by triumph, the crowd making way for her with marked respect.

O TEMPORA, O MORES!

[The President of one of the big American Universities has declared that our educational institutions cannot do without a "judicious bit of advertising."]

SHOULD our University authorities fall in with this idea, we beg to submit the following specimen advertisement for their consideration:—

EDUCATION.

GAMALIEL COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Established over 600 years.

A HIGH-CLASS College for the sons of gentlemen and others, where young men are trained to be refined and cultured.

The College is beautifully situated in a "Broad" thoroughfare, and the buildings are modern and convenient.

Every care and comfort.

Nice Garden.

Excellent Cuisine.

"Weekly Battles," "Scouting," and other tactics.

Parents desirous of sending their sons to College should first write to the Master for a Prospectus and Scale of Fees.

Our latest successes include:—

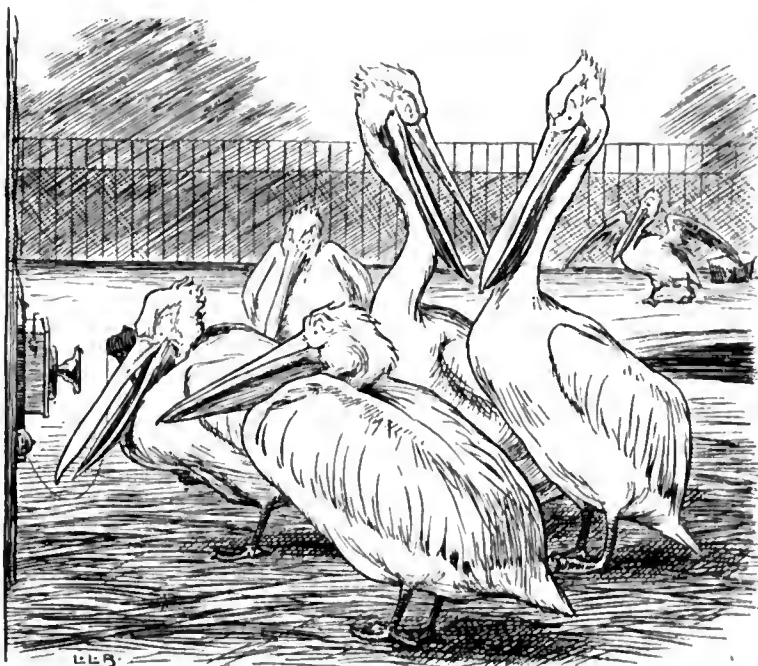
LORD CURZON, VICEROY OF INDIA; and The runner-up in the Amateur Ping-Pong Championship.

Train meets every bus.

N.B.—No connection with somewhat similar establishments next door and opposite.



"TAKE BACK
THE HEART
THAT YOU
GAVE ME"



IMPROVEMENTS AT THE ZOO.

A LITTLE BIT OF GOSSIP FROM THOSE CHATTERING MONKEYS.

[The Committee of Inquiry suggest that telephonic communication should be established in the Gardens.]

"THE PLAY THAT SUCCEEDED."

INASMUCH as I had no recollection of ever having read RUDYARD KIPLING'S *Light that Failed*, "my state" was "the more gracious," seeing that I approached the drama, which has been founded upon this novel, by Mr. GEORGE FLEMING, and recently produced at the Lyric Theatre, with an entirely open mind. It is a play not of action but of character. The two leading parts, that of the artist, *Dick Helder*, who goes blind, and of *Maisie*, with whom he is devotedly in love, are admirably played by Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON and Miss GERTRUDE ELLIOTT. Most difficult is the task of an actor who undertakes to impersonate a man gradually losing his sight and then to impress vividly upon the audience that he has become blind. In doing this, Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON as the artist, gifted with indomitable pluck, deeply loving yet obstinately proud, touches the audience and wins their sympathy. With such force does Miss GERTRUDE ELLIOTT show the vanity, right-heartedness, and wrong-headedness of *Maisie*, that not until the last scene of the last Act, where her pride has been conquered by her real love, does the audience completely realise the character, and evince by their plaudits, on the descent of the curtain, their thorough appreciation of the touch of nature with which the actress, inspired as a true artist, puts the finishing touch to a perfect realisation of the author's intention.

Not a word too much can be said in praise of the frank, honest rendering of the artist's staunch friend, *Gilbert Torpenhow*, by Mr. AUBREY SMITH. As for the gutter girl, *Bessie Broke*, of Miss NINA BOUCICAULT, it is a miniature masterpiece. "The Red-haired Girl" who, like *Macbeth's* "deed," is "without a name," is given more significance than such an exerescent part deserves by Miss MARGARET HALSTAN, who, got up in the Pre-Raphaelitish style once so dear to the early Burne-Jonesian school, represents in finished style an unfinished design.

Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE as "Nilghai" (whatever this may portend), is as excellent as any "Nilghai" could be. He is made up so as closely to resemble Mr. *Punch's* artist whose Pre-historic Peeps have rendered him famous. As both "draw," the resemblance is complete. Mr. FRANK BICKLEY as *Deenes*, Mr. DANSEY as *Cassavetti*, Mr. MACDONALD as *Mackenzie*, Mr. VERNON as *Vincent*, Mr. HARROLD as *Raynor*, Mr. FARREN, JUN. as *Beeton*, and Mr. GRAHAM as "A Young Man" ("from the country?"), all professional newspaper correspondents, form a rather comic and very noisy chorus, a kind of "press-gang," whose opportunities will, it may be fairly expected, be considerably reduced during the run of the piece. Probably, too, some of the strong expressions will be excised, the piece being sufficiently strong in itself without them. They may be in RUDYARD KIPLING'S original text, and, if so, there let them remain. That the audience waited till after the final fall of the curtain, and called and recalled the principals, is sufficient evidence of Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON'S having secured a play which should achieve popularity.

MR. PUNCH AND THE "LONDON SCHOOLS DINNER ASSOCIATION."—Excellent object in view. All should assist. All should support Lord REAY'S appeal, which was made in Reayl earnest. And isn't the title of what may be termed The Festive Board appropriate, seeing it is "The Joint Committee for Underfed Children"? Poor children, with whom, indeed, as *Hamlet* observed, "the times are out of joints"—which substitution of the plural may be singular, but it will, we trust, be true as regards the supply to the "Underfed":

Mutton and beef	And added to these
Will bring relief	Come bread and cheese,
To all much in need of good cheer,	With likewise a drop of good beer!

So hero's a health to Lord REAY and Mr. ELLIOTT, and may they get plenty of £ s. d. for the "London Schools Dinner" Co.!

AT THE ARTS AND CRAFTS.

(A Sketch from the New Gallery.)

IN THE CENTRAL HALL.

A Mid-Victorian Matron (to her niece, as they come to a massive overmantel and chimney-piece in copper, with wrought-iron supports). Upon my word, Caroline, when I was a girl, even a copper coalscuttle was considered only fit for the kitchen—and now they seem to be making dining-room mantelpieces of it! I wonder what the next fashion will be!

Caroline (looking at some cherubs and a border of pomegranates in high relief). But still, Auntie,—there's a great deal of work in it, isn't there?

The M.-V. M. Work? I should think there *was*, indeed! I pity the poor girl who'll have to keep that bright. Can you make out the inscription in the middle of it?

Caroline (reading the legend in raised lettering on the central shield). "Wit fancies Beauty, Beauty raiseth Wit."

The M.-V. M. H'm—well, it *may* be very clever, but I don't see the appropriateness of it, and I prefer a mirror myself to any motto!

A Simple-minded Wife (to her husband, as they encounter a formidable rectangular piano in plain oak, with wrought-iron decorations and an austere exterior). Don't tell me you admire that, EUSTACE!

Eustace (who cultivates a tone of subtle irony that she has no ear for). Certainly I do, AUDREY. It is the latest achievement of artistic design. Evidently inspired by the severe simplicity of the common packing-case.

Audrey. Oh? I suppose that's why they've only painted the *inside*—or perhaps they hadn't time to *finish* it. I wish I could read the writing that goes winding all among the flowers and things, but I can't find where it starts from. It looks like Poetry.

Eustace. It probably is; poetry being the handmaid of Decorative Art—but it strikes me the poor thing is made to do rather too much running about.

Audrey. But where's the sense in having great heavy folding-doors with metal clamps in front of the keys?

Eustace. To protect the piano. They only open to a secret countersign. You see, if the greatest precautions weren't taken, some profane person might get in and strum "San Toy" or "The Honeysuckle and the Bee" on it—and it would be weeks before it got over it!

Audrey (with a flash of insight). I'm sure you've made all that up. Anyhow, I won't have any folding-doors to my piano! [They pass on towards the North Gallery.]

A Commonsensible Visitor. Extraordinary thing these fellows don't get some practical man to help 'em. Now, look at this piano. I should like to know how you'd ever attach a Pianola to it!

[And it must be admitted that such a parasite, however insidious and tenacious, would probably find this particular piano rather an awkward customer.]

IN THE NORTH GALLERY.

The M.-V. M. (examining a mat laid down in one of the recesses). I don't object to that so much—it's what I call a cheerful pattern. (Which it certainly is—as it represents a winding river full of boats and fish, with villages, farms, &c., along the banks, where ploughing and fox-hunting are being carried on by the somewhat oversized riparian owners, the whole depicted in lively hues.) Are they asking anything at all reasonable for that, CAROLINE?

Caroline (referring to Catalogue). K.K. "The River Mat" hearthrug. Twenty-five pounds, Auntie.

The M.-V. M. Pounds! And I remember your poor Grandmother having a rug with a Lion Hunt worked on it

as natural as life, and I don't suppose it cost her as many shillings. Well, well, it only shows how these things have gone up in price, my dear!

Audrey (inspecting an oak arm-chair with a straight back and arms, upholstered with layers of crimson morocco set off by serried brass nails with no nonsense about them). That's not my idea of an easy-chair, EUSTACE; it don't look at all comfy.

Eustace. You're such a little Sybarite. I assure you that a mediæval hermit with a penance or two to work off would just slip on a hair-shirt and sit in that chair for hours on end, as cosy as possible!

Audrey. People don't *do* those things nowadays, though.

Eustace. They'll be doing 'em before long in some of our happy English Art homes. Let me draw your attention to this ingenious writing-table—luxury without ostentation, you see.

Audrey. EUSTACE! When it has tall posts with flat tops at each corner and four smaller ones in the middle! What can be the use of them?

Eustace. Why, those are stands to put pewter clocks and wrought-iron candlesticks and Art pottery on, of course. And whenever you want to cudgel your brains, you've only to jog the table. "*Tout ce qu'il faut pour écrire*," as the French plays put it.

Audrey. Well, it may be very artistic, but I call it most inconvenient.

Eustace. Don't be so captious. If you're feeling a little depressed, look at this pretty set of twelve proofs of "*The Doings of Death*." The very thing for our dining-room, don't you think? . . . You *don't*? Strange that you should have so little eye for the joyous side of Art!

IN THE SOUTH GALLERY.

A Disapproving Dowager (to her male Escort). Eccentric, without anything at the back of it—that describes it *exactly*!

Her Escort (feeling that this is perhaps a little too severe). Oh—er—one or two of the things don't seem to me so *bad*—that is, in their way, you know.

The D. D. I've no patience with any of them. There's a thing now! (Indicating a large cartoon in charcoal, severely.) You don't like that?

The Escort (urging what he can in its defence). Well, you see, it's a design for a stained-glass window.

The D. D. That's no excuse! Look at the—the out-of-proportion of the baby for one thing. And what I can't put up with is that it's all so *intentional*!

[Her Escort has to admit that there is abundant evidence of premeditation on the part of most, if not all, of the offenders.]

IN THE WEST GALLERY.

The M.-V. M. (before a series of embroidered panels:—"The Entrance," "The Stress," "The Despair," "The Victory"). And who is the pink person—for I really don't know whether it's a lady or a gentleman—with a gold harp and nothing on but a leopard's skin? "*The Entrance*"?—is that all it says? But I don't see any entrance. And here she is again, with a magenta and green serpent—beautifully worked, I *must* say—curling round her legs. Now she's turned puce colour, and is hanging limp on a tree—and in the last one she's standing with one foot in the serpent's mouth—which must be rather uncomfortable, I should have thought—being embraced by an Angel. H'm—highly peculiar. It can't be intended for *Eve*, I suppose—and anyway, I should hardly care to hang them on my walls.

Caroline. They do want a lot for them though, Auntie. Fancy—the set of four—one thousand pounds!

The M.-V. M. (impressed). Well, it only bears out what I've always told your dear Mother, CAROLINE—it's a thousand



Bernard Partridge.

THE GUARDS' MESS.

MR. ATKINS. "THANK 'EAVEN, BILL, WE AIN'T ORFICERS—AND GENTLEMEN!"



pities none of you girls ever showed the slightest turn for needle-work.

Audrey (stopping before a design for printed hangings in another part of the room). I call that rather sweet—all those quaint ships with angels flying after them, blowing scrolls with "Bon Voyage" on them out of trumpets.

Eustace. Ah. I wonder if there's time to get 'em, and have 'em put in the Spare Room before Aunt MARIA invites herself again.

Audrey. I don't think dear Aunt MARIA would quite appreciate it, EUSTACE, We'd better have something much plainer.

Eustace. Perhaps we had. We should only be wasting Art Symbolism on Aunt MARIA.

IN THE CENTRAL HALL AGAIN.

A Lady who loves a bargain (to the Assistant Secretary). Oh, I see in one of the cases there's a silver pendant set with moonstones, chrysoprases, and opals—it's marked £3 13s. 6d. in the catalogue—but of course that's only a fancy price. Now don't you think you could let me have it at two pounds? (The Assistant Secretary courteously explains that such a proposition cannot for a moment be entertained.) It isn't for myself, you know—I never wear silver. But I wanted a wedding-present for a friend of mine, who's æsthetic—and two pounds is really my limit.

[Here it seems she has reached the Assistant Secretary's limit, and has to retire in disorder.

First Phil. (to Second Do.) I notice curves and stuffing are "off" in this New Art Furniture—all straight backs and hard seats now, eh?

Second Do. Yes, old man, they're going to make us sit up before we're much older. Where are you off to?

First Phil. Well, I thought I'd stroll home by Tottenham Court Road. Coming my way?

Second Do. Rather! cheer us up after all this.

[They depart to refresh their eyes with "elegant drawing-room suites" as the scene closes. F. A.

MANNERS FOR MUSICAL AT HOMES.

I.

Don't, when asking anyone to sing or play, casually close the piano while so doing. It is a simple act, but one most discouraging in its effect.

Don't, upon hearing someone consent to perform, throw yourself back in your chair after the manner of one about to have a tooth extracted; and don't, during the progress of a song, glare at the carpet, or keep clenching your hands. Neither should you draw in a



THE POINT OF VIEW.

Aunt. "AND I SUPPOSE YOU PLAY HOCKEY AS WELL AS FOOTBALL, BERTIE?"

Bertie (with supreme contempt). "NOW, AUNTIE, DO I LOOK LIKE A MAN WHO'D PLAY HOCKEY?"

sharp hissing breath when the accompanist mislays his fingers.

Don't applaud until you are quite sure a song or piece is ended. If, however, you have been led into this error, don't upon its discovery mutter "Good heavens!" or collapse farcically in your chair.

Don't, when turning over for a pianist, perform this little service in such a way that your arm eclipses the copy, for where the performer's memory is defective, or her powers of extemporization nil, there is liable to be a gap in the proceedings. Another mode deserving even severer condemnation is that of holding the lower half of the page firmly with one hand while turning the top part briskly with the other. This is an entirely wrong system, and with some editions comes in terribly expensive.

Don't, when asked to oblige with a selection, go through your entire réper-

toire. Even a cornet gets wearisome if played badly and a great deal.

Don't, when accompanying, try to cover the defects of the voice by crashing out big chords of your own invention, and never under any circumstances grind your teeth audibly during a singer's inadvertent wanderings from the key.

Don't let the fact of your knowing your notes prompt you to substitute them for those of the composer.

Don't, if playing an obbligato, tune during those portions of the song where it is intended you should remain passive: your tuning may be no less agreeable than your playing, but here it is out of place.

Don't whistle while a song is being rendered. Even if you whistle the same melody and in a similar key, the effect is irritating to those around you.

HOW TO GET ON.

No. VI.—Is Music.

(Concluded.)

LET me suppose that you want to compose rather than to execute music, and let me imagine for a moment that it is your wish to write songs—songs that shall be famous as those of SCHUMANN, and shall surpass the beautiful airs of MAUDE VALERIE WHITE. It is a soaring ambition, for the glory is great and the prize in here is said not to be small. How are you to set about it? You write your songs; your music fits the words, you think, not like a glove, but rather like some delicate, airy, clinging, floating wrapper of lovely lace that seems to give a more than mortal beauty to all that lies within its gauzy folds. And the words, too, are beautiful, for have they not been chosen with care from the latest little volume of that prince of warblers, young—but I forbear to mention the passionate poet's name. Enough to say that the rivals of Vigo Street, and others not in Vigo Street, compete for his rhymes. Thus equipped and furnished you seek a music publisher—one did I say?—nay, you seek a dozen, one after another, and you find them all in turn—a dozen smiling, stony-hearted, uncompromising publishers of music, from whose ineffable presence you retire abashed by the blood-curdling stories they tell you of their hard but virtuous lot as producers of printed notes, their persistent unavailing struggles to make the business end of music meet the artistic end, and to gain for themselves such a modest pittance as shall enable them to pass the evening of their days far from crotchets and semi-quavers, and those who either write them or execute them when written.

And if at last you come upon one less stony than the rest, one who offers to help you along the path to immortality, you'll hear from him—even from this accommodating publisher—that you mustn't expect to make money out of your song. There are fees for this and payments for the other, singers have to be conciliated—and, in fact, when all is said and done you have to rest satisfied with the poor honour of hearing your piece of fancy sung just once in a half-empty hall before an unsympathetic audience. And with that the airy fabric of your vision dissolves, and you find yourself walking once more on the cold and irresponsive earth.

It may chance, of course, that, without wanting to make your country's laws, you have at the same time no wish to make its songs, but that you have a consuming desire to write great music—symphonies, concertos, sonatas, requiems, cantatas, musical poems—all the industrious and inspired melodic pieces that can be numbered as Op. this or Op. that in the list of your remembered works. What, in the present condition of public skill and public taste, is to be your method? I will assume that you have pursued your laborious studies in the authorised places, that you have drunk deep at German rivers, sipped the Italian rills, moistened your lips at the fountains, such as they are, of France, and dabbled in the Russian streams. I put aside such a mere trifle as original genius, and convict you of nothing worse than a complete education and an acknowledged technical skill. What then? There is this, and you must remember it. Music—we are told so every day by unquestionable critics and we are bound to believe them—has at last stepped out beyond the vague limits of sensuous emotion expressed in melody. It has been restricted too long to the illustration of hardly definite moods, which were to make up in passion all that they necessarily lacked in precision. Just as poetry, to say nothing of prose, has begun to forsake the duty of expressing thought in order to imitate the winds of Heaven in their careless singing, so music has, we are told, taken up the function of words and

is henceforth to tell a distinct and definite story. And this kind is called Programme Music, and RICHARD STRAUSS is its prophet.

Farewell, then, to the gods of an older day. GLUCK and MOZART have ceased to be. No eyes henceforth are to fill with tears, no heart is to throb as their divine melodies are wafted on the air. BEETHOVEN's cloud-piercing structures have tumbled into ruins, his thunders rouse no echo. MENDELSSOHN is scarcely a name; SCHUBERT is a reproach; VERDI is a mockery. After all, what did they mean? Had they any meaning at all? And, if not, why should they expect to live? On the crumbling remains of WAGNER and BRAHMS, RICHARD STRAUSS has arisen. He will spin you out a story of plot and passion, not in three volumes, but in many musical crashes. It has its incidents, nay it is full of them. The elopement of the passionate but sorely misunderstood heroine with the gallant of her choice is in one chapter; the anger of her father and the sorrow of her mother occupy another. We are to be hurried breathless from the forging of the rich man's will to the murder of the blameless old lady who has a humble lodging in the wilds of Brixton. In one movement the criminal is to be tracked, in another he is to be arrested, and in a final convulsion he is to expiate his crimes on the scaffold. This is sensation, but the story of mere dialogue or of simple domestic life is equally within the range of the Programme musician, whose success must be gauged by the skill with which he unfolds his incidents, develops his characters, and unravels his plots. You must be a Programme musician or your chance of enduring fame is gone. And yet there are some poor benighted heathens who refuse to bow their knee to the P.M., and prefer to doddle on with their foolish old favourites. Was there ever so silly a perversion of the heaven-sent gift of hearing?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Car of Phœbus (LONG) is a novel in which a fairly good attempt is made to revive interest in the far-off past of Oriental civilisation, and it is so far successful that it gives evidence both of study and the exercise of imagination. Mr. ROBERT JAMES LEES, whose *Heretic* was a much better constructed and more powerful work, would do well in future to study his dialogue a little more attentively. Sometimes his characters are quite SHELDON KNOWLESY in their poetic flights, and at others they condescend to become altogether too familiar and up-to-date-ish. One gentleman, yeapt *Casca*, is real American, not to say Yankee in his speech, especially when in his cups he tells *Prince* that "There's nothing manly about women—they're made to be fooled, an' they expect it—can't be happy w'out it." Were Mr. LEES' book but one third less in bulk it would be thoroughly readable.

The belation of the Baron in expressing his opinion on Mr. J. J. BELL's *Wee Macgregor* (Glasgow: Scots Pictorial Publishing Co., &c., which address, telegraphically abbreviated, might suitably be *Picts and Scots*) is due to the fact that this booklet did not reach him until it was in its ninth edition. Therefore the Baron takes this, his first, opportunity of expressing the heartiest admiration of this excellent piece of literary work. The "*Robinson family*" are excellent company, even to those who may be, as the Baron confessedly found himself, a stranger in their midst, unable at first to comprehend their North British speech. But the one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin is applied by "J. J. B.'s" magic pen, making the dialect to which Londoners (at all events) are unaccustomed, intelligible, while no one, be he of what nationality he may, can fail to appreciate the humour of the clever sketches that

present us with some scenes from the very earliest boyhood of the "*Wee Macgregor*." Whether the author should listen to the voice of his many admirers and continue the story is a delicate point on which advice, unasked, will not be proffered by the judicious

BARON DE B.-W.

MOTOROBESITY.

(A Forecast.)

IN the spring of 1913 St. JOHN SKINNER came back from Africa, after spending nine or ten years somewhere near the Zambesi. He travelled up to Waterloo by the electric train, and the three very stout men who were in the same first-class compartment seemed to look at him with surprise. On arriving at his hotel he pushed his way through a crowd of fat persons in the hall. Then he changed his clothes, and went round to his Club to dine.

The dining-room was filled with members of extraordinary obesity, all eating heartily. In the fat features of one of them he thought he recognised a once familiar face. "ROUND," said he, "how are you?"

The stout man stopped eating, and gazed at him anxiously. "Why," he murmured after a while, in the soft voice that comes from folds of fat, "it must be SKINNER. My dear fellow, what is the matter with you? Have you had a fever?"

"I'm all right," answered the other; "what makes you think I've been ill?"

"Ill, man!" said ROUND, "why you've wasted away to nothing. You're a perfect skeleton."

"If it's a question of bulk," remarked SKINNER, "I'm much more surprised. You've grown so stout, every fellow in the Club seems so stout, everyone I've seen is as fat as—as as you are."

"Heavens!" exclaimed ROUND, "you don't mean to say I've been putting on more flesh? I'm the light weight of the Club. I only weigh sixteen stone. No, no, you're chaffing, or you judge by your own figure."

"Not a bit," said the other; "you and I used to weigh about the same. What on earth has happened to you all?"

"Well," said ROUND, "perhaps you're right. It's very much what the doctors say. It's the fashionable complaint, motorobesity. Sit down, and dine with me, and I'll tell you what the idea is. You see, it's like this. For ten years or so everybody who could afford a motor of some sort has had one. We've all had one. Not to have a motor has been simply ridiculous, if not disreputable. So everybody

has ridden about all day in the fresh air, never had any exercise, and got an enormous appetite. Besides, in the summer we've always been drinking beer to wash down the dust, and in the winter soup, or spirits, or something to warm us. My dear fellow, you can't think what an appetite motoring gives you. I had an enormous steak for my lunch at Winchester to-day, and a great lump of plum cake with my tea at Aldershot, and my aunt, the General's wife, made me bring a bag of biscuits to eat on the way up, and yet I'm so hungry now that I should feel quite uncomfortable if the thirst those biscuits, and the dust, gave me didn't make me almost forget it. I suppose everyone is really getting fat. One notices it when one does happen to see a thin fellow like you. Why, in all the Clubs they've had to have

new arm-chairs, because the old ones were too narrow. However, I've talked enough about motoring. So glad to see you again, old chap. Of course you'll get a motor as soon as possible."

"Well," said SKINNER, "I rather think I shall buy a horse."

"My dear fellow," cried ROUND, "what an idea! Horse-riding is such awfully bad form. Besides, you can't go any pace. Look at me. I wouldn't get on a horse, and be shaken to pieces."

"I should think not," said SKINNER, "but I think I should prefer that to motorobesity."

Proverbial Philosophy.

Too many cooks spoil the copper.
Good wine is better than no bread.
Mud is thicker than water.



THE NEW ACT AGAIN!

Careful Publican (to Chimney-sweep). "ERE, I CAN'T SERVE YOU! GO AND WASH YERSELF. I CAN'T SEE YER FACE! 'OW AM I TO KNOW AS YER NOT ON THE BLACK LIST?"

STRIKING POETS.

["The poets of Germany have formed a Trades Union, and struck for a minimum rate of 6d. a line."—*Daily Paper*.]

How long will ye suffer this pitiful pittance,
O Poets of Grub Street, as fruit of your pains—
The wholly inadequate postal remittance
Which only insults the long toil of your brains?
O look to the Fatherland! See how your brothers
Have taken their stand and prepare for the fray,
Each for himself and for all of the others—
Poets of Grub Street, they show us the way.

Up and combine!

Form into line

For a minimum rate of a tanner a line.

Think what a labour lies ever before us—

The slow evolution of metres and times,

The diligent searching of ROGET'S *Thesaurus*,

The constant appealing to WALKER for rhymes;

The chase of elusive ideas, the selection

Of simile, metaphor, image and trope,

The throes of creation, the pangs of rejection,

The outlay in postage and paper and hope.

Up, brothers, fight!

Let us unite

For a tanner a line as the least of our right!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FINANCIAL.

WAUSTRALIA.—After deep consideration we beg to inform you that, in our opinion, Low Jinks will not pay dividends until gold is obtained from the mine. Gorgonzolas are reported by insiders to be full of life, and you would have a fair chance of a profit should the quotation rise above the price at which you bought.

WAFRICA.—Crushing will be commenced after gold has been discovered, and gold will possibly be found after mining operations have been begun. The works are in a forward state, the site for the Manager's house having already been decided upon. There are various other claims to the concession, but it is hoped that the share capital will be sufficient to meet all legal expenses.

SAFRICA.—We believe the labour difficulty will shortly be overcome. Our correspondent cables us that another Kaffir was seen yesterday.

MATHEMATICS.—The life of the mine is estimated at ten years, and as the present quotation for the £1 share is £10, and it is reckoned that dividends of 100 per cent. will be paid annually, we are of opinion that if the dividends were invested in Consols, as a sinking fund, you would, by the time the mine is worked out, have recovered the whole of your capital, which would be very satisfactory. Of course, we are a financial paper, but we must own that these abstruse mathematical problems rather fog us.

A VISITOR IN COVENT GARDEN.

[In the *Daily Telegraph* of Friday last it was stated that a locust had arrived with some cauliflowers from Italy, and, having been captured, was placed under a glass case in Covent Garden, where he is doing uncommonly well.]

From Italy a locust came among the cauli-flowers—

The which he doth affectionate and greedily devours.

When captured he was placed upon a stand, 'neath glass case handy.

Which serves our Foreign Locust as a London *Locus standi*!

MOST APPROPRIATE HONOUR.—On HUSSEIN KULI KHAN has been conferred the Order of the Bath.

"FIVE LITTLE PLANET BOYS."

"Five small planets" (poor dear little things, they are so sweet when small!) "were announced last month," says the *Athenæum*, "from the Königstuhl Observatory, Heidelberg." What has become of them? We haven't seen them. They were "announced," as many a "star" of greatest magnitude has frequently been, who, after all, has been "prevented by indisposition," or some other cause, from appearing and fulfilling an engagement. Of the five little planets "four," continues the *Athenæum*, "were detected by Professor MAX WOLF, and the other by Herr DUGAN." In execution of their duty, how, where, and why, did the two eminent detectives seize on these five little culprits, if culprits they be? One of the lot, named "Oello" (or "Ol' clo'"), is said to be a very queer sort of party, having "a greater eccentricity than that of any other planet." Eccentricity, however, is no palliation of crime; and, in the interests of justice to all alike we demand a thorough inquiry. At present everything connected with these four poor little planets, led away probably by the prodigious "eccentricity" of their fifth companion, seems to be in *nubibus*. Until we have clearer information, here is the summary in verse:—

One little planet vainly struggling in a gale,
Two with mirth exploding when told a comet's tale,
Four little planets in a guide book lost their place,
Fifth little planet went a-whizzing into space!

One little, two little, three little, four little,

Five little Planet boys!

Let us hope that very soon all painful doubts may be cleared up, and that the five small planets, celestial "wee Willie Winkies," may arrive safely at their destination, wherever it is.

MINISTERIAL MUDPIES.

(Unfortunately founded on fact.)

Lord Cranborne.

PRAY don't let Venezuela your anxious minds distress,
All warlike operations are bound to be a mess.

Lord George Hamilton.

Nay, CRANBORNE, in your modesty you underestimate
The services the Cabinet have rendered to the State.
We made the mess, I own it; but to our great surprise
It turned out to be really a blessing in disguise.
For our Press have taught the Germans to assume a saner
attitude,
So (indirectly) we have earned the Nation's heartfelt gratitude.

The Right Hon. Walter Long.

Dear GEORGE, your words are brimful of true statesmanship
and sense,

And I'll cap them with a dictum of sagacity immense.
So long as we are uppermost on winding up a "scrap,"
We may muddle or not muddle, but no wise man cares a rap.
[*Exeunt in a transport of mutual admiration.*]

FROM THE STRAND TO HOLBORN.—Good name "Kingsway." But "Aldwych" not so happy: suggestive of "Old Witch" and "Old Witchcraft." "Wych Street" having been done away with, couldn't some relative name have been hit upon, as, e.g., "What Street" or "Hoo Street"? Everyone delighted that the Parisian-Americanism of "Avenue" has not been adopted, yet, as 'ARRY says, "If they 'ave-a-new street, why can't they call it so, and then we know where we are!" All agree that Kingsway is historically and thoroughly appropriate, seeing that it records our beneficent King's Sway in this twentieth century.

CHARIVARIA.

GAS will now become cheaper. Parliament has opened.

Cape Colony's new Immigration Act forbids the entry of, among others, lunatics. Several prominent English M.P.'s have protested against this.

At a political meeting held in a theatre at Valence the stage gave way, and the speakers disappeared below. A patent has been applied for, and the clever inventor, who has supplied a long-felt want, should in a very short time make his fortune.

The SHAH recently gave a special audience to the Russian Minister in the great Hall of Mirrors. This enabled His Majesty to see what was going on behind his back.

Those who say that the French Navy is not to be compared to the British Navy have received a rude shock. Last week the French torpedo-boat-destroyer *Espignole* ran ashore and foundered, and another destroyer, the *Hallebarde*, grounded, and was only saved with difficulty.

The three-year-old son of a farmer in Moravia, who had been watching his father kill a pig, ran into the house afterwards and attempted to kill his baby sister. His father quite rightly boxed his ears.

The local officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has had two pictures accepted for the Leeds Spring Exhibition. He does not paint for children.

The Leigh Urban District Council has made a full inquiry into the allegations against the Leigh cockles. The Council finds that the allegations are groundless, but thinks that the Local Government Board might be asked to prevent the discharge of sewage into the Thames above and below Leigh.

A lady has written complaining of a fraud of which she was a victim. At a shop in the Strand she saw some pictures labelled "Old Masters, 10½d. each." She bought a number of them, and now finds they are not originals but photographic reproductions.

The LORD CHANCELLOR, the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE and Sir FRANCIS JEUNE have decided that a bicycle is not a carriage but a wheelbarrow.

A strange affair at the War Office is reported in a letter to the *Pall Mall*



Little Titmuss (just told off to take the younger Miss Long into supper, quite forgets which of the two is the younger). "ER—ER—MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE—ER—OF—ER—TAKING THE LONGER MISS YOUNG—I MEAN—THE LUNGER MISS YONG—THAT IS—" [Becomes incoherent.]

Gazette. The writer addressed a communication to the War Office on the 22nd ult., and had a reply, showing that the letter had been read, on the 2nd inst.

The question of the ventilation of the House of Commons has reminded someone that Dr. WALLACE once said that the atmospheric conditions of the Chamber could only be compared to "a cold blizzard about your feet, a heat wave above your head, and microbes in between." The reference, in this last phrase, to honourable Members has been greatly resented.

The Guards Scandal continues to gain in interest. Letters have appeared in the *Times* from Lieut. LEVESON-GOWER'S

uncle, and Colonel KINLOCH'S brother-in-law. Colonel TROTTER, it is said, is to be championed by his grandmother, and an important communication is expected shortly from a relation by marriage of Lord ROBERTS.

In Germany Count VON BÜLOW has pointed out that though the English poet KIPLING may write anti-German verse, the Belgian poet MAETERLINCK is on their side, and recently called the German people the moral conscience of the world. At the same time the undesirability of having to depend on foreign poets is keenly felt in Germany, and, with characteristic thoroughness, a scheme is being prepared for training their own poets as part of their diplomatic system.



MR. PUNCH'S APPEAL TO FARMERS AND LAND-OWNERS.

ADOPT THE "MARCONI" OR "WIRELESS" SYSTEM.

"MOST APPROV'D GOOD MASTERS."

(Latest directions for a visitor to the Burlington House Show.)

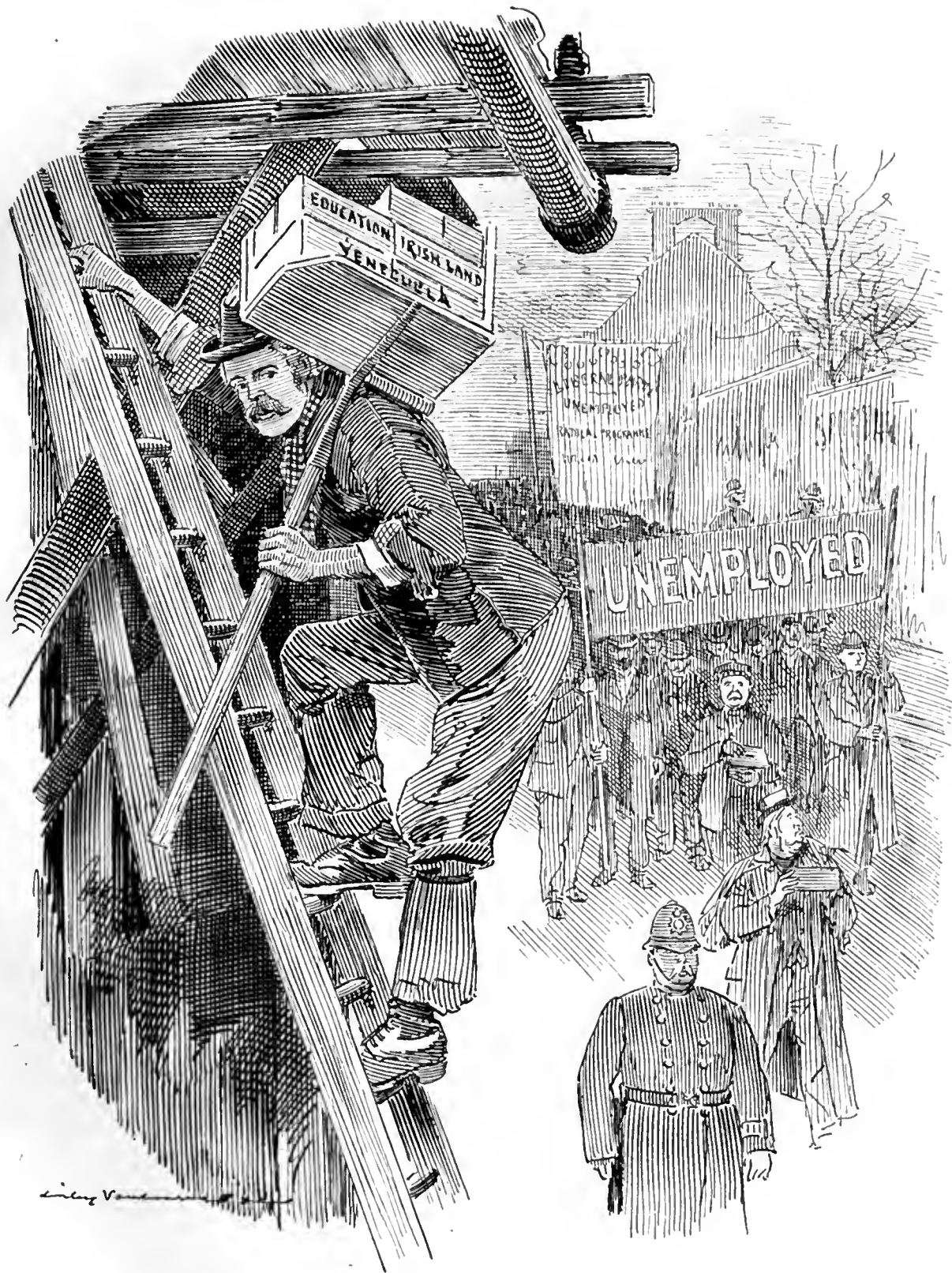
THE Old Masters at Burlington House! Not a few of our "young Masters" must envy the "touch of these vanished hands," for whose work Time the Restorer has done so much. In another month this exhibition will have closed, when, after a few days pause, the doors of the Royal Academy will re-open to admit the works of those who, in their turn, will inherit the privileges of age. "Old Masters," forsooth! Say rather "Past Masters." Here are their works fresher than ever. Is it not so with the wonderful sea-pieces of BRETT—that true Brett-ish artist, of King COLE (*Virat Vicar!*) and one MOORE? Go back to earlier Masters! See the masterly portrait of *Henry Thompson, R.A.* He is drawn, as many a one has been, by A. SHEE (Sir MARTIN ARCHER, of that ilk, P.R.A.). Look at sweet *Sir Walter Scott*, a kit-eat (with a little black dog), by his countryman Sir J. WATSON GORDON, R.A. And after admiring the fine heads by CUPP, and by the "three R's," REYNOLDS, RUBENS, and REMBRANDT, turn to *The Head of Loch Lomond*, by Sir GEORGE HARVEY. Regard *The Thames at Purfleet* (whose Inn was once the rival of Greenwich in the providing of whitebait dinners), by DAVID COX, inquire kindly after *John Box*, and ask where you can see a portrait of *Penelope Anne*. You pause before another work. Quite natural; your attention is arrested by a CONSTABLE, and not without warrant, for is it not his celebrated *Dedham Lock, or the Leaping Horse?*—which sounds like the title of a melodrama. And his other delightful country pictures, especially *Opening the Lock*, which is so perfectly simple as not to require a key.

Where did TURNER live?—always at the sign of "the Rainbow"? Isn't it wonderful!

Are you in need of refreshment? Go to *The Bar of the Douro*, by JAMES HOLLAND. The Spanish and Dutch intermingled considerably, so 'tis no wonder to find Holland in Spain. Pity the sorrows of an uncrowned King when you behold VAN DYCK's *Charles the First* out riding in full armour, but without his helmet, with which a servant is hurrying up to him. "Ah!" quoth the unfortunate monarch, "going minus my helmet was I! I shall go without my head next!" The saying is historical, alas!

Do not miss *A Lady and her Son*, quite a "little nipper," by ANGELO BRONZINO; nor TINTORETTO's very "mixed lot," representing *The Nine Muses*. Pause one moment in front of the same Master's representation of *Esther fainting before Ahasuerus*. You see she fainted "before AHAUERUS" and he fainted afterwards. Why? Because the lady was frightened into fits at the sight of a horrid little dog which is held by a man in the right-hand corner. See him? Well, *ça s'explique*.

No more time? Sorry. Then as you are *Homeward Bound*, just see how JOHN SELL COTMAN painted the subject. Isn't it fine? Couldn't JOHN SELL COTMAN over and over again for double or treble the original price? Why, certainly. Let us make our way towards the door, pausing for a second to see CONSTABLE's *The Opening of Waterloo Bridge*, at a time when a River Pageant was something to see, when there were no dirty steamers (there are none at all now, the dirty ones are clean gone), and there were soldiers, watermen, bright costumes, decorated barges, likewise *Captain Crosstree* in fore-water steering a jolly boat. Here's a Game of Bridge!



THE UNEMPLOYABLE.

LABOURER BALFOUR (*aside*). "OUT OF WORK? WANT EMPLOYMENT, DO THEY? WHY, IF I CHUCKED MY JOB TO-MORROW NONE OF *THEM* COULD TAKE IT ON."

PILGRIMS TO THE EAST.

VIII.—CONCLUSION.

Valentine's Day: Bouverie Street.

It is remarkable how much honest work can be got into a limited space of time if you only set yourself to it. My last week's instalment was posted at Calcutta. Since then I have spent several days of unbroken hospitality (on the part of my friends) at that seat of Government, now figuring on the bench of the High Court, now in attendance at races more admirably conducted than any at which I have ever dropped my money; travelled round by Agra to Bombay—a matter of some 1700 miles; bathed in as noble a bath and absorbed as noble a dinner (both at the Bombay Yacht Club) as flesh could desire in a climate where a man must take to at least one of two vices, bathing or drink; incidentally done the voyage to Marseilles; enjoyed a brief spell of holiday on the Riviera; and now for a long time resumed my metropolitan career. Really, not a bad week's work!

In recalling the various functions of the late Durbar, I find, to my lasting regret, that I missed the most memorable spectacle of all. I refer to the performance of the Commander-in-Chief in the opening figure of the State Ball in the Diwan-i-'Am. Those who were happy enough to be in a position to witness this display with no intervening crowd to veil the lower limbs of the dancers describe the deportment of

K. or K. as marked by a coy hesitancy and by a modest submission to the VICEROY's superior knowledge, which won admiration from the stoniest hearts. Among those best qualified to judge it is the universal opinion that Lord KITCHENER has thoroughly earned his appointment to the Honorary Colonelcy of the First State Lancers.

We made the wide détour by Agra largely, I think, because we dared not face the Anglo-Indian at home without having seen the Taj Mahal. If I had the rebuilding of this unique mausoleum I would have the facings of my

corner-towers less crudely pointed, and the towers themselves less easily mistaken for lighthouses or piled chess-castles. But apart from this obvious criticism, I admit that it is one of the few things I have seen whose beauty survives the rhetoric of the guide-books. We saw it at the best hour of daylight under a dropping sun that brought out the pure clarity of its marble, the rich colouring of its *pietra dura* work, and the cool grey of its shadowed recesses, without meretricious effects. The waning moon rose too late for us, and with a too "unhandsome thrift of silver," and so we escaped that taint of limelight which one associates with this theatrical orb. Still, it is counted *de rigueur* that one should view the Taj by moonlight, and breathe, if practicable, some sort of matrimonial proposition in the neighbourhood of its cypresses. Circumstances were against the Two Pilgrims in both these particulars.

I could wish that the Government which has done so much to preserve and enhance the beauty of the scene would contrive to improve the behaviour of the coloured functionaries who exhibit this tomb of the Pearl of the Palace. I do not so much mind being presented with faded flowers and sickly sweetmeats on the very edge of the sacred vault, but the importunate demand for sacerdotal baksheesh in these holy precincts becomes an intolerable obsession.

Before leaving Bombay, the official head-quarters of the hubonic plague, I was subjected to a sanitary inspection. The port-doctor laid a large fat hand abstractedly on my pulse; said nothing; assumed a non-committal air; and handed me a free pass to go aboard. As far as I could make out, these passes



AN OBVIOUS ATTEMPT TO EVADE THE QUARANTINE AUTHORITIES. SUEZ.



WEIRD BEINGS, STOKERS, ETC., FROM THE INTERIOR OF THE SHIP, WHO ONLY EMERGE ON "INSPECTION DAYS."

gave us the further right to be regarded as suspects, and from that moment till we reached Marseilles we were suffered to hold no communication with the shore. We found Egypt peculiarly suspicious. Ever since her shocking experience in the matter of the Ten Plagues this unfortunate country has been very sensitive about alien immigration. Some of our party were bound for Cairo, and were still twenty-four hours short of the period of perfect purgation. Consequently we dropped them at Suez into two elementary sailing-wherries—one lot bound for an obscure oasis in the direction of Stony Arabia (euphemiously known as Moses' Wells), the other—a ducal party—bound for disinfection huts just inside the Canal. The parting was a very painful one, though cheered, for those we left behind, by the consolatory rumour of terrific weather awaiting us in the Mediterranean. We passed them, later, as we entered the Canal. For a little while they followed us, with a pitiful assumption of gaiety, along the bank; then the scene closed upon them being chivied back into bounds by an official in uniform, lest they should contaminate the desert.

As for the Mediterranean, I have had occasion a hundred times to withdraw, and then replace, all that I ever said against, or in favour of, this inconsistent sheet of water. One day of unimagined calm; a second of tossing in a strong Son'-son'-wester (very unusual in these parts, and making a mockery of Crete, whose only use in life is to take the sting out of the North wind); a third in which we groined under a steady series of squalls from the North-east, for which the Captain apologised; by evening the blessed vision of Etna, twenty miles away, to the North-west, with promise of a temporary calm for dinner before the storm should catch us again beyond Messina; then a great stillness as we glided through the Liparis, ghostly under the moon, and never another wave the whole way home.

Such is the humour of the deep; not always adequately reflected in the intelligence of passengers. I attempted not more than two examples of facetiousness; one on the way out, one on the homeward track. I do not wish them to be permanently wasted, as they were wasted at the time; and I venture to give them below in the form of dialogue.

First Passenger. What is that officer firing at from the bridge? Porpoises?

Second Passenger (myself). I don't think there's anything to hit. He's just letting his revolver off for joy.

First Passenger (affected by spectacle of officer peering down muzzle of weapon). Oh, look at him. He's pointing it at his brains.

Second Passenger (myself). It's all right. He knows there's nothing there.

First Passenger. But with revolvers, you know, one can never tell—

This should have been a lesson to me; but I tried once again as follows:—

First Passenger (pacing the deck with Second Passenger [myself], and speaking nautically to cheery Colonel with large round cherubic face, whose deck-chair blocks the way). Rather a narrow channel, what?

[Cherubic Colonel hastens to widen it.]



"I have no clear desire to walk down Piccadilly in a sky-blue turban."

Second Passenger (myself). Thanks, that'll do nicely. Quite wide enough for the Straits of Boniface.

[Complete silence, in which you might have heard a belaying-pin drop.]

That towering figure of Notre Dame de la Garde that serves for beacon to the Marseillais—as the bronze statue of armed Athens with poised spear welcomed Greek sailors homeward bound—stood out above the mists of morning as we dropped anchor off the rocks of the Château d'If for a final inspection of the crew's health. One suddenly became aware that France (and, for that matter, the rest of Europe), forgotten all these weeks in the rush of more importunate

claims, did actually continue extant. I wish that some of these provincial Continentals could have seen what we have seen, and got to understand a little, as one only learns out there (*à-bas*), the meaning of the Empire. If, for instance, my host of the Hôtel Costebelle (where I spent a profitable week-end in resuming my land legs) had tasted of the East and found by experience that the price of soda-water in India is precisely two annas a bottle, I think he would have hesitated to charge me last Sunday just seven and a half times that sum for this beverage; so much does travel enlarge the mind, enabling a man, as Bacon contends, to "prick in some flowers of that he hath learned abroad into the customs of his own country."

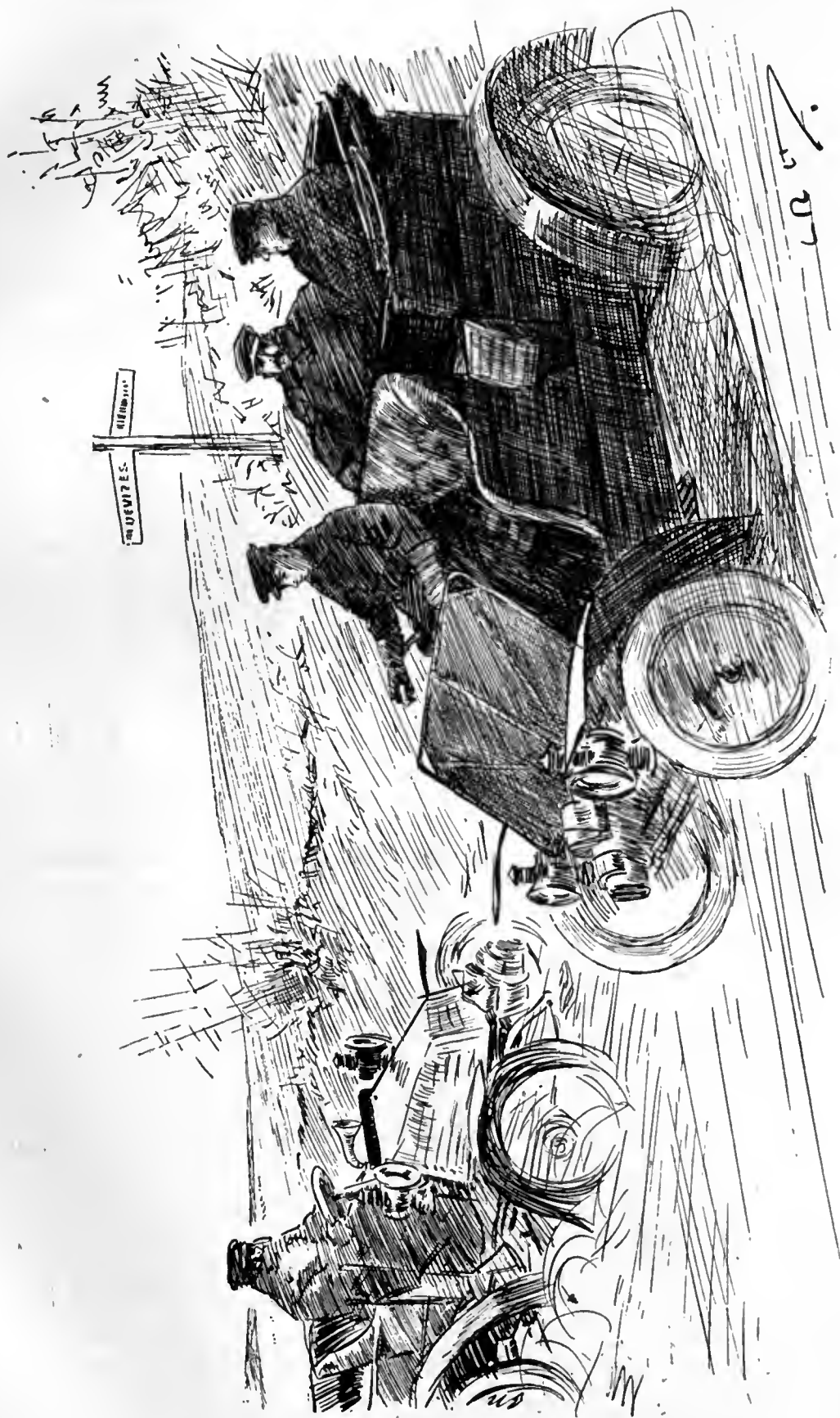
For the rest, if I here conclude this desultory journal, I would not have it supposed that I could not say more if I would. Simply I defer to the advice of the authority cited above, who recommends to the Pilgrim not only that his travel should "appear rather in his discourse than in his apparel and gesture" (here I am safe, having no clear desire to walk down Piccadilly in a sky-blue turban, waving a chowry to keep the flies off the Other Pilgrim), but that, as to his discourse, he should be "rather advised in his answers than forwards to tell stories." O. S.

SHAKSPEARE AND ERIN.

SIR,—A recent letter in the *Athenæum* draws attention to "*the Earliest Dublin Edition of Shakspeare's Plays*." Now there cannot be anything earlier than the earliest. So after all or before all, SHAKSPEARE, the Immortal Bard, was an Irishman! Hooroosh! Old Ireland for ever! And if the Bard had anything at all in common with BACON, sure wasn't it as "the Learned Pig that paid the rint!" "Play an' pay" was TEDDY O'SHAKSPEARE's motto. I know his name was WILLIAM, but what proof is there his other name wasn't TEDDY? None. Look at his plays! Isn't *Tempest* an Irish name? Then there's *Corry O'Lanus* and *O'Thello*, not to mention a hundred other proofs that could be brought forward. And you will remember the great trouble there was about "*The Ireland Forgeries*"? Were the "forgeries" ever proved against Old Ireland? O my country! Sir, SHAKSPEARE'S OURS!

ARS HIBERNICA (of Little Bray).

A DAY BEFORE THE FAIR.—According to the *Liverpool Echo* "the High Wycombe magistrates again inflicted fines in cases of Sunday trading on Saturday." In Buckinghamshire at any rate tradesmen are not behind the times.



Friend. "GOING ABOUT THIRTY, ARE WE? BUT DON'T YOU RUN SOME RISK OF BEING TULLED UP FOR EXCEEDING THE LEGAL PACE?"
 OTHER. "NOT IN A SOBER, RESPECTABLE-LOOKING CAR LIKE THIS. OF COURSE, IF YOU GO ABOUT IN A BLATANT, BRASS-BUCSD, SCARLET-PADED, SNORTING, FOREIGN AFFAIR, LIKE THAT, YOU
 ARE BOUND TO BE DROPTED ON, NO MATTER HOW SLOW YOU GO!"

THE END OF WOMAN.

["Having disposed of *The Unspeakable Scot*, Mr. T. W. H. CROSSLAND is about to turn his attention to 'Lovely Woman.'"—*The Academy*.]

LOVELY woman, howso sweet
Light and sunshine to thine eye,
Go, prepare thy winding-sheet,
For thou must die!
Pluck the pansy freaked with jet,
Pluck the glowing violet,
Pluck the white pink, pluck the lily,
And the drooping daffodilly,
Pluck them all and bring them here
To strew thy bier.

For thou must die!
Forged is the bolt of fate
Which shall hurl thee to thy doom,
And thy soul precipitate
To the gloom
Of the tomb.

Even now is raised the hand
Which shall hurl the fatal brand,
Even now—ah, woe is me
For the carnage I shall see
When on widow, wife and girl,
CROSSLAND ZEUS his bolt shall hurl!

CROSSLAND ZEUS! Ah, name of dread!
Scotland hears it, Scotland pales;
Scotland, weeping o'er her dead,
Panic-stricken quails.
His the hand that wrought her woe,
His the hand that struck the blow;
All her dearest sons he slew,
ROBBIE BURNS, and CROCKETT too;
Even sentimental Ian
Fell before this ruthless lion.

Tremble, lovely woman, then!
At every mother's daughter
Levelled is the ruthless pen
Which has wrought such slaughter.
Pitiful indeed shall be
Thy miserable lot
If he knows as much of thee
As about the Scot.
Then, oh, prepare thy funeral bed!
His vengeance will not tarry;
A moment and thy comely head
Shall lie, with all its beauty fled,
And CROSSLAND ZEUS shall smite thee
dead
As he has snitten BARRIE.

MARCONI'S SECRET.

Mr. MARCONI recently announced an invention which he states "will startle the world." He will, he says, make it known after his wireless experiments are completed. In the meantime, however, considerable interest has been aroused in the new invention, and speculation is rife as to the form it will take. From a mass of correspondence which has reached us we select the following communications:—

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN wires that "No



FEBRUARY. TIME—POST-DILUVIAN. THE MISSING LINK.

invention of MARCONI could equal some of the inventions of the Pro-Boers."

Mr. ALFRED HARMSWORTH writes, "Can Mr. MARCONI have invented a means of keeping closed the mouths of Little Englanders?"

Mr. CADBURY writes, "I would suggest that MARCONI's latest is an invention for infusing a sense of humour into the Jingoos. Such an achievement would seem almost impossible, but I am emboldened to make the suggestion by the emphatic phrase 'to startle the world.'"

Sir H. CAMPRELL-BANNERMAN "hopes that the new invention will take the form of a fence which allows its occupant to descend on both sides at once."

"CURATE" writes, "Can it be that Mr. MARCONI's invention takes the form of a stipend-stretcher?"

"MINOR POET" desires to know if MARCONI has invented a new rhyme to love?

Madame HUMBERT "would be pleased to know if M. MARCONI can beat her

inventive powers?" She points out, not without reason, that if any inventions have "startled the world," hers have.

"THE DRINK QUESTION."—Of course this in its simplest form is "What'll you take?" to which the form of answer depends on the taste and fancy of the interrogated. Becoming more complex, however, the correspondence on the subject has recently entered on the "Jug and Bottle Department," as the *Times* last week gave us the outpourings of a Bottle, from Yar-mouth, and in the same paper there was a note from a Nightingale, who, wishing to prove itself a very early bird and quite up-to-date, accompanied the aforesaid Bottle with its "jug."

When the Chairman of a Railway Company speaks of "the diversion of traffic," may it be understood that "Pleasure trips and excursions" are covered by this expression?

THE LIGHTNING LUNCHEON.

(A Wither-ing Retort).

[The *Lancet* condemns the proposal in favour of inaugurating a system of quick lunches for busy City men, and stigmatises it as "a wicked physiological step."]

SHALL I, wasting precious hours
Over lunch, exhaust my powers,
Dissipate my vital forces
Over dilatory courses,
Munch my lunch at ease and leisure,
Just to suit the *Lancet's* pleasure?
Howe'er quick the luncheon be,
'Twill not be too quick for me!

City pace is far too fleet
To afford us time to eat;
So we pile up £ s. d.,
Bother physiology!
Though dyspeptic horrors follow,
Summary shall be each swallow—
Howe'er quick the luncheon be,
'Twill not be too quick for me!

Shall I, dallying o'er a steak,
Miss the deals that I might make?
Give, while golden moments range,
Time to chops instead of 'Change?
'Cause the *Lancet* cries, "Go slow!"
Shall I cease to hurry? No!
Howe'er quick the luncheon be,
'Twill not be too quick for me!

"Time is money, money's time,"
There's the burden of my rhyme;
Clearly, then, the City needs
Automatic Ganymedes!
Could we find her, prized would she be,
Boon of boons—a clockwork Hebe!
Howe'er quick her works might be,
They'd not be too quick for me!

PAPER WEALTH.

(An Interview; circa 1913.)

"PALATIAL! truly palatial!" said Mr. *Punch's* Representative, as the tour of inspection came to an end. "Your mansion is indeed a dream of splendour, Mr. BROWN. Your pictures, your china, your books are enough to make any rival millionaire green with envy. And now, before closing this delightful interview, there is one further question which, with your permission, I should like to put to you."

"By all means," said Mr. BROWN affably.

"Well, then—I ask it not from mere curiosity, but in order that others may be taught to follow your illustrious example—how did you manage to accumulate this magnificent fortune?"

"By solving," replied Mr. BROWN. "I have long been at the head of that profession."

"Solving?" echoed his interviewer rather dubiously; "it's rather stupid of me—but I can't quite recollect—is it a soap or a pill?"



THE TAMING OF THE WILD BOER!

Joe (the Showman, exhibiting his somewhat backward pupil). "THERE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IT IS ALL DONE BY KINDNESS!"

["With a firm and sympathetic Government, the Dutch would learn to appreciate the blessings of British rule."—Mr. Chamberlain at Grahamstown, February 11, 1903.]

"Neither. Solving I said—and I meant it. By solving newspaper competitions!"

"What? You mean to say that by this alone——"

"Certainly. I began quite in a small way. My first success, I think, was to win a mere trifle—£50 a week for life, or something of the kind—from *Suips and Snaps*. Shortly afterwards, by answering correctly a series of picture-puzzles in the *Twinkler*, I gained a yacht, a motor-car, a French cook (wages paid by the *Twinkler*), and a set of tea-spoons."

"Dear me," said Mr. *Punch's* Representative. "And did you always succeed?"

"Not invariably. Still, I made a special study of the business, you know, and gave my whole time to it. Other competitors only spent a few hours a day over these puzzles, so naturally I got the better of them. In the famous *Sniggers* contest I tied with another man. Forty-seven supplementary competitions followed, and my rival and I

solved them all. When the forty-eighth came on he developed brain-fever and died. Consequently I gained the gold-mine, grand piano, and complete collection of postage stamps, which formed the prize on this occasion."

"But then for some years you had a seat in Parliament, I think? Surely your leisure then for your—er, profession must have been insufficient?"

"Ah, but you see an income of £560 was given with the seat. *Twopenny Twitters* gave me both—it had squared the electors, of course. That was the prize for finding the right names for a series of illustrations representing 50 eminent Ping-Pong players. But we've talked enough! Come and have some tea, and let me introduce you to my wife. By the way, you know how I won her?"

"What?" gasped Mr. *Punch's* Representative, "surely she wasn't——"

"Yes, indeed she was. First prize in the *Leading Lady's* 'Matrimonial Aerostics Tourney.' And she has given me every satisfaction!"

THE PREVALENT DOLL-SONG.

"In the fashionable kind of drawing-room song, you no longer hear the ballad of sentiment, or passion, or despair, such as were the mode some seven years ago; there are no elegies of parted lovers—nothing, in short, that will make the least sentimental person uncomfortable. The new song, on the contrary, is of an amazing *naïveté*. We have nothing more tragic than the love affairs of wax dolls, the jealousies of the nursery."

Ladies' Field.

I'm only a simple Dolly,
But I know a thing or two;
I squeak like Pretty Polly,
And wink till all is blue!

My brains are sawdust merely,
Inside a head of wax;
I'm fashioned very queerly
Of canvas, glue and flax.

My face is one big simper
Of foolish pink-and-white;
My limbs each day get limper,
And I cannot stand upright.

But I'm not so badly wanting
In wit and common sense
As those who now are chanting
Doll-songs with coy pretence.

Their trash is idiotic,
No love affairs I've got.
'Tis make-believe erotic,
With the accent on the *rot*!

Into the gutter fling them—
No doll of any *nous*
Could bring itself to sing them
Or hear them in its house!

Though it isn't *real* passion
That heaves my dummy breast,
At such infantile fashion
I must for once protest!

IN BLACK AND BLUE.

By R-DY-RD K-PL-NG.

My friend Private MULVANEY, of the 1st Grenadiers, is a man whose views on all Army matters I am accustomed to accept with implicit confidence. But I confess that when I was listening to him the other day, I began to wonder whether he had not been indulging in an excessive quantity of beer.

"F'what I say to you, Sorr, is bhoys will be bhoys," he began.

"But when they are officers in His Majesty's Brigade of Guards, and five-or six-and-twenty years of age?" I inquired.

"Niver you mind

that, Sorr. Once a little Orf'cer bhoys always a little Orf'cer bhoys. You've only got to read your own stories to see that."

This was a home thrust of MULVANEY's to which I had no reply handy. So I only remarked lamely, "That seems very curious."

"Not at all, Sorr," he replied. "'Tis the syshtim. The British Army is run on the principle that no Orf'cer ever grows up. 'Tis an inshtitushun for the cultivashun of perpetual youth. Why, there's many a full-blown General of Divishun who's mentally a complete infant. You shaw that in ShouthAfrica, Sorr. An' after the warr was over, do you remember that shpeech—?"

I interrupted him hastily. MULVANEY's comments on certain events in the South African campaign, and certain subsequent happenings therewith connected, are apt to be unprintable.

"Never mind about the Generals," I said. "It's the subalterns who are engrossing public attention at this moment."

"Children, Sorr, mere children," said MULVANEY. "An' 'tis the Army that kapes thim so. If they were civilians, poor dhivils, they'd be working at professions or businesses, and grow up in no time. 'Tis workk that turns bhoys into men. But shubalterns don't workk in the Guards, Sorr. 'Tis not considered good form. An' they've no time for ut. F'what wid tryin' on their suits in Bond Street, an' cavortin' at Rigimental balls, and runnin' the Rigimental dhrag, an' playin' Rigimental polo, their days are as full as a tick already."

"But that kind of thing doesn't tend to produce good officers," I ventured to suggest.

"You're wrong, Sorr. The British Orf'cer is the mosht shplendid product of civilizashun. Look at his uniform! 'Tis pro-digious! Fits close to the figure. No room to breathe anywhere. Could lace on the trousies an' gorgeous trimmins all over."

"But he can't fight in it," I objected, "and he never wears it."

"Thrue for you, Sorr. 'Tis bad form for a British Orf'cer to wear his uniform. But if you are iver lucky enough to catch him in ut the effect is shstupendous. And dishcipline? Where else will you find the like av ut? Is there any other man av five-and-twenty in the world that would put up with ut?"

I said I thought not.

"'Tis a glorious inshtitushun, a shubaltern's court-martial. Ut brings out the finer feelins. Ut raises the self-respect. Yes, Sorr, 'tis only when a shubaltern has been ignominiously whipped by his fellow shubalterns that he realises with pride f'what ut is to be an orf'cer and a gentleman."

"It sounds to me like a disgusting outrage," I said, "and a very vulgar one."

"Dhivil a bit, your honour. If a Kurnul finds that a junior Orf'cer has disobeyed ordlers, f'what can be more dignified than that he should hand him over to the senior shubaltern to deal with? 'Deal with' manes whippin', Sorr."

"Well, well," I cried, "it may answer in the Army, but it wouldn't do in any other business or profession that I'm acquainted with. Fancy a bank manager who couldn't keep his clerks in order without handing them over to the senior cashier to be 'dealt with' in that way!"

"'Twould be risinted, Sorr, no doubt. But civilians are not accushtomed to be trated like children. 'Tis a different matther in the Army."

"It certainly seems to be," I replied.

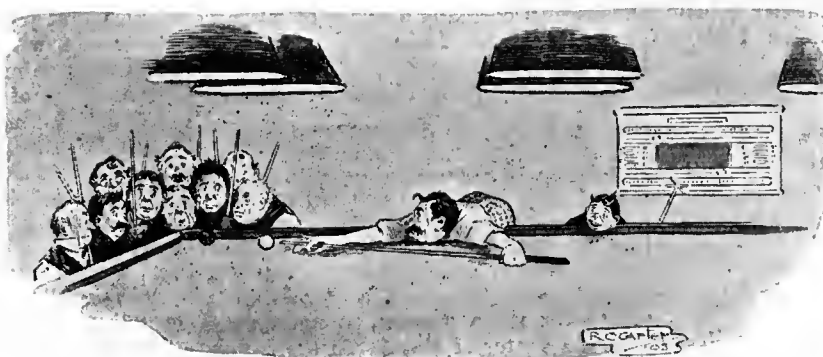
Exam. Season.

Industrious Lad (to Companion). Get up your subject?

Idle Lad. Subject? No. Don't see the object.

NECESSARY NOTICE.

N.B.—Every letter, or other communication, sent to the Editor of "PUNCH" must be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope, enclosed, for return. Also, with any drawing, or manuscript, must be enclosed stamped and addressed wrapper. Vide Notice always appearing on frontispiece of every Number of "PUNCH."



FANCY SKETCH. "SHELL OUT." THE LAST BALL.



ROBBERY WITH VIOLENCE.

Lady (who has just jumped on fallen Sportsman). "I'M AWFULLY SORRY! I HOPE WE DIDN'T HURT YOU?"
Fallen Sportsman. "OH, I'M ALL RIGHT, THANKS. BUT—ER—DO YOU MIND LEAVING ME MY HAT?"

THE INNER CIRCLE.

THE Premier finished playing his new composition, a Golf Gavotte, and the Inner Cabinet sighed with relief. Even business was better than that.

"So you've been making an alliance with Germany, L-NSD-WNE?" he said gaily.

"Wherever did you hear of that?" asked the amazed Foreign Secretary.

"Two caddies were talking outside the club-house yesterday. Between ourselves I may say that they scarcely approved of it."

"Things turn out so differently from what one expects," said the Foreign Secretary in a melancholy tone. "Now everybody liked my last alliance, and I thought that if any one raised any objection to this we could just call them pro-Venezuelans and sweep the country. But you can't call the *Standard* and *Times* pro-Venezuelans. Do you know what the *Daily Mail* said of me?"

"Who is he?" asked the Premier.

"It's a newspaper, and it really was most offensive."

"Why read it then?—I never read a paper."

"But I'm Foreign Secretary, and I must read the papers to see what's happening abroad."

"Did HE approve?" asked the Premier.

"He was away in Africa, and didn't know."

The Premier smiled, and stepping to the piano sang a verse of a popular song—"When JOEY comes marching home."

The unusual sound woke the Duke. "Leave well alone," he growled, and went to sleep again.

"That's the only advice he'll give me," said the Foreign Secretary plaintively. "What is the use of having a man in a Cabinet who will never say anything but that?"

"Didn't you even tell A-ST-N?"

"No; unless he read the papers as they went through the post he knows nothing."

"That wouldn't be the thing, would it? I don't think the Postmaster-General reads the letters. Has anyone here ever been Postmaster-General?"

"I think I was once," said the Secretary for India, "but it was long ago, and I don't remember anything about it except that it was a poor salary."

The Premier leant back in his chair.

"Really, L-NSD-WNE, it's very awkward. You know our friend takes offence so easily, and he has a very bitter tongue. It's best not to quarrel with that kind of man. Now there's a medical man, a Doctor CLIFFORD, who *would* quarrel with me about vaccination. Let me see, was it vaccination? Yes, it must have been, for he was a medical man. Well, I actually had to write a pamphlet against him. It would have been much better to have avoided him. So, if I were you, I would go for a little tour abroad before HE comes back."

The Foreign Secretary's face brightened.

"I'll take a warship and go and investigate the Hinterland of Aden."

"Very good; by all means take a ship. You see it doesn't do to have a row at the Cabinet meetings. It wakes D-Y-NSH-RE, and makes things most uncomfortable."

The Duke stirred in his sleep when his name was mentioned, and faintly murmured; "Leave well alone."

The sitting of the Inner Cabinet was over.

"SUPPORT HOME INDUSTRIES."

THERE are who say that England's art,
Her enterprise, her gift of trade,
Hustled by men from foreign parts,
Are on the steady downward grade.

We man with strange imported stuff
The ships that held the world in fee;
Our latest diplomatic bluff—
We got it made in Germany!

Our local artists lie a-cold,
Or walk the street disguised as tramps,
While alien fists affect to mould
The bust upon our postage stamps.

When the musician's hand is heard
Extracting strains without an air,
There's always some exotic bird
Building amid his matted hair.

Or look at SHAKESPEARE's native field!
Does it not cause our pride a wrench
To find PINERO's humour yield
To farces lifted from the French?

Or pass to those more crucial things
That made us what we—used to be;
Regard the Yankee making "rings"
All round the race that ruled the Sea!

They run our fleets; our tubes they lay;
From them we likewise learn the trick
Of selling little twists of hay
To make the little smoker sick.

But, worse than all (and here I strike
A note too deep for ribald rhyme),
They say the immigrant is like
To cut us out *in point of crime*!

Statistics prove the appalling fact
That in the artful dodger's game
These others show a verve and tact
That puts our connoisseurs to shame.

In vacant hall or social crush
Where plate is pinched or purses leek,
The foreign artist brings a blush
Upon the native's brazen cheek.

Here surely we should draw the line;
It is a case—I feel it is—
Where honest men might well combine
In aid of local industries.

I care not much though alien folk
In other spheres assume the van;
But he that wants to pick my poke
Must be a true-born Englishman.

Free Trade I call a noble creed;
I'd hate to see that fetish crack;
And yet at times I think we need
The other kind of commerce back.

As buds that fear an April gale—
Ask them to face the cold,—they can't;
They need Protection, being frail,—
Such is the British burglar's plant.

LOWTHER! on you I urge his claim,
To you this task of love assign;
So in the heavens by the name
Of "BURGLAR'S JEMMY," you shall shine!

O. S.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

PAYING a sort of flying-fish visit to the West Indies, my Baronite happened upon *A Narrative of a Journey up the Caura River*, by E. ANDRÉ. The Caura flows through trackless pathways of Guiana. Since the time of WALTER RALEIGH it has ever fascinated explorers. Spaniards dreamed of a golden city somewhere on its banks. Three centuries ago expedition after expedition left the plateau of Quito in search of it. RALEIGH, in his work describing the Discovery of Guiana, chronicles a report ("for my own part I am resolved is true") that the dwellers by the banks of the Caura "have their eyes in their shoulders, their mouths in the middle of their breasts, a long train of hair growing backward between their shoulders." Is this, by the way, the source of SHAKESPEARE's dream of

Men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders?

Mr. ANDRÉ, accompanied by seven men, including two expert hunters, started on his adventurous journey on November 29, 1900. On May 22 in the following year a boat-load of starved human beings, transformed beyond recognition, reached the settlement nearest to the trackless waste over which some of them had literally crawled back. Returning after making their way southward as far as the mountain Amèha, their dugout was wrecked in one of the numerous rapids through which the Caura storms its way to join the Orinoco. With the wreck went all the hardy earned treasures of the journey—a collection of birds (some novel to mankind), seeds, insects, herbarium specimens, and ANDRÉ's journal, containing precious notes, the work of months. Fever-stricken, famished, the prey of insects, some cutting their way through trackless forests, others hourly facing the peril of shipwreck in a crank dugout, they doggedly won their way back to civilisation. The book, printed in a local newspaper office in Trinidad, is accompanied by a portfolio of 29 photographs taken on the spot. It deserves a wider circle of readers than this form of introduction is likely to secure for it. An enterprising London publisher might find it worth looking up.

In *A Castle in Spain* (SMITH, ELDER & Co.), Mr. BERNARD CAPES has given us a romance of thrilling interest. Many of the dramatic situations are such as GUSTAVE DORÉ, or, before him, GEORGE CRUKSHANK, would have seized upon as offering great chances. The scene, in the latter part of the story, where the dwarf—a veritable "Dwarf of Blood," to quote the signature to some of the raciest articles in a certain pink publication—performs prodigies of valour, would have furnished either of the above-mentioned artists with a splendid opportunity for their blackest and whitest. The writer's style is reminiscent of THACKERAY in *Esmond*, of ANTHONY HOPE, of "Q," and in certain parts of GEORGE MEREDITH, especially when his epigram tends towards obscurity. To get all these authors at their best in one novel is no small achievement; yet it is a salad of which the peculiarly attractive flavour is the author's own secret. Taken for all in all, it is one of the very best romances the Baron has come across for some considerable time.

A stimulating commencement characterises GEORGE GRIFFITH's *The World Masters* (JOHN LONG), but the interest is allowed to drop until the eighth chapter, when it is revived, yet only for a while. "Ah!" sighs the Baron, "to what sensational uses would not *Sherlock Holmes* have put the material that this author had at his command? But '*such an honest chronicler as GRIFFITH*' will soon give us something better, something more stirring. So till then, GRIFFITH, farewell!—nay—Patience! till his next romance," quoth the sanguine

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



Bernard Partridge

FOREIGN COMPETITION.

BRITISH HABITUAL CRIMINAL. "WELL, IF THESE 'ERE FURRIN ALIENS IS A-GOIN' TER TAKE THE BREAD OUT OF A HONEST MAN'S MOUTH—BLIMEY IF I DON'T TURN COPPER!"

MR. PUNCH'S SKETCHY INTERVIEWS.

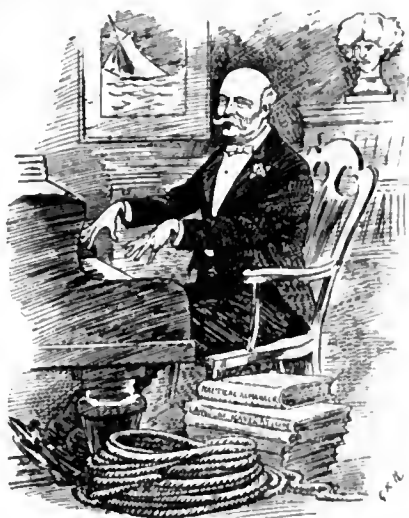
XII.—SIR HUBERT PARRY.

"AVAST there!" cried the genial Director of the Royal College of Music, playfully saluting us with a belaying pin and several marlinspikes, as we entered his sumptuous sanctum in Prince Consort Road. Sir HUBERT, it should be explained, was originally intended for the Navy, and to this day spends all his available leisure on the briny deep. But having inadvertently become a Bachelor of Music while still at Eton, it was impossible for him to be altogether wedded to the ocean wave. Proceeding from Eton to Exeter College, Oxford, he took kindly to cricket, and foreshadowed his distinction



He spends all his available leisure on the briny deep.

in other fields of activity by his free and easy scoring. After Oxford the naval instinct once more asserted itself, and for a short time he occupied a desk at Lloyd's, where he edited a collection of sailors' "chanties," and practised assiduously on the *tromba marina*. Encouraged by the reception of these efforts, young PARRY studied composition under HERRESHOFF, KIEL, DANNREUTHER, and, having submitted a masterly exercise in demonstration of the hitherto unsuspected truth that two consecutive fifths are equal to a submerged tenth, was granted his certificate as Master Mariner, and was shortly afterwards appointed musical critic to the *Pilot*. His deep interest in the Mercantile Marine was further evinced in the fact that perhaps his most resounding success was achieved in a cantata richly scored for a Pair of Sirens. His notorious prowess as a



"Premature baldness rendered it absolutely impossible for me to attain distinction as a pianistic virtuoso."

swimmer is fitly commemorated in his incidental music to the *Frogs*, while his favourite song is "*L'esperto nocchiero*."

The readiness with which Sir HUBERT vouchsafed information on these points encouraged us to ask a few further questions.

"Have you time," we asked, "to play any instrument nowadays?"

"Nary a blooming one," was the prompt response. Then with a swift return to the decorous diction of the *Evolution of Music*, he added, "Unfortunately premature baldness rendered it absolutely impossible for me to attain distinction as a pianistic virtuoso."

"Is it true, Sir HUBERT," we timidly queried, "that in one of your lectures you alluded to the old Masters as 'those old buffers'?"

"Great César Cui!" exploded the Director, "did I really now? Well, it



"I have a bomb-proof turret into which I retire at times."

shan't occur again. But I sometimes forget that I am a Choragus, and lapse into the breezy vernacular. You see it's harder to play the part when you don't look it." We may add that it is the great sorrow of Sir HUBERT's life that no stranger ever took him for a musician.

Adroitly changing the subject we then inquired:—

"Which do you think the greater composer, RICHARD STRAUSS or SOUSA?"

"O, come now," said Sir HUBERT PARRY, "you might as well ask me the difference between a March King and a March Hare—or a May Queen," he added, as a familiar strain of STERNDALÉ BENNETT's floated up the corridor. "Personally I am more akin to SOUSA, as we are both J.P.'s."

"Your duties then must be very arduous?"

"They are indeed. The crew of the



To take a flying leap into a passing hansom was the work of fewer seconds than it takes to describe.

Royal College numbers upwards of 400, and, as they all sing or play, the noise is sometimes tremendous. However, I have a bomb-proof turret into which I retire at times. And then I have a splendid set of officers—an eloquent PARRATT, an ARBOS who is never up a tree, a WOOD who never shivers his timbers, a BRIDGE who plays his game two-handed—wonderful fellows all of them."

"And what are your recreations?"

"Well, an occasional novel—being a skipper comes in handy there—and attending my parish council in Gloucestershire. And that reminds me that I have only eight minutes to catch my train at Paddington. You'll excuse me if I leave you."

To light a powerful cigar, to seize his coat, hat, and a huge bundle of MS.

score, take a flying leap into a passing hansom, was for Sir HUBERT the work of fewer seconds than it takes us to describe his meteoric movements. From his courteous registrar, who accompanied us to the vestibule, we learned that the Director is causing his friends no little anxiety by his avowed intention of purchasing a submarine yacht, having so often previously attempted to commit Parrycide on sea and land.

PRODUCTION OF MR. JABBERJEE'S PLAY.

(Communicated by the Author.)

I.

If I may be justified to form an opinion from more than one epistle forwarded to myself from *Punch's* Offices, there are already many millions of habitual playgoers who are on the *qui vive* of expectancy to witness my unparagoned drama of *Mr. Frankenstein* represented on some first-class London stage.

I can assure them it is no fault of their humble servant's that they have had to wait so long for such a desiderated spectacle. For I embraced an early opportunity of furnishing every London acting-manager of any importance whatever with type-written scenarios and sample extracts—but so far without receiving even the bare courtesy of a nude acknowledgment!

I have also used best endeavours to personally buttonhole some of the bigger theatrical wigs and enlist their sympathies on my behalf, but it appears that these illustrious Thespians are such inordinate lovers of seclusion that it is humanly impossible to interview them on any pretext.

However, *Audaces Fortuna juvat!* and, not being a steed that I can starve while the stable-door is being so insouciantly shut in my face, I have luckily fallen in with a benign and magnanimous patron, who has generously undertaken to do the necessary to insure me a popular hearing.

This high-minded personage enjoys the double-barrelled appellation of Mr. CHESEBOROUGH DUCROW, and he is so violently in love with my Tragedy that he is prepared to produce same at a fashionable West End Theatre as a *matinée*-performance, on the terms that he shall furnish the requisite company, sceneries, &c., on my provision of the wherewithal for all monetary expenses.

These latter I shall easily recoup by sales of admission-tickets on the share-and-share-alike principle, and he assures me that countless tip-top managerial swells and dramatical critics will be all agog to behold such a *rara avis* as a drama by a native Indian gentleman, and that I am certain to secure a very bulky whale by the expenditure of a mere sprat.

Moreover, I shall have the immense advantage of being interpreted by players all of whom are guaranteed *au fait*, for it appears that Mr. DUCROW is the official Principal of a Select Dramatic College, and he has promised to pick out only such of his *alumnuses* upon whom, after passing very stiff exams, he has recently conferred the degree of B.A. (Bachelor of Acting).

This is a distinction which is not possessed even by Managers of His Majesty's, Haymarket, Garrick, Adelphic, or indeed any other similar establishment, and Mr. DUCROW declares to me that if such Acting-Managers were to present themselves for a pass-certificate, he would be compelled as a conscientious to plough the entire boiling!

Still I may confidentially hint to Honbles BEERHOME, MAUDE-ROBERTSON, BOUTCHER, & Co. that I am already so firmly established in Mr. DUCROW's good books that *any nominee of mine* would infallibly obtain a first-rate degree—perhaps without more than a *pro formâ* exam. But it would of

course be unreasonable to expect me to exert influence for any individual who is too churlish to scratch my back in return! Am I understood, Mist'ers? . . .

I have now had the honour to be introduced to my Company.

Mr. SILLIPHANT (who is to play the hero) is perhaps somewhat senile to enact a Collegian such as my *Mr. Frankenstein*, but he engages that, by dint of a fair wig and a modicum of grease-paint, he can transform himself to a stripling. Besides being a certified B.A., he is the practical tragedian, having been employed for over two months in a provincial *Sign of the Cross* Company as the understudent of a Christian martyr.

The *Monster* will be enacted by a Mr. FITKIN, who, for family reasons, has adopted the stagey nomenclature of "OSRIC BELSIZE." He is of mediocre stature, and still entitled to plead infancy (except for legal necessities)—but of excessively buxom comely appearance.

No sooner were we acquainted than he handed me a photographic presentment of himself as he appeared at some charitable theatricals in SHERIDAN's play of *Masks and Faces*. I thanked him effusively for so handsome a present, and was proceeding to promise, by way of equivalent, a copy of my own photo in frockcoat and turband by a Calcutta firm—when he hastily explained that it was not a gift but simply a loan-exhibit, and replaced it in his bosom-pocket. He admits that the *Monster* is a big part, and is confident that he will make something out of it.

The other gentleman-actors are also adolescents—but, though they profess that they have merely entered Mr. DUCROW's Academical-College "for the lark of the thing," it is manifest that without laborious diligence they could not so speedily have qualified as B.A.'s.

As for the ladies, though of less juvenility, they are a very genteel spritely set of females. Miss VIRGINIA POTT (whose theatrical pseudonym is "OPHELIA DANESCOURT") is to take the part of *Safie*, the beautiful Turkish, and is a middle-aged erudite spinster, and fanatical admirer of Poet SHAKESPEARE, the whole of whose works she has *au bout des ongles* and cites incessantly.

In this she is by no means on all fours with Miss ROUSIE RAWKINS, a young maiden with a voice of rather too strident intonations, who is to play *Agatha* under the appellation of "Miss DAPHNE VANSITTART," and who blames the Bard on the ground of his excessive coarseness.

She has, however, paid my drama the deservedly high compliment of her opinion that it does not contain a single line that is incapable of being spoken by a perfect lady!

For the heroine—*Miss Elizabeth Lavenza*—a certain Miss ENID TITTENSOR has been selected. She is of somewhat engaging exterior, but afflicted with such overweening sheepishness that she cannot even read her part without paroxysms of irrepressible gigglings. I am earnestly hoping that she will exhibit greater *sangfroid* by the date of performance.

The aforesaid Mr. DUCROW has been obliged to procure an outside urchin to play the important rôle of *Little Darling William*—to wit, a certain Master HALFRID CHUGG, who, although extremely precocious, is as yet too callow to become a full-fledged B.A.

Notwithstanding this, I foresee that he will prove fairly competent to perform so infantile a character—though I shall make it a *sine quâ non* that before his public appearance he is to perform his ablutions by washing at least his face.

Mr. CHESEBOROUGH DUCROW has secured the Royal Oak Theatre, Westbourne Park, for my *matinée* performance.

It is indubitably situated more at the West End than such *soi-disant* establishments as the Haymarket and His Majesty's Theatres, and as buses are in the habit of passing

it by at frequent intervals, it is, so I am credibly informed, the favourite pleasure resort of all the Upper Circles.

Unluckily it is in such request that it is not feasible to hire the stage for more than a single afternoon, and it is therefore compulsory to hold all our rehearsal-practices in Mr. CHESEBOROUGH DUCROW'S Academy, which, being a first-floor drawing-room apartment in the Euston Road, is not constructed to accommodate more than three or four characters at a time, so that in the more populated scenes the majority must recite their respective parts from the landing outside.

This, however, is a small matter, since I am told the *Dramatis personæ* will not be so shamefully over-crowded on the actual stage.

I can promise that the sceneries will be truly magnificent, as Mr. Ducrow has undertaken that no expense shall be spared upon same.

It only remains to announce that the date of this superbly solemn dramatic event is now irrevocably fixed for Wednesday week at 2.30 p.m. Evening dress not compulsory. There will be a Refreshments-counter.

Readers of *Punch* may depend on being allotted best seats, on forwarding P.O.'s for 7s. 6d. per head, with stamped addressed envelopes to myself, c/o Hon-ble Editor (whom I am entitling to admission *gratis*).
H. B. J.

A ROMANCE OF THE PERIOD.

["From New York we hear of a lover who does his wooing with a revolver. It is alleged that he put one arm round the lady's waist, and with the other held a revolver to her face. Then he threatened that if she did not agree to marry him he would shoot her."—*Daily Paper*.]

... EDWIN crept noiselessly and on all fours to the half-opened door of the armour-plated drawing-room. His heart leapt within him. ANGELINA, dreamily gazing into the fire, was off guard!

Sliding the door gently forward, he advanced slowly, still upon hands and knees, until he was within the firing line. Then, rising quickly and cocking his revolver, he whispered tenderly, "ANGELINA!"

The next moment the fair object of his desires was upon her feet ready to give the alarm.

"Do not, dearest ANGELINA," he cried. "But listen to me. I love you dearly, you are the light of my eyes, the object of my most devoted admiration—and if you move in any but one direction you are a dead woman."

"And that direction is?"

"Into these arms, darling," he replied. "No! I do not mean these fire-arms, but these human, that long to take you captive." He paused for a

moment and then continued softly: "Immediately hand over the key of your heart or I shall have to open fire upon you."

For a moment the beautiful girl was uncertain what to do. She knew that if her father were communicated with he would quickly bring the family howitzer—which had already accounted for fourteen swains—to bear upon the enemy. Even now he might be marching to her relief. Her brother, too, she thought, was only in the garden, and might be reconnoitring the enemy's position from the outside. She must hold out at all costs. Putting her hand into her pocket, she drew forth her

handkerchief and waved it aloft. "The white flag!" he exclaimed; "well, what do you want?"

"An armistice for a quarter of an hour," replied the brave girl.

"Ha!" he said. "I see. You are looking for reinforcements. But my brother GEORGE is covering your brother's advance from the garden, and your father is already in hospital. Must I open fire?" He added the last words in a tremulous tone.

She looked around her for any aid. But there was none in prospect.

"I surrender," she said.

The next moment EDWIN had taken her prisoner.



Jones. "DO YOU DRINK BETWEEN MEALS?"

Smith. "NO. I EAT BETWEEN DRINKS."

Jones. "WHICH DID YOU DO LAST?"

Smith. "DRINK."

Jones. "THEN WE'D BETTER GO AND HAVE A SANDWICH AT ONCE!"

P. H. M. 44
03

"THE COUNTRY LUNCH CLUB."

[According to the *Daily Graphic* of Feb. 18, an organisation has been formed to encourage City men to journey out of town to some pleasant place twenty miles or more away, consume a midday meal, and get back to business almost as soon as their clerks. Guildford was selected as the venue for the initial exodus of the Club.]

Oh to be in Guildford,
Now the Lunch Club's there,
And whoever lives in Guildford
Sees some morning, unaware,
A hungry crowd beyond belief
Rush up the street for a visit brief
To the "Chequers," the "Jolly Farmer," the "Plough,"
In Guildford now!

After each train-load, one more follows,
Migrating like a flock of swallows;
They one and all have taken a solemn pledge
To sniff the turnips and to feed in clover.
That's the Prize Pig; he eats each course twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine rural rapture!
When all the bosses such a plan pursue,
And miss the train back from their pasture new,
All will be gay in London when they dower
Their staff thus with an extra playful hour!

PITY THE POOR LANDOWNER!

THE Liberty and Property Defence League from time to time raises its voice in lamentation over the crushing character of the Death Duties. In fact the League seems inclined to agree with the lady in the play who declared, "What with the duties expected of you during your life, and the duties exacted from you after your death, land is rapidly ceasing to be either a profit or a pleasure. It gives you a position and prevents you from keeping it up. That is all that can be said about land!"

The following letters which *Mr. Punch* has received on the subject seem to show that that *dictum* was but too well founded.

THE DUKE OF LOAMSHIRE writes:—"Owing to Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's iniquitous tax I have been compelled to a series of retrenchments of the most distressing nature. Of my nine country seats I have been obliged to close temporarily no less than three. One of these, it is true, is in Ireland, and as it has not been occupied for the last twenty years this is no great inconvenience. But the loss of the other two I feel keenly. The stables at Loam are now a perfect desert. Nothing is left in them save a few hunters, a hack or two, and the Duchess's carriage horses. While of our twelve thousand acres of shooting in Fifeshire no less than seven thousand are now let! Such is the state of indigence to which this crushing impost has reduced us!"

SIR GORGIUS MIDAS, Bart., writes:—"The profound sorrow which the death of my late father caused the country is only equalled by the poignant pecuniary distress it has occasioned his son. Lady MIDAS and myself have actually been compelled to let our house in Park Lane, and are now living penuriously in South Audley Street. The most rigid economy is necessary in our household expenditure. One of the under cooks has been dismissed, also the third coachman; and we now have only five footmen. I need not point out the unmerited suffering which this state of things must have caused to the dependants whose services we have been compelled to dispense with."

MR. JOHN BLOGGINS, son of the well-known South African millionaire, writes:—"The amount of the death duties payable upon my father's estate will be not less than five hundred thousand pounds. In order to raise this sum

without encroaching on the capital it will be necessary to curtail even necessary expenditure upon his numerous English estates, raise the rents of his tenants wherever possible, dismiss all servants, gardeners and gamekeepers who are getting past their work, and, of course, abandon all subscriptions to charitable and other benevolent and public objects whatsoever. The last of these will be a serious deprivation to me, as it will mean the almost indefinite postponement of the knighthood on which I had set my heart. I am sure you will agree with me, Sir, that a financial expedient which has this deplorable result is entirely unworthy of even a mediocre Statesman!"

TO A "CHUCKER-OUT."

(By a Gentleman on the Black List.)

WILLIAM (a person unsurpassed in size),
Thy bosom, tender as the brooding hen's is,
Might wring a teardrop from the grossest eyes,
And move the dullest to poetic frenzies;
And yesternight, as round thy feet I clung,
I swore thy charms should never go unsung.

Men know thee well; the organ-grinder's boy
Eyes thee askance and moves discreetly on;
The languorous housemaid winks on thee for joy,
Thou art so beautiful to look upon.
Oft have I heard the unrequited sigh
From love-lorn Duchesses that pass thee by.

WILLIAM, dost thou recall how on a day
I backed my first and only Derby winner,
And subsequently fell an easy prey
To Bacchus at a rather lavish dinner,
And how I started up the mazy street
Poised on a pair of disconnected feet?

Thy hand it was that with a mother's care
Unhooked me from an irresponsible stranger,
That haled me to a hansom by the hair
And placed me, still protesting, out of danger;
Thy tongue restrained with eloquent appeal
The strenuous constable's unholy zeal.

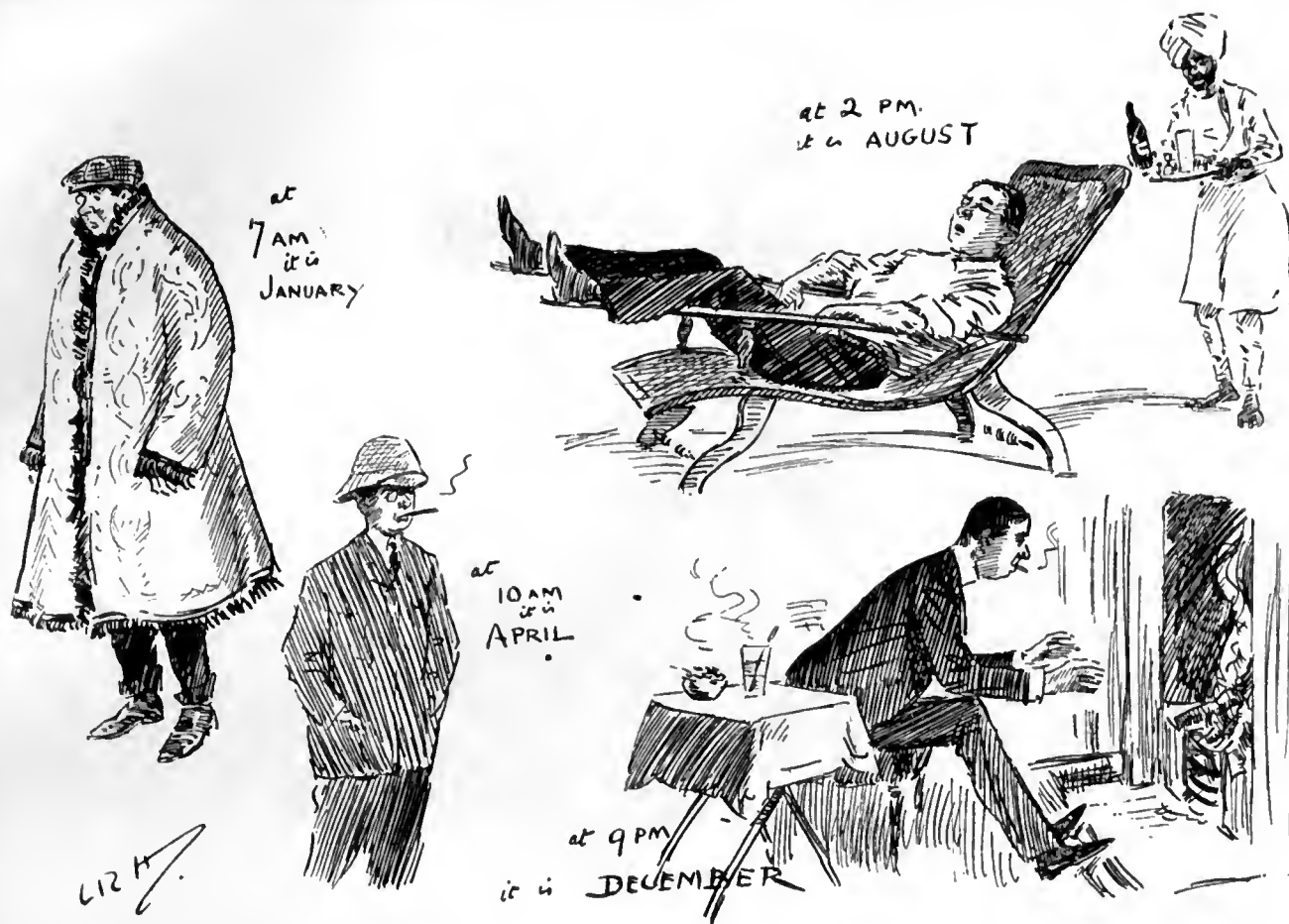
WILLIAM, alas! a Law severe and new
Enacts that he who falls a prey to liquor,
Whose limbs grow light beneath the potent brew,
Whose speech with each ensuing draught grows thicker
Shall be debarred the moist abodes of sin,
And that thou may'st not, canst not let him in!

And I must thirst! 'twere idle to resist,
Bearing the law's deep dudgeon still in mind;
Within thy poke there lies an awful List:
The yet more awful Beak looms large behind!
And even thou, without mine ancient haunt,
Dost wave thy frowning feet and cry, "Avaunt!"

The times are changed and we must alter too,
Who oft enjoyed congenial carouses;
The flowing bowl must rigidly eschew,
Or seek the same in alien public-houses,
Where still perchance refreshment we may claim,
Unknown alike to potmen and to Fame.

COLLUSION?—In *Sporting Life* (Feb. 14) the Committee of the Waterloo Coursing Meeting advertised that "the arrangements previously made with pickpockets and welshers will be continued."

MOTTO FOR SIR FREDERICK LUGARD.—"*Arma virumque Kano.*"



VARIETY.

Extract from a Globe-trotter's Correspondence:—"DEAR JACK,—YOU TALK ABOUT THE CHANGEABLENESS OF THE WEATHER AT HOME, BUT EVEN IN THE SHINY EAST WE GET A FEW SAMPLES IN THE COURSE OF TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, AS ABOVE."

CHARIVARIA.

SOMEONE who thinks Ping-Pong succeeded because of its pretty title has invented a game called "Wibbly-Wob."

Oyster-lovers may like to know that, according to an eminent medical man, the bivalves are entirely free from danger if first thoroughly soaked in carbolic.

There is still a considerable amount of discontent among solicitors at the decision of many County Court Judges that they must wear their gowns. It is felt that a change should be made either in the gowns of the solicitors or those of the Court ushers in order that the public may know which is which. It will be remembered that barristers are allowed to wear wigs.

MR. FISHER UNWIN has published a book entitled *Augustus*, and it is having an enormous sale among patrons of comic literature, whose language is terrible to hear when they discover it to

be a serious treatise on the founder of the Roman Empire.

And MR. GAMBIER BOLTON'S *A Book of Beasts* is being freely ordered by all sorts of objectionable persons, to see whether they have been found out.

MR. JOHN PHILIP SOUSA has again been accused of theatricality. The current number of the *Lady's Magazine* publishes his portrait in "Some Notes on our Theatrical Favourites."

In the Chamber of Deputies, M. BINDER has called M. COMBES a chameleon, and it was noticed that the PRIME MINISTER distinctly changed colour at the accusation.

A clever young surgeon is said to be studying the question of the possibility of making dogs talk. There is little doubt that a fortune awaits the man who will make cats keep quiet.

The village of Ontario, Ohio, boasts of a boy only four months old who

whistles a variety of tunes learned from his father during the latter's endeavours to lull him to sleep. He also possesses a voice of wonderful power. The father is distracted.

There is likely to be trouble between the Hon. JAMES W. S. LANGERMAN and the *Daily Express*. In an interview in that paper on the subject of Morocco the Hon. JAMES W. S. LANGERMAN is made to say: "The Sultan is very fond of his horses, mechanical contrivances of all kinds, and his private Zoo. On one occasion when I was there . . ."

The scene of the play, *A Snug Little Kingdom*, now running at the Royalty, is not laid in Saxony.

PROFESSIONAL MODESTY. — MR. HALL CAINE has written to a branch of the "Dickens Fellowship" in the following generous terms: "The revival of interest in DICKENS is perhaps the most remarkable literary event of my time." May one conjecture what lies behind the reservation in that saving word "perhaps"?



First Golfer (to second golfer, who is caught in a bunker). "WELL, JONES TOLD ME THIS MORNING HE DID THIS HOLE YESTERDAY IN FOUR."

Second Golfer (who stammers). "IF JONES S-S-S-AID HE DID IT IN FOUR, HE WAS A L-I-I-L—"

First Golfer. "STEADY, FRIEND, STEADY!"

Second Golfer. "—HE WAS A L-LUCKY BEGGAR!"

THE THEATRICAL "PAR." OF THE FUTURE.

THE new play at the Grand is full of novelties, and should be seen by everyone. The opening scene—a rockbound coast—makes a most effective background for the oyster-white satin gown trimmed with écu motifs and punched lace insertion worn by the heroine—a fisher-maiden. The stole of curled coque feathers which she assumes as the red limelight betokens the approach of the dinner-hour is very smart, as is also the comfy-looking sealskin coat that the appearance of the moon renders absolutely *de rigueur*. The moonlight mailleté embroideries are also nicely in keeping. The Second Act introduces us to a bevy of pretty girls in wool fascinators, who flit gaily about a cornfield in wonderful zibeline costumes with swallow-tailed basques, and pagoda cuffs faced with ermine. The fisher-maiden's hat of draped ivory areophane, and her saeque with flat revers of dark red skunk bordered with plissé chiffon, are worth going miles to see. There is a sprinkling of men in the piece, who afford useful relief.

The revival of *Aurora Floyd* at the Britannia the other night was marked by an extraordinary niggardliness on the part of the management. Most of the *dramatis personæ* had absolutely nothing to wear—the old housekeeper, for instance, coming on in the same black silk throughout the entire evening. Even the lady who played the name-part was afforded no opportunity of changing her dresses—except between the Acts. There is no reason why the action of each scene should not be suspended during her necessary occasional absences for this purpose. Other theatres now give us these pauses, full of the most thrilling anticipatory interest.

We regret to say the costumes in *Hamlet* at the Polytechnic are very old-fashioned. The play is, however, worth seeing for the sake of the wrinkles for fancy dresses that may be obtained from a close study of it. *Hamlet's* suit of sable musquash lined with mink, though certainly uncommon, could, however, only be worn in a ball-room by a very young girl. The same remark applies to *Ophelia's* bathing-suit of *erêpe de chine*.

COLOURABLE IMITATION.

Or, a J. M. Barrie'sment of Titles.

THE sincerest form of flattery has already overtaken *The Little White Bird*. A publisher announces *The Little Red Fish*. We understand that the following works are in preparation:—

The Little Blue Bottle;
The Little Blue Pill;
The Little Black Eye;
The Little Pink Pearl;
The Little Purple Emperor;
The Little Brown Boot;
The Little Yellow Jaundice;
The Little Scarlet Fever;
The Little Grey Hair;
The Little Gold Stopping.

FROM the *Liverpool Daily Post* we extract the following advertisement of what may be called Co-incidental Music:—

PHILHARMONIC HALL.

HIS MAJESTY'S GRENADIER GUARDS' BAND.
March "Stars and Stripes for Ever"
(at 3 and 8). Sousa.

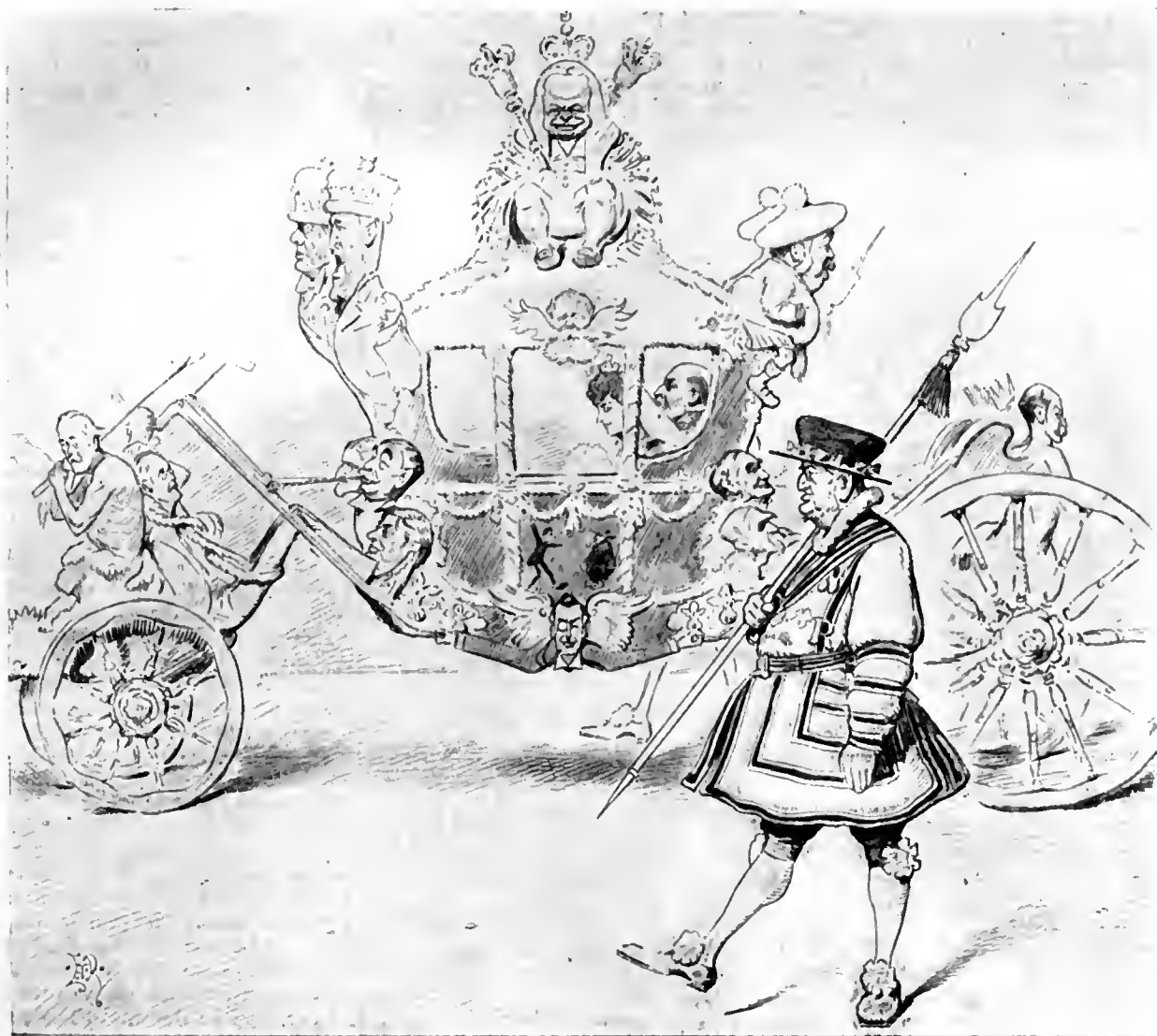


DEAD WEIGHT.

MASTER BALFOUR. "IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME, I NEVER CAN GET THIS THING TO START!"
JOHN BULL. "WHAT DO YOU EXPECT WITH ALL THAT RUBBISH HANGING ON TO IT?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



AMENDED DESIGN FOR THE STATE COACH.

(For Parliamentary Purposes.)

House of Lords, Tuesday, Feb. 17.—Parliament opened with pomp and circumstance attending presence of the Sovereign. The more things change, the more they resemble each other. To-day EDWARD, erstwhile PRINCE OF WALES, now KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH, sits on the Throne and, wearing in place of crown the plumed hat of a Field-Marshal, reads his Speech. When, three hours after, the Lords were embarked in debate on Address, a later PRINCE OF WALES, gazing on the empty Throne, listened from the familiar seat at corner of front cross bench. Thus AMURATH to AMURATH succeeds.

Not much of a crowd in either House. Ministerialists and Opposition duly mus-

tered. But Members recognise unreality of proceeding. Long, rambling debate on Address ostensibly takes form of attack on Ministers with respect to things done or left undone during Recess. But Opposition leaders cannot screw courage to sticking point of moving vote of censure. That being so, PRINCE ARTHUR insists that House might just as well, even better, get to work on legislative business, dealing with controversial questions as they present themselves in practical form. (See Cartoon.)

Suggestion characteristically bland; it is certainly childlike. Parliament, especially Commons, knows its own business better. Year after year always talkee talkee round Address for ten

days or fortnight. Not going to trounce tradition, betray dearest privilege of Britisher and Irishman because it is mere waste of time, to be made up later in Session by hustling Bills and Money votes through final stages.

All the same it is deadly dull; proceedings in both Houses direfully tedious. The Lords momentarily comforted by Return of that eminent Native the MARKISS. Since he stepped down from altitude of Premiership not been seen at Westminster. This afternoon, noble Lords, in anticipation of debate on Address, yawning at each other across the floor, sharply waked up at observation of the MARKISS ambling in. Seemed most natural thing in the world that, as

he passed between Ministerial Bench and Table, he should drop into old seat in which of late years he has slept away an hour of many summer afternoons. Headed straight on, crossed Gangway, came to anchor on front bench below. Here, in company with that other great statesman retired from business, GRAND CROSS, he sat and listened to SPENCER and COUNTRY GUY toiling at the Table, wrestling over the Address.

No more for him the labouring oar. If Bishops go wrong or Irish landlords grow unruly, let others look to it. For him rest evermore, and enjoyment of this new aspect of familiar scene. Never before has the MARKISS sat below the Gangway in House of Lords. Situation familiar to Lord ROBERT CECIL in House of Commons fifty years ago. When he succeeded to the peerage he was already of Ministerial rank, with right of place on either Front Bench according as his party was in or out. On one or other he has sat these thirty-five years.

How delightful and instructive it would be if, inspired and invigorated by below-the-gangway atmosphere, the MARKISS, reverting to the ROBERT CECIL frame of mind, would occasionally express his views not only on the imperfections of the Opposition, but on the laches of noble Lords on the Ministerial Bench!

Business done.—Session opens.

House of Commons, Thursday.—BEER-MOIM TREE produces at Haymarket what he calls Tolstoy's *Resurrection*. T. R. Westminster, not to be outdone by minor modern house, brings out "Resurrection of JESSE COLLINGS." Immense success; standing room only; *Matinées*, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Contributory to triumph was the unexpectedness. No preliminary puffs; no billing of the town; no advertisements "under the clock." Sitting set apart for debate on condition of Unemployed; initiated by DON'T KEIR HARDIE, seconded by JOHN BURNS in finely turbulent speech. Then, to all men's marvel and much delight, enter JESSE COLLINGS, astride the historic cow, gravely prancing round the once familiar Three Acres.

Which thing is an allegory. What really happened was that, the old, old question of the Unemployed springing up, JESSE remembered him of the unfailling panacea, his own Small Holdings Act. Put that in universal operation, and there you are; every poor man in the kingdom possessing three acres and one cow, living happily together ever afterwards.

Only old Members like SARK appreciate all the history that lies behind this simple incident. Here was the Member for BORDLESLEY, after meteoric flight

adown the Treasury Bench, once more on benches below Gangway, where, Radical among Radicals, he, nearly a quarter of a century ago, began his useful, honourable career. In corresponding position on other side just seventeen years ago, forestalling DE WET's tactics, he drove his cow before him in attack on the Government of Lord SALISBURY, then in office; adroitly got the beast between the MARKISS's legs; upset him on the veld of the Three Acres; brought back Mr. G., the Home Rule Bill up his sleeve; led to rout of Liberal Party; hustled them into the wilderness; made possible a



A Disordered Recollection of the Second of the Address.

(Capt. Hon. R-n-ld Gr-v-llc.)

Unionist Government and all that has happened since 1886.

There's history for you. And all about a cow!

Members listening to J. C., scanning his benevolent visage as he proffers Small Allotments alike to the many-aered Squire and the impecunious Radical, forget all this, or never knew it. Perhaps the venerable Three-Aered cowkeeper doesn't himself realise the irony of situation. Since first he led his patient beast round the floor of House of Commons he has himself boxed the political compass. Now, nearing the end, he finds himself once more a private Member, seated below the Gangway, staking out his Three

Acres, pathetically milking the old familiar cow.

Business done.—Discussion on condition of the Unemployed.

Friday night.—Years ago JOKIM, still with us in the Commons, ruling the Queen's Navee under the flag of the MARKISS, confided to the MEMBER FOR SARK his hankering for emancipation. He wanted, he said, to complete a work long in hand, being a record of the Life and Times of his grandfather. After long, honourable, public service, JOKIM, to the irreparable loss of the Commons, has soared into another place, and is now Viscount GOSCHEN. His literary work is finished, and Mr. MURRAY issues it in two portly volumes.

The title is of itself an epitome of family history, of which those who bear the name may well be proud. *The Life and Times of Georg Joachim Goschen, Publisher and Printer, by his Grandson, Viscount Goschen.* Little did the publisher and printer in his small shop at Leipsic, moving heaven and earth and KÖRNER to raise £450, the modest capital necessary to his business, dream that a hundred and eighteen years later a London firm would be publishing his Life, the writer being his own grandson, a peer of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

Lord GOSCHEN's ability as debater, almost orator, has been long established in Parliament and on the platform. In his book he discloses possession of gift of admirable literary style. This combination rare; was conspicuously lacked by his early master in political life. Over Mr. G.'s written pages ran the taint of sinuous sentences, loosely constructed, well enough in spoken speech, fatal to a written book. The grandson lovingly limns the Leipsic publisher—industrious, strenuous, scrupulously honest, occasionally sentimental, always with an eye on the till. In the way of business this early GOSCHEN came into close communication with SCHILLER, WIELAND, GOETHE, and other literary giants who flourished in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. Of these the grandson presents cameo studies that add largely to the interest and value of the work.

Business done.—Still talking round the Address.

["Miss MARIE CORELLI asks us to state that she is not, and never will be, a 'biographer' of her own life."—*Morning Post*.]

Is it too late to ask the talented author to reconsider her decision, when we remind her how a like omission on the part of a writer haling from the same neighbourhood plunged the world, three centuries after his death, into the great BACON controversy. Why should the generations of the 23rd Century suffer as we have suffered?



FOR THE COMING ACADEMY.

Young Mrs. Jim (the visitor). "So sorry I'm late, dear, but Jim has been making me sit to Mr. Pallitt, and I've been there all the afternoon."
 Mrs. Elderson (at home). "Oh, is Pallitt painting you? Then all I can say is, I only hope he will flatter you more than he did me!"

HOW TO GET ON. No. VII.

IN A CAGE.

GREAT ST. ANDREW STREET is one of the pointers of Seven Dials. On the opposite side of the Dial-face is Little St. Andrew Street, which is, in fact, a continuation of the great one, and in its outward form precisely similar to it. There are five other streets leading out of the Dials, all bearing a strong family likeness to the two I have named and to one another. The Seven Dials (if we may, for convenience, use it as a singular word) has had publicity thrust upon it. It was born in retirement and, though its life is busy enough, it could never have achieved its present conspicuousness but for the various improvements which have swept away many of the adjoining slums. If you remove an ancient and embedded stone you find underneath it strange shapes of life that hurry away in a vain effort to hide from the unaccustomed glare of day. So it must have been in the Dials and its purlieus when the London County Council first drew the kindly veil of slumdom from it and exposed it to the public view. Now, however, it has grown accustomed to the light; its denizens have recovered their former equanimity, and it gets through its day's and night's work with something of its former zest. So far there is no writing on its walls, but sooner or later, I make no doubt, the County Council's hand of doom must be laid upon it, and it will become a mockery and a memory. Even now there is over it and its seven streets an indescribable atmosphere, made up of decaying vegetables, tattered matrons in apron and slippers, infants with dirty faces playing amongst the hoofs of horses, costermongers' carts, cats, puppies, pigeons, and tawdry finery—the atmosphere that foretells the inevitable coming of the surveyor who is to plan it out into broad avenues lined with stately houses, having first levelled it with the ground.

My business, however, is not so much with the Dials itself as with Great St. Andrew Street, which is one of its issues. Through this street I am compelled to walk several times a week on my way to the house of toil. It has, of course, shops of different kinds, but they are all dominated by one kind of shop which gives the region its special character—the kind which is devoted to dogs, cats, rabbits, and birds. This is a feature of the street which you cannot miss. It is useless to turn your head away from the poor little fox-terrier curled up in his cage, with his patient back presented to the insufferable loungers who poke their sticks between the wires and try to rouse him into the animation which ought to mark a fox-terrier, and which would doubtless mark this one too, if he had the free use of his active little legs and could scurry barking over the grass and exchange



Mr. Town Mouse. "WE RUN ABOUT TOWN IN MOTOR-CARS NOW, YOU KNOW."

Mr. Wild Rabbit. "WELL, WE CAN'T FIND ANYTHING TO BEAT OUR SYSTEM OF TUBES."

amenities with other barking, lively, impertinent canine friends—it is useless, I say, to attempt to avoid such a sight by turning your head from him, for on the opposite side of the street it's ten to one you'll have to look at some other pitiful captives, caged and cramped through all the hours of God's day. You can't get away from the sight, so look at it and try to learn its lessons.

Now if you were put to live in Great St. Andrew Street in a cage similarly proportioned to your size, a cage in which you could just stand up and only just lie down, what a beating of bars and a bellowing there would be! Can't you imagine your letter to the *Times* (written with a lump of coal on a stray rag of dirty paper), and the arrival of the police, the release of the furious prisoner, the question in the House of Commons, the fall of the Government which had failed to prevent the outrage, and the action for false imprisonment with its £10,000 damages? You're a free-born, two-legged man, and, begad, Sir, you're not going to submit to such a horror—you're not even going to give yourself the pain of imagining its dreadful possi-

bility. Of course I must not really compare you to dogs and cats and birds. These poor creatures can't form abstract ideas, I'm told. They can't even think of justice and mercy and goodness. They don't go to church. Nobody, since the time of St. FRANCIS, has ever preached to any of their kind. They don't read daily papers, or vote at elections, or scowl at their wives when the mutton is tough. Heaven, which denied to them these felicities, has, however, in its wisdom given them an ineradicable hatred of cages, though they can't write odes to freedom or make speeches about it. Civilisation has made them man's dependants, and man, flying in the face of Heaven, coops them up behind wires and takes joy and movement out of their humble lives.

There is a cat, a long-haired Persian tabby, in Great St. Andrew Street. She lives on the pavement-tier of cages of one of the shops. Every day I see her as I walk. There she sits on her litter of straw behind the wires, sits and sits with that air of almost pathetic reserve and dignity and inscrutable mysterious distance which marks cats of her race in repose. It seems almost a sacrilege to interfere with her, or to approach her with the compliments to which house-cats are used. Just try her, however. Give her a "Pussy, poor pussy!" and insert a finger to scratch her behind an ear. Instantly she is on her feet, her face one broad smile of happy recognition. She rubs herself against your finger, circling round her cage, and as you withdraw she puts out an appealing paw in a vain effort to retain you. When you look back she is sitting again, looking out with the old stony impassivity on the life and bustle of the heedless street. At any rate, that cat knows how to behave in

Great St. Andrew Street. She makes no fuss; I have never even heard her mew, but I do not infer from this uncomplaining attitude that she loves her cage and the prisoned life she leads in it. Please take a look at her when you happen to be passing that way. She is a beautiful cat, and a very kind and gentle and grateful one.

RHYMES OF THE EAST.

A VALEDICTION.

(Offered, on the spot, by an Exile, to the last of the homeward Durbar Liners.)

Now the busy screw is churning;
Now the hour has come to sail;
Now are India's guests returning
Homeward by the weekly Mail;
Now the gleeful Asiatic
Speeds them in their wild career,
And, though normally phlegmatic,
Gives a half-unconscious cheer.

India's years were years of leanness
Till the Greatest Show on Earth
Summoned these, whose happy green-
ness

She has run for all 'twas worth;
Only for a month she knew them;
Yet, so far as one can tell,
All the land rose up to do them
(And she *did*) extremely well.

Peace be theirs, most goodly Packet!
Genial skies and happy calms—
No derogatory racket—
No humiliating qualms;
Gales, I charge you, shun to rouse and
Lash the seas to angry foam,
While BRITANNIA'S Great Ten Thousand
Sweep, with huge enjoyment, home!

Let the health-restoring zephyr
Waft them onward o'er the blue,
Till their spirits grow as effe-
-vescent as their hearts are true!
And, at last, they close their Indian
Perils, going strong and free—
Never having known too windy an
Offing, too disturbed a sea!

So, when English snows are fallin',
When the fogs are growing dense,
They shall hear the East a-callin',
And shall come, and blow expense!
Every year shall bring his Argo;
Every year the grateful East
Shall receive her Golden Cargo,
And restore a Gilded Fleeced.

DUM-DUM.

De Senectute.

M. LEGOUVÉ, of the French Academy, has been telling Parisian reporters how to grow old. Many of them are following his instructions, and are confident of ultimate, if gradual, success.

NAME FOR A PUSH-BALL TEAM.—The Sisyphians.

CRIME AND THE EYESIGHT.

"THERE is, observed the novelist gravely, "a bad time coming for writers of fiction. A very bad time."

I replied that what with publishers reckoning thirteen copies as twelve, and editors regretting their so-called lack of space (*sic*), things were, for my humble needs, bad enough already. After which I asked for details.

"I have been reading a book," said he, "by a Dr. GEORGE M. GOULD. It is called *Biographic Clinics*, and it deals with the subject of the eyes, and their influence on the mind, character, and general health. I could quote extensively from the volume, but I will not." (Here I thanked him.) "Suffice it that the author asserts that, if it were not for defective eyesight, there would be no crime in the world. All the crimes that were ever committed are to be traced directly to the absence of spectacles."

"And yet," I said musingly, "bread and spectacles were the ruin of Rome."

"If the Romans had thought less of their bread and more of their spectacles, they would have declined to fall as they did. Take NERO. Did he wear glasses? Not he. Not even a monocle. And look at his record of convictions. Same with them all. TIBERIUS, CALIGULA, every one of them. Utter scoundrels. And they might have been as good as GOULD if they had only taken ordinary care of themselves."

"True," I said, "there is something very pathetic in the idea. Roman history ought to be rewritten. It is not fair on the poor fellows. After all, it was not their fault. Why, NERO must turn in his grave like a tectotum at the things that are said of him every day at our universities and public schools. Somebody ought to put him right with the world. As gentle and well-meaning a man as ever breathed, hounded into a life of crime by the neglect of the imperial oculist. It is pure pathos, with the maker's name on the label."

"Precisely," said the Novelist. "By the way, in passing, why is Mr. CHAMBERLAIN greater than WILLIAM PITT?"

"Because he wears an eye-glass."

"Why is ISEN superior to SHAKESPEARE?"

"Because he wears spectacles."

"Exactly. Thank you very much.

To return to the subject of crime, our whole method of dealing with our criminal classes is wrong. Why, when the coster's finished jumping on his mother—"

"On his mother?"

"What do we do? Why, we jump on *him*. His plea that he had mislaid

his pince-nez at the moment passes unregarded. I have known a poor fellow, manifestly suffering from astigmatism of the left eye, spoken to very sharply for assaulting a policeman. The policeman said that he had had a glass too much. Of course what he had really had was a pair of glasses too little. It was a most painful case."

"But one moment," I said at this juncture, "you seem to me to have strayed from the point. You have not yet explained your remark about the bad time which is to arrive for writers of fiction. Why is there a bad time coming?"

"Why, surely," he said, "it is perfectly obvious. In a few years everyone will be wearing spectacles, and how are you to write a novel of a hundred thousand words, full of strong human interest, when crime has been utterly eliminated? Will the public read a book that is wholly good? I can't imagine myself writing a book that is—"

"Wholly good? Ah, but that's your modesty. Even with glasses we can never see ourselves as others see us."

MY RIVAL.

I'm most dissatisfied with DICK—

I don't suppose he'll ever know it—
His conduct cuts me to the quick,

And yet I'd rather die than show it.
My maiden meditations are

Disordered by one constant riddle:
Why should I—to a motor car—

Play second fiddle?

In vain I toss my curls to show

The sweetest pair of turquoise ear-
rings;

His thoughts are wandering, I know,
With silencers and friction gearings.

If I could find some magic drug
To change me to a carburetter,
A cylinder or sparking plug,

He'd like me better.

And when I sing of tears the rest

Entreat for more and praise my bril-
liance,

But DICK returns with cheery zest

To themes of rubber and resilience.

When rosy dusk to moonlight melts,

And all have vanished save the
lovers,

Is it a time to talk of belts

And outer covers?

My amber voile came home to-day,

I'm really too upset to wear it.

My heart is sore, yet, strange to say,

Day after day I grin and bear it.

He doesn't worry if I'm stiff,

Or if I snub or talk above him;

I'd break it off to-morrow if—

I didn't love him.

LITTLE FARCES FOR THE FORCES.

II.—THE MODEL SUBALTERN.

SCENE—A Committee Room in the neighbourhood of Westminster.

Round a baize-covered table are assembled a Bishop, a Lady of Title, a Little Man in spectacles, a Lady Novelist, and a Gaunt Person with long hair and thread gloves.

The Bishop (concluding a speech).

Under these exceptional circumstances this advisory committee has been assembled that it may indicate, if possible, what training and education may be desirable to make the subalterns of the Guard Regiments persons who shall be ornaments to their profession and useful members of our British microcosm.

The Little Man (springing to his feet).

"Efficiency" is the panacea, as I have pointed out as "An Aggrieved Father," "An Outraged Taxpayer," and "The Soldier's Real Friend," in various journals. And what makes efficiency? Why, work. These aristocratic hooligans do not work at Eton, and there they learn their flogging tricks. Send 'em to Board Schools. They do not work in the Army, and therefore they have time for these bloodthirsty courts-martial. Set them marching twenty miles a day and put them on outpost duty at night, and then the young officers will no longer become brutal barbarians.

The Bishop (gently). You believe in additional work as a panacea?

The Little Man. Give 'em a sound commercial education such as I 'ad, and then work the life out of 'em the same as was done to me.

The Lady Novelist (dreamily). I fancy that this gentleman can scarcely appreciate the higher side of the life militant. What our Guardsmen really should be are what my heroes are. They must have curly golden hair and true-blue eyes, the shoulders of a Hercules, the lithe suppleness of a panther. They must be tender as women to the helpless, as hard as steel to ill-doers. Such a one indeed as my *Archibald Vere de Vere* in my latest book, *With Lance in Rest*, published by—

[*The Bishop gently interposes.*

The Lady Novelist. Did I wander from my point? I would have no examinations, but each stripling, after a vigil by his arms, should swear upon the cross of his sword-hilt.

The Little Man. They don't have cross hilts, but open basket ones. I know one of the firm that makes most of 'em.

The Lady Novelist. They should swear upon their swords to be true and tender and to lead beautiful lives. I know that at a glance I could recognise the



Uncle. "Ah, MILLY, I'M AFRAID YOU'VE LOST YOUR MONEY OVER THAT ONE. HE'S GONE THE WRONG WAY!"

Milly (at her first race-meeting). "OH, NO, UNCLE, I'M ALL 'RIGHT. GEORGE TOLD ME TO BACK IT 'BOTH WAYS.'"

soul in such as would be fitted for the life I limn, and if I were permitted—

The Lady of Title. Ah, indeed! You think that you would like to have the working of the appointments. In that case what is to become of our privileges? I have never known a promising boy I have asked anything for, an A.D.C.-ship, or a D.A.A.G.-ship, ever turn out anything but charming. The matter should be left in our hands, and then there would be no scandals, and a better amusement would be found for the elder sons of good families than to beat each other with canes.

The Bishop (comfortingly). Their little hands were never made To tear each other's eyes.

The Little Man. What, did any of 'em lose their eyesight? Why, I thought that—

The Bishop. A mere figure of speech.

The Lady of Title (continuing). No commission should be given in a crack Regiment to any lad who cannot play Bridge at least decently, who is not willing to come to afternoon teas when asked, and will not dance with elderly girls of good family when required. He must of course be a fair shot, otherwise he would not be of much use in a country house. If he can ride, of course we shall be glad, but we should not insist on that. If he can sing or play on some instrument so much the better,

and certainly, if he aspires to the Staff, he must be able to organise picnics, theatricals and concerts. He must be competent to write out a menu, and be able to talk French to the cook. If he does all these things, and if his mother is on the visiting list of at least six of the really great houses, I think it may be said that the perfect officer is secured.

The Bishop. I should suggest in addition religious tendencies of an evangelical bent.

The Titled Lady. Certainly, certainly.

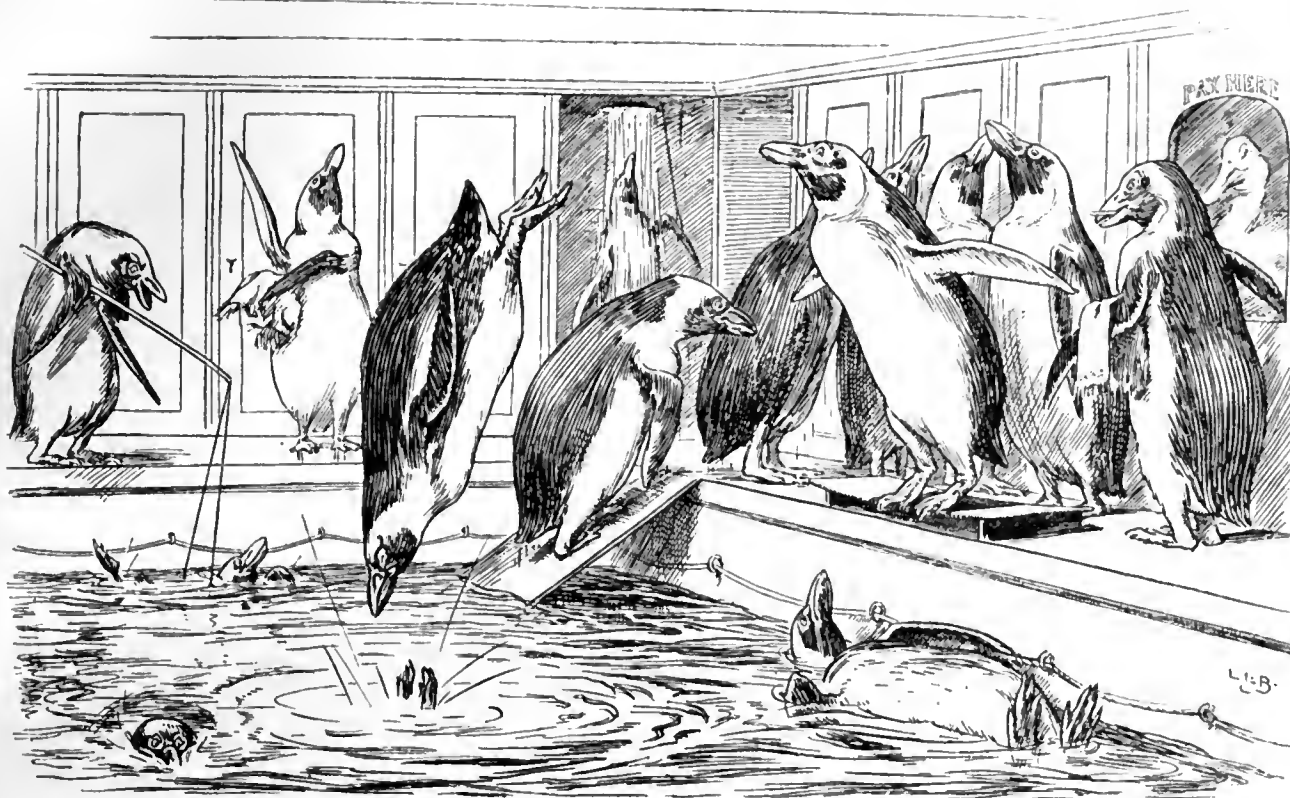
The Little Man. You don't think that the money of tax-payers is to go for a fellow of that kind?

The Gaunt Man. Now I am entirely opposed to the existence of subalterns, or, indeed, of the Army in any form. As a believer in will-power, I am confident that by the earnest volition of experts any hostile force could be kept from our shores, and that therefore an Army is a superfluity.

The Little Man. Here, I say!

The Bishop. It seems to me that on one point we are in accord—that the model subaltern is at present non-existent. I think we should be content with that as a starting-point for future discussion, and I am really afraid that we may be driven eventually in some degree to take into account the feelings of the Army in the matter.

Omnes. No, no. Certainly not.



IMPROVEMENTS AT THE ZOO.

IT IS URGED THAT BETTER PROVISION SHOULD BE MADE FOR DIVING BIRDS.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE plot of *The Intriguers*, by THOMAS COBB (NASH) is simple "comme bon jour," and is worked out to its final climax mainly by dialogue of dramatic terseness in style, but occasionally at too great length. Practically it is a comedy; the action being carried on by five principals, whose marked individuality is consistently maintained throughout, and yet the *dénouement* is of the nature of a cleverly-planned surprise. This particular COBB, as a mount up to weight, that is, for gentle exercise, receives hereby a warranty from the Baron.

MISS MAY CROMMELIN has frequently deserved the Baron's praise, and his Occasional Peruser of novels thinks her latest, *Crimson Lilies* (LONG), worthy of commendation, albeit the plot is a well-worn one, dealing with the fortunes and misfortunes of a kidnapped heroine. She meanders, however, through Miss CROMMELIN's pages quite refreshingly, and her adventures are of an exceedingly exciting description. The closing chapters of this book, with their descriptions of contemporary Jerusalem, are very good indeed. The literary "promise of MAY" is considerable.

My Baronite, reading *The Circle* (BLACKWOOD), positively forgot it was his duty to write about it, and gave himself up unthinkingly to the spell of the story. That fate of a hoary reviewer is the highest compliment that can be paid to Mrs. THURSTON. Her maiden effort in fiction is a remarkable one, stamped by the hand of original genius, instinct with great power. Whilst the *dramatis personæ* are real flesh and blood—some of it very warm blood—the surroundings and the style of treatment are singularly fresh. My

Baronite does not particularly care for Mrs. Maxstead, by whom Mrs. THURSTON evidently sets great store. Nor does he quite understand the influence over the heroine established and sustained by the deformed Russian Jew. But Anna herself is finely conceived, and admirably delineated, as is her old father, with his faint, far-off suggestion of the proprietor of another *Old Curiosity Shop*. Mrs. THURSTON has the rare gift of describing a moving scene with a reticence that powerfully brings out its intensity. This is seen in the brief chapter where the heroine's affianced, all unconscious of her identity, relates the deformed Jew's narrative of how she left her home, forsaking her father. It appears again in a later chapter where Anna returns and hangs over her father's bedside, he, nearing death, believing it is his beloved wife come back to him. *The Circle* is a notable performance, full of promise of even greater things.

If in *The Seven Secrets* (kept by HUTCHINSON & Co., but probably "let out" by MUDIE), Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX has not out-Conan'd DOYLE, nor out-Gaboriau'd GABORIAU, he has at least succeeded in building up a most cunningly-devised mystery, so stimulating to the curiosity that not even the sound of "the tocsin of the soul, the dinner-bell," is likely to be heeded by its completely absorbed reader. And, on an out-and-out sensational novel, where the original motive for the crime is lost in a quick succession of most exciting mysteries, what greater praise can be bestowed than that above expressed by the not-very-easily pleased

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

LORD HUGH CECIL is said to be preparing a bill "to amend the law relating to ecclesiastical suits." This question of official uniforms is becoming a nuisance.

HOW TO GET ON.

NO. VIII.—BETWEEN THE SHAFTS OF A HANSOM CAB.

IN our early youth, I suppose, we have all been horses. Comfortably traced and reined, but not bitted or bridled, we have shaken the Kensington Gardens with the two-footed sound of our hoofs. Lashed, but not beyond the limits of becoming mirth, by an elder brother, we have felt something of the wild, free, untamable spirit that animates the cab-horse of the London streets—that has, in fact, made British cab-horses what they are. Those were glorious, never-to-be-forgotten moments, and, although since that time we have ceased to be equine, some trace of the mustang must always lurk in our natures and sustain us during the struggles of maturer life. I may assume, therefore, that in speaking of horses I appeal to those who know what it is to be a horse, and that I am assured at the outset of their sympathy. Moreover, there remains the possibility, which not even that great theologian, the German EMPEROR, will deny, that in some dim future state it may be our soul's lot to inform a tenement of clay possessing hocks, pasterns, withers, forehead, quarters, stifle, mane and forelock—all the outward signs, in short, that go to the making of a horse. It will obviously be better for us that we should realise at once all that is involved in the life of one who draws burdens over the varying pavements of our streets.

Certainly that life is not an easy one. No self-respecting horse would, if the choice were given to him, consent to drag a hansom, for there are inconveniences and surprises about a hansom that no other vehicle can equal. Bury Street, for instance, and Duke Street and York Street are pitched at an incline that makes it impossible for a horse to walk or trot down their declivities. If he is to perform well and maintain his upright position he must be an accomplished Alpinist—and few horses are this either by nature or by inclination. It is a study in expression to watch the face and attitude of a nervous man inside a hansom that is glissading down the slopes of St. James's. His lips part, his brow wrinkles into agony, his feet strive against the doors as he essays to stem the downward speed of his cab, and his hands clutch vainly at the windows and the sides. If he, who is unburdened, is agitated by so painful an emotion, what must be the feelings of his sliding horse endeavouring to sustain himself against the shifting weight of cab and fare and driver? Then, too, there is something miraculously sudden about the collapse of a hansom. One moment it is erect, vehicular and defiant. There comes a whisper, a puff of wind or a misplaced hoof, and in the twinkling of an eye the horse is down, the cab is tilted ludicrously forward, and fare and driver execute parabolas through the air. In truth the hansom is a very inconvenient carriage.

A long experience has led me to realise that there are certain root-principles on which the driving of a hansom must be conducted. These I propose to set down:—

1. If a horse is plainly doing his best along the level it is always advisable to flog him severely. This shows him that, however strong and courageous he may be, he has a master who is always watching over him and is determined to stand no nonsense.

2. If a cab is stopped by an impenetrable block of omnibuses, carts, and other cabs, the horse must be flogged. There is no other way of expressing a free-born Briton's annoyance at an impediment to progress.

3. As a sub-principle to the above two it may be stated that if a fare is sufficiently ill-advised to protest against the flogging of a horse he must be punished by being driven at a snail's pace for the rest of the way, and the horse must be lashed again as soon as the fare has departed.

4. If a driver takes a wrong turning and has to come back, the horse must be flogged. As the driver is presumably an intelligent man, it is impossible that the fault should be his. It must therefore be the horse's, and since no fault can go unpunished the horse, as I have said, must be flogged.

5. If a horse is going down hill and doing his best to bear up against the weight, it is generally advisable to flog him pretty briskly. This encourages him and relieves his driver.

6. If a cab, incautiously driven, collides with another cab or with the kerb-stone, the driver must immediately use his whip in order to persuade people that it was the horse and not he that made the mistake.

7. If a horse moves slowly because he is (a) sick and weak, (b) lame, or (c) absolutely tired out by hard work, he must be flogged, because it is a horse's duty to move, not merely as fast as he can, but as fast as his driver wants him to move. If his driver wants him to move faster than he can, that is no excuse, for the driver is the only proper judge of the pace necessary.

8. If a horse is lame, he must remember that lameness is no merit, and calls for no special indulgence.

9. A sore mouth in a horse is best cured by tugging jerkily at the reins. Thus the antiseptic properties of the bit are brought into play.

10, and last. If a horse slips upon greasy pavement he must be well whipped. This will teach the weather not to send rain.

These are the chief principles that I have been able to gather with sufficient clearness to enable me to propound them for the information of those whose fate may in the revolving course of many æons turn them into hansom-cab horses. When they are safely between the shafts they will remember that they were duly warned of what was in store for them. They must not expect that any of the rules will be relaxed for them, unless, as is possible, the soul of a former cab-horse shall have come to inhabit the shell of a cabby. In that case, rigid justice may perhaps be mitigated by a foolish mercy that declines to flog.

THE ELIMINATION OF THE SUPERFLUOUS.

["More store is now set upon the descriptive article than on columns of stodgy reports."—"Gangway Gleanings," in the "World."]]

WHEN senators in solemn session sit

To ponder over many a weighty matter,
Where one side always coruscates with wit,

And all the other says is idle chatter,
Thither are picturesque reporters sent
To mirror for us every incident.

You pay your halfpenny, and then can view,

At choice, your party through a mystic glamour,
Or hold in righteous scorn the rival crew—

An abject Babel of discordant clamour;
Marvel at your own leaders, or deride
The fatuous drivell of the other side.

They chronicle how orthodox dwells

In mellow tones, rich diction, graceful gesture;

They read uprightness in a coat's lapels,

Vice in a scarf, and virtue in a vesture;

Fill half a column with a Premier's pose
Or a Colonial Secretary's nose.

There HARCOURT, BALFOUR, CHAMBERLAIN, C.-B.,

Coloured to taste as heroes or as wretches,
Are set before us so that all may see,

Drawn to the life in these descriptive sketches,
Where everything is told us, day by day,
About our orators but—what they say.



THE MACEDONIAN PRESCRIPTION.

ABDUL HAMID (to DOCTORS NICOLAS and FRANZ JOSEF). "THANK YOU SO MUCH! I'LL HAVE THIS MADE UP, AND—ER—(aside) PUT IT AWAY WITH THE OTHERS!"



Jones. "HEAVY GOING, EH?"

Tomkins (from town). "YES. WHAT WILL IT BE LIKE COMING BACK?"

PRODUCTION OF MR. JABBERJEE'S PLAY.

(Described by the Author himself.)

II.

Tuesday Evening.—I am just returned from the final rehearsal of my Tragedy, which Mr. CHESBOROUGH DUCBOW indulgently pronounces to "shape very well indeed"—notwithstanding that the Company are still unable to repeat their dialogues and monologues *verbatim*, except by reading slavishly from written texts.

However, they are to commit them accurately to memory this evening, and are confident that, when they know their lines by heart, the business and appropriate gesticulations (in which they are, at present, somewhat abstemious) are to follow as the matter of course.

It is highly gratifying that they are all brimful of enthusiasm for my *magnum opus*: I have made the discovery that the majority have actually parted with considerable sums to Mr. DUCBOW for the privilege of performing therein

—whereas for enacting more ordinary dramas it is customary to demand some pecuniary *honorarium*!

Moreover, each of them secretly expresses regret that he (or she, as the case may be) has not a still lengthier part to perform. Miss ENID TITTENSOR is severely chagrined that she does not appear at all until the latter moiety of Act II., and has made the rather disinterested suggestion that I might introduce her with Mr. Clerval into Mr. *Frankenstein's* Study in Act I., and, as the characters of *Venerable De Lacey*, *Felix*, *Agatha*, and *Safie the Fair Turkish*, are mere superfluities, I should remodel their scene by substituting herself and *Old Syndicate Frankenstein*; also that she could surely be permitted to accompany Mr. *Frankenstein* in his dog-sledge when engaged in chase of *Monster*. But she forgets that this is totally impracticable—seeing that she will by that period have already been barbarously booked to Stygian Shades by strangulation!

Miss DAPHNE VANSITTART advises me (confidentially) that Miss TITTENSOR is the sole weak spot, and that I am to pull the play together by cutting out *Elizabeth* and the *Fair*

Turkish in toto, and making herself, as *Agatha*, the sole heroine and fiancée to Mr. *Frankenstein*. On the other hand, Miss POTT (who is the *Fair Safie*) marvels that I cannot see that *Safie* is the female character in the play, and counsels me (as a candid friend) to exclude the other two, and rewrite the last Act so as to exhibit her in greater prominence.

The Gentleman-Actors have similarly hinted in my private ear that the only defect in the piece is that it contains "too much jaw," and that every part (except the speaker's own) should be immediately subjected to wholesale cuttings. All very fine—but I am not a Native Deity or hundred-handed Hydra that I can write parts simultaneously to suit all tastes!

I cannot prevail upon Mr. OSRIO BELSIZE (the *Monster*) to assume a mask, even of moderate ill-favouredness, as he pleads that it would allow him no scope for facial contortions.

He consented to try the stilts, provided that I first instructed him by personal example how to promenade on such appliances—but, after a shocking fall into Mr. DUCROW's coalscuttle-box, causing agonising lacerations to my bridge of nose, I joined issue with him that these mechanisms are too dangerously unstable for tragic purposes, and it is now settled that he is to increase his altitude by elevating his bootheels.

Mr. DUCROW reports that, by unexampled good luck, there are already stocked sceneries at the Royal Oak Theatre which might have been expressly designed for my Tragedy, and are to fit it like a glove! He is providing what he terms the "props," and collecting curs for the dogsledges. They are not, it seems, of pure Esquimaux breeding, but can be faked up so as to escape being detected across the foot-lamps.

I am greatly surprised that no applications for admission-tickets have reached me up-to-date. As I understand that the Royal Oak Theatre is not of Leviathan dimensions, it is possible that procrastinating *Punch* readers who propose to book their entrances by payment at doors may find the worms have been already snapped up by earlier birds! But I have arranged with Mr. DUCROW that the Honble Editor, on presentation of his pasteboard, is to be ushered (if no room elsewhere) into my own private authorial box.

The following has been elaborated from actual MS. notes jotted down by self in said box during the progress of my grand *matinée*, and will certainly afford more correct notions to the absentee Public than any perfunctory official descriptions.

Wednesday, 2.45 P.M.—Curtain not yet ascended. *Cui bono?*—since only an inconsiderable percentage of spectators have taken their seats. Orchestra, consisting of an unaccompanied piano, is now performing (for the third time) a composition describing a Bee and a Honeysuckle counter-changing lovesick endearments. Cannot identify Honble Editor in the auditorium, which consists mostly of middle-aged females in rather dowdy attires, accompanied by juveniles of tender years. Hope the latter may not be too fearfully appalled by the *Monster* . . . Have been to ascertain whether Editor of *Punch* has been carelessly left to cool his heels in Entrance-lobby. It seems he is not yet arrived, and will now, I fear, be too late for commencement.

2.55.—Drama commenced—twenty-five minutes behind the time-table! I cannot at all think that such a stock scenery as a drawing-room apartment, with glazed doors opening into a conservatory, is appropriate to a "Laboratory Cell in the University of Ingolstadt,"—nor do I perceive a single stuffed crocodile!

Opening facetious *badinage* by *Lischen* and *Frischen* has encountered a very half-hearted reception, since two-

thirds of their dialogue was forgotten, and the remainder inaudible. Yet I was given to understand they were both B.A.'s! . . . Mr. SILLIPHANT, as *Frankenstein*, cuts a fine figure in his scholastic mortarcap and robes—but is still of rather too venerable appearance for any College-student. Professors *Krempe* and *Waldman*, on the contrary, are of over-gawky juvenility—though (I suppose) correctly costumed in cloven hats of Alpine pattern and dressing-gowns.

A pity that spectators who are afflicted by severe bronchial catarrhs should not take the simple precaution of providing themselves with a few coughdrops, instead of barking like a show of dogs!

Mr. *Frankenstein* has commenced to work his galvanical apparatus. I am annoyed that Mr. DUCROW could not supply some more scientific instrument than a mere chaffgrinding machine! However, the apparition of the *Monster* is certain to produce shuddering sensations. I wish Honble Editor would turn up—I would attend punctually for any of his Tragedies!

The *Monster* has entered—but is received with utmost apathy, the audience remaining cold as a frog! How could he expect to provoke a squeak from the most timorous, when he has presented himself in a skyblue velvet suit, knee-breechings and silk stockings (as worn by his photo in *Masks and Facings*), with the addition of a golden wig, and cheeks blooming like a freshly opened rose? Also he is not nearer Heaven by the altitude of a single chopine! Very logically the spectators are at a total loss to comprehend the excessive funkiness of Mr. *Frankenstein* at beholding such a jack-a-dandy and popinjay.

Henry Clerical proves himself the utter nincompoop, and certain lively young hobbardehoys, who have recently penetrated into the Pit, are earnestly exhorting him that he is to speak up. His sensational tussle with Mr. *Frankenstein* turns out to be no great shakes, and I am sincerely thankful that such a beetlehead has no further part in my Drama, except to be butchered in Ireland between the Acts!

3.40.—Owing to complete failure of moonshine, the jibberings of *Monster* at window have produced but a so-so effect, though it is true that they excited a few of the hobbardehoys to horrified exclamations. . . .

Now that the Curtain is dropped, I shall first endeavour to discover what has become of Honble Editor—after which I am resolved to go behind the scenery and insist with a high hand that, before appearing again, the *Monster* is to render himself rather more of a repulsive.

[Notes on remaining Acts unavoidably postponed till next week.]

H. B. J.

THE NOISES OF LONDON.

(Further Police Regulations.)

ANY cock, dog or cat crowing, barking or mewing near any gentleman's house, to be at once caught and removed by the police. Any cock, dog or cat found loitering with intent to crow, bark or mew to be treated as above.

Every perambulator to be fitted with adjustable lid, to be closed down by the police if the child screams or performs on a trumpet, drum or mouth-organ.

The police to enter forcibly any house containing a parrot or canary whose voice can be heard from the street; and to draw over the cage of such bird a hood of baize provided for that purpose.

All milk-cans to be coated with thick india-rubber inside and out; and no milkman to speak above a whisper.

The deaf-and-dumb alphabet to be a compulsory subject in every school in the United Kingdom; and no other language to be used in the streets of London and suburbs.

MOTOR-GUYS.

["Why must a driver of an automobile look like a mountain goat in order to keep in the fashion?" asks a correspondent who writes to the *Daily Express*. The growing weirdness of motoring clothes, he asserts, makes the wearer such a fearsome object that some reform is urgent.]

Why must the stylish motorist
Look like a mountain goat?
(Few animals could e'er exist
In so hirsute a coat!)

Why must the wilful motor-man
Impersonate a bear,
The grizzliest, shaggiest that he can,
In point of outdoor wear?

Why must our scorching plutocrats
Contrive to imitate
Skye-terriers with their hair in mats
Of most bedraggled state?

Why need the wild *chauffeur*, I ask,
Outvie the chimpanzee,
With goggle-eyes and hideous mask
That makes one ill to see?

As to the ladies—p'raps 'twere well
To spare profane remark,
And not to draw a parallel
With inmates of the Ark!

I don't know what's the right reply—
Is it perchance to scare
From off the road each passer-by,
Such clothes our motorists wear?

CHARIVARIA.

PURE milk may be a permanent feature of London before very long. The water supply for the Metropolis is declared to be nearing exhaustion.

Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE has published a pamphlet drawing attention to some of the dangers to be found in our everyday food, and many prudent persons have decided to give up eating.

A number of young ladies at Guildford have formed themselves into an Anti-Man Association. Their Club House is to be called "The Spinsters' Retreat." This is clever, as it suggests that they have been pursued.

It is said that, with a view to increasing the sale of our Blue Books, more attractive titles are to be supplied, and a second edition of the Blue Book on Venezuela will be issued immediately under the name of *How We Muddled Through*.

A protest is about to be lodged by the Aborigines' Protection Society against the proposed Motor Car Race in Ireland, on the ground that that country is already sufficiently depopulated.



OVERHEARD DURING ONE OF OUR RECENT STORMY DAYS.

"WHAT CHEER, MATEY! DOIN' ANY BUSINESS?"

"GARN! WOT YER GETTIN' AT? I AIN'T 'ERE TO DO BUSINESS. I'M TAKIN' THE HOPEN HAIR TREATMENT!"

The Emperor WILLIAM has expressed himself as a believer in the doctrine of Continuous Revelation. He finds this the only way to account for himself.

The War Commission is to be attacked in Parliament. A measure for putting a stop to secret commissions will be introduced this Session.

American Humourists have formed a club exclusively for Humourists. The others insisted on it.

At a dinner given by those interested in the Essex and Kent Oyster Beds it was declared impossible for oysters in

those beds to be infected by sewage. Oysters from the west coast of Ireland were eaten at the dinner.

The mismanagement of the Zoo is attracting attention. Among other things the arrangements in the event of a conflagration are stated to be inadequate. Supposing the giraffe caught fire, there is no escape on the premises long enough to reach to the top of him.

Mr. BRODRICK's triumph in the House of Commons has been described by a Radical journal as "A Paper Victory." This is an unusually handsome concession to the rival Press.

THE UNHAPPY WARRIOR.

[In these lines, after WORDSWORTH, the term "Warrior" is employed with sympathetic reference to the Rt. Hon. ST. JOHN BRODRICK in his capacity as War Minister rather than as a Member of the Auxiliary Forces or an Expert in German Manœuvres.]

Who is the unhappy Warrior? Who is he
That any babe in arms would loathe to be?
It is the statesman called to fill a place
Big with the fortunes of a fighting race;
Who, in a ticklish time of public panic,
Must show a courage rigidly Titanic;
Must permanently cure the public's fears
By schemes designed to mock the changing years;
Must, in the meantime, while the need is hot,
Produce a countless army on the spot,
And, having somehow stemmed the tide of war,
Say what the deuce he wants an army for!

The diffident recruit 'tis his to get,
Bribed by a shilling absolutely *net*.
He must allure the loafer off the street
With menus full of tasty things to eat;
And amplify the two-year veteran's pay
To the extent of sixpence down a day.
He is supposed to expedite our forces
By mounting half the infantry on horses;
And let the patient Volunteer aspire
To play with weapons warranted to fire;
And through our batteries make a sweeping change
In the direction of a longer range,
So that our marksmanship may grow precise,
And shots arrive by bouncing only twice!
These schemes it is his privilege to float
With merely one dissentient Tory vote;
And lastly, having done the Imperial will,
To get abused for sending in the bill!

Scarce had the dream of Empire come to birth,
With talk about the "lordliest life on earth,"
With cries for just "a man with heart, head, hand,"
"One still, strong man" amid "a blatant land"
(In *Maud* these latter phrases may be read;
The speaker, further on, went off his head)—
Scarce, as I say, had England learned to know
With such a realm what claims and duties go,
And reached the ripe conclusion, being alarmed,
That who would hold his own must be forearmed,
And not prepare himself to join the fray
Three months or so behind the opening day—
Scarce had she grasped this elemental view
And begged of somebody to help her through—
When, lo, the lingering war contrived to cease,
And she could sit and roll her thumbs in peace;
Unbend her mind, not greatly used to think,
Regret the money filched from food and drink,
Resume the less elusive arts of trade,
And leave her larger purpose clean mislaid.

Alas! unhappy Warrior! how it warps his
Sweet temper when they carp at Army corpses,
Or mention Empire as a thing to keep
Only if you can run it on the cheap,
Or kindly show him how to spare expense
By making Volunteers our sole defence,
Urging that business men might well employ
A willing class that serves for simple joy;
And then invest the balance in the fleet,
A sound insurance, very bad to beat.
Picture him, how he must enjoy to sit
And hear himself described as short of wit

Because some subtle First-of-April jest
Smites on his brain and leaves him unimpressed;
While such a lively sense of humour lurks
Within the House for which the Warrior works
That it resents the petty toll's increase
For training armies up in times of peace,
Yet wants them—when the sudden need is there—
To leap, in polished myriads, out of air!

Alas! unhappy Warrior! this is he
That any babe in arms would loathe to be. O. S.

PRINCE AND PEASANT;

OR, THE STORY OF A PECCANT PRINCE AND A WEAK
WAITING-MAID.

IN *TOLSTOY'S Resurrection*, adapted by MESSRS. BATAILLE and MORTON, MR. BEERBOHM TREE has a fine drama, the success of which is beyond all question. Perfectly placed on the stage, nothing of local colour is wanting to the picturesqueness of tableaux and costumes. It is not, however, merely to its setting, admirably artistic as it is in every detail, that the piece owes the complete success it has achieved; it is to the human interest of the story, simply told in strong dramatic situations, and to its forcibly individualised characters, perfectly portrayed as they are by MISS LENA ASHWELL as *Katusha*, and MR. BEERBOHM TREE as *Prince Dmitry Nehludof*.

On these two all depends; in these two the entire interest is centred; nor does it seem too bold to affirm that, of all the parts MR. TREE has undertaken, it is in this, his latest assumption, that he appears to the greatest advantage. He gives us the careless, impulsive young officer, conceited as a handsome youth might well be who, as may be gathered from certain allusions in the dialogue, has had the character of a *Don Juan* thrust upon him by *femmes galantes*, from Arch-Duchesses to still archer ballet-dancers. His motto is that of the French student's familiar chorus, "*O les femmes! les femmes! il n'y a que ça!*" and consequently, having nothing particular to do, on the occasion of his visit "for one night only" to the old country house of his excellent aunts, *Sonia* and *Mary* (Mrs. EDWARD SAKER and Mrs. BENNETT) he renews a flirtation with an attractive orphan, the peasant girl *Katusha* (Miss LENA ASHWELL), who, having been educated and partially adopted by the two elderly ladies above-mentioned, serves them as chambermaid, upper housemaid, and "general" assistant to an old servant, one *Tickon* (delightful name! so suggestive of not getting his wages regularly paid, *Tickon* on tick, MR. ALLEN THOMAS), representing butler, boots, housekeeper, and several other domestics. *Katusha* doesn't want much pressing, but she gets it from the seductive *militaire*, who, the next morning, is off to the wars, throwing to the winds the memory of "a night's romance," which to him is only like a leaf in a packet of cigarette papers, torn out, used, and chucked away. Alas! into the gutter.

After ten years, *Prince Dmitry* finds himself one of a jury empanelled to try *Katusha* for robbery and murder. Then follows the awakening: the Prince sets himself to atone for the irreparable; the woman, reclaimed, shows her love by self-sacrifice. She will not marry him: she will let him go his way; he has revived her love and he will live in her memory: that is sufficient. But—the fact is regrettable—both are going to be married to somebody else.

In these phases of character, from a state of virgin innocence to one of the drabbiest vice, MISS LENA ASHWELL gives proof of her great dramatic power. From pure-minded, simple, and attractive, to foul-minded, suspicious, and

repulsive, she has to leap within the limits of a wait of ten minutes between the Acts.

It is a wonderful performance: excellent for both of them, for neither character is complete without the other. Let either fail, and no effort on the part of the other could make the piece a success.

Mr. LIONEL BROUGH, consummate artist that he is, stands out among the rest, in a scene well played by all, as the nameless juryman who honestly objects. Miss HELEN FERRERS, Miss MIRIAM CLEMENTS, Miss OTWAY OLDFIELD, lend their charm to a Russian Drawing-Room, and we are sorry that our introduction to them is but momentary.

There are two situations which, but for the play catching on at once, would have been hazardous: one of them is when an English M.P. (I think he is introduced as this) appears in a Russian Drawing-Room as a gentleman who is going to lecture, but only "stands on" to be severely lectured by Mr. TREE; and the other is where Mr. TREE, on beholding the prisoner *Katusha* excited by drink and grasping the *vodki* bottle, says calmly, "I no longer see the woman before me, but the spirit!"—which is perfectly evident; and that not a laugh was heard in the house showed how completely the play and its exponents had mastered the audience. His Majesty's has so strong a drama, and one so well acted, as to make a prediction of its long run a fair certainty.

MANNERS FOR MUSICAL AT HOMES.

II.

Don't blunder about among the music stands—things admirably contrived for tripping up the unwary. Should you get entangled with one, however, and in such a way as to bring yourself and it crashing down into the performer's violoncello, leave all vituperative display to the owner of the instrument.

Don't, when singing, if you are standing behind the accompanist, keep hold of his ears all the time, and seek to indicate your wishes by tugs and jerks. It distracts his attention from the copy.

Don't, during a lullaby or plaintive ballad, get up a fierce battle between Fido and the cat, and never seek to divert the company by firing paper pellets into the singer's mouth.

Don't, if your emotions are appealed to by some pathetic little trifle, bellow or give way to violent grief. If you cannot stifle your sobs by burying your face in the rug, leave the room until you have recovered self-control.

Don't be grumpy and sit brooding in a corner all the evening because your hostess does not ask you for a song. Her omission may not arise from the



"WILLIE ONE DAY PERSUADED PA TO PLAY BARBERS. WHEN IT WAS PA'S TURN TO HAVE HIS HAIR CUT, WILLIE PICKED UP A SYPHON FROM THE SIDEBBOARD AND USED IT AS A SPRAY. IT IS A LONG WHILE NOW SINCE PA PLAYED BARBERS." [From Tommy's letter to a School-mate.]

thought that you cannot sing, but from the knowledge that you do.

Don't, if you know a good anecdote, put it forth during a piano solo—the pianist may like to hear it too. Wait patiently until peace reigns over the assembly. If your anecdote is a poor one, continue waiting.

Don't be outlandish in your musical tastes. A good plan when invited out, if you favour the accordion, pandean pipes, or double bassoon, is to leave your instrument at home. A long list, in fact, could be compiled of instruments which should nearly always be left at home.

My final "don't's" are levelled at late comers and early leavers. To the former I would say, don't, while a song is being executed, burst noisily into the room and insist then and there upon

shaking hands with your hostess. In cases where she herself is the soloist, you will put her off her stroke, and even if she has the presence of mind to sing her words of greeting, it is twenty to one if they make rhyme or reason with the context of the poem.

To early leavers I would offer similar advice and say, don't flounder away in the middle of a musical item. Where you have failed to escape before its commencement, exercise a giant control until the final chords bring release.

To seek escape by the window is cowardly, save where the music-room is not on the ground floor—then it is fool-hardy.

HOLLOW-GROUND Razors, 25 c., just in from England. Get one, they won't last long.—Advt. in *Vancouver News*.



SCENE—A Country Drawing-Room.

Visitor (to Old Lady and Daughters, one of whose hobbies is the keeping of a small herd of Jerseys). "BY THE WAY, I DIDN'T SEE YOU AT OUR LOCAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW."

Daughter. "Oh, no! WE NEVER GO UNLESS WE EXHIBIT OURSELVES."

THE LOST LEADER.

["Capt. KETTLE," now the Rev. Sir OWEN KETTLE, K.C.B., has definitely retired into private life, greatly regretted by all who knew him.]

LATTER-DAY DRAKE (with a liberal dash of the late lamented Kidd),

Long have I followed your bright career, thrilled at the deeds you did ;

Long have I watched you pace your bridge, resolute, daring, smart ;

You were a friend in my every mood—and now we have got to part.

Long have I helped you range the globe through many a varied scene,

Through troublous times afloat and ashore, keeping your ticket clean.

From Floridan creek to the Congo's stream, in a hundred stirring frays,

You taught me all I shall ever know of the sea and the sailor's ways.

Ah, the salt-sea smell, and the hiss of the foam, and the throb of the whirring screw !

Oft have we battled side by side with a villainous, cut-throat crew ;

And now with a gibe and an acid sneer, and now with a well-judged shot,

Taught them exactly who was who, precisely what was what.

To run a blockade or to poach a pearl—those were the jobs for us ;

Our motto a maximum of work with a minimum of fuss.

The foe might rage or the engines fail, the ship might break in two,

With you at my side I was undismayed ; I knew you would see me through.

You were not built for the joys of peace, your business is on the sea ;

The bridge of a tramp is the place for you, my reverend K.C.B.

You were not born to be slothful, sleek, a payer of tax and rate.

Leave such a life to lesser men—yours is a nobler fate.

Out once more in your rakish craft, travel the wide world through ;

Girdle the earth from shore to shore, from China to Peru.

Where glittering icebergs rear their peaks, where the tropical sun-dart flames,

Let the welkin ring with your pistol's crack, let it roar with your crisp "By James!"



"THE MEN IN BUCKRAM."

Falstaff

RIGHT HON. ST. J-HN BR-BR-CK.

Prince Hal

RIGHT HON. SIR H. CAMPBELL BARRON.

Poins

RIGHT HON. H. H. ASQUITH.

FALSTAFF. "SIX ARMY CORPS, BY THESE HILTS; OR I AM A VILLAIN ELSE."

PRINCE HAL. "PRITHEE LET HIM ALONE. WE SHALL HAVE MORE ANON."

King Henry the Fourth, Act II., Scene 4.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Feb. 23.

—Proceedings to-night not wholly satisfactory to PRINCE ARTHUR, nor pleasing to our CARNOT, organiser of victory and Six Army Corps. But creditable to Conservative Party and encouraging for those who care for reputation of House of Commons. As a rule good Ministerialists (no allusion here meant to CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES) are accustomed, with monotonous manner, to look upon the Treasury Bench and declare that whatever its occupants may do is very good. This state of discipline is, from some points of view, commendable. It has inevitable tendency to keep things dull.

With the young bloods in Ministerial camp limit of endurance reached on matter of Army Reform. When the MARKISS, after last General Election, resolved to strengthen his Ministry, his discerning eye rested with confidence on ST. JOHN BRODRICK, sometime President of the Union at Oxford. He was not a CEOL; that was a misfortune of birth beyond personal control. Under his mufti and his civilian habits the MARKISS nevertheless discovered the attributes of CARNOT, the genius of



"Barbed with deadly point, admirably delivered."

(Mr. Ern-st B-ck-tt.)

NAPOLEON. So he made him Secretary of State for War, and before he had been in office twelve months, whilst unprepared-for war in South Africa was threatening foundations of Empire, CARNOT NAPOLEON BRODRICK had broken a few commanding officers, had turned the War Office inside out, and had created Six Army Corps, increasing the Army Estimates by a trifle of ten millions.

To-night the young bloods wake up and want to know, Where are the half-dozen Army Corps that, regardless of expense, were to awe the haughty autocrats of the Continent with their mailed fists and their million men-at-arms? There is nothing in C. N. BRODRICK reminiscent of *Falstaff* save his military instincts and his warlike aptitude. But thoughts of Sir JOHN's men in buckram float over back Ministerial benches as they contemplate, on the White Paper issued by the War Office, the airy host, divided for greater convenience into six Army Corps, with Lord GRENFELL entering upon command of one on April 1. (See Cartoon.)

Where congratulation to House of Commons is suggested by to-night's proceedings is in discovery of excellent debating power in unexpected quarters. YERBURGH we know, with his pleasant voice, his gentle manner, and his habit of smiling through an exceedingly damaging speech. He lifted the standard of revolt whilst the MARKISS was still with us at the Foreign Office;

did the State service by well-informed criticisms on policy in the far East. ERNEST BECKETT has spoken once or twice before, notably on his return from a visit to the Indian frontier. Never had a chance like to-night.

With House crowded from floor to topmost bench of Strangers' Gallery, with Peers' Gallery crowded, with Bous looking on, shocked to hear his colleague at the War Office spoken of with as little respect as if he were the Equator, but thanking Heaven his own place is not on the Treasury Bench, BECKETT, being very much ERNEST, made the most of his opportunity. His speech, pungent, barbed with deadly point, admirably delivered, brings him to the front as a debater. It is worth his while, by keeping in more constant touch with the House, to maintain a position achieved in an hour.

Business done.—Rather bad for the Government.

Tuesday night.—"What's the old couplet?" SARK asked, as we hurried off after the division to catch the infrequent cab:

"A woman, a spaniel and a walnut tree,
The more you beat them the better they be."

You can't add to the list 'Ministries' and make the line scan. But the moral is at least equally applicable. Here for two nights War Office scheme of Army reform been under discussion. Attack opened by usually docile followers; once in revolt they make up for long endurance by uncompromising criticism. Whilst some dozen of the ablest, best-



BR-DR-CK'S SPION KOP.

Pouring a galling fire into the War Secretary
from the heights above.

(Capt. J. B. S-ly.)



The Blue-water School.

"A good Ministerialist."

(Sir J-hn C-l-mb.)

informed young Unionists denounce CARNOT NAPOLEON BRODRICK and all his works, not a single voice is uplifted in uncompromising defence. Yet, when we go to a division, in a full House of 406 Members, Ministers have a majority of 116! Last week, on such things as Housing of the Working Classes and the City connections of His Majesty's Ministers, majority ran down to 40. Here, on question admitted on all sides to be of vital national interest, a matter in which if Ministers have blundered (and no one off the Treasury Bench defends them), new departure should instantly be made, majority runs up close to maximum height."

In the City, and on some headlands of the sea-coast, one haps upon columns lifting their tall head and explaining things, whether a great fire or the memory of a great man. To-night Sir JOHN COLOMB, faithful to his patronymic, rose and answered SARK's question before it was put.

"I am," he said, "in strong and violent opposition to the Government scheme; but I shall vote against the amendment that condemns it."

There spoke the good Ministerialist. Ministers had introduced, had paid for, to the tune of ten millions a year added to the Army Estimates, an elaborate scheme of Army reform, which, whether good, bad, or indifferent, certainly could not command the approval of a single non-official Member. Condemnation was submitted in form of amendment to Address. If it were carried the Government must go; there would be a General Election, and, now there was not even "a sort of war" going on, who could say what the result might be? Profound pity; rare opportunity lost; more millions, drawn from pockets of over-taxed people, submerged; the safety of the country endangered. But if the present Government goes out, C.-B. and his more or less merry men will come in. That a consummation devoutly to be avoided.

PRINCE ARTHUR saw the strength of his position, and insisted upon it.

"This is a vote of censure," he reiterated. "Sorry you don't like BRODRICK's scheme. If you don't you must lump it, or we'll go out."

So they lumped it.

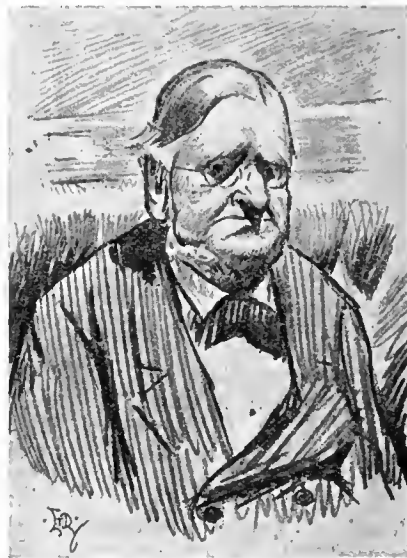
Business done.—Ministers, challenging vote of confidence on Army Reform scheme, carried it by 261 votes against 145.

Thursday night.—Through debate on Monday and Tuesday bitterest reproach was launched at Government on charge of slighting Volunteer Forces. STANLEY put up to deny the rough impeachment. "Very well," as Sir WILLIAM ALLAN says when he means very bad. But what happens two days later

to the Colonel of the Queen's Westminster, perhaps the most martial civilian in the three kingdoms?

Rose this afternoon to move fresh amendment to Address calling for legislation restraining alien immigration. President of Board of Trade, who never set a squadron in the field, turns and rends the gallant Colonel. Whilst he, taken unawares, was thus wounded in the house of a friend, ex-President of Board—BRYCE to wit—nips in on the flank and savagely prods him. Never since Board of Trade established was there such eruption of actual and ex-Presidents. Fortunately House nearly empty. Anguish of witnessing outrage limited to less than a quorum.

What made incident more painful was the harmlessness of the victim of



Sir W.-l-m H.-re-rt thinking of the good old days of Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform.

official and ex-official indignation. It is true the dauntless Colonel had proposed legislation for a particular subject whilst Royal Commission was still engaged upon investigating it. That, he knew very well, goes to the root of constitutional government. If a Ministry, having shunted an awkward question by appointing a Royal Commission, are not to enjoy a few years' surcease of inconvenient inquiry, how is the King's Government to be carried on? Moreover, he had blurted out conviction that the Royal Commission was designed, not to inquire into the range and influence of Alien Immigration, but to hush up inquiry.

Apart from these indiscretions, HOWARD VINCENT contributed interesting results of study of the subject as close as olfactory sensibility permits. Showed

how the alien permeates the metropolis as microbes do the House of Commons. His versatility is exceeded only by his insalubrity. Disguising himself sometimes as a German waiter, anon as a tailor, occasionally as a cabman, he hustles off the pavement the honest British workman. His favourite avocation is shoe-making, as it offers opportunity of furtively sticking to someone else's last.

The Colonel hinted at fearsome story of an alien immigrant washed, curled and dressed at expense of Association located at end of Parliament Street (left-hand side going down); sent to a Yorkshire borough, and run against popular Unionist Member under old flag of Peace, Retrenchment and Reform.

Most affecting portion of address was his lament over injustice done to industrious members of the criminal classes. Foreign competition, as was shown by B. P. in last week's *Punch*, is ruining them. The comely coiner, the bashful burglar, the persuasive pickpocket, the fastidious forger, the languorous loungee at the public-house corner, are each and all being supplanted on their native soil by frowsy foreigners. At this stage of his speech the Colonel fairly broke down, which gave GERALD BALFOUR opportunity of interposing one of those remarks indigenous to the official mind.

"My hon. and gallant friend," he said, "has described the alien immigrant as landing on these shores in a state of absolute destitution. How then can he compete with the British burglar, whose business equipment requires an outlay of at least £100?"

The Colonel was too completely choked with emotion to retort with obvious inquiry, *How did GERALD BALFOUR know that?* A voice, usually adequate to circumstances, temporarily failed him. Subsiding, he made way for President of Board of Trade and his predecessor jointly to jump on him in manner described.

Business done.—Address voted. Business will now begin.

A LONG- FELT WANT.—Sir HOWARD VINCENT will be greatly obliged if the author of *The Unspeakable Scot* will kindly publish at his earliest convenience another of his comprehensive criticisms, this time under the title of *The Abominable Alien*, or, say, *The Perfectly Pestilential Pole*.

A DARING REQUEST.—*Old Lady (to Clerk of circulating library).* When your man calls next time I want him to leave me *Alone with the Hairy Ainu!*



Model (wishing to say something pleasant). "YOU MUST HAVE PAINTED UNCOMMONLY WELL WHEN YOU WERE YOUNG!"

OPERA IN TABLOID.

["Theatrical managers, realising that this is the age of condensation, have decided on grand opera in tabloid doses as the latest time-saving amusement novelty. . . . *The Bohemian Girl* has been squeezed into the space of half an hour, and a compact arrangement of *Il Trovatore* is being produced this week, in succession to compressed editions of *The Bohemian Girl* and *Maritana*."]—*Daily Paper*.]

IN pursuance of this excellent idea, we understand that the following pocket-edition of *Tannhäuser* will be produced at an early date. Its performance, owing to a further improvement in the compressing-machine, will take much less than half an hour. But, brief as it now is, the English text still preserves some of those graces of idiom and construction so familiar to opera-goers.

ACT I. SCENE 1.—*The Interior of the Hörselberg.*

Venus (recitative). Oh say, my love, where stray thy thoughts? Up is thy usual calmness broken; methinks perturbed thou art!

Tannhäuser (in the greatest commotion seizes a rapt expression and his harp).

The hour has come when I must go;
Wouldst thou the reason like to know?
Fain would I in a strain sublime
Impart it—but there is no time.
Enough, that destiny has beckoned—
Let us pass on to Scene the Second!

SCENE 2.—*A valley before the Wartberg.*

Minstrel Knights, headed by the Landgrave, sing to TANNHÄUSER. Chorus (breathlessly):

Why, yes, it is our HENRY—what an unexpected meeting!
We offer thee, with warmest thankfulness that we happened to along-at-the-precisely-right-moment-come, enthusiastic greeting!

Join thou our ranks once more! Nay, nay, no hesitation!
That it is for thee the one and only right course we are convinced, but the audience has had quite enough of this scene, and there's not a moment for explanation.

ACT II.—*The Tournament of Song.*

The Landgrave (to Minstrels). Sing ye of love!
Minstrels. Of love we sing.

Love is a highly decorous thing!
Tannhäuser. Down with this empty mockery between us!
I am a passionate devotee of Venus!

Minstrels (angrily). Let the miscreant's head be off-cut!

Elizabeth (interposing). Back, ye scoundrels!

Tannhäuser. Ah, there's a pilgrim-band! Farewell, my home!

I join the pilgrimage—I make for Rome!

ACT III.—*Valley before the Wartberg.*

Wolfram. Here are the pilgrims! But the one you cherished

Is by reason of absence conspicuous. Ah, watched! Beyond doubt thy on-altogether-inadequate-grounds-loved TANNHÄUSER has perished.

Elizabeth (aria). I am undone!

I'll be a nun!

[Exit.

Wolfram (recit.). Somewhat too precipitate the maiden was; for here, if I mistake not, is the to-all-appearances-extremely-unfortunate man!

Enter TANNHÄUSER, with-the-mud-of-travel-stained.

Tannhäuser. There was no pardon for me!

Wolfram. Ah, well-a-day!

Pilgrim (entering hurriedly). A mistake! Thou pardon hast!

Wolfram. Hurrah! Hurray!

Tannhäuser. Well, there, thank Heaven, ends my foolish frenzy!

(Curtain.)

Voice from "behind." Two minutes' interval—and then we play *Rienzi*!

QUEER CALLINGS.

THE NOVELIST'S HANDY MAN.

"Ah," he said, "you have no notion what a demand there is for my services. Look at these telegrams."

He handed us a sheaf. The first was from Putney: "New spiritual romance projected. Lunch at 1." From Highgate: "Comedy of social life—twelve characters. Urgent." From Streatham: "Restoration romance. Hero's name. Reply paid." And so forth.

"Then your profession—?" we said.

"Is to find names and ideas for novelists. I have an enormous clientèle. The ordinary novelist, you know, however well he may tell a story, is a child at names and titles. And, as any publisher will tell you, these are practically everything. SHAKESPEARE may have said otherwise, but he was neither novelist nor publisher."

We hastened to agree.

"Take *Sir Richard Calmady*," he said. "That was one of my selections. LUCAS MALET wanted to call the book *The Ordeal of Richard Femoral*, but I stopped her in time. Who would have read it? No one. It gave the thing away."

We acquiesced.

"I name all Mr. HENRY JAMES's characters," he continued; "and very often his novels too. I have a season ticket to Rye. Take his *Wings of the Dove*. That was my title, or rather my amendment. He wanted to call it *The Wing of a Duck*. 'Too culinary,' I said. Wasn't I right?"

"Quite right," we said.

"Then there's A. E. W. MASON. A capital writer, but no nose for a title! He wanted to call one of his books *Miranda of the Verandah*. 'Bad,' I said; 'too jingly.' So it was changed to *Miranda of the Balcony*, and sold 50,000. But I had to begin again next time. For instance, take his last book. He wanted to call it *365 Feathers*! 'How about Leap Year?' I said. 'Well, let's call it *366 Feathers*,' was his reply; and I had the greatest difficulty in making him pluck 362 of them."

We applauded his powers of subtraction.

"Curiously obstinate fellows, these novelists," he went on. "In spite of all I could say, BARRIE would call his novel *The Little White Bird*, although, as I pointed out, everyone would buy it expecting a biography of ANNIE S. SWAN, and be grievously disappointed."

"Too true," we murmured.

"It was I," he went on, "who invented the name *Sherlock Holmes*. Also *Captain Kettle* and *HISTORICUS*. Sometimes I don't invent a new name, I merely abridge an old one. It was I who named Mr. O'CONNOR's new paper *T.P.'s Weekly*; and it was this name, I venture to state, more than anything else, which carried him through his initial difficulties."

"You must be tremendously busy," we observed.

"I should think so," was the reply. "Look at my work in the next few days. There are the telegrams to answer. Then I must drive to ANTHONY HOPE's to find him fifteen names for his new book; on to STANLEY WEYMAN's, who wants a title. SIDNEY COLVIN is thinking of taking a new pseudonym; and Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL wants two more for some new columns he is establishing. I make a speciality of pseudonyms; for it was I who invented WILLIAM LE QUEUX."

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

XVIII.—FIRST AID.

It is the late afternoon of a cold grey day. A nipping wind swirls down the dreary side-street in which I find myself, a street of one row of houses only, for those on the other side have been pulled down, giving place to a postered hoarding whose chief feature is a constant repetition of a desperate portrait in two colours of an eminent statesman in a three-and-sixpenny hat. Through gaps in the hoarding here and there may be seen a desolation of rubbish bounded by the back gardens of the next street, where lines of pegged garments sport in the wind with an utter abandonment of delicacy. At the near end of the hoarding stands a house, the last of its row, still in process of demolition, outside which a black board displays the exciting notice that there is Sand and Ballast for Sale. The only living person in sight is a dispirited-looking man with a fringe of beard round his neck in place of a collar, who, wheeling a barrow along the deeply-rutted road, is addressing to the wind a melancholy announcement of strong-growing tulips at four a penny.

I muster courage to unbutton my overcoat and produce a cigarette. A prolonged search convinces me that I have no matches. Feeling that any appeal as I pass him to the man with the barrow would impose on me the moral obligation of purchasing tulips I press on towards the top of the street. At the end of the row of uniform new red habitations (no longer disgraced by disreputable *vis-à-vis*) I find a diminutive sweet-shop, outside which a small boy on one roller-skate is gazing through the window at an assortment of "Sweet Vegetables," shaped in sugar of varying bilious hues. Entering, I ask an apparently imbecile beldame for matches and am met by a vacant stare with a suggestion of resentment in it. Evidently Sweet Vegetables with the Sand and Ballast aforementioned (not forgetting tulips) constitute the sole resources of the neighbourhood. As I leave the shop I see a tiny urchin racing towards me up the street. At a distance of about thirty yards, still running, he hails the boy on the roller-skate, who is gazing in a kind of fascinated trance at a damp-looking sugar tomato.

"DOUGLIS! Man fell down an' cut 'is 'ead!"

The herald of this glorious news turns and races back down the street again.

"DOUGLIS" awakes immediately from his trance, and propels himself hurriedly in pursuit of his friend towards an attraction superior even to Sweet Vegetables.

I turn and follow the pair, though sadly outdistanced, to where a little knot of people has gathered round some object on the ground just beneath the Sand and Ballast board.

Lying on his back in the road is a bulky man in corduroys and knee-straps; his cap has fallen off, and from the back of his head a thin stream of blood is trickling on to the ground. With every sympathetic intention I cannot help noticing the fact that the prostrate gentleman is snoring to a degree that would seem hardly in keeping with any very serious suffering.

"Cut 'is 'ead, pore feller!" observes a bare-armed lady in a cricket cap—who looks very much as if she is about to bowl to somebody—to a small girl with a scanty pig-tail, who, with the two urchins, a man smoking a clay pipe with his hands in his pockets, and the dispirited tulip-vendor (standing by his barrow and scratching his ear vaguely) form the group of on-lookers. "That 's these slippery roads. It's too bad, pore feller!"

The man with the clay pipe removes it for a moment.

"'E's boozed," he observes, somewhat enviously as it seems to me.

I personally am inclined to believe his explanation, for a glance at him convinces me that he knows what he is talking about.

The Lady Cricketer casts at him a look of withering contempt.

"Pore feller," she repeats, "it's too bad!" I am rather curious to know what it is that is too bad, but the lady does not enlighten us.

At this moment there is a new arrival on the scene in the person of a little man in a bowler hat and greasy black tail-coat and waistcoat, which latter, being cut very low, affords a view, as he wears no collar or tie, of a wealth of grey flannel shirt, surmounted by a large bone stud.



JOE—ON THE LINE.

Joe (airily). "STILL A GOOD MANY CLOUDS ABOUT; BUT IT IS DECIDEDLY CLEARER IN THE SOUTH SINCE I CROSSED THE LINE TWO MONTHS AGO!"

"Stend awye there!" cries the newcomer authoritatively. "Stend awye from the man!" Then turns fiercely on the smaller of the two boys. "Give 'im air, there!" he commands sternly.

It occurs to me, as I tighten my coat-collar, that if the insensible gentleman is at all of my own way of thinking, he has got all the air he wants.

The Lady Cricketer is plainly impressed by the new arrival.

"'E's a doctor, ELLEN," she hazards with awe.

"Somebody fetch a pleeceman," instructs Flannel Shirt.

Nobody seems anxious to make a move. Flannel Shirt repeats his command, singling out the boy with the roller-skate. "DOUGLIS" turns to his smaller companion.

"Fetch a copper, 'ERBY," he enjoins.

"'ERBY" seems disinclined to give up his privilege as a spectator. Everybody, except the man with the clay pipe, turns on him.

"Go orn!" they cry indignantly.

"'ERBY" retires unwillingly. Flannel Shirt is kneeling by the insensible man, and examining his head.

"Skelp wound," he observes sagely.

The Lady Cricketer in conference with the small girl has no longer any hesitation in awarding Flannel Shirt his M.D. The tulip-vendor brings his barrow nearer.

"'Oo's got a pair o' scissors?" demands Flannel Shirt.

"DOUGLIS" volunteers to fetch a pair from the sweet-shop, and, rumbling across to the pavement, skates officiously off on one leg up the street.

"Woddyerwant scissors for?" inquires the man with the clay pipe.

"Cut the hair awye," replies Flannel Shirt.

"Garn, 'e's boozed," returns the other, replacing his pipe.

Flannel Shirt dips his finger in the little stream of blood and holds it up.

"Woddyer call thet?" he demands emphatically.

"Bleed," returns the other cheerfully.

"Bleed," assents Flannel Shirt.

"Woddyerwanter say the man's boozed for?"

The Lady Cricketer is quite triumphant at this victory. The man with the clay pipe is not disturbed.

"Boozed," he repeats, smoking with placidity, but is regarded now as beneath notice.

"DOUGLIS" returns with the scissors, from which it would appear that there are ways of reaching the imbecile beldame's comprehension. Flannel Shirt, still kneeling, proceeds to cut a liberal supply of hair from the crown of the injured man's head.

"Cold water," he demands, as he snips away busily.

This would seem to be a rare commodity in the neighbourhood, everybody looking very helpless at the request. The tulip-vendor is evidently so surprised that he cannot believe his ears, and appeals to the Lady Cricketer to confirm his impression. Eventually "DOUGLIS" is commissioned to fetch some from the house opposite.

"A cold water bendige I'm goin' ter make," explains Flannel Shirt, surveying with satisfaction the large bald space which he has cleared on his patient's head. "'Oo's got a 'anker-chief?"

This also appears to be a rarity, until at last, after a great deal of fumbling, the tulip-vendor produces what looks to me like a lamp-cloth, though it might possibly be a napkin which has been used to clean a bicycle. At the same time "DOUGLIS" appears from the house, propelling himself on his one skate, with a pail containing enough water, I should say, to clean an omnibus. As he reaches the group his skate catches in one of the ruts in the road, and he stumbles forward, pail and all, on top of Flannel Shirt and his patient.

There is a volley of maledictions from Flannel Shirt, immediately followed by a louder uproar as the patient sits up, then staggers to his feet, pouring forth a torrent of profanity, and faces the man with the clay pipe.

"Easy, ole feller, 'tain't nothin' ter do with me," observes the latter.

"'Oo's bin an' threw water on me?" demands the patient wildly.

"There 'e is," replies the other, indicating Flannel Shirt with the stem of his pipe. "Same that's give yer yer 'aircut."

The patient, declaiming freely, turns on Flannel Shirt, then lifts his hand uncertainly towards his head.

"Orl right, ole man," says Flannel Shirt in offended tones, "I was only 'elpin' of yer. Orl right—keep yer 'air on—"

The patient, who has just discovered the complete nakedness of the back of his scalp, becomes livid. With a flood of blasphemy he aims a terrific blow at the head of Flannel Shirt, who ducks just in time, with the result that the patient loses his balance and falls to the ground again.

While he is still making ineffectual efforts to rise, "ERBY" arrives with the policeman, who, after an instantaneous diagnosis, picks up the patient's cap, then the patient himself, and marches him off towards the main road, followed by two enthralled small boys.

"Black List fer 'im," observes the man with the clay pipe dispassionately to Flannel Shirt, who, wiping his clothing mechanically with the tulip-

vendor's lampcloth, is staring blankly after the group,—"thet's wot yer've done fer 'im, mate," and slouches off in the opposite direction.

I leave the others and retrace my steps up the street. At the top I pause and look back. My late companions have disappeared. It is nearly dark. Far down the street a solitary lamp-lighter has just shed a yellow glow upon the board announcing that there is Sand and Ballast for Sale.

WHAT TO DO WITH OUR GIRLS.

[Mr. G. H. ELLWANGER has just published a book entitled *Pleasures of the Table*, in which he says, "There is no such thing as fine modern English cookery." He appeals to woman to free us from this reproach. Will she not imitate Miss GLASSE's devotion to the "fundamental happiness of mankind" by inventing new sauces, instead of giving her energies to "flounces or the study of metaphysics?" "It is unquestionably to woman that we must look for the improvement of cookery."]

THERE are no cooks in England—none.

A sad and weary sameness
Pervades our dining-rooms with un-
Imaginative tameness.

The JONES's dinner, which I eat
To-night with pain and sorrow,
I shall inevitably meet
At ROBINSON's to-morrow.

The skill which made the steak a dream,
The bold imagination
Which made the common outlet seem
A poet's inspiration;
The hand of cunning which could call
From simple fowl and bacon
Ambrosial savours—have they all
These prosy shores forsaken?

Up, Woman, up! Behold thy sphere!
The saucepan and the kettle
Provide a glorious career
For any girl of mettle.
Then wherefore ape the poet's part
By scribbling songs and ballads?
More deep and subtle is the art
Of mayonnaising salads.

Ah, do not seek to wring from men
The suffrage, I implore you,
Nor aim at County Councils when
You've nobler aims before you.
Why study Conic Sections? Stop
For ever stewing Plato,
And learn instead to grill the chop,
And boil the new potato.

SCENE—At a Tobacconist's.

Customer (who likes something uncommonly strong—inspecting samples of cigars). Ah—these won't do—too mild—show me some of your regular "roofers."

Shopman. Sorry, Sir, we don't keep 'em; but ("happy thought") I can show you any amount of Floras.



THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

(Old *Æsop* in Modern Fashion.)

[The latest fashion is for ladies to wear imitation bunches of grapes on their dresses.]



PHOTOGRAPHY IN THE NURSERY.

Ethel (aged five). "I SAY, EDIE, I'SE GOING TO PHOTOGRAPH MY DOLLY."

Edith (aged four). "ARE 'OO? WILL 'OO TAKE A SLAP SHOT, EFFIE?"

Ethel. "OF COURSE NOT: IN REFUSED LIGHT MUMMY ALWAYS TAKES A TIME EXPLOSION."

OUR REPRESENTATIVE WITH SOME "ODDSHIP"-MATES AND "THE PILGRIMS."

Mr. *Punch's* Representative may congratulate himself on having had the exceptional pleasure to be a guest at two of the best "big dinners" he can—within reasonable limits of memory—recall to his capacious mind. The first was given by "*The Sette of Odd Volumes*" at Limmer's, and proved that, like "Todgers," Limmer's "could do it when it liked."

As the cheery gatherings of "Ye Odd Volumes" are rather of a private than public character, mention of this one, even the most laudatory, would be unwarrantable, were it not that their harmonious proceedings, witty speeches by President MAX PEMBERTON, Vice-President DIOXY, and others, and an ode written by their "Laureate," WILSEY MARTIN, F.R.G.S., the music being admirably set to it by the "Gleeman" ALBERT LIDGEY, have already obtained a certain amount of publicity by appearing in the printed archives of *The Sette*, wherein, however, will not be recorded—at least so Mr. *Punch's* Representative supposes—a most humorous and instructive lecture, given by the "Dominie Secretary" W. FREWEN LORD, F.R., on such popular songs (illustrated by *The Sette's* "Ready Reckoner" and Music-at-sight Reader Mr. PAUL BEVAN, M.A., F.S.A., at the piano, and by a quartette of Hungarian or some other uniform'd musicians) as had achieved considerable success at different times during the last thirty or forty years.

And the second dinner, having been fully reported in the papers last week, is by now public property, namely that given to His Excellency the American Ambassador, the Hon. JOSEPH H. CHOATE, by "The Pilgrims," a confederation of the distinguished Representatives of various States of life, with Earl ROBERTS as its President, united in "kinsmen bonds" for the promotion of the best feeling between the two great countries. And certainly never were heard better delivered, nor more witty speeches, than those of Mr. CHOATE, the Lord Chancellor, and Mr. Justice DARLING; to which list must be added one given by Lord CHARLES BERESFORD, who, but for the want of space, would there and then, amidst enthusiastic plaudits, have performed an International hornpipe.

The dinner was one of Mr. RITZ's best, and the waiting—considering there were about two hundred *convives*—perfect. Within the memory of Mr. *Punch's* Representative—"which runneth not to the contrary, all nevertheless and notwithstanding,"—there never was a better arranged dinner, thanks to Mr. HARRY E. BRITAIN, Hon. Sec., a name of considerable import and good omen on so memorable an occasion. No "little BRITAIN" could have accomplished this task of bringing together and arranging for the comfort and entertainment of so many representatives of all sorts and shades of opinion on both sides of the Atlantic.

Mr. *Punch's* Representative has some vague idea of having accepted several invitations from the U.S. Consul-General to England, from Mr. MILTON V. SNYDER, of the *New York*

Herald, and from many other distinguished Americans, to meet Lord ROBERTS in New York, and then to go round the States, days and dinner-hours all fixed, in keeping with the motto of "The Pilgrims," which is "*Hic et ubique*." But, steady, boys, steady! so we were: the motto could be repeated by any one of us without any sort of guttural struggle with the "*hic*." *Vivent les Pèlerins!*

UPON ADOLPHUS.

Greatly cheered by the invention of a watch as thin as a crown-piece, to take the place of the ordinary sort that spoils the figure.

(After HERRICK.)

WHENAS ADOLPHUS deigns to go
In beauty's pomp, sublime and slow,
Along the lists of Rotten Row;

Or, like a flower with dew besprent,
Exudes a steady blast of scent
Down Piccadilly's pavement;

Much I admire that wondrous dress
Whose lambent folds do more express
Than veil the figure's daintiness.

And musing on him, line by line,
I think how many arts combine
T'adorn that human shape divine.

Soothly some woman, over-laced,
Advised him how to have his waist
In yon exiguous zone encased.

Some fair, that had no pouch to hide
Her proper kerchief, armed his pride
'Gainst pockets that do bulge inside;

So as the key is passing small,
The which, emerging from the Mall,
He lifts his nightly latch withal.

Some coins he hath, for chariot-fare,
Deftly disposed here and there—
The rest is paper, thin as air.

And, since it causeth inward pains
To carry such a watch as strains
That region where the stomach wanes,

Now hath he got a little one,
Whereof the bulk doth scarce outrun
A wafer's fine dimension.

When in his mirror he observes
His form inclined to ampler curves,
ADOLPHUS shaketh in the nerves;

And, lest he mar his comely guise,
He summons all his strength, and tries
A little massage exercise.

So doth he labour to reduce
Whatso is like to grow profuse,
And serveth not for beauty's use.

Herein he hath a wide success—
Save for his brains, whereof I guess
No power on earth could make them less!

O. S.

Master (gently, to New Boy). SMITHERS, my boy, can you tell me what a Noun is?

New Boy (anxious to please). No, Sir; but I'm sure my father could.

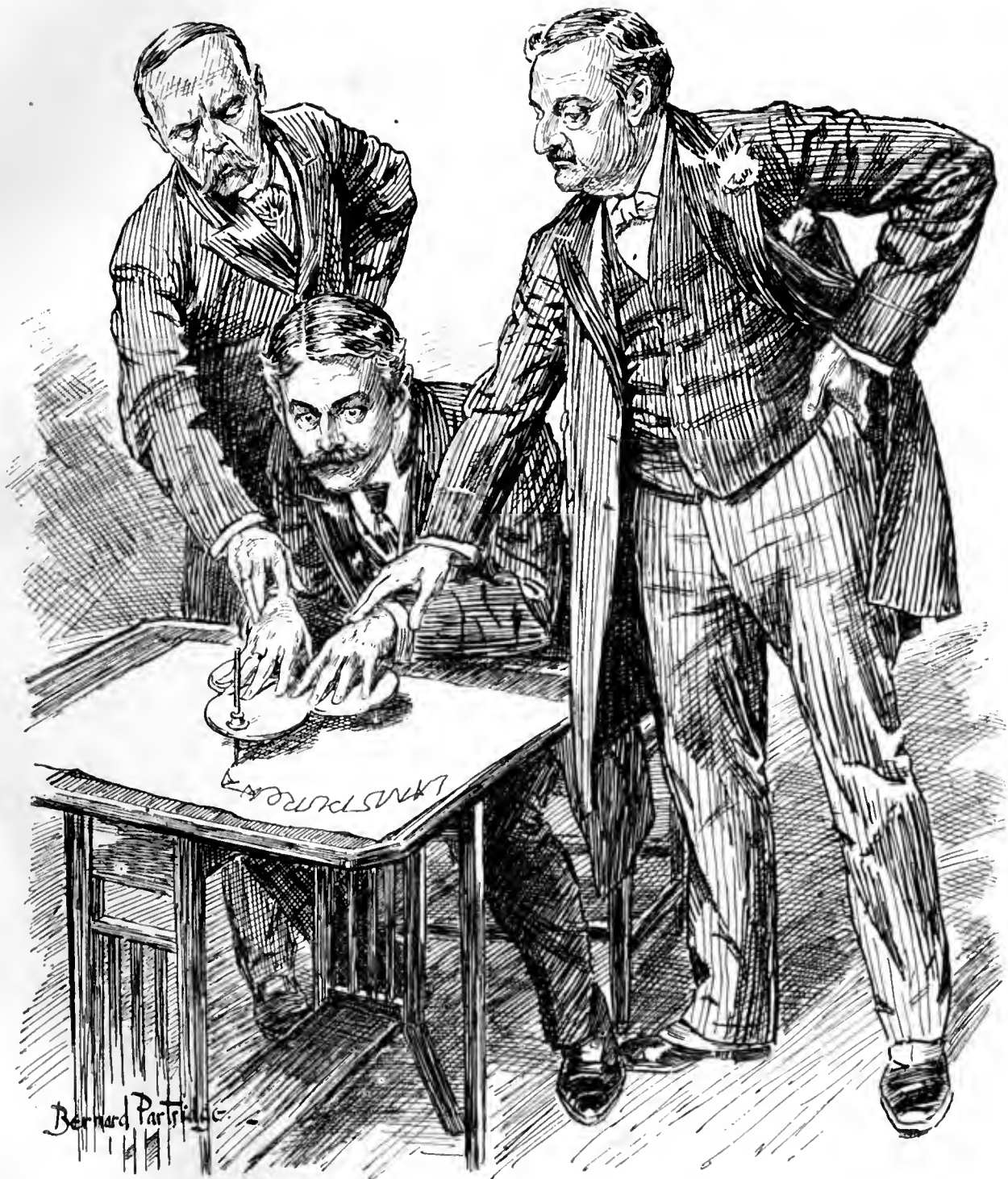
OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE second volume of *Parliament, Past and Present* (HUTCHINSON), concludes the labours of the joint authors, Mr. ARNOLD WRIGHT and Mr. PHILIP SMITH. It is marked by the research and comprehensiveness notable in the earlier volume. Done by gentlemen long associated with the work of the House of Commons, they have with sure instinct known what to include and what to leave out. The result is a valuable, pleasantly gossipy story of Parliament, profusely illustrated by things old and new. Amongst the many curios are successive portraits of great statesmen taken at varying stages of their career. There is an early portrait of DISRAELI by CHALON my Baronite never saw, and RICHMOND's portrait of Lord SALISBURY when he was still Lord ROBERT CECIL. Members of the present House will recognise in the latter a curiously close facial resemblance to that other eminent statesman, Sir GEORGE NEWNES.

The Light Behind, by Mrs. WILFRED WARD (JOHN LONG), is, in the opinion of his Occasional Assistant Baronite, a book that the Baron may conscientiously recommend to those who look up to him for guidance as to what they should or should not read. Mrs. WARD has mercifully no sympathy with "sex problems" and morbid "affinities," and the "newer woman" in her shrewd eyes is but an old fraud in a new garb. Her characters are honest English men and women, who endeavour to exercise some control over their passions and to live for others as well as for themselves. The skill with which Mrs. WARD develops a story which in other and less skilful hands would be a trifle tedious, exhibits her talent as a novelist of rare distinction. The death scene of her heroine in the garden of an Italian villa is drawn with exceptional pathos and feeling. The book is, moreover, enlivened throughout with subtle touches of characterisation, clever descriptions of social life, and pen sketches of scenery. In a word, this is a book to read, and to keep to read again. *The Light Behind* makes a distinct advance upon Mrs. WARD's first novel, *One Poor Scruple*, and that is saying a good deal, for, as the Baron's readers will remember, that was one of the best books published last season.

If Mr. MORLEY ROBERTS in his *Other Sea Comedies* could only have kept up to the high-water mark of the first two of these tales, namely, "*The Promotion of the Admiral*," which is the story that gives its title to the book (published by EVELEIGH NASH) and its sequel, "*The Settlement with Shanghai Smith*," Mr. JACOBS might have had to set all his canvas and forge ahead of a somewhat dangerous competitor; but, as it is, the author of *Many Cargoes* need have no fear, since Captain MORLEY ROBERTS has overlaid his vessel with such heavy cargo as "*The Policy of the Potluck*," "*The Crew of the Kamma Fundes*," and the "*Rehabilitation of the Vigia*," of which the first two bales might have been left ashore, and the third could have been compressed by judicious editing. "*Three in a Game*" is very nearly up to the first two in order of merit, but it is misplaced, as, according to the sequence of events in the life of *Shanghai Smith*, it ought to have been the first story in the volume. The last, called "*The Scuttling of the Pandora*," "an 'orrible tale, to make your faces all turn pale," is told with considerable dramatic power. It should have been the last but one, with a genuine irresistible "side-splitter" for the "grand finale." Some of these stories, as the Baron is informed, have already appeared in a magazine, but those of the Baron's readers to whom they may be novelties are hereby recommended, as accomplished "skippers," to tackle *The Promotion of the Admiral*, and *Other Sea Comedies*.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



THE IRISH "PLANCHETTE."

RIGHT HON. G-RGE W-SMITH (to Mr. J-HN R-DMOND and COLONEL S-NDERS-N). "LAND PURCHASE! HOW SINGULAR! NOW, WHAT COULD HAVE MADE IT WRITE THAT?"





Adolphus (penitently). "So SORRY, DEAREST, THAT I WAS ANGRY WITH YOU YESTERDAY EVENING, AND LOST MY TEMPER."

Olivia. "PRAY DON'T MENTION IT, DOLLY. IT WASN'T A VERY GOOD ONE, AND I'M SURE YOU CAN EASILY FIND A BETTER."

PRODUCTION OF MR. JABBERJEE'S PLAY.

(Author's Notes at Matinée, concluded.)

III.

4 P.M.—Back in authorial box—after somewhat warm altercation with Mr. FITKIN (*alias* Mr. OSRIO BELSIZE), who argued that he conceives the *Monster* as a sympathetic character. Also that his "young lady" was in front, and I could not reasonably expect him to present himself before her in the semblance of a thorough Guy. Finally he declared that it was a rotten part, and he was in the jolly good mind to chuck it and let me play it myself, as far better qualified. But, being no histrionic, I soothed him with timely and abject apologies, entreating him not to abandon my fortunes, and succeeded in so far mollifying him that he has offered *proprio motu* to erase the rosiness from his cheek.

Pianist is executing a rather monotonous melody entitled "*The Ragtime Coons' Cakewalk*." Still no sign of Honble Editor! The Cake has ceased to promenade.

4.10.—Curtain raised. Why has Mr. Scenepainter depicted the *De Lacey Family's* "Cottage in an open country" as the rear-garden of some spick-and-span suburban villa-residence? And the *Monster's* adjacent ruinous hovel is palpably a large wooden dog's-house! Surely, even at a less West End theatre (such as His Majesty's) such makeshifts would not be tolerated!

In spite of his compact, Mr. FITKIN's cheek remains as blooming as ever! Partly, I think, owing to inattentiveness in the prompting department, this scene has fallen flat as a

flounder. And yet all the performers have received an Academical curriculum! . . . A rap on the door—Honble Editor at last! . . . It turns out to be Mr. CHESEBOROUGH DUCROW kindly arriving to keep me in company.

He avers that the piece could not possibly go any better, and points out to me two notorious dramatical pundits in the orchestral stalls—to wit, the *Westbourne Park Morning Express*, and the *Paddington Evening Mail*, who are sitting dumb as fishes with amazement. *Mem.*—To ascertain the length of their feet.

The *Monster*, it seems, is prohibited by some grandmotherly County Council regulations from setting the *De Lacey's* cottage in a blaze as directed! I begin to apprehend why the British Drama is in such a sad state of decline!

4.50.—The Second Scene, which should present *Old Syndicate Frankenstein's* "Bungalow near Geneva," has turned out the *facsimile* of its predecessor, save for the removal of the dog's-house, and substitution of one or two garden-seats! Mr. DUCROW, whom I have reminded of his undertaking to spare no expense on sceneries, retorts that he has spared as little as possible, and that, as a dramatist, I am over prodigal in shifting my localities. But for that the book—and not myself—is surely responsible!

Miss Elizabeth Lavenza, though convulsed by suppressed titterings, has somehow contrived to tickle the audience's fancy. Every sentence of hers, and also of *Old Syndicate Frankenstein's*, is greeted with outbursts of cachinnation, which (so Mr. DUCROW assures me) with a British audience are the symptoms of intoxicated approval. . . . *Little Darling William*—in spite of his features being still insufficiently

abluted—is immediately the prime favourite. At length the audience is waking up! Even the two *Swiss Polices* make their exits pursued by rounds of applause.

I am proud to record that the concluding interview between *Mr. Frankenstein* and his *Monster* has gone off amid a catholic roar of delight. And this notwithstanding very indifferent acting by both parties, and a scenery which, so far from being a “lonely Swiss landscape with pine-trees, ice-crevices, &c.” is obviously some English country road with a finger-post pointing “To Portsmouth”!

Mr. DUCROW has warmly congratulated me on descent of curtain, saying that he had known all along that my Drama was to knock any audience into a cocked hat, and that they were already tumbling into it.

5.25.—I have utilised the interval to accost *Misters Westbourne Park Express* and *Paddington Mail*, and inquire their opinions of my Tragedy. They confessed that it had already affected them with phenomenal thirst, so that I had the presence of mind and *savoir faire* to invite them to consume Scottish whisky-pegs at my expense before the adjoining buffet. While they were doing so I seized the occasion to whisper that my aforesaid Drama would have appeared even finer had it been presented with more appropriate sceneries and less incompetently enacted—especially by so irresponsibly frivolous a feminine as Miss TITTENSOR, begging that they were to make due and proper allowances for such shocking shortcomings.

To which they returned guarded responses—but I can see that, whatever strictures they may express regarding the acting and sceneries, they are resolved to award myself as Author honorable mentions.

5.30.—Opening of Last Act. As a total abstainer from Swiss travelling I cannot positively affirm that no hotel in said country exhibits the title of a Barley Mow on a signboard, or inscribes upon its windows such a motto as “Fine Ales”—but I shrewdly suspect that this is a further display of insular ignorance on the part of Mr. Scenepainter!

Mr. and Mrs. Frankenstein have entered without their gilded palanquin, or indeed any bridal procession of even the most meagre proportions! I am at a total loss to conceive how the *Monster* is to accomplish his fearful diving, when there is no balcony for him to plunge from, nor any visible lake or pond!

He has not made any plunge whatever, contenting himself with putting out *Mrs. F.’s* light in a ground-floor apartment, and then announcing from window [in a very crude sentence of his own composition] that he is about to dive into Lake Geneva by some back door! *Mr. F.’s* pistol has refused to explode, and the entire scene has gone off in very tame insipid style. I still hope Honble Editor may arrive in time to witness the dog-sledges and Frozen Sea.

The grand views of “the Winding Rhone” and “the Blue Mediterranean, with the Black Sea vessel riding on its anchor,” have been unceremoniously skipped out! And how are the spectators to divine that the same country road of Act II. is now posing as “A Desert Locality in Tartary and Russia”? *Mr. Scenepainter* has not even troubled to alter “To Portsmouth” on the guiding-post into “To St. Petersburg”! The Wilds of Tartary are only represented by their howls outside.

More scandalous parsimony on the part of Mr. DUCROW. Instead of a deceased hare, the *Monster* is furnished with the paltry substitute of an insignificant rabbit!!

Notwithstanding all such solecisms, the spectators are so ungovernably excited by the *Monster* chase that they halloo to him to put on a spurt, and inform *Mr. Frankenstein* on his appearance that he is “getting warm,” and that the fugitive is only just round the corner.

They will shout even more lustily on beholding the dog-sledges.

Surely Mr. DUCROW could have selected from the stock sceneries some landscape of more Laplandish aspect than a Market-place with a central fountain-pump, and a very superficial sprinkling of snow!

The *Monster* has driven past on his sledge—which is simply some unwheeled coster barrow harnessed to a single hound of St. Bernard’s breeding. However, he is greeted with genial ovations.

So likewise is *Mr. Frankenstein*, although his dog-sledge is an ordinary reversed cane chair, attached to two puggish curs, who are encased in woolly doormats, which one proceeds to scrape off, while the other, seating himself unconcernedly, scratches his ears with a back leg. As they are clearly incompetent to lug any vehicle, Mr. SILLIPHANT is compelled to get out and drag both sledge and quadrupeds himself.

I cannot too highly commend the goodnature of the audience in applauding them so vociferously.

6.15.—The Frozen Sea is a mere heterogeneous collection of furniture shrouded under white sheets, and the Midnight Sun entirely fails to put in an appearance as directed. *Captain Walton’s* vessel, too, is an undersized wooden profile painted with a few portholes, and of such careless construction that it topples over, revealing a shockingly superannuated sofa.

Yet, by dint of transcendental penmanship on my own part, the spectators are so enraptured as to overlook all deficiencies in the performance itself, and hail the last moments of *Mr. F.*, and even the *Monster*, with thundering acclamations. I must candidly admit, too, that the red fire has provided a splendidly lurid finale.

The Curtain has come down, amidst indescribable enthusiasms. Some of the lively young hobbardehoyes are rending the air with shrill whistlings, while others utter doleful cries of “Boo-hoo!” in lament that so superb a tragedy is concluded.

They are loudly demanding to behold the Author! It would be simply sheepish and *mauvais ton* to refuse to exhibit myself at the footlamps. I may perhaps prove that for sheer rhetorical eloquence and fluency an Author’s tongue may sometimes be as mighty as his pen.

[Here my notes come to an end—but with kind permission of Honble Editor—who it seems carelessly mistook date of performance—I will relate the residuc of my experiences in a future number, and can only hint that they may turn out very different from what the Reader is anticipating!]

H. B. J.

Mr. Devlin, the Man for Galway.

THE Galway patriots begin

To show returning reason,

They say, “We’ll put the Dev’l-in,

They can’t try him for treason.”

A THUNDERING GOOD START.—The first number of a new Japanese Buddhist journal has appeared. It is called *The Thundering Dawn*, and this is how the editor breaks the news to the public:—“This paper has come from the womb of eternity, just as we all came. It starts its circulation with millions and millions of numbers. The rays of the sun, the beams of the stars, the leaves of trees, the blades of grass, the grains of sand, the hearts of tigers, elephants, lamps, ants, men, and women are its subscribers. This journal will henceforth flow in the universe as the rivers flow and the oceans surge.” The report that *The Thundering Dawn* has a circulation five million times as large as that of any halfpenny morning paper has caused a profound sensation in Carmelite Street.

CAUTION.

(A Legend.)

[How many a doctor or architect must own that his professional life consisted of two periods—one in which he was too young to be trusted, the other in which he was too old to be efficient.—*Times'* leading article.]

On, read my melancholy rhyme,
Peruse my mournful ditty.
Two men there dwelt upon a time
Within a certain city.
Both were distinctly men of parts,
Well versed in their respective arts.

To fell diseases of the kind
That everyone who can shuns,
One of the pair had turned his mind,
The other's forte was mansions.
They were, as you'd no doubt expect,
A doctor and an architect.

The latter, when but twenty-nine,
Planned a Titanic building,
A house of wonderful design,
All marble, stone, and gilding.
Said he: "My fortune's made, I wis,
Men can't resist a thing like this."

With eager hope his heart beat high,
He took his plans up boldly,
And thrust them in the public eye:
The Public viewed them coldly.
"Pray take that rubbish right away,
You're far too young for us," said they.

The doctor next, a gifted man,
Whose brain-pan teemed with ump-
tion,
Discovered quite a novel plan
For dealing with consumption,
By treating each consumptive wight
With hard-boiled eggs last thing at night.

He told the Public of his scheme,
But met with stern denial.
"Absurd," said they, "we shouldn't
dream

Of giving it a trial.
Apparently you quite forget
That you are barely thirty yet."

The years rolled on. The doctor's
schemes
Soared annually higher.
His fellow-sufferer covered reams
With plans that found no buyer.
The Public eyed with gentle smiles
These energetic juveniles.

More years rolled on. The hapless pair
Found life no whit the gayer.
The medico's luxuriant hair
Grew gradually greyer.
(The architect's was nearly white,
Through sitting up too late at night.)

And then—the Public changed their
mood!
Their hearts began to soften.
They felt the doctor's cures were good—
(They'd had that feeling often).



SHAKSPEARE UP TO DATE.

"YOU SHALL NEVER TAKE HER WITHOUT HER ANSWER, UNLESS YOU TAKE HER WITHOUT HER TONGUE."
As You Like It, Act IV., Sc. 1.

They also chanced to recollect
The merits of the architect.

"Come, plan us mansions, bring us
pills."

Their cry no answer rouses.
No one alleviates their ills,
No one designs them houses.
Upon inquiry it appears
Each has been dead for several years.

"BY YOUR LEAF, GENTLEMEN."—Many
eminent persons are considered as
"pillars of the State." Henceforth
Lord ROSEBERY will be remembered
as, on his own showing, a "Cater-pillar
of the State."

"NOT TAKING ANY."—After the recent
trial, it is reported that to any invita-
tion to a second helping or another glass
of wine, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES (of the
Daiety Galy's and other theatres) in-
variably replies, "No MOORE, thank you."

WIND IN THE RUSHES.—"One excellent
result of the multiplication of motor
cars," says *Motoring Illustrated*, "will
be to put a perpetual ban on beards.
A beard liable to blow up and obstruct
the sight is too great a hazard for
the chauffeur." Motorists prefer close
shaves, and statistics show that any
blowing-up that may be considered
necessary can be done by the car
itself.

It seems that Mr. BRODRICK, whose
Army Corps have been likened to
Minerva, new-sprung from the head of
Jove, is not the only one who is adver-
tising for someone to look after this
kind of offspring. Such, apparently,
is the interpretation to be put on the
following advertisement, which appears
in the *Glasgow Herald*:—

PRINTER'S Apprentice Machineman; also,
Feeders for Minerva, male, female;
constant.

"ANCIENT LIGHTS" AT THE GAIETY.

For a light sparkling entertainment the present programme of the Gaiety Theatre would be hard to beat. Astute Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES deserves success by the method he has hit upon for obtaining it. In any new musical piece, partly farcical, partly burlesque, with the slightest possible thread of a story to hold the brilliantly coloured patchwork together, let Manager EDWARDES detect a weak spot and at once he has excised it, and replaced it by a Tannerian, Rossian, Caryllian, or Moncktonian or anybodyelsian snippet; and, if that doesn't do, then out that goes, and something else is substituted. Then, being at present the happy proprietor of five excellent eccentric "low comedians," and of five light and airy comédiennes, the whole party actors and actresses, tuneful singers and accomplished dancers, he has a company at hand which can keep any piece going on the "one-lot-off-t'other-come-on" principle, backed up by a showy chorus and an alert orchestra. Consequently it is no wonder that, quoting the maxim of Cardinal RICHELIEU and applying it to all his ventures, the George-Edwardesian motto should be, "There is no such word as 'fail.'"

For how long *The Toreador* has been "running," or kicking about, in the sprightliest manner, the present recorder is not in a position to assert, but the interval between his earliest visit to it, and his latest, only last week, seems to him considerable. In the meantime there have been all sorts of new songs, new duets, new "comic business" mainly for the elder and younger inimitables, GEORGE PAYNE and GEORGE GROSSMITH (there ought to be two more clever comedians of the same Christian name, and then we should have a *pas de quatre* of "the Four GEORGES" at the Gaiety, *O tempora! O THACKERAY!*) who, with their "stall and pit audience" and their "motor-car" scenes, keep the audience in roars of laughter, and compel enthusiastic applause from the most *blâsé* of the Gaiety habitués.

The Toreador, without a slow movement in it, is over at 10.15, and ten minutes afterwards commences the best specimen of theatrical *revue* (a sort of piece rarely successful with us, but invariably popular at certain theatres in Paris) that has been seen in London for a very long time. The light dialogue and, as I suppose, the slight scheme of this merry-go-round, are by GEO. GROSSMITH, Jun., and just exactly serve the purpose, which is to give a brisk *résumé* of all sorts of pieces and persons that have appeared at the Gaiety, "strutted, fretted," danced, and sung their short or long turns, and then have gone their ways to other theatres to increase their fame, or to be "heard no more."

Specially excellent is Mr. LIONEL MACKINDER's reproduction of EDWARD TERRY in the *Forty Thieves*, and of his jerky singing of

"Now I'm—off to—the Bodega! For some—sherry—wine!"

This song and the "concerted piece" and dance to the air of "*Never come back no more, boys*," were received with as hearty applause as in the old days when NELLIE FARREN, TERRY, ROYCE, and their merry companions sang and danced on these same boards. Miss ETHEL SYDNEY as *Marguerite* and *Morgiana* (alas, poor KATE VAUGHAN!) sang *Sister Anne's* song from *Blue Beard*, and danced in the old graceful KATE VAUGHAN style. Mr. FRED WRIGHT, Jun. gives some clever touches of ARTHUR ROBERTS's mannerisms, and of the style of singing of the late DAVID JAMES as *Blueskin* in *Jack Sheppard*. Time fails to recount all the good things for everybody in this piece, which merrily gives the finishing touch to a capital entertainment; but the *pas de quatre* for Mr. GRATTAN as EVIE GREENE in *The Country Girl*, FRED WRIGHT, Jun. as ETHEL IRVING in *The Girl from Kay's*, GEORGE GROSSMITH, Jun. as EDNA MAY in *The Belle of New York*, and EDMUND PAYNE as HILDA MOODY in *The Three Little*

Maids, is such an undeniably clever specimen of genuinely comic dancing and romping burlesque as has not been seen, even on this stage, for some years. Only in bygone times have the celebrated *Clodoches* done anything approaching it, and the *frenchiness* of their action did not commend itself to everybody. Four men impersonating four women! What a howl there would have been from the stern critics, not so very long ago, when one and all of them, dailies and weeklies, penn'orths and ha'porths, denounced any such assumption of female dress by comic men as *contra bonos mores*, atrociously vulgar, and showing clearly and plainly the hopeless decadence of burlesque! *Mais—le "travestie" "vit encore!"* Nay, as it seems, it is going stronger than ever! For who among the oldest playgoers can remember four low comedians playing as four women in any one single piece, and "kicking up behind and before" after the manner of the ancient JOSEPH in a certain very old and forgotten negro song of "*Who's dat a knockin' at the door?*" Well, "turn and turn about" is another Gaiety motto, and the merry company will dance along with this piece, adding to it and changing it "a little bit here, and a little bit there, Here a bit and there a bit, and everywhere a bit," until such time as the Old Gaiety shall be closed and the New Gaiety in all its glory of novelty shall be open to the laughter-loving public.

TO JINGO, ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR AMERICA.

FAREWELL! majestic exile! Twenty years
Have seen thee brandishing those awful ears
For British buns; have marked thee, day by day,
Consume thy ton or so of British hay.
And year by year the youngsters of our race
Have roamed each crevice in thine outer case,
Or (having first concealed the same in cake)
Plied thee with pins to make thy stomach ache.
And maiden ladies whose maturer age
Forbids the louder forms of badinage
Have knit thee woollen waistcoats all complete,
And carpet slippers for thy weary feet.
And we have learned to love thee and to brood
On thine immeasurable magnitude,
Have learned to deem the ape's elusive guile
Less lovely than thy bun-compelling smile.

And thou must go! Thy masters, men of cold
Unfeeling breasts agog for Yankee gold,
Lashed by the satire of the *Daily Mail*,
Have put thee up for ignominious sale!
And ruthless ruffians, redolent of ale,
Shall twist thee rudely by thy speaking tail,
Shall bear thee hence, cribb'd, cabin'd and confined,
Or pushed by traction engines from behind.
Across the broad Atlantic thou must go
To be the apex of a travelling show,
The loved of young America, the pride
Of strident millions on the other side.

Last of old London's landmarks, fare thee well!
Shall we again behold thee? None can tell.
Wilt thou a home with PIERPONT MORGAN find
(Himself, like thee, the biggest of his kind),
Or in the intervening ocean sink,
Or simply pine away, or take to drink,
Or sit like Jumbo on a passing train?
Then may we never welcome thee again!
Never review thy mass with pensive brow,
And murmur with emotion, "This was *Thou*."



A BROKEN PLEDGE.

Sportsman on bank (to Friend in brook). "HALLO, THOMPSON, IS THAT YOU? WHY, I THOUGHT YOU HAD JOINED THE 'NO DRINKS IN BETWEEN MEALS' PARTY!"

QUEER CALLINGS.

II.—THE CENSOR OF THE HALLS.

I FOUND the Censor cleaning his Winchester repeating rifle. It was a beautiful weapon, and he held it like an artist.

"No," he said, "I have not begun in London yet. It was thought best I should get my eye in in the provinces. I have been in the north. But I am opening, so to speak, in London next week."

"At which hall?" I asked.

"Probably the Oxbridge," he said; "there are some old offenders there. My duty, you see," he explained, "is to discourage the banal, the trite, to make the favourites learn new songs and take pains."

"But why the rifle?" I asked.

"Music-hall artistes," he replied, "are not amenable to ordinary hints. It was found necessary to be more drastic. I rarely kill," he added, "but now and then it is necessary. As a rule, to chip an ear or remove a finger is sufficient even for a bad case; while to put a bullet into the scenery on the

stage ordinarily serves. One has to be strict now and then, of course. The other evening, for example, at Bootle, I had to stop the '*Honeysuckle and the Bee*.' At this date, too! I had given several warnings, but to no purpose. It was a good shot; she hardly moved."

"You aim at the heart?" I asked.

"Invariably."

"Why not the brain?"

"Well, you see, they all have hearts, whereas——"

I understood.

"Who make the best targets?" I asked.

"Oh, the tenors and baritones undoubtedly. Their white shirts. I aim between the first and second diamonds, except when only one is worn. LEO STORMONT—but I must not anticipate."

"Do you never make a poor shot?" I asked.

"Now and then," he said. "Some artistes are so jerky in their movements. DAN LENO—supposing the time should ever come—would be very hard to hit neatly."

"But you have had no bad accidents?"

"No, nothing to signify. At Blackpool I hit the leader of the orchestra instead of a mimic; but it was his own fault. He moved his arm. After all, he was a bad musician. And once I killed the wrong knockabout; but they were both inferior. That is the compensation in my office: one's mistakes are beneficial."

"Where do you sit?"

"The managements are very kind. They construct a little private box for me in the middle of the dress circle. I use smokeless powder; it inconveniences no one. Sometimes one does not have to shoot at all. I can remember whole evenings without provocation."

"And who is your employer?"

"Surely I told you that. Why, the Public Art Committee of the County Council, of course. They have absolute confidence in my judgment."

"And will you ever move on to the theatres?"

"The step is even now being considered. We have some names before us. Mr. WALKLEY is practising in his back garden at a running actor-manager—but I must not tell you any more."



Steward. "THIS 'ERE'S A NICE CURE FOR SEA SICKNESS! THIS IS THE FOURTEENTH BRANDY AND SODA I'VE TAKEN TO 91 THIS MORNING!"

CHARIVARIA.

JOHN CHAPMAN, of Galena, Texas, fell down a shaft at the Blind Tiger Mine, and dislocated his shoulder. On reaching home he tumbled down the cellar stairs, and the jolt restored the shoulder to its place. But the most wonderful part remains yet to be told. An English editor was found to believe the story.

In aid of a New York Bazaar tickets are being sold among young men at 4s. each, entitling the holder to a kiss. The identity of the ladies will be kept

secret till the day of the Bazaar. There is an ugly rumour to the effect that they are all elderly spinsters, from each of whom the clever organisers are getting 8s.

A Bluejacket of *H.M.S. Good Hope* has been sentenced to three months' hard labour for writing a book. It is to be hoped that the movement will spread.

Some explorers in New Guinea have discovered a tribe of Ape-like Men. The tribe's description of the explorers has not yet come to hand.

Mr. HALL CAINE has been having a controversy with Mr. WILSON BARRETT in the columns of the *Referee*. Mr. CAINE writes, humorously enough, from "The Hermitage."

"Blood rain" has been seen in certain parts of England, and coal has fallen in America.

According to the *Novoe Vremya*, the new caravan road built by the English via Benda Abbas and the Quetta Railroad is proving a serious menace to the supremacy of Russia in Persia. Accidents will happen.

The *Neueste Nachrichten* declares that it is not the business of the Germans to teach the British and Americans manners. With that sound common sense which characterises the whole nation, the Germans never undertake a task of which they are incapable.

President ROOSEVELT and Sir WILFRID LAURIER have both expressed themselves as anxiously hoping for the final settlement of the Irish Land Question on the lines of the Conference Agreement. The selfishness of their motive is obvious. Fewer Irishmen would emigrate in their direction.

A newspaper having reported that our railway directors are at last aroused, several have written indignantly denying it.

The Woolwich election has been arousing considerable interest. Mr. DRAGE's contention that half a loaf is better than no loaf has been hotly contested by Mr. CROOKS, who counts among his supporters many entire loafers.

A blow has been struck at the practice of Ministers going to sleep in the House of Commons. A silent nod on the part of Mr. BRODRICK that coincided with the asking of a question has been interpreted as an affirmative reply.

One of the most satisfying signs of the times in England is the spread of technical education. A new Anarchist Club has just been formed in London. A feature is to be a course of instruction for members in the use of chemicals for the manufacture of explosives.

LORD SPENCER has come to the conclusion that the conduct of the Irish M.P.'s in applauding the disasters to British arms during the Boer War was reprehensible. The decision is all the more valuable in that it is no hasty one.



THE RETURN OF ULYSSES.

MODERN PENELOPE (UNIONIST PARTY). "JOY! JOY! IT IS INDEED MY ULYSSES."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 2.
—"Et tu, Troute!" (Forgive the final unaccustomed vowel. But when one goes to Rome he must form his syllables

animosity, repressing all youthful tendencies to revolt, you would have subsided into a dutiful, uninquisitive Ministerialist. 'Instead of which,' as the Judge said, you go about the House beguiling immature young men like IAN MALCOLM, and raise the standard of

Member on avowed ground that in time of peril he had taken up arms against the QUEEN, would have refused the writ. That wouldn't do just now when the patriotic, constitutional Party chance to be hand-in-glove with Irish Nationalists. So ATTORNEY-GENERAL moved writ on account of the Government. Ministerialists shown into Lobby with REDMOND *ainé*, who, when Galway election was pending, cabled encouragement of LYNCH's candidature; in the rush Sir TROUT is trampled on.

PRINCE ARTHUR's annoyance at whole business not lessened by knowledge of what has since taken place in the Lords. The Lion of the Tribe of Judah unexpectedly broke loose on Venezuelan question. Nothing more unexpected from early aspect of incident. TWEEDMOUTH in nearly empty House drummed away at Venezuelan business. LANS-
DOWNE made official reply on familiar lines. Thoughts of noble Lords turned affectionately to hats and coats in outer Lobby. When up gat ROSEBERRY.

Long time since he was in such fine form. No sign of preparation, no note of reference. Out rolled the sentences, perfectly formed, coruscating with scorn, blazing with indignation.

"It is not," he thundered, "in accordance with the comity of nations, it is not in accordance with the relations that ought to sway the Governments of London and Washington, that the British Government should feel the pulse of Washington through the medium of the German Government. I wish to dismiss this ignominious and pitiful transaction as quickly as possible from my memory."

In his magnificent rage the Lion crushed some ordinarily inoffensive people, who really had nothing to do with the affair. AVEBURY, the mildest-mannered man who ever signed a cheque, generously attempted to defend the Government. ROSEBERRY brushed him aside with reference to "the noble Lord who spoke with all the passion and pathos of a bond-holder." BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH, Secretary for Scotland, crossing the Border during the Recess, ventured to enter domain of foreign policy. "I have the greatest respect for my noble friend in matters appertaining to his own Department. I pay every homage to the Secretary for Scotland. But—" And here the mangled remains of BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH were carried out.

And what do you think he said about our GEORGIE? "Lord GEORGE HAMILTON is a very important Minister, or perhaps, to speak more correctly, a Minister who has held very important posts." Was biography ever more wittily or more discretely summarised?



Mlle. Josephine takes the boards again at the scene of her old triumphs, after a most successful tour.

as the Latins do.) It is true that once in yester year we behaved badly to you. Something, I think, to do with an omitted ticket for a garden party at Buckingham Palace. Or was it forgetfulness in respect of a voucher for a masked ball? However it be, since then your interests have been jealously guarded. Whenever arrangements are being made for any of the State frivolities dear to your heart, the very first question put in Cabinet Council is, has Sir TROUT had a card? And that reminds me that, only the other day, steadily overlooking your old pal, CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES, we knighted you.

"Things being so, it might reasonably have been expected that, burying all

revolt against the best of all Governments."

Thus PRINCE ARTHUR, reclining on Treasury Bench, making his moan. Sir TROUT BARTLEY, breaking out on matter of Galway writ, has led away forty-four young men and KENYON-SLANEY into the Opposition Division Lobby. Worst of all is the reflection that, unless screw had been severely put on, Sir TROUT's amendment would have been carried, issue of writ for Galway being postponed till end of Session.

This after all had been so nicely arranged. In ordinary case Irish Whip would have moved the writ. Ministerial majority, left to its own impulses, recalling Galway's boastful selection of a

Business done.—Bad in both Houses for His Majesty's Government.

Tuesday night.—Few Members more familiar than JEMMY LOWTHER with rules governing debate in Committee. Man and boy—he is, to the delight of mankind, still a boy—has sat in House for nearly forty years. There have been intervals of absence due to fickleness of constituencies. Save for that (and the circumstance that he remains unmarried) he might be Father of the House. This afternoon, JEFFREYS being in Chair in absence of the other LOWTHER, the right hon. JEMMY found irresistible temptation to a lark. Deputy Chairman ruled debate should be kept within certain clearly defined limits. Several Members, attempting to get out of bounds, brought back. JEMMY approaches subject with that judicial air and magisterial voice which, combined with suspicion of tongue thrust in the cheek, command instant attention. Straying into forbidden paths was brought back by Chairman.

"Certainly. Of course," said JEMMY, waving his hand as if warning the Chairman off the course. "I bow, Sir, to your ruling. But, the hon. gentleman opposite having alluded to the topic, I felt it would have been discourteous on my part to omit all reference to it."

The bearing of this observation lies in the application of it, well known to laughing Members. Put into unparliamentary language, what JAMES means is that the Chairman had permitted one



Judge J-j-r-y-s.
(Chairman of Committees.)

Member to descant on the forbidden topic, whereas when another approached it he is smartly hauled up.

As JEMMY proceeds and again transgresses, the Deputy Chairman interposes with increasing peremptoriness. The eyes of the watching audience glisten with delight. What if JEMMY were to be "named," suspended from the service of the House, peradventure carried forth by four stalwart policemen! JEMMY too old a Parliamentary hand to be caught in such trap. Has had his fun, gone as far as is safe, and sits down after flinging a last stone at the Chair.

"It is," he said, in tone and manner recalling his famous judicial appearance in the Jockey Club case, "to be regretted that we should have forced upon us truncated debate upon this important Blue Book."

Business done.—Supplementary Estimates.

Friday Night.—Through week of not unalloyed satisfaction a gleam of light has for a moment fallen on Brother GERALD. It was D. A. THOMAS who shed it. Been spending quiet Sabbaths in reading back numbers of *Hansard*. Came upon debate which took place in the Session of 1826 on question of salary of President of Board of Trade. Proposal made by no less important and disinterested person than Chancellor of the Exchequer of the day to raise it to £5,000 a year. On division proposal carried. No action taken, and to this day President limps along on pittance of £2,000 a year. THOMAS, thinking that since war is actually over, now is the time to spend a little money,

gave notice of question Why this particular resolution had never been carried out?

Brother GERALD's eye gleamed when it fell upon the question; so unlike the accustomed form of interrogation addressed to him. Not at all a bad fellow, DAVID THOMAS, though weak in respect of Home Rule, Disestablishment, Rights of Landlords, and One Man One Vote. Looked up HANSARD. Alack! Reason why resolution was still-born written on figures of division. In a small House carried by only eleven votes. Of course, if it were made a question of confidence, Party threatened with C.-B. on Treasury Bench, it would be carried by a rattling majority as was the Galway writ. But that sort of thing may be overdone. So GERALD, with a pathos that shone in his eyes and trembled in his voice, explained the matter to the Member for MERTHYR.

DAVID THOMAS is, inexplicably, gaining among his countrymen the character of a humourist.

Business done.—Private Members'.

THE MIXTURE AS BEFORE.

[Being a sequel to the "Admirable Crichton's" dissertation addressed to Lady MARY, and based on the splendid anachronism, "I was a king in Babylon and you were a Christian slave."]

POLLY, my reign is over;

BILL CRICHTON has played the game;
And I'm learning here in the Harrow Road

How hollow is earthly fame.
But I hope you will never forget, love,
(Believe me, 'tis all I crave,) That I was a Cedar in Lebanon
When you were a Pilgrim's Stave.

I gave you the use of your limbs, POLLY;

I taught you "the joy of life,"
And the proper worth of a hairpin
(For I meant you to be my wife),
In that fair sub-tropical island

Where the cocoa-nut palm trees wave,
When I was the Tomb of NAPOLEON,
And you were a Nameless Grave.

Time's whirligig recompenses

The man who is down to-day.

Two hundred years ago, POLLY,

What were we? I cannot say.
But I seem to remember a conquest

You scored in a Catskill cave,
When you were a keg of Jamaica Rum,
And I was an Indian Brave.

And a thousand years hence, POLLY—

Ah! will it be just the same?

No matter! In *this* existence

BILL CRICHTON has played the game.

But, after the lapse of ages,

How, think you, shall we behave,

If I am the "Angel" at Islington,

And you are an Easy Shave?



"Too much 'Fourth Party' going on to please me!"

(The Prime Minister.)



AN UNFORTUNATE FIGURE OF SPEECH.

Doctor (in his own consulting-room, to lady whom he has always hitherto seen at her own home). "WELL, MADAM, THIS IS INDEED A CASE OF THE MOUNTAIN COMING TO MAHOMET!"

LITTLE FARCES FOR THE FORCES.

III.—A MODEL ARMY CORPS.

SCENE—*The Bureau of the War Minister of Ruritania. The Minister, at his table, leans back contentedly in his chair, washes his hands with invisible soap, and smiles benignly at his Private Secretary, who stands beside him with a bundle of letters.*

The Minister. Was our little hint to the British Minister, that our Guards were entirely officered by Retired Full Colonels over the age of 50, and that such a thing as a Subalterns' Court-martial is unknown with us, taken in good part?

The Secretary (referring to a letter). The Minister is most thankful.

The Minister. Is there any other military matter in which, by example or precept, we could assist those dear good muddling British?

The Secretary. They seem now to be in trouble over their Army Corps.

The Minister. Indeed.

The Secretary. In their Parliament one Party takes it for granted that the Army Corps exist, and declare that they ought not to; the other Party say that they are necessary, but profess not to be able to discover them.

The Minister. Is that their only difficulty? Were I in Pall Mall I think that I could show them how all parties could be satisfied without any burden being placed on the Treasury.

The Secretary. I feel sure that if I might convey a hint—

The Minister. We will form Army Corps No. VII. First select as a manœuvring ground any piece of useless land. If it is a swamp, point out its advantages as a training ground for an Upper Nile campaign; if it is all sand, liken it to the Sahara; if it is honey-combed with quarries, suggest that our troops may at any moment be engaged in a campaign against the Eskimo cave-dwellers. In the centre of the manœuvring ground run up some tin shelters.

The Secretary. Will they not interfere with tactics?

The Minister. They will afford an annual excuse for not holding the annual manœuvres.

The Secretary. They will be scarcely habitable.

The Minister. In summer, troops, of course, would be under canvas, and in winter no sane person would house them in the centre of a plain.

The Secretary. The Commander and his Staff, Sir?

The Minister. Purely honorary appointments. Let all the retired Generals who think that if they had their rights

they should be in command of the First Army Corps take it in turn to show what they can do with the Seventh.

The Secretary. And the troops, Sir, what regiments will compose the Corps and what will be their strength?

The Minister. Tut, tut, tut. I thought I had told you never to use the word "Regiment" again. We always talk of "Units" now, for a military "unit" may mean one man or a thousand. State as few figures as possible, and always preface a number with "estimated" and follow it with "available."

The Secretary. Certainly.

The Minister. "Estimated" carries with it a poet's license, and "available" means that the troops might be there if they were not somewhere else.

The Secretary. And as to men?

The Minister. The other Army Corps, consisting largely of Specials, the Seventh, should be composed of Extra Specials. The name to the British mind would suggest a pleasant association with Scotch whisky. We should draw largely on the surrounding parish schools, during play hours, for our material, and if awkward questions were asked, parry them with a stroke of facetious patriotism by alluding to the children in arms.

The Secretary. I quite comprehend. As to horses?

The Minister. The horse is doomed by the motor; but the motor has not yet reached the point of development which would justify any expenditure of money on it as a cavalry charger.

The Secretary. And the guns?

The Minister. It is a military axiom that guns in war frighten more than they hurt. In peace they retain only their frightening qualities. As we do not wish our troops to be frightened, the use of guns in peace time vanishes.

The Secretary. Anything more, Sir?

The Minister. The commissariat difficulty is met of course by the Napoleonic dictum that the Army should live on the country. I fancy that I have fairly disposed of all difficulties. When you have your chat at the Ministry, you may say that I shall be glad if at any future time I can be of any further use. Now let us turn to important matters. Have you the new design for the tunic buttons?

[*The Minister and the Secretary devote their minds to business.*]

A GROVE OF BLARNEY.—Several people have written to complain that though their gardener's little nephew heard the nightingale quite a fortnight ago, Spring has not yet begun. It cannot be too clearly impressed upon the public that, in matters of this kind, what the nightingale says is not evidence.

EXPERTO CREDE.

["The other day I picked up a book and found it was *Homer*. I tried to get some enjoyment from reading it, but was disappointed. I got no enjoyment at all. When I read of Achilles praying for the success of his country's enemies because his own schemes went wrong, it was too much for me and I put the book away."—*Mr. Carnegie*.]

AMAZING how Professors waste

Their time at Oxford College

Instilling in those lads a taste

For worse than useless knowledge!

What oceans of the idle lore!

What senseless stuff they chatter,

As they forever wrangle o'er

The things which do not matter!

How different the business mind!

How clear and sharp its vision!

How swift the hidden truth to find,

How prompt in its decision!

The problems which for ages back

Your purblind dons have reckoned

The hardest nuts they have to crack,

I settle in a second.

Take HOMER. Some few days ago

I'd never read a word of him

(For I'm a busy man), although

I certainly had heard of him.

Indeed, from some remark let fall

Or casual suggestion,

I'd learnt there is what scholars call

A great Homeric question.

Expectant I began to turn

The badly printed pages,

Devoutly hoping here to learn

The wisdom of the ages.

But what a revelation! What

A tale of petty quarrels!

These pagans were a wicked lot,

Without a grain of morals.

Not even patriotic they:

Beside the vile Achilles

The bad pro-Boers of yesterday

Were spotless as the lilies.

Hate, envy, malice, every sin

And villainy of NERO's,

You find them all united in

These miserable heroes.

Is this, said I, the kind of stuff

Our youths are taught to swallow?

These bragging fools, this idle bluff,

This folly, vain and hollow?

A resolution came to me

As o'er the book I brooded:

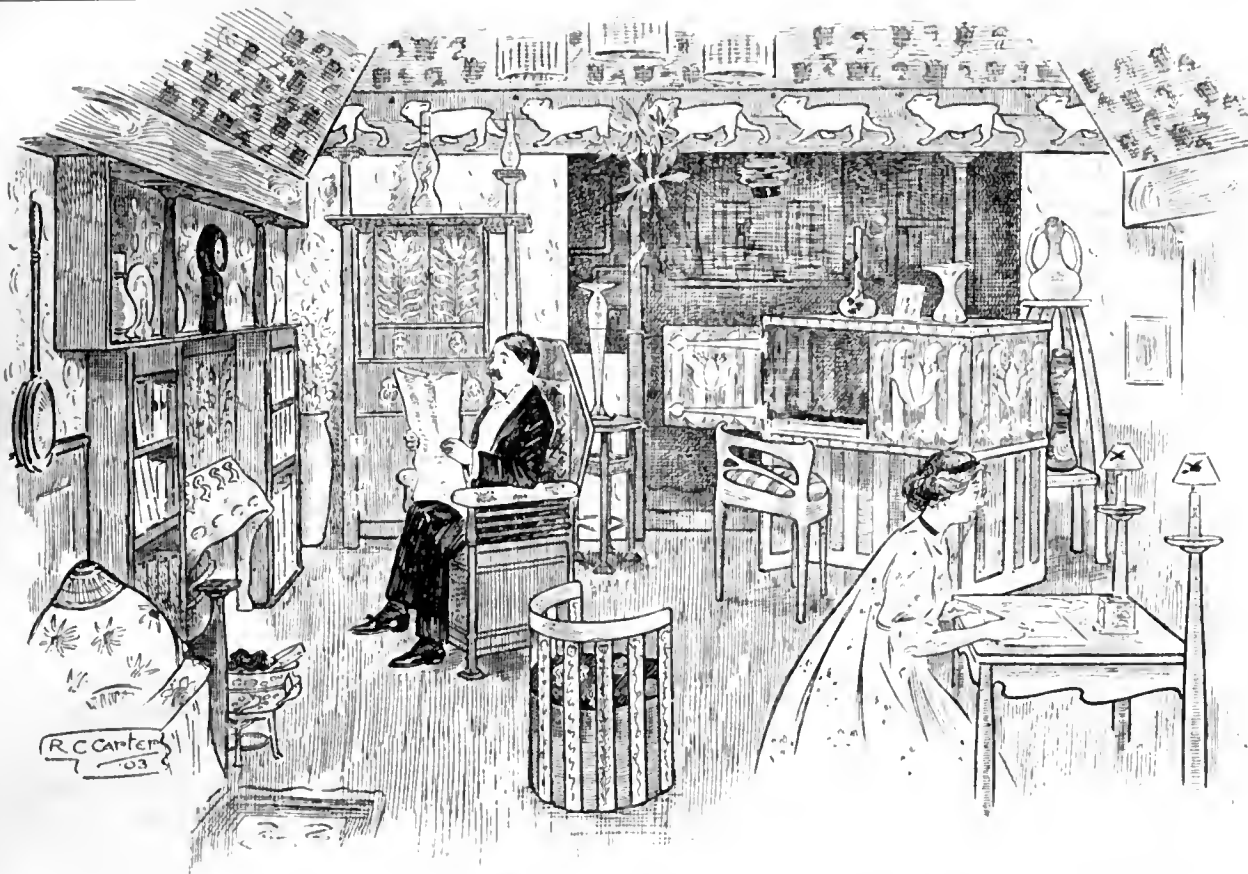
From all my libraries I'll see

That *Homer* is excluded.

Our Skeleton Army.

THE scarcity of suitable officers is well instanced in the following advertisement, in which the age limit has been greatly reduced and other allowances made.

GENERAL, from 18, 20; no boots or steps.
—*Glasgow Herald*.



THE LATEST STYLE OF ROOM DECORATION. THE HOME MADE BEAUTIFUL.

According to the "Arts and Crafts."

A HARD CASE.

Mr. Punch, himself the pink of courtesy, is delighted on occasion to give advice which will enable his readers to act in difficult circumstances as the dictates of good manners command. He has been asked to adjudicate in the following Hard Case, which he does with pleasure, having first, as a matter of interest, asked the opinion of a few of his correspondents, whose suggestions he appends to his own decision.

Mrs. A., a lady of social aspirations, living in the district known to the postal authorities as Bayswater, W., and to her friends and herself as Hyde Park, bears a marked resemblance to Mrs. B., originally her bosom friend, but now a mere acquaintance, owing to Mr. B. having risen in the world and rented a house in Lowndes Square, which Mrs. A. naturally resents as a personal slight. Mrs. A., on the third day of a charity bazaar, buys a knitted baby's petticoat, marked 5/6, from a stall held by Lady C., whose young daughter, the Honourable D. C., refuses to give her any change out of half-a-sovereign. During the altercation which ensues Lady C. comes up and says,

"Oh, Mrs. B., how do you do? Haven't seen you for an age. No, we don't give change. Do come and lunch to-morrow—two o'clock, Belgrave Square. That's right." And then turns to Miss E., who is assisting her at the stall, and says, in a lower voice, which is however audible to Mrs. A., "She's a horrid cat. But C. wants to keep in with her husband." What should Mrs. A. do?

Mr. Punch acknowledges the difficulty of this case, which may be looked at from more than one point of view. A careful consideration of the circumstances, however, has enabled him to make the following pronouncement:—

Mrs. A. should certainly lunch with Lady C. The expression "horrid cat," which she overheard, was used of Mrs. B. and not of herself. There is no reason, therefore, why she should resent it. Moreover, Lady C. had mulcted her of 4/6 beyond the price of her purchase, which would more than counter-balance any obligation she might be under in eating her luncheon at Lady C.'s expense. Mrs. A., on her way home, could call on Mrs. B., and mention, in the course of conversation, that she had been lunching that day with her great friend, Lady C., who had called her (Mrs. B.) a horrid cat.

Mr. Punch awards a pat on the back to JINGLE, KATERFELTO, MAMIE, and WASPSTINO, who have replied, "Mrs. A. should say nothing and go."

Answers adjudged incorrect.

DOUBLE DUTCH, JUMBO, SMILAX and WATERBURY.—"Mrs. A. should do nothing." (This is never the right answer to anything, though very popular.)

MOUSIE.—"Mrs. A. should say sweetly to Lady C., 'I think you are mistaking me for my friend Mrs. B., who may or may not be a horrid cat! Good morning!'" (It was stated that Mrs. A. no longer considered Mrs. B. in the light of a friend. Besides, it was four o'clock in the afternoon.)

B.A., LOND.—"Mrs. A. should take the loss of her half-sovereign with a good grace, and remember the Latin proverb, 'Bis dat qui cito dat.'" (Mrs. A. could not very well remember what she had never known.)

TOOTLES.—"Mrs. A. should pocket the insult and go." (Mrs. A., being a perfect lady, would not wear a pocket.)

ALPHABETICAL.—Mr. H. A. JONES may not know the A. B. C. of dramatic art, but he certainly knows the A. B. W. of dramatic criticism.



JONES DEFIES THE MESSENGER OF JUPITER TONANS.

A 1909 "FIRST-NIGHT."

On the evening of my arrival in London after an absence of several years I decided to visit a theatre.

Greatly to my surprise I found the house surrounded by a ring of police. In front of them was drawn up a body of mounted troops, arrayed in an unfamiliar uniform.

I accosted an important-looking police-sergeant.

"Is it a fire?" I said.

"A fire? Why, no, Sir, it's a First-Night."

"A First-Night? What on earth are all these police and soldiers here for then?"

"Why, to keep the public out, of course," he answered.

"I don't understand it at all," I said.

"Can I get a seat, do you think? I'm rather anxious to see—," and I handed him my card.

The sergeant touched his helmet and said he would send in my name to the manager. Shortly afterwards he beckoned me, and I was conducted into the foyer.

Here I was greeted courteously by Mr. BUSKIN, the famous actor-manager. I repeated my request for a seat. Mr. BUSKIN replied politely but firmly that he was afraid the thing was impossible—under no circumstances were members of the general public admitted on First-Nights.

"Never admitted on First-Nights!" I cried. "Why, when I was last at home a First-Night was the thing in the fashionable world."

Mr. BUSKIN smiled benignantly.

"Ah, yes," he replied, "but we stopped all that sort of thing long ago. It commenced with the stalls and

balcony; we found ourselves compelled to close them on *premières* because people would come in late—an actor can't stand that sort of thing, you know. Moreover," he continued, "it distracts the attention of the audience, and they lose the thread of the thing. The slightest thing distracts the attention from modern plays, we find."

"But, but you *have* no audience on First-Nights, now-a-days," I objected. "Except, of course, the pit and—"

"Oh, indeed we have," Mr. BUSKIN interpolated, "employees of the theatre and our personal friends, you know. You are at fault, too, in your further remark. The pit is a thing of the past. We've done away with that long ago. I believe there is one house—on the Surrey side—which still keeps one, but they use it as an advertisement. People pay a certain sum to be shown over it."

"Well, the gallery?" I ventured; "is that open?"

"Not on First-Nights," replied the famous actor-manager. "Impossible. We tried admitting only one spectator to every three constables, but it was no good. They *would* 'boo.' Dogson, of the Model Theatre, still admits a certain number on these occasions—sixty, I think it is—and each person as he takes his ticket is fitted with a pair of hand-cuffs, leg-irons, and a gag. But it's a risky thing, even at that, and I don't think he'll keep it up much longer—they will clank the irons, you know. It sounds rigorous, I daresay; but, you see, we must defend our own interests."

"I suppose you must," I assented. "What about the boxes?"

"Boxes? Boxes? Ah, yes, of course, I remember the word. Oh dear no; indeed, we don't have such things now. The space they formerly occupied is devoted to miniature batteries, in which we station detachments of our Theatrical Life Guards with fire-hoses. Each battery commands a certain portion of the house, and at a signal from the stage, any signs of disapproval or restlessness are immediately quelled by a well-directed stream of water."

"Most astonishing thing I ever heard of in my life!" I murmured. "This, of course, accounts for the police, they—"

"Certainly. They are to prevent any attempt on the part of the public to enter by force. On ordinary nights, too, they keep back undesirables. I daresay you noticed our Theatrical Life Guards as well? We employ them for the same purpose. Then we have, in addition, our skirmishers—bands of trained Hooligans. Their special duty is the belting away of critics. Oh, it's a wonderful system."

"It is, indeed," I concurred. "One

last question, if you will be so good. About this chasing away of critics by Hooligans—what about the press notices—who writes those?"

"Why, the author of the play, of course. He does all that. Each member of the cast supplies him with a critique of his or her individual performance, which he tacks on to his own account, and—and that's how it's done. Far more satisfactory than the old methods, I assure you. Good evening."

As I stepped into the street a Chinaman flashed past me, pursued by a band of burly youths, uniformed in red and gold, and brandishing heavy belts. The procession passed like a streak of lightning.

"What's up?" I enquired of my friend the sergeant.

"Why, it's one o' them critics, trying to get in in disguise, Sir," he replied. "'E came as a 'Indoo last show we had 'ere. 'E'll get 'urt, one of these days, 'e will."

I passed the evening very enjoyably at a Music-hall. It was strangely full.

RIEN À DÉCLARER.

(Mem. for those with incomes.)

ANNUAL season of national perjury begins with issue of the Declaration-of-Income forms. Note, "income" may variously denote:—

Income as stated to our friends,	
say - - - -	£1,000
" as credited us by our friends - - -	£800
" as divulged to Surveyor - - -	£250
" as determined by Surveyor - - -	£700
We consider we are worth - - -	£1,500
Employer considers we are worth - - -	£80
Actual income - - - -	£400

Note also we are requested to assess our income from "salt springs," "alum mines," "ferries," "cemeteries," "drains," and "streams of water"—after deducting "wear and tear of machinery."

Bewildered public usually enters "nil" in every column, and scribbles its name and family history indiscriminately everywhere, as with all official documents.

Note also under expenses "wholly, exclusively, and necessarily incurred in performance of duties of office or employment," we may include cab fares, drinks between meals, lunching expenses, and losses at poker.

Surveyor in general adopts principle of multiplying declared income by amount of deceit in householder's face, and insulting all applicants for rebate so grossly that no one with any self-respect will ever apply for anything again.

Motto for taxpayer:—Evasion is no robbery.



A PLEASANT PROSPECT.

Miss Kitty Candour (who has just accepted dear Reggie, and is now taking him fully into her confidence). "I MUST TELL YOU, REGGIE DEAR, THAT THE GREAT FAULT OF MY CHARACTER IS THAT AFTER I HAVE TAKEN ANY RESOLUTION—IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT IT MAY BE—I ALWAYS BITTERLY REPENT IT!"

PRODUCTION OF MR. JABBERJEE'S PLAY.

(The Author's own narrative—concluded.)

LAST week I left myself about to go before the curtain in obedience to a vociferous request to behold the Author. But, being so transported with joy as not to know—till later—whether I was on heels or head, I fell down several stairs, which occasioned some delay.

Consequently when, in a profuse perspiration, I arrived on the stage, the spectators had already concluded that I preferred to remain as the Great Unknown, and, folding up their tents like the Arabs, had stolen silently away. And the members of the company, so far from felicitating my triumph, were engaged in a heated tittle-tattle and logomachy with Mr. CHESEBOROUGH DUCROW, whom they roundly reproached with having induced them to shell out hard cash to render themselves jesting-stocks in a piece which he must have known was to fizzle out in complete frost.

At this I politely poured oil upon their troubled vinegar by stating that, notwithstanding the niggardliness in scenery department and the incompetency of all the performers to speak what I had set down for them, the play itself had profoundly moved the spectators, as was shown by their hallooing and boo-hooing for the Author at the termination thereof.

Whereupon, to my surprise, they commenced to vituperate myself as an inflated native windbag incapable of writing a

tragedy for nuts, asserting that said boo-hooings were the customary British method of indicating that the performance had not secured golden opinions.

This stirred up my dander to such a degree that I severely upbraided Mr. Ducrow as the *fons et origo malorum*, since it was due to his parsimony that so fine a tragedy had turned out a fiasco, and requesting him to refund all moneys paid as costs of production.

Which Mr. Ducrow declined, lamenting that he should have warmed an Indian serpent with a thankless tooth in his bosom, and maintaining that he was out of pocket by his benevolence, and that, in mere hire of curs for the dogsledges, he had expended at least fifteen bobs.

To his pupils he would merely say that each and all had that afternoon laid the stepping-stone of a brilliant career, and that he was assured of favourable criticisms in such important organs as the *Westbourne Park Morning Express* and *Paddington Evening Mail*.

One of the gentlemen-actors confirmed this, whispering that, to his private knowledge, Mr. *Morning Express* was on terms of sodality and chumminess with the Royal Oak Theatrical proprietor, while Mr. *Evening Mail* was the ardent admirer of Miss TRIFENSOR, being a parlour-boarder with her maternal progenitrix.

Had I known all this earlier, I should perhaps have approached both critics in somewhat different style.

Mr. SILLIPHANT predicted that Messrs. *London Times*,

Telegraph and other leading periodicals would jump at such a chance to get their knives into him, and bitterly blamed himself for lowering his reputation as an artist by appearing in so footling a show, while Mr. FIRKIN complained that one of the pug-curs had purloined a piece of his leg-calf, and that he should hold me responsible if he ever became a hydrophobic.

And several of the performers declared that they had done with the Dramatic College, causing Mr. DUCROW to reply that they had given him inexpressible relief by resigning, since he was shortly expecting to be engaged to produce a high-class play by a real professional dramatist, whose name he was forbidden to reveal, and that he had had grave doubts whether these particular pupils were sufficiently accomplished masterpieces to be conscientiously recommended for speaking parts. On which they obsequiously withdrew their resignations, and entreated that they might be retained on his good books, after which, perceiving that I was the neglected quantity and odd man out of it, I departed in disgust at the gullibility and conceit of amateurish incompetents.

* * * * *

Next Day.—So far from getting knives into Mr. SILLIPHANT, it seems that the *London Times*, *Telegraph* and other morning dailies have treated yesterday's performance on the silent system of a Sphynx—or is this merely a shocking example of Editorial sleepyheadedness? I have sent out for *Westbourne Park Express* and *Paddington Evening Mail*—and we shall see whether they will prove wider awake. . . .

From *The W. P. Morning Express*.—"A drama entitled *Mr. Frankenstein*, and apparently inspired by the Poet SHELLEY's well-known poem, was performed yesterday afternoon at this popular and *recherché* little playhouse. Although produced for a *matinée* only, it was mounted with all the faultless care and taste which the enterprising lessee has accustomed us to expect from him. Of the piece itself, which we understand is the maiden effort of a gentleman hailing from India's coral strands, it is perhaps kinder, especially as it is not likely to be heard of again, to say nothing. Worse plays have been lived down."

From *The Paddington Evening Mail*.—"Seldom has it been our hard lot to sit out a weirder and more inconsequent piece of pretentious balderdash than the so-called Tragedy by an aspiring Indo-Anglian dramatist which was produced, &c. However, if the play possessed no merits of its own, it at least served to introduce a young actress of quite exceptional fascination and intelligence. The name of Miss ENID TITENSOR is new to us—but we will venture the prediction that ere long she will be shining as a bright particular star in the theatrical firmament. Various other ladies and gentlemen, who have acquired their art under the tuition of that able elocutionist, Mr. CHESEBOROUGH DUCROW, rendered valuable assistance in characters which afforded them no opportunities for distinction, but Miss TITENSOR, in spite of being evidently hampered by a sense of the absurdity of her part, played as heroine with a distinction and power that showed of what she is capable in a rôle worthy of her remarkable ability. West End Managers will do well to secure Miss ENID TITENSOR before she is snapped up by some discerning American entrepreneur."

So one-sided a whistle as this is dearly paid for by casting Scottish whisky pegs before such ungrateful swines as *Misters Express and Mail*!

As I do not possess the bottomless *portemonnaie* of a Fortunatus I must now return forthwith willy nilly, with nose in pocket, to my faint afflicted family at Calcutta, and inform them that my mountainous hope has brought forth a bantering of insignificantly mousey proportions! . . .

Later.—Hip-hip-huzza! I am not to be so easily snuffed! I have just received a visit from a highly notorious New York playdealer, who, it seems, has had the curiosity to witness my Tragedy, which he is persuaded, if presented with elaborate magnificence and due solemnity before an audience of brainy American citizens, will not improbably tickle them to death!

At first, being apprehensive that he would invite me to stump up the residuum of my ready money, I was about to politely nill such a proposal, when—who'd have thought it?—he produced certain contract-agreements, in return for signing which he would immediately hand me his cheque for five hundred dollars for advanced royalties!

I of course rejected so inadequate a bribe with the utmost indignation, and, after much chaffering, he consented to double the sum. I have just exchanged his cheque for forty Bank of England five-pound notes—which are very handsome birds in the hand, even if they are not the forerunners of fowls of even finer feathers at present sitting snug in the bush of Futurity.

One last word to Honble British Acting Managers. The time may come, *Misters*, when you will perhaps regret having disdainfully tucked up your noses to snub a splendid Indian swan, when passing *ineog*, as the ugly duckling! I have no more to say to you, *Gentlemen*.

P.S.—Except that a truly magnanimous will never permit the rankling resentment of an injury to affect him in matters of business, and that my Sybilline books are still open to an offer for London rights from any genuinely A 1 quarter, *e.g.*, the National Drury Lane Theatre.—H. B. J.

THE END.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

["Dr. STILES, of the United States Agricultural Department, claims to have discovered the germ of laziness."—*Daily Paper*.]

In an age of rush and hurry, when you've scarcely time to tub,
When you shave in twenty seconds and you bolt your morning grub,

When you hurry to the station with a crowd of the profane,
And you scurry through the paper in the early morning train—
In that vile suburban train,

With its freight of human pain,
Where you ruin your digestion and your temper and your brain!—

When you gallop through the morning and have scarcely time to crunch

Half an Abernethy biscuit as you snatch a lightning lunch,
When the after-lunch tobacco you religiously taboo
As you hurry back to business on the very stroke of two—

At that torpid hour of two,
If you've lunched as you should do,
Not a care and not a worry would obtrude itself on you—

In an age when all is whirling in a ceaseless strain and stress
It is good to hear they've lighted on the germ of laziness,
And I hope the worthy Doctor will elect to spend his days
In inoculating people and compelling them to laze—

Ah, if only they would laze,
And amend their horrid ways,
We should see a happy ending of this hurry-scurry craze.

Angry Sportsman (to Irish farmer who has let him a salmon fishery for £100). You may like to know that I have only caught three fish during the whole season. So they cost me £33 6s. 8d. cash a-piece.

Irish Farmer. Faith, 'twas lucky that yer honour did not catch any more at that price!



A DREAM OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY.



QUEER CALLINGS.

III.—THE SOCIAL STATISTICIAN.

"JUST now," said our host, settling himself further in his chair, "my studies are taking me into two very different channels: I am inquiring into cabs and wedding-presents. The idiosyncrasies of persons of eminence who ride in cabs are well worthy of patient investigation in the pursuit of those data by which character is ascertained. It may never have occurred to you that one man rides differently from another; but so it is. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, for example, when riding alone always sits in the middle of the seat and leans back. Mr. ASQUITH sits in the middle of the seat and leans forward. Lord ROSEBERY, Mr. MORLEY, and Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE subside into the left corner. Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, Mr. GIBSON BOWLES and Lord HUGH CECIL subside into the right. Sir JOHN GORST folds his arms. The Duke of DEVONSHIRE closes his eyes. Lord SALISBURY forgets his destination. Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN takes two cabs and runs between them. Mr. WYNDHAM adjusts his moustaches in the glass. Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL changes places with the driver.

"Then as to methods of payment—these also are full of character. Sir EDWARD GREY pushes the fare through the hole in the roof; Mr. LABOUCHERE pays in new sixpences; Mr. DILLON has an argument with the cabman; Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN asks for discount."

The Statistician paused for breath.

"It is very interesting," we remarked, "and certainly of the highest value. You mentioned wedding presents . . . ?"

"Oh, yes. The investigator has a practically endless field before him there. Take butter dishes. I find that in the last statistical year, closing with February 28, no fewer than 186,371 butter dishes were given away to young persons beginning the battle of life, or an average of 3'008 butter dishes to every cow in the kingdom, and of 7'042 butter dishes to every married couple. What does that teach us?"

"What, indeed!" we echoed with conviction.

He looked wearily at the fire.

"Coal-scuttles," he murmured. "Do you know how many coal-scuttles were presented last year?"

We had no notion.

"The figures," he said, "are remarkable: 49,816. I say coal-scuttles, but some of course were in the shape of cauldrons. Now of these I find that no fewer than 37,353 were given by aunts. Why do aunts give coal-scuttles?" he exclaimed. "It leaves only 12,463 to be divided among other relatives and friends. Why this disproportion?"



The Owner (after five breakdowns and a spill). "ARE Y-YOU K-KEEN ON R-RIDING HOME?"

His Friend. "N-NOT VERY."

The Owner. "I-LET'S I-LEAVE IT A-AND WALK, S-SHALL WE?"

We were unable to supply a theory.

"I think," he said, "I think I have discovered the reason. It seems that there is a growing tendency to call wedding presents by the name of their donors; instead of saying, 'Pass the mustard,' as in our youth, we say, 'Pass Cousin CHARLOTTE'—she having presented the mustard pot to the bride. Now aunts know this: and aunts, I have ascertained, as a rule are vain and want to be remembered. Hence it has come about that they are getting more and more to choose for wedding gifts

articles of solidity and perdurability. A mustard pot is easily mislaid or stolen; an epergne is breakable; a dressing-bag wears out; a butter dish is superseded. But a coal-scuttle goes on, it endures and keeps sweet the name and fame of its giver. Is not that interesting?"

A Dyspeptic Ditty.

I LOVE little lobsters,
Their tint is so warm;
And if I don't eat them
They'll do me no harm.

JOSEPHO AFRICANO.

LIKE Spring that calls the swallow,
With bud and bloom to follow,
For weary hearts and hollow

Piping a winsome strain,
Till tears and laughter choke us,
And tingling veins provoke us
To gambol with the crocus—

You come, you come again!

A prey to pure emotion,
The amorous waves of ocean
Have formed the happy notion
To fleck your cheeks with foam;
The salt sea-winds have kissed you—
How could they well resist you?—
And we, ah we have missed you!

O welcome, welcome home!

What with the *Times* so stirring,
And awkward things occurring,
And hope's prolonged deferring

To make us deadly sick,
So much your voice was needed
To get our motions heeded
That even AUSTEN pleaded,
"O father, do be quick!"

The few your faith relies on
Directed haggard eyes on
The sea's remote horizon

So dim and vast and wet;
And when they heard a blizzard
They trembled in the gizzard,
Saying "It is, it is hard
Luck if he gets upset."

Colleagues, unwont to squander
Their love on you, grew fonder,
And widow-like would ponder

Upon their absent dear;
With every new disaster
Their loving hearts went faster,
Yearning towards the Master—
"If he were only here!"

Now malice, once bedridden
Upon her native midden,
Has washed herself and bidden
The feast your fame has earned,
Who, through a hottish season,
Induced the ranks of treason
To bow to words of reason—
Until your back was turned.

Sedition leagued and banded
You countered single-handed
With lectures strangely candid
And wit supremely deft;
For still your stature rises
Equal to all surprises,
Reaching us many sizes

Larger than when you left!

In wounds that gaped defiance
At merely human science
With god-like self-reliance
You plugged the timely stitch;
You taught the Boar and Lion
To coo like doves in Sion,
And babes to play *I spy* on
The cockatrice's pitch.

Then, touching at Madeira,
You sketched the coming era,
Painting the British sphere a
Profuse and flaming red;
Showed how, by swift inflations,
Soaring above the nations,
We'll knock the constellations
With high impinging head.

Elect of all the ages,
Come, pouch your triumph's wages
By three ascending stages—
Southampton, London, Brum;
Come where our Mayors await you
To puff, and stuff, and fête you,
Dignissime spectatu,
Come, AFRICANE, come! O. S.

PREPARING FOR THE BUDGET.

A ROYAL Mail cart dashed up Downing Street and deposited the Postmaster-General at the door. A minute later the Home Secretary alighted from a police van. "It looks ostentatious," sighed the Premier, as he watched from an upper window, "but if BR-DR-CK will come on a gun-carriage I can't blame the others." He strolled down to the Cabinet Room and airily greeted his colleagues. Then he took his seat at the head of the table, and addressed them.

"Gentlemen, we are here to-day to consider the forthcoming Budget. I think, perhaps, it would make for efficiency—and efficiency is popular—if each of you stated his additional requirements for the coming year. If R-TCH-E takes them down on a piece of paper we shall then know precisely where we are."

A murmur of admiration at the Premier's business habits ran round the assembly. The Chancellor of the Exchequer sharpened a pencil and looked round expectantly.

"Ten millions extra," said the War Secretary.

"What for?" snapped the Chancellor.

"To provide four new Army Corps in case of a Continental war."

"Twenty millions more," said the Earl of S-LB-RNE.

"Great heavens!" shouted the Chancellor, "and what do you want it for?"

"To build a fleet to escort BR-DR-CK's Army Corps."

"But they aren't real Army Corps," said the War Secretary in a hurt tone.

"Well, this won't be a real fleet," said the First Lord angrily.

"Hush, gentlemen," said the Premier; "but if neither the Army Corps nor the Fleet are real, do you need real money? I don't think you need put those items down, R-TCH-E."

"Two millions extra for the Uganda Railway," said the Foreign Secretary.

"That was finished last year," said the Chancellor.

"Well, I can't help the lions tearing up the permanent way—can I?"

"Of course if they were British lions we must pay. Put it down, R-TCH-E."

"I want a million to start the local authorities working the Education Bill," said a youthful voice.

"Who is he?" whispered the Premier to the Chancellor of the Duchy.

"L-XG—Local Government Board—dog muzzler," replied the faithful henchman.

"Quite right—I thought he was a journalist who had slipped in—by all means let him educate his dogs."

"I want £3,492,378 13s. 2d. to improve National Education," said the Marquis of L-ND-ND-RRY.

"What a head for figures! Where did he get it?" said the Premier in an aside.

"In the coal trade," answered the Minister of Agriculture.

"A million for new gaols for aliens, and to provide polyglot warders," said the Home Secretary.

"Anything more?" asked the Premier.

"Two millions to improve the postal services," said the Postmaster General, "and father—I mean the Colonial Secretary—wants twenty millions for South Africa, a million for the West Indies, a million for British Guiana, and half a million for Fiji."

"Put down twenty-four and a-half millions more, R-TCH-E, and then add it all up."

"Thirty-two millions!" said the Chancellor, in despair, "and I've promised to reduce taxation."

"Say twenty-four and a-half millions extra, my dear fellow. The rest is not of overwhelming importance."

"But how am I to get even that and reduce taxation?"

"Nudge D-V-NSH-RE, H-M-LT-N. Now, my dear Duke, we are in an awkward fix, and require your solid abilities to help us out of it. We want to increase expenditure by twenty-four and a-half millions, and at the same time to reduce taxation. How is it to be done?"

"Borrow," said the Duke.

"Make a note of that admirable word, R-TCH-E," cried the delighted Premier.

"I knew the Duke would pull us through. What judgment! What knowledge of affairs! Gentlemen, I foresee that our worthy Chancellor will be able to bring forward a highly popular Budget."

A GREAT BLOW TO THE CHURCH.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer is said to be proposing to coin a nickel twopenny-piece. Mr. YERKES has signified his approval.

"THE CHILD IS FATHER OF THE MAN."

"He was singing, and I told him to leave off," said a boy the other day, speaking of his father, whom he was charging with assault at the Marylebone Police Court. In answer to the magistrate the son insisted on his right to control the actions of his father.]

"..... You are wanted in the nursery!" The maid uttered the message at the library door.

"Who by?" asked the man faintly, his face assuming a deadly pallor.

"Your son, of course," replied the girl, adding, "And you'd better go quick, or I can tell you you'll catch it!"

Needing no second bidding, the man started to his feet, rushed upstairs, and knocked timorously at the nursery door.

For a moment no notice was taken. Then a voice called, "Come in!"

The trembling father entered, advanced with downcast head, and stood before his stern seven-year-old son.

"Why were you so long?"

"Please—I—I—didn't know you wanted me."

"Didn't know! You'd no business not to know! Didn't know indeed!"

"I'm—I'm very sorry, son," put in the parent faintly.

"Sorry? Of course you're sorry now, when you know what you will get. But I didn't send for you to hear excuses. I sent for you to ask you a question. What is this that I hear about smoking?"

No answer beyond a feeble muttering.

"Do you hear me?" cried the son sharply.

"I—I—wasn't smoking."

"How dare you tell me that! Your daughter was in the nursery ten minutes ago, and told me that she met you on the stairs last night, and that she distinctly saw you hide a cigarette. She has gone out driving in her perambulator, or she would herself charge you. Are you ashamed of yourself, or are you not?"

"Y-y-yes."

"Now, listen—you are to bring me every bit of tobacco you have in the house, and don't you let me catch you with a cigarette again! Is this the way you return all the kindness you have received at the hands of your daughter and myself? Often have we sat in the nursery far into the watches of the afternoon discussing your future—planning what we can do to make you happy and contented. (Sobs from unhappy father.) You have grieved me beyond words! I have given you a son's loving care, and you—but what is the good of talking? There is only one thing to do—though it will hurt me more than it will hurt you. Lean over that rocking-horse." . . .



THE TRIALS OF A DÉBUTANTE.

The Twin Muddletons (both claiming the dance, after much argument, simultaneously). "WELL, WE LEAVE IT TO YOU, MISS BROWN. YOU MUST KNOW WHOM YOU GAVE THIS DANCE TO!" [Miss Brown, never having seen them before this, her first Ball, and quite unable to tell 't'other from 't'his, has no views on the question.

A BOURCHIER-ISED PRESS.

Mr. A. J. B-l-f-r to Editor of "Punch."—"As your Mr. Toby, no doubt from a defect of temperament, seems unable to bring the requisite amount of seriousness to his report of the proceedings of the House of Commons, I shall be glad if you will arrange to have the 'Essence of Parliament' written by another reporter. It would be exceedingly painful to me to have to call in the services of the Sergeant-at-Arms."

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n to Editor of "Westminster Gazette."—"Please give your Mr. GOULD a long holiday. If necessary a cruiser will be provided to take him to the Cape. I do not object to reasonable caricature, but every picture by Mr. G. is a vote given to the Liberals."

Sir H. C-mph-ll-B-nn-rm-n to Editor of "Daily Mail."—"Much as I appre-

ciate your excellent halfpennyworth (being Scotch), I am compelled to direct your attention to your leader-writer, who has recently treated my leadership with scant respect. Give him the usual Institute of Journalists' notice or I shall proceed to take in the *Express*."

The Poet Laureate to almost any Editor.—"I have to request that my forthcoming book of verse be not given to the desperado who reviewed my last. Another review like his and I shall be revenged in an ode."

Mr. Cobalt, R.A., to Editor of the journal he most fears.—"I have to request that you will not send to the forthcoming Press view of the Academy the art reporter who treated my last year's work so shamefully. I need scarcely say that I do so entirely in your own interest, as we artists never read unfair criticism, and your circulation suffers accordingly."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Lady Rose's Daughter (SMITH, ELDER), MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S latest novel, will by many, including my Baronite, be reckoned her best. It is free from the weight of set purpose, and has no moral other than the elementary one, that attractive young ladies, deeply in love with a man engaged to be married to some one else, would do well not to accept an audacious proposal from him secretly to leave home and spend a few days with him in a remote country hostelry in France. With this bold divagation the story is simply one of everyday life in the upper circles of English Society. MRS. WARD knows *au fond* the locality and the inhabitants. Her people, male and female, think, live and talk very much as do their models, only in respect of conversation they are, apparently without effort, much more brilliant. The heroine is a fascinating study of a wayward individuality. More familiar in London life are *Lady Henry* and the *Duchess of Crowborough*. The latter is quite delightful and really human. Perhaps unconsciously Mrs. WARD tints her portraiture with reminiscences of living personages. My Baronite seems to know the Duke. But his consort, the pretty little Duchess, gay, light-hearted, audacious, loving, throws one off the scent. The interest of the story never flags, culminating occasionally in such episodes as *Lady Henry's* descent on her unbidden guests, and *Julie Le Breton's* flight to Paris.

At a time when the intellectual capacities of the British officer have been called in question, it is a pleasure, says my Nautical Retainer, to have in my hand two excellent books of light verse, the work of "COLDSTREAMER" and "DUM-DUM," soldiers both, and inspired by Africa's sunny fountains and India's coral strand, respectively. While each has mastered the technique of the thing, and handles his material confidently—there is scarcely a line unrhymed or ill-rhymed in either book—"DUM-DUM's" *In the Hills* (THACKER) is much more ambitious, and covers a far wider range. "COLDSTREAMER," in his *Ballads of the Boer War* (GRANT RICHARDS), confines himself to the philosophic comments of THOMAS ATKINS, to which he gives the best expression we have hitherto encountered in bulk. Coming from "one who knows," we must accept the language as truly representative of the type, although, when Mr. KIPPLING or any other civilian imputes the same methods of diction to the private soldier, we are told that a great injustice has been done to that hero's sense of culture. "COLDSTREAMER" is nearly always too diffuse; and he is perhaps a little too ingenuous in his trick of making TOMMY abuse almost everybody but himself and the British officer, and reserve his highest compliments for the author's own Regiment. However, this last is perhaps only a proper *esprit de corps*, and nobody that reads these very human verses is likely to grudge anyone the rare honour of TOMMY's panegyrics.

"DUM-DUM," as I said, is far more versatile, but he, too, tends to be diffuse (who shall throw the first stone?), and, like all of us at one time or another, keeps a little too close to his master, CALVERLEY. Elephants are, perhaps, his *forte*, and his address to one of these "two-tailed" monsters (discovered from behind on his knees) is a masterpiece. "DUM-DUM" should have been at home the other day, writing another "Vale Elephas" to our departing Jingo.

My Nautical Retainer joins heartily in the universal approval of the work of two of Mr. *Punch's* own henchmen, "E. V. L. and C. L. G.," whose *Wisdom while you Wait* (ISBISTER) has at last found a publisher fearless enough to produce this exquisite burlesque upon the methods of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* Syndicate. The town is coloured

red with it. Laughter, "holding both his sides," is to be seen in every corner. The hospitals are full of patients with a strain in their ribs: but otherwise nobody is hurt at all.

The Last Foray, by R. H. FORSTER (JOHN LONG), is a commendable and recommendable attempt to revive interest in the historical novel. The style is good, and the author has sketched his period, the dawn of the Reformation, fairly well. The descriptions of Border life in the early days of Bluff King HAL are interesting, but the dialogue throughout is rather dull, a sort of cross between the pseudo-medievalism of G. P. R. JAMES and the real thing.

At its commencement *A Red, Red Rose*, by KATHARINE TYNAN (NASH), suggests to the reader that he has entered, as a stranger, hospitably received, into the midst of a family party, whose conversation turns mainly on certain domestic matters, the importance of which he can only politely pretend to appreciate. As the visitor gradually begins to feel on a better footing with his entertainers, so he enters with increasing interest into their daily doings. Such interest, once aroused, increases as the story proceeds, but it is never at any time so strong as to be absorbing. There is much picturesque description that is admirable, and a great deal of quiet observation of human nature in circumstances of a not exceptionally trying character; and herein consists the special charm of KATHARINE TYNAN'S work.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

MUSICAL GOSSIP.

(New Style.)

It is estimated by Sir ROBERT GIFFEN that the number of women who are to be deprived of the chance of marrying Herr KUBELIK is 51,391,472.

GOSPODIN BOLOSSY BOVRILSKY, the great Cossack contrabassist, has taken to golf. With a handicap of 56 he was actually 13 down on Bogey at the last monthly competition at Lompalanka.

Mlle. DANIELA DERONDA, the Syrian contralto, has been decorated by the SULTAN with the Order of the Jerusalem Artichoke. A portrait of the gifted artist, with artichoke, appears in the last number of *Home Prattle*.

M. PROSPER UKBTOMSKY, the Bessarabian pianist, has purchased a cattle-run in Arizona. He finds the work of a cow-puncher admirably suited to keeping his hand in.

During his recent tour in the United States the Chevalier BOLESLAS SIMJANKI, the one-eyed Armenian violinist, received offers of marriage from no fewer than seventeen millionairesses. The rival claims having been referred to a plébiscite of readers of the *North Atlantic Hairdressers' Gazette*, an overwhelming majority was returned in favour of Miss EDNA McASSER, the Oregon Oil Queen.

Mlle. OBBIA BOHOTLE, the Somali mezzo-soprano, has given £3000 for her new motor car. With a generosity that cannot be too highly commended, Mlle. BOHOTLE has engaged a destitute English composer as chauffeur and accompanist.

Miss MAMIE CACHALOT, the New South Wales *prima donna*, who is so well known for her pronounced Imperialist views, has bequeathed her larynx to the British Museum.

M. SEVEIK, the Bohemian *maestro*, when not engaged in training prodigies, devotes all his leisure to the elucidation of Coptic palimpsests.

Sir CHARLES STANFORD has purchased a motor-bicycle, which he rides with the soft pedal down.

THE WOONG.

[The sporting instinct is now so keen among girls that a man who gallantly moderates his hitting in mixed hockey is merely regarded as an incapable slacker by his fair opponents.]

WHEN first I played hockey with KITTY,
I was right off my usual game,
For she looked so bewitchingly pretty
When straight for the circle she came;
As a rule I'm not backward, or chary
Of hitting and harassing too,
But who can be rough with a fairy—
Not I—so I let her go through.

She scored, and we couldn't get equal,
The others all thought me a fool,
And KITTY herself, in the sequel,
Grew most unexpectedly cool.
They gave us a licking, as stated,
I was sick at the sight of the ball,
She thought me a lot over-rated,
And wondered they played me at all.

But she frankly approved PERCY WATERS,
Who uses his stick like a flail,
And always impartially slaughters
Both sexes, the strong and the frail;
A mutual friendliness followed,
I watched its career with dismay—
Next match-day my feelings I swallowed,
And hit in my orthodox way.

I caught her a crunch on the knuckle,
A clip on the knee and the cheek,
She said, with a rapturous chuckle,
"I see—you weren't trying last week."

Such conduct its cruelty loses
When it brings consolation to both,
For after she'd counted her bruises
That evening we plighted our troth.

NEEDS OF THE NATIONS.

["If we may believe the Washington correspondent of the New York World, the U. S. A. Government are to propose to Portugal that they should take a short lease of Lisbon for the purpose of blockading it, presumably with dummy shells. . . . The object is to prove that the American navy can cross the ocean to take the offensive."—*St. James's Gazette*.]

The above passage suggests a new and extended field of usefulness for the property-market as well as a fresh era of prosperity for countries and cities which have known better days. Perhaps before long we may see some such advertisements as these:—

WANTED.—Good roomy continent for Army Manœuvres and colonising experiments. The larger the better. Good price offered for immediate possession. Also wanted, good-sized ocean and part fleet.—Wire, W. H., Potsdam, Germany.

TO BE LET, for summer season. Large ancient city; great historical and antiquarian interest. Admirably adapted for sieges, surprises, sorties, &c. Artillery, men, &c., can be let

with city if desired, or bring own.—S. P. Q. R., Box 21.

STREET FIGHTING, every opportunity for.—Houses lean across streets; invading army inevitably destroyed by brickbats from upper windows. European tenants preferred.—Address, MAYOR, Carlisle.

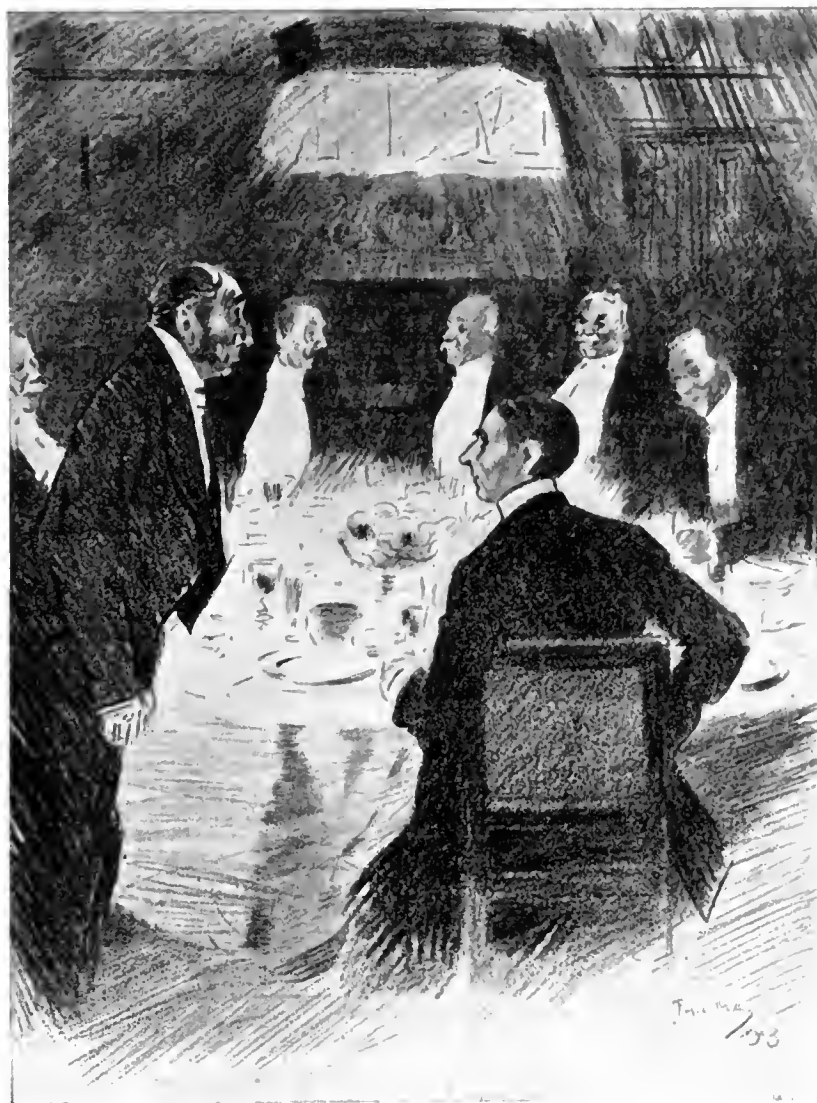
BARGAIN.—Beautiful green island offered for internecine warfare. Home-grown enemy always in stock. Moonlight operations; every attraction. No English need apply.—Write, ERIN, Europe.

RULER of large and pleasant Empire has vacancy for pupil to learn autocracy and give moral support. Live in palace. Excellent mixed shoot-

ing. Strong head of Armenians in immediate vicinity. Army provided if wished, but better bring own. Religious convictions no bar.—Address, CALIPH, Yildiz Kiosk. (Excellent testimonials.)

REQUIRED AT ONCE.—Empty country, desert preferred (with lions and alligators), for settlement of undesirable aliens.—Apply HOWARD VINCENT, Army and Navy Auxiliary Stores, Great Britain.

GOOD HOME, free life, every opportunity for expert criminals, unlimited prospects, no charges.—JOHN BULL, London, England. (*Testimonial*: "Since I came to London I have found it necessary to go nowhere else.—HAMAN UNHUNGSKI.")



SO VERY CONSCIENTIOUS!

Master of the House. "WHY, JENKINS, WHAT-ON EARTH IS THE MATTER WITH YOU? AREN'T YOU ASHAMED OF YOURSELF?"

Butler (with great deliberation). "WELL, SHIR—IF YOU PLEASHE, SHIR—ITSH NOT QUITE MY FAULT. YOU TOLD ME TO TASTE EVERY BOTTLE OF WINE BEFORE DINNER, IN CASHE ONE SHOULD BE CORKED. I'VE ONLY CARRIED OUT IN-SHTRUCHUNS."



LONDON DAY BY DAY.

First Cabbie. "NICE THING, AIN'T IT, GEORGE! BLOWED IF I KNOW WHERE LONDON IS, NOWADAYS!"

CHARIVARIA.

At last a serious attempt is to be made to educate our officers. Meanwhile an intimation has been sent round to the Great Powers to the effect that we would take it as a favour if they would not make war on us until we have had time to give the new Education Scheme a chance.

We hear, on the authority of certain Senior Subalterns, that certain Junior Subalterns who recently severed their connection with the Brigade of Guards are to be attached to other Regiments as Regimental Pets.

The Picture Puzzle craze is spreading to all classes. Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL has, we hear, been going about with a drawing of an officer, a private, and a tin shed, and has been asking his friends to guess what it represented. Mr. BRODRICK secured the Consolation Prize.

More Submarines are to be built, and Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE is to ask the question whether it is not a fact that these craft frequently go down with all hands.

Of our two newest battleships, one

has had to return three times owing to her boilers breaking down, while the other has gone through her trials satisfactorily. This is considered a very fair average.

A Russian spy was recently arrested while preparing to make plans of our fortifications at Aden. He was escorted back to his ship, and, quite rightly, told that he had been guilty of a breach of etiquette.

The *Daily Express* would seem to have an Irishman on its staff. An article in that paper on the Navy's Secret Code informs us that "the agents of Foreign Powers are known to have offered as much as £5000 for the unattainable little books which have before now been stolen."

England has made a pretty gift to one of her most loyal Colonies. On his expressing an earnest desire to go to Canada, a young burglar was set free at the Old Bailey last week to start life afresh.

A "Club du Silence," or Silent Club, for men, has been formed in Paris. An attempt to form a similar one for ladies has been found impracticable.

The feature of the coming season, in fashions, is said to be Short Skirts and Long Feet.

LORD MONKSWELL has been elected Chairman of the London County Council, and, in thanking his colleagues, said he regarded that office as the greatest prize in municipal life. We fear the Chairmanship is like London—greatly over-rated.

The *Noroe Vremya* considers that "so long as the British Army consists of hirelings, so long will its significance, from a military point of view, be, as heretofore, very small." Crimean Veterans, please note.

As a rule, upon marriage, the wife takes the husband's name, but a certain *cause célèbre* would seem to show that Mr. CAVENDISH, even before his marriage, became a Jay.

A SUBSTANTIAL EPITHET.—The *Daily Chronicle*, speaking of Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, says:—"Ponderosity immediately occurs to one as a suitable adjective to describe him." We sincerely hope that this kind of adjective will not occur again.



Leslie Sambrook. Del.

A SHORT MEMORY.

MR. BULL. "GOOD HEAVENS, MAN, I CAN'T AFFORD A DOG THAT SIZE!"

RIGHT HON. W. ST. JOHN BRIDGES. "WELL, GUV'NOR, NOT SO LONG AGO, WHEN THERE WAS BURGLARS ABOUT, YOU WAS IN SUCH A BLOOMIN' FUNK YOU SAID AS YOU COULDN'T 'AVE A DAWG BIG ENOUGH, AND DIDN'T CARE WHAT YOU PAID FOR 'IM!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 9.

—Although of aldermanic race there is nothing in the appearance of Sir EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE, Bart., suggestive of *Mr. Pickwick's* acquaintance the *Fat Boy*. Nevertheless, in capacity for making the flesh creep, he runs that immortal youth uncommonly close. Long time since House so startled as at his appearance this afternoon. Prayers just over; Members risen from their knees with chastened spirit, at peace with all men. The Irish landlord looked with softened glance across the floor at a quarter, for obvious reason empty at the moment, where representatives of Irish tenants sit. Millennium was at hand. He (the landlord) is to receive full value for his property; the tenant is to pay twenty per cent. less than its market price, and the British taxpayer will, out of his sorely drained pocket, supply the difference.

Pleased reflection on this prospect broken in upon by the voice of Sir EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE, Bart. "Mr. SPEAKER, Sir," he said, in voice choking with emotion and his just uttered "Amen," "I wish to call your attention to an ungentlemanly act performed this morning by a Member of this House."

Hon. gentlemen on both sides huddled together as sheep do in anticipation of a storm. What could have happened? Was it possible there had been introduced into the Commons House of Parliament the polished manners, the playful ways, of the Grenadier Guards? Had the Member for the stainless Borough of Truro, entering the House, bent on performance of his public duty, been waylaid, carried off to Committee Room No. 15, tried by a hybrid Com-



"L'ŒIL DU MAÎTRE."

(After the lithograph by Rafter.)



"Son and brother of many aldermen."
(Sir Edw-n D-rn-ng-L-wr-nce.)

mittee, sentenced to punishment, and—Heaven forfend!—whacked?

Only the SPEAKER preserved unruffled composure. Going straight to point he said, "The hon. Member had better state what is the act he complains of."

Members, their suspicions aroused, curiously watched the son and brother of many aldermen, as on the interposition of the SPEAKER he resumed his seat. They observed that the action was perfectly unrestrained, indicating absence of personal inconvenience. That seemed to dispose of the ragging theory. What else could it be?

Sir Edwin with alacrity rose to explain. Coming down in good time for prayers he discovered, set in the brass sockets of the very bench below the Gangway to which his habitual presence lends

distinction, cards bearing the names of two middle-aged young gentlemen who of late have spoken disrespectfully of the Secretary of State for War, and disclosed other indications of mutinous spirit towards a Government which enjoys the full confidence of Sir EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE, Bart. The proceeding was incontestably irregular. With an eye to the spiritual welfare of hon. Members, decree was long ago made that, in order to secure a particular seat, the claimant must be present through the devotional exercise that daily precedes attention to mundane affairs. The two gentlemen whose names were on the cards had certainly not been present at prayers, and, but for the eagle eye of Sir EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE, Bart., would have profited by their iniquitous proceeding

and secured an advantageous kopje from which they could fire on the riddled figure of the English CARNOT on the Treasury Bench.

This was very shocking. But, coming close upon exhilarating anticipation hinted at, it partook of the character and effect of an anti-climax. No one was hung, and Sir EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE, Bart., subsided.

Business done.—Army Estimates on. More sniping at the Treasury Bench from below the Gangway.

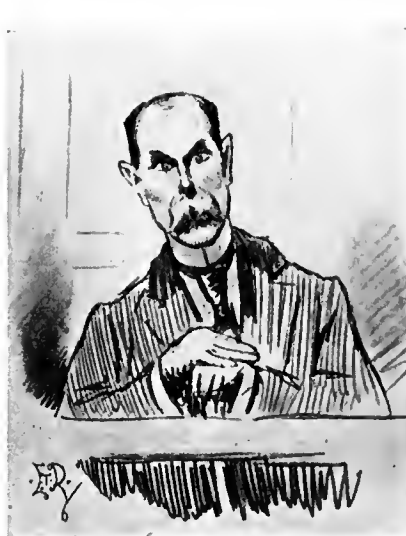
Tuesday night.—There may be bold difference of opinion as to merits of CARNOT NAPOLEON ST. JOHN BRODRICK's Army Corps plan. There is none as to the service he has, undesignedly, done his party and the House of Commons by discovery of budding genius below Gangway on Ministerial side. This afternoon IVOR GUEST emerged from obscurity; moved rednetion of vote for men in speech of conspicuous debating ability. Evidently prepared with care. After an illustrious example, cherished in the New Forest, he brought down series of impromptus fairly written out on irresponsible foolscap. These were deftly constructed, highly-polished. But not least effective passages were in reply to speech just delivered by Secretary of State. Practically, if not actually, this was a maiden speech. It instantly made its mark. Old stagers recognised in it here and there touches of a vanished hand, the sound of a voice that is still. RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is now worthily represented in the House he loved by two kinsmen, son WIXSTON and nephew IVOR. After to-day's disclosure the latter will always be a welcome GUEST.

Another excellent speech on same side by another new man. EVANS-GOMDON may have spoken before; either didn't hear him or he left no impression on my mind. In seconding amendment to-day he delivered weighty speech. His testimony, based on long official experience in India, as to grip England has got on that part of the Empire, created deep impression. Is worth close study at home and abroad.

Speech none the less effective for its almost tearful disclaimer of personal feeling against the Organiser of Victory. Standing immediately behind Treasury Bench, on which a martial figure reclined, tears from the emotional Major's trembling eyes were in danger of falling on CARNOT's crest. By mighty effort he dammed their source.

Business done.—Young men below Gangway, sword in hand, fall afresh on hapless War Secretary, who, single-handed, pluckily confronts them.

Friday night.—Very few Members of present House were here when AUSTEX HENRY LAYARD sat in it, first as representative of Aylesbury, next as Member



A Long-Range Shot at Lord Methuen.
(From the Press Gallery to the Peers'.)

for Southwark. The years fell between 1852 and 1869. He was, on Mr. G.'s initiative, at latter date named Minister at Madrid, and commenced a memorable diplomatic career that terminated in turmoil and Constantinople. In the first, not least interesting chapter of his autobiography, just published by JOHN MURRAY, LAYARD writes of himself when a small school-boy, "I was very idle, self-willed, and troublesome."

Got over his idleness, but self-willed and troublesome he was to the last. Ready to quarrel with anybody, Providence by special favour placed him in



The "Brodder" or India-rubber Punching-Ball for Rising Statesmen.

No amount of pounding makes the faintest impression.

the same Ministry as AYRTON. Rumoured that in respect of two individualities, brotherly love didn't continue throughout Lord ROSEBERY's brief administration. Nothing to the daily scenes in Mr. G.'s Government of 1868, in which AYRTON was Financial Secretary to the Treasury, and LAYARD First Commissioner of Works. ARTHUR OTWAY, whose reappearance in whatever capacity old Members warmly greet, contributes to the two handsome volumes a chapter describing the Parliamentary life of LAYARD, with which his own was contemporary. The First Commissioner of Works, he records, gratefully accepted the offer of Madrid. But the bitter drop in his cup, spoiling its sweet savour, was the news that AYRTON had been promoted to his vacant office.

Through a long career, chequered by many troubles, probably the severest trial Mr. G. survived was companionship in administrative office of LAYARD and AYRTON. Two terriers, each remembering how upon occasion the other had bitten him in a tender place, are peaceful neighbours compared with these self-willed, truculent gentry.

The last we heard in the Commons of LAYARD was on a memorable night in February, 1878. He was at the time Minister at Constantinople; naturally took to aping STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE's masterful ways. House had gathered to consider Vote of Credit which DIZZY flaunted in the face of the CZAR. FORSTER, on the Front Opposition Bench, had given notice of amendment. Before he rose in crowded House, breathless with excitement, apparently on eve of colossal war, came a telegram from LAYARD announcing that in spite of armistice the Russians were pushing on to Constantinople, had driven Turks from important lines of defence.

"Our Ambassador to the Porte," said JOHN BRIGHT, who knew his LAYARD, "has been alarmed several times."

The sneer was swiftly justified. Even whilst BRIGHT spoke there reached STAFFORD NORTHCOLE on the Treasury Bench a communication from Russian Ambassador absolutely denying accuracy of LAYARD's statement. The contradiction was fully verified by facts.

Turned over pages to see what LAYARD had to say on this dramatic incident. But story terminates in 1869, on eve of his departure for Madrid. We are half-promised the rest in due course; shall look for fulfilment. Can scarcely have too much in the way of personal record of this many-sided man, Member of Parliament, Ambassador, artist, traveller, who discovered the remains of Nineveh, and made mincemeat of every man (except AYRTON) who vexed his soul. *Business done.*—Debate round Church Discipline Bill.



THE CAPPING QUESTION IN THE SHIRES.

Trials of a Hunt Secretary.

LIGHT COMEDY FOR AN AUDIENCE IN THE DARK.

BRIGHTLY written is the true comedy dialogue that characterises the latest work for the stage of Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES, entitled *Whitewashing Julia*. The individualities of the thoroughly natural types with which he presents us in his *dramatis personæ* are clearly defined, and the scenes are highly amusing. The comedy is excellently played by Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH as *Julia Wren*, to whose name in the bill is prefixed neither "Miss" nor "Mrs."; by Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER as *Mr. William Stillingfleet*, "the wicked uncle"; by Miss M. TALBOT as *Lady Pinkney*, the wicked uncle's sister; and by Mr. CHARLES GROVES in the genial part of *Mr. Samways*, "the Shanetonbury Lawyer."

But, delightfully amusing as are these brightly-written and well-played scenes in quick succession, the comedy labours under one great misfortune and one hopeless fault. Its misfortune is to have been called by a title so unattractive as *Whitewashing Julia*. This ill-chosen title is misleading as being contrary to fact, since *Julia*, a lady "with a past," never is whitewashed, nor is there any such operation in process at any time during the play. Her own lawyer, *Mr. Samways*, would like to be able to whitewash her, which is quite another thing; but he cannot; nor can anybody else. So much for the "misfortune." Its "fault" is irretrievable, since it is the essential one of its construction. A secret there is, and from the very first the audience should be in possession of it; the whole plot turns on it. Yet at the end of the play neither *dramatis personæ*, nor audience, are one whit the wiser as to what that secret is!

The play ought to have commenced with a prologue giving that one incident in the life of *Julia* which, if subsequently it had become public property, would have ruined her reputation. Lacking such a prologue, the audience applaud players and dialogue, but depart unsatisfied.

Mr. SAM SOTHERN and Mr. KENNETH DOUGLAS represent the two brothers, the *Hon. Edwin* and *Hon. Bevis Pinkney*, who, the one a silly prodigal and the other a sentimentous hypocrite, are watered-down-to-date versions of *Charles* and *Joseph Surface*; and both parts are remarkably well rendered.

Miss ETHELWYN A. JONES is a spirited *Trixie*, a quick-tempered, untrained girl, though her colouring of it is a trifle too high, as is also her tone. As the low adventuress, *Mrs. Benbow*, without a single redeeming point, Miss DOLORES DRUMMOND plays the character for all it is dramatically (not morally) worth; and this is equally true of Miss ELFRIDA CLEMENT, representing her daughter *Rosie*.

There is a novel and capitally-contrived effect of a hail-storm, first pelting, then dropping, and gradually ceasing, on the overhead canvas of the "common or garden" tent in the First Act. Realistic to a degree. Not a drop too much! Just enough for two, ARTHUR BOURCHIER and Miss VANBRUGH. In the sudden violence and gradual cessation of this tempest we seem to hear symbolised that other storm that raged for a while between the Garrick Theatre and Printing House Square, concerning which Our Dramatic Poet sends the following vivid description, which he terms

THE DARING OF JONES.

INSPIRE me, Muse, to tell in awe-struck tones
The tangled tale of HENRY ARTHUR JONES;
Of HENRY ARTHUR JONES and ARTHUR BOURCHIER—
No faint-heart he, no common suppliant croucher!
Inspire me, Muse, and guide my pen aright,
Nor let me deal in *persiflage* or spite,
Or use such words as rack the tender bones
And pierce the heart of HENRY ARTHUR JONES.
If he resents, as men may do and live,
The pain a critic's sentences can give;

If, when he sees his play described as "*rosse*,"
His being shivers with a sense of loss;
If Monte Carlo, when referred to, wrings
His mind with all the wantonness of things—
If praise, in short, offends him less than blame,
WALKLEY's the fault, and WALKLEY's be the shame.
It was a night in March and, well content,
Off to the Garrick Theatre WALKLEY went.
He was a critic, but he looked a man
Built on the ordinary human plan.
His hat was sleek, its brims were duly arched;
His collar and his shirt were stiffly starched;
White was his tie, and swallow-tailed and black
The trim dress-coat he bore upon his back;
His shoes were patent, and his silken socks
Were marked and flanked by decorative clocks;
Trousers he had, a waistcoat and a chain;
An overcoat protected him from rain;
Next add a face, a mind most analytic,
Two hands, three studs—and there you have the critic.
Briskly he walked and, as he went along,
Whistled a stave, like one who thinks no wrong,
And trolled a snatch of some remembered song.
Unwarned of all the dangers that he dared,
His mind was calm, his pencil was prepared;
Thoughtless of BOURCHIER, who controlled the show,
Careless of HENRY ARTHUR JONES, his foe,
Without a fear, unconscious of a sin,
Straight to his doom he passed and so went in.
But "Hist! he comes!" ('twas BOURCHIER gave the word,
And from their lurking-place his minions heard),
"Now do your duty; let him hear our fiat,
And bid him go in peace and leave us quiet.
Thus JONES has ordered; JONES, who wrote the play,
Prefers that WALKLEY should be sent away;
But, lest we play the low-born dastard's part
And quite forget the decencies of Art,
Take him, to mitigate his dreadful doom,
Take him," said BOURCHIER, "to the ROYAL ROOM;
There, on the floor that Royal feet have graced,
Bid him be off with all convenient haste."
So said, so done. The public heard the story,
And cared no jot for all this wounded glory;
With noted names, in fact, they made too free,
Thinking what fools these playhouse mortals be,
And saying, lastly, in their boredom, "Bother!
We're sick and tired of this dramatic pother."

Lenten Discipline.

Aunt (to small niece and smaller nephew). Can't you two children give up some little pleasure before Lent is over?

Nephew. Well, MOLLIE's going to give up teasing me, and I'm going to give up hitting her when she does.

Suggested Reforms at the Zoo.

- (1) That the Tapir be lighted up after dark.
- (2) That most of the Monkeys be sent to the furriers for repairs.
- (3) That a cheap book of etiquette be placed in their cage.
- (4) That dress improvers be provided for the Llama and the Kiwi.
- (5) That the Blotched Genet be put on the Black List.
- (6) That the Dusty Ichneumon be swept.

SHAKESPEARIAN ADVICE (AND WILLIAM WAS AN OLD HAND) TO ACTOR-MANAGERS.—"Dally not with the gods."—*Taming of the Shrew*, Act IV., Sc. 4.

SQUARING THE CIRCLE.—"Flat feeling all round" (*Stock Exchange Intelligence*).

THE BACILLUS OF LOVE.

["Some eminent professors in Paris have discovered that love is a bacillus, and a well-known specialist declares 'that love is one of our most dangerous inheritances from the dark ages, one that has been kept alive and fostered by polite literature. It should be under control of a Board of Health that possessed full police authority, and should only be dispensed with the greatest care—after the manner of a drug.'"]

SCENE—The Love Department of the Board of Health. It is arranged after the manner of a chemist's shop, and is supervised by an elderly gentleman with a benevolent beard and a somewhat paternal manner.

Enter MARY JENKINS, a servant. She counts out six coppers and bangs them on the counter.

Official (beaming through his glasses like a railway lamp). Yes, and what can we do for you?

Mary (unabashed). Sixpennorth o' them microbes like Misses 'as. My young man ses as 'ow 'e's sick of the friendly 'ow-d'ye-do, and wants to get on with the "burnin' glow o' passion" like they do in the books.

Official (gravely). I am afraid you must bring a certificate from the rector saying that you are fit to be trusted with the "Passionate Glow." You see last week we sold half-a-crown's worth to an elderly statesman, and under its exciting influence he—well, he babbled, and there may be a complication. I can, however, let you have some of our "Brotherly Love" or "Sincere Friendship" put up in bottles. We are selling a lot just now.

Mary (replacing the coppers in her purse). I don't think that'd do for JIM, Sir, so we'll 'ave to do the best we can without. [Exit.

[Official retires to the inner room and cuffs the Errand Boy, who is toying with the lid of a jar labelled "The Dawn of Love." The door-bell rings. Enter PERCY. He is just "PERCY" of the musical comedies. He raps on the counter; the Official hurries forward.

Percy. I want a large box of "Love at First Sight." The strongest you've got—what? And how do you use the dashed things—eh?

Official (rapidly repeating formula). Open the box in room or place where is the object of the affections, or administer a spoonful secretly, and the reciprocity will be instantaneous. Name and address, please, and state whether affections have been previously engaged. Only twice? (Hands paper.) Set forth the time, date, and address in Schedule A., and sign your name here, please. That will be seven-and-six.

Percy (after scrawling his signature).

Suppose you couldn't send the box round with my compliments—what? Save such a lot of trouble, you know, eh?

Official. We don't advise that course. We did send the office boy on a similar errand once, and the result was disastrous. He incautiously opened the box in a 'bus, and for weeks the office was visited by an elderly lady who declared that she was "haunted by his sweet face day and night, and she would never rest till he was hers!"

Percy. I say, that was deuced awkward—what?

Official. Yes, it was really most awkward; and we had to call in our amatory expert. I must say he dealt with the case in a masterly manner. He advised a spoonful of an "Inexplicable Aversion" mixture in a cup of tea, and in five minutes the

aged one had boxed the errand boy's ears and quitted the shop. The husband came next day and said that things were very wrong at home, and he would like a ten-shilling bottle of "Wifely Love" for domestic purposes. (Musingly) After all, the Department did very well out of that case. I beg your pardon, Sir, your change. Thank you, good morning.

Percy (as he takes his parcel and exits). Old boy can chatter. Suppose he's been through this sort of thing and is weather-proof. Hope this'll come off all right. Jolly beastly if it doesn't.

[In the Department business is quiet during the luncheon hour. A small boy tries to purchase a box of "Sincere Devotion," and is severely cross-examined by the Official. Upon being told that it is to be used in connection with a head-master's elder daughter the application is refused, and there is another broken heart in the world. The Official answers two or three letters, and addresses several her-



James G. G. G.

LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES.

SCENE—At an Art Exhibition.

He. "WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE BROWN'S PICTURE?"

She. "THAT ONE? WHY, I THOUGHT IT WAS YOURS! VERY BAD, ISN'T IT?"

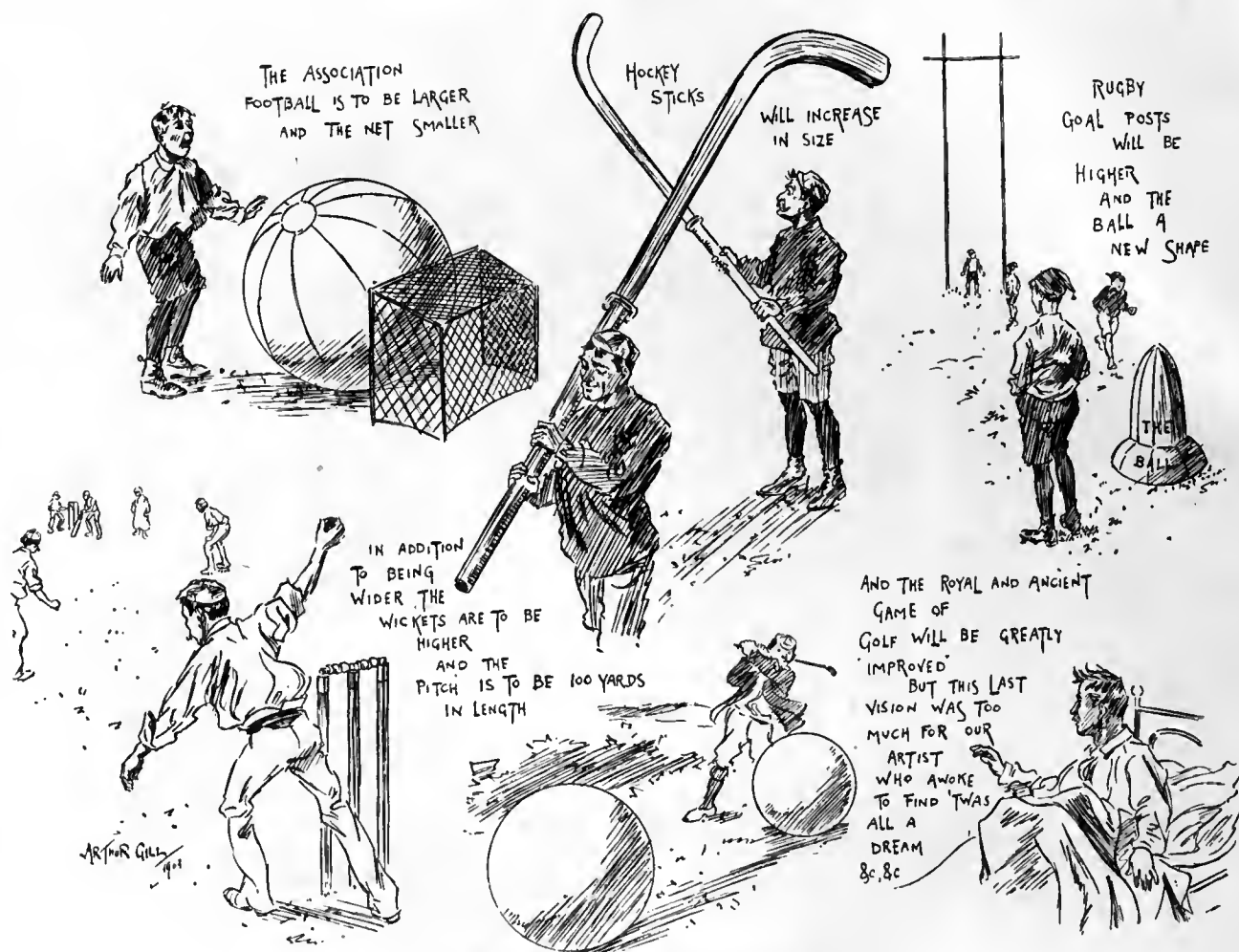
metically sealed boxes to well-known actors and poets. He then puts on a broad-brimmed hat and flowing cape-coat, to live up to his office, and goes out to lunch. He unwisely—and against the regulations—leaves the Department in charge of the Errand Boy. Ten minutes later enter a Young Lady. She would look upon twenty-three as old age, and is sweet and delightful from hat to shoe.

The Errand Boy (in weak imitation of the Platonic Chief). And what can we do for you, Miss?

Young Lady (blushing and speaking in a pretty whisper). I want a box—a small box of those things that you use when you want to let anyone feel that they are—that they may hope.

Errand Boy (cheerfully). Oh, you want a box of the "Come to my Arms" brand.

Young Lady (eagerly). Oh, not quite so strong as that, please. Something more reserved, but something that will make PERCY—will make people understand.



SOME MORE INNOVATIONS.

Errand Boy. Right O!

[Pleasantly wraps up a box of the strongest brand in the Department. To intimates and experts it is known as the "Keep off the Grass" brand. The Young Lady accepts it gratefully and exits.]

[The Errand Boy whistles cheerfully, and, unconscious of having done mischief, plunges into the thrills of "Blood-Stained Bill; or, the Terror of Clapham Common." Enter Mr. JACOB DRYSDALE, a distinctly country solicitor. He is middle-aged and short-sighted, carries his coppers in a purse, and wears thick clumping boots.]

The Solicitor. Have I the pleasure of addressing the head of the Love Department?

Errand Boy (proudly). That's me.

The Solicitor. Really! Well, let me state my case briefly and succinctly. I am, alas! a widower. I think there is One who returns my passion, but I am doubtful.

The Errand Boy. Ah, we've 'ad them sort of cases 'ere before.

The Solicitor. She is no longer young, nor would I approach her in the boisterous manner of youth. I would therefore purchase something that might enable me to convey my devotion in a straightforward and simple manner without the necessity of florid embellishments. Am I understood, my young friend?

The Errand Boy (anxious to return to "Blood-Stained Bill"). Cert'nly, Guvnor, 'ere y' are.

[Hands him a box containing the "Romeo and Juliet" brand, which should only be sold on the strength of a certificate signed by three Bishops and a Master in Lunacy. The Solicitor exits, and the Errand Boy returns to see what the Bandit does with the box.]

Mary Jenkins (re-entering). 'Ere's my certificate, young man, and now I'll 'ave sixpenn'orth of that "Passionate Glow."

The Errand Boy (without looking up). Right! [Hands her the nearest box and puts the coppers in the till.]

[Exit MARY beamingly. Within a few seconds the door is opened hurriedly. Enter the Platonic-looking Official

excitedly, with the benevolent beard ruffled and in a terrible state of confusion.]

Official. EDWARD, have you served any customers since I've been away?

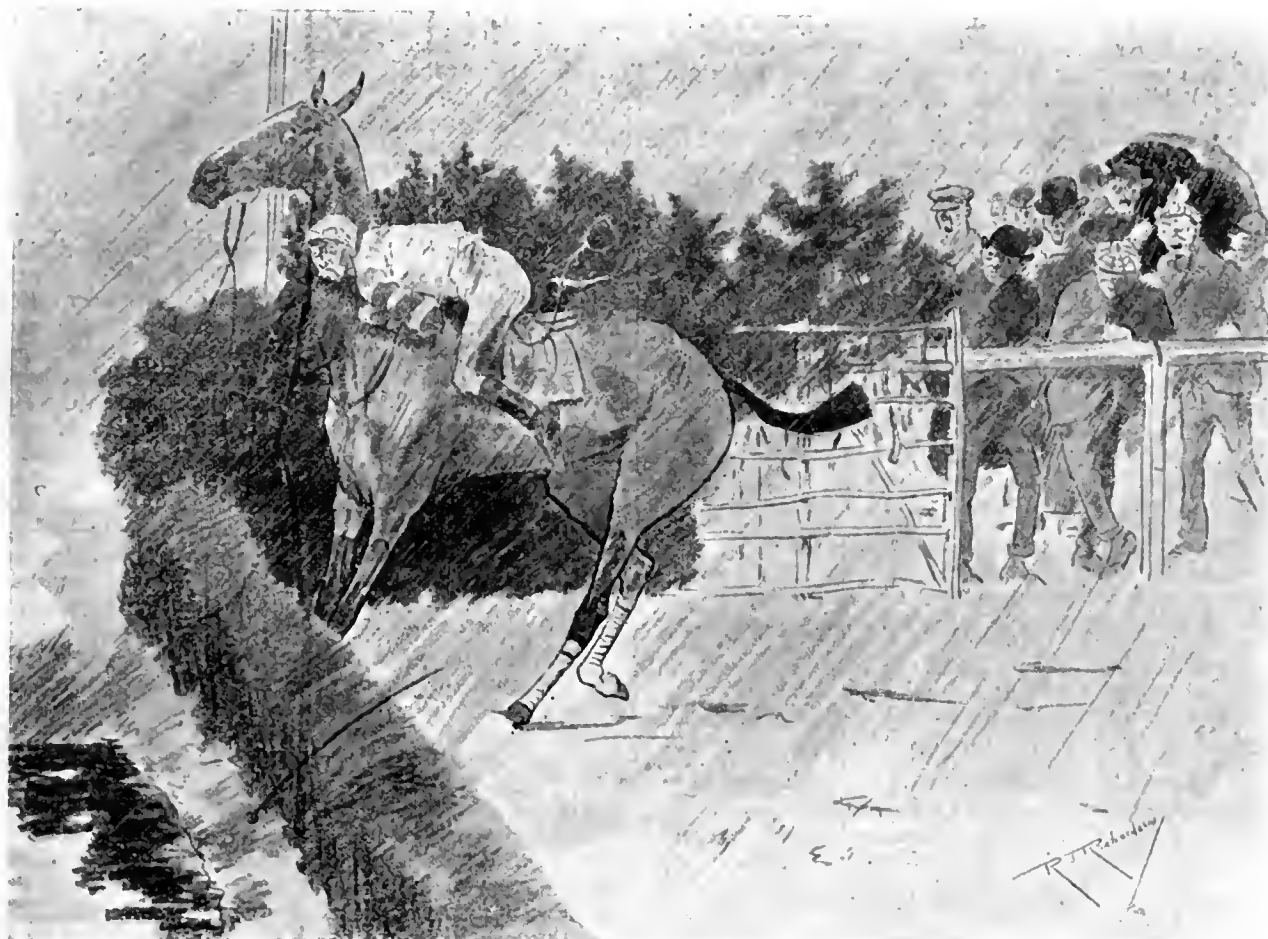
The Errand Boy (startled). Yes, Sir, two or three.

Official (wildly). Was there an elderly gentleman amongst the lot?

The Errand Boy. Yes, Sir.

Official (collapsing into a chair). I thought so. I thought so. I saw an elderly idiot outside being asked by the apple-woman to fly with her. What did you sell him? You don't know? Well, whatever it was he opened it before the time, and (rushing to the door) there he goes, the police have got both! Oh my, there'll be trouble over this. Put up the shutters. I'm going home, and you'd better take your money and not come back. Oh, this is awful!

[Retires to inner room and writes out his resignation, while the Errand Boy mournfully puts up the shutters and wonders what "Blood-stained Bill" would have done under the circumstances. (Curtain.)]



AT THE WATER JUMP.

Voice from the Crowd. "TAKE 'IM 'OME, CAPTIN. 'E'S GOT 'YDROPHOBIA!"

THE COMPLETE INSPECTOR.

[A resolution was recently carried by the Ayr School Board to memorialise the Education Department "not to send the same inspector as the last, because neither the teachers nor the children could understand him." The accusation was summed up by one member, who said "he talked most beautiful English."]

MR. PUNCH has great pleasure in coming to the assistance of a harassed Department, and thinks that the difficulty would be met by means of a *virâ voce* examination to be passed by all candidates for inspectorships. The specimen subjoined is of course liable to modification, as local exigencies may demand—an Irish accent for Ireland, a Welsh accent for Wales, suggest themselves. Three examiners should prove sufficient, and one of them might with advantage be conversant with the dialect.

First Examiner (to entering candidate). Good day, MR. JONES. Pray be seated. Will you have the goodness to

answer our questions in the Scottish dialect?

Mr. Jones (who has crammed in the kailyard school for a month). Ou ay.

Second Examiner. How would you say "attention" to the children if necessary?

Mr. Jones (puzzled and doubtful). Hoots? — *(corrects himself hastily)* — a'weel.

Second Examiner (apparently satisfied). Let us now hear you put a few questions to them.

Mr. Jones (timidly). Aiblins, bairns, ah'm thinkin' ye'll no ken wha was WULLIE WALLACE.

Third Examiner (encouragingly). Very good, MR. JONES. Pray proceed.

Mr. Jones. Hoots, gin a body gie ye sax bawbees, an' ye spen twa in a puckle sweetsies an' twa in bannocks, an' gin ye len ane—*(with growing confidence)*—tho' yon's no juist to be recommended, ah'm speirin' hoo many'll ye hae left forbye?

First Examiner. Excellent. *(To his fellows)* They will be able to under-

stand that, I think. *(They nod approval.)* A little more, if you please.

Mr. Jones. A'weel, bairns, in the kintra o' Egypt there'll be a reever that aince ican year rins in spate by a proveesion o' nature for the grawin' o' the parritch. Hoo ca' ye yon?

Third Examiner. A few words of valediction to the master, MR. JONES, if you please.

Mr. Jones (gathering himself together for a great effort). Hoots, dominie, ye've a wheen sumphs amang them, forbye aiblins ah'm no sayin' they're sae ill-spellers, an' no a'thegither wi'oot understaunin'. The deescipline is no that ill. Ah'm thinkin' ye'll hae to be biggin a new stair; yon's gey an' rotten. A'weel ah'maun be gangin'.

[The Examiners confer in low tones.]

First Examiner (putting the final decisive question). What, MR. JONES, is a —ahem! — fush?

Mr. Jones (triumphantly). It'll be a sawmon, ah'm thinkin'.

[He retires with all honour and success.]

THE FLOWING TIDE.

FILL up the ruby bumper with crusted old Cinque Port!
Fling wide, O Rye, your nostrils in one delirious snort!
Exude, ye Romney Marshes, your world-renowned sloe gin!
The Tory hold is shattered, and HUTCHINSON is in!

Time was within your harbour our merchant fleets would lie
Until the adjacent ocean withdrew and left you dry;
But lo! a Liberal seaquake renews your fallen pride,
And round your roofs the galleons sweep with the swelling tide.

What though that surge of waters which nothing now can
staunch

Last month escaped our notice upon a Chatham branch,
To-day in hall and hovel, palace and barn and club,
They freely name your hamlet the Universe's hub!

The philosophic Premier, turning a deathly tint,
On this occasion only perused the evening print;
While BRODRICK, famed in crises for military tact,
Sent and invited ROBERTS to read the Riot Act.

Men saw in JOSEPH's window the light of battle leap;
'Twas said the Duke distinctly stirred in his beauty sleep;
And LOSE, with less complacence than usual in his eye,
Threw off a tearful stanza of *Muddlin' through the Rye*.

Nor was the feeling local; all earth sustained a shock;
Wall-Street at once recorded a slump in Monroe stock;
And ABDUL, swiftly fearing the weight of England's hand,
Composed polite *iradés* for Aden's Hinterland.

The ribald throats of Europe grew on the instant dumb;
They felt the hour of England's efficiency had come:
And WILHELM K., insisting that Heaven should do its part,
Ordered the German nation to have his Creed by heart.

So through the trembling peoples the fame of Rye is blown,
Of Rye by whom the rotters were met and overthrown;
And March is made their symbol, that month of windy shams,
Since they who came like lions are skipping out like lambs.

And when the tale of Empire is told in times to be,
And infants lisp the record of those who ruled the sea,
Heading the string of heroes whose names refuse to die,
They'll bracket WILL of Woolwich with HUTCHINSON of Rye.

O. S.

PASHLEY'S OPINIONS.

No. I.

WHEN I was a lad we lived at Peckham, and my old Dad used to give me no end of talks about getting on in the world. He wasn't a bad old fellow in his way, though he did start as a dissenter and had done a good deal in the praying line before he made a bit of money in the hardware business. Soon after that, of course, he dropped Chapel-going, and when we moved into the new place at Peckham, we were all Church folk, and quite as good at the game as any of the older hands. Before this, too, we had been a Radical family, strong for reform and the ballot and free trade and all that sort of mouldy old nonsense, but there was a bit of a quarrel at one of the elections, all about somebody getting a job that father ought to have had if there hadn't been corrupt influence at work, and father began to see things in their true light. Mother and he were invited to a garden party at Plantagenet Lodge, the Conservative candidate's place, soon afterwards, and he told Lord COPLEHURST how things were, and how he had got to think that the prosperity of the country was bound up in resistance to reckless and ill-considered legislation. Those were his words. I've often

heard him tell the story, and how Lord C. talked to him for quite five minutes, though there were lots of people about waiting to get in a word, and had assured him that those were the kind of sentiments which had made the British Empire what it was.

Well, to return to what father used to say to me: "JOSHUA," he used to begin, "you mark my words: it's vulgar people that always go wrong. If you want to make your mark in the world it's no use being vulgar. Look at poor old HUNNIBALL. He's got plenty of money, and he gets his name into one or two good subscription lists, but there he stops. The nobs won't have anything to do with him, and he'll be nothing but a grocer all his life. The reason is, he's vulgar—much too familiar and free-and-easy with his betters, and, of course, they won't stand it." And so he would run on. I often think of it now that he's gone, and wonder where he got all his ideas from. I remember after one of these talks meeting old HUNNIBALL on the top of a bus: "Halloa, young 'un," he shouted, "how are shovels and tongs going? Pretty brisk, eh?" I thought the allusion most indelicate, but I couldn't stop him. "Look here, my boy," he went on, "I haven't seen your father lately. You tell him, with my compliments—old TOM HUNNIBALL's compliments, remember—that I've got a lot of prime Stiltons just in, and if he likes to come round he's welcome to take one away with him—but he's got to come round himself, mind you."

I didn't know which way to look, for there was a girl on the next seat sniggering in a very silly way, with a dirty bit of handkerchief in her hand, and looking at me every now and then with her mouth made up to say Stilton. But there you are; that was HUNNIBALL all over.

The whole thing came back to me the other day when I was in one of the Tube lifts. There were three of us in it, ROGERSON, PLUMLEY and myself. We had been dining with the Lampblackers' Company at one of their big dinners, and very well they'd done us too. PLUMLEY's due for Prime Warden next year, so he made sure of getting the pick of everything that was going. Well, we waited a longish time in the lift with the gates open, and the lift-man playing with a toothpick outside. I said to PLUMLEY, "Some chaps get easy jobs, don't they? Lifts don't take much working, and going up and down free gratis all day don't want much muscle, especially if you're waiting outside half the time."

I meant to be sarcastic, for I was tired of waiting. The man said nothing, but he gave me a look which showed I'd got home, and directly afterwards he came in and began to close the gates. While he was doing this and starting us he kept talking to himself. I heard him say plainly:—

"'Oo's got a face like a suet pudden'?" he said. "I wonder where ole Suet-face 'as bin 'avin' 'is bit o' toast an' water?"

I couldn't let this pass, so I took him up at once.

"Were you addressing those remarks to me?" I asked quite calmly.

"Well, no, I wasn't," he answered, "I was talkin' to the ole cat we keep 'alf way down the shaft—but now I come to look at you, I'm blessed if there isn't somethink about your cheeks—"

"Don't give me any of *your* cheek," I said as quick as lightning, "or I'll report you."

"Report away," said the fellow, "and tell 'em you met a chap as knew a suet face when he saw it. Now then, 'urry up, or you'll never get to Hanwell to-night."

And with that he slammed open the gates and let us out.

ROGERSON, I'm sorry to say, was laughing, and so was PLUMLEY. I asked them how they could encourage the man in his vulgar insolence, and PLUMLEY said I began it. I'm sorry for the Lampblackers when he comes to be Prime Warden.



HIS CHEF-D'ŒUVRE.

(For the Westminster Royal Academy.)

MR. GEORGE WINDHAM. "THE CONTENTED IRISHMAN"! IT'S A GOOD SUBJECT—BEST THING I'VE DONE. IF THIS ISN'T ACCEPTED, WELL, I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY DO WANT!"

THE EVOLUTION OF FATNESS.

[Dr. ROBINSON, in the *North American Review*, asks, "Why should babies be fat, when the children of their pithecooid ancestors must have been lean? . . . The suicidal swallowing capacity of the modern baby is an inheritance from the habits of the crawling cave-dweller."]

"BABY boy, whose visage chubby
Doting mother marvels at,
Full of health, albeit grubby—
Why are you so fat?"

"How unlike your rude forefather—
Prehistoric, pithecooid!
Who with nuts he chanced to gather
Filled his aching void;

"Who, whenever hunger goaded,
Ate to please the passing mood,
Nor his stomach overloaded
With some patent food.

"No! but later generations
Come, in which the infant staves
Hunger off by dint of rations
Picked up in the caves.

"Holding future meals in question,
Grasping all with eager fist,—
To the mill of his digestion
Everything is grist.

"Consequently, you, who follow
Him in lack of self-control,
With atavie impulse swallow
Dirt, and pins and coal."

Thus, with sage pedantic chucklings,
Watching each unwholesome bite,
Science from the mouth of sucklings
Still receives new light.

R. S. V. P.

TO THEATRE-LOVERS.

A PAPER ON "The Discomforts of Play-going" is to be read to the members of the O. P. Club on the 29th inst. We suggest a few sub-headings in the form of queries:—

Ought the private boxes, with their present slantwise or bird's-eye view of about half the stage, to be abolished, or should they frankly and squarely face the audience, so that their occupants could be adequately inspected by each possessor of an opera-glass?

Should the space now allotted to the stalls be reduced by yet another inch, so that the seat-holders would be wedged into a solid mass, and any going out between the Acts for a smoke and a drink would thus be rendered impossible?

Should late arrivals to the more fashionable parts of the house be accommodated with Standing Room Only at the back of the gallery?

Should parties who, through the incapability of the architect, the opacity of the persons in front of them, or the exuberance of feminine head-gear, are able to see only 1 or 2 per cent. of the



SOMETHING NEW.

Young Ass. "AW—I'M BORED TO DEATH WITH LIFE!"

She. "WHY DON'T YOU DO SOMETHING?"

Young Ass. "AW—THERE'S NOTHING WORTH DOING THAT I HAVEN'T TRIED."

She. "ISN'T THERE? THERE MUST BE. TRY AND THINK."

show, be charged *pro rata*, and not the full price of the seat?

Ought the gods to be regarded as the sole arbiters of the fate of a play; and does critical infallibility vary inversely with the cost of admission?

Would there be less discomfort if critics wrote the play, while authors managed the theatre and managers composed the criticisms?

Is any play that was ever written worth the inconvenience and unpleasantness of waiting one or more hours in a queue, being marshalled like school-children by policemen, fainted against by faded females, and exasperated by itinerant banjo-men?

And lastly, are any of the discomforts of playgoing surpassed by that of having to sit out a bad production?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE success of his first volume of *Froissart's Modern Chronicles* (FISHER UNWIN) naturally induces F. C. G. to give us more. If possible, perhaps because the effect is more immediate, the *Chronicles* of 1902 excel in delight those of 1901. There is the same humour, point and appositeness in their portrayal of current events. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, as usual, is irresistible to the facile pencil. He has an added attraction in the coming to the front of son AUSTEN, whom F. C. G. promises to make as familiar to the Man-in-the-Street as is his illustrious father. There are delightful sketches in which Lord ROSEBURY, C.-B., Lord SALISBURY, the late Archbishop of CANTERBURY, Lord KITCHENER, and other political personages appear. Not least delightful, and more than usually pungent, are the two illustrations from Remount Records. One shows an English squire buying from a wily Jew scraggy horses for the Army in Africa. In the other Sir BLUNDELL DE MAPLE protesteth that towel horses would have better served the Army. It is hard to say which is the more delicious, the expression on the face of Sir BLUNDELL, or that conveyed by the towel-horse. My Baronite is not in a position to speak of the personal likeness of the portrait of "Sir TOBY DE LUCE, who has great knowledge of affairs of State." For the rest, beneath a genial mask of caricature, living likenesses of public men add greatly to the value of the record.

Mrs. HUGH BELL, according to my Occasional Assistant Baronite, is a sage lady who moralises as well as SOLOMON himself. *The Minor Moralist* (EDWIN ARNOLD), written by her, is a volume not to be read lightly, but to ponder seriously if it be your wish to acquire "good manners," to learn how to conduct yourself rationally when you reach "middle age," and to "manage your servants" properly at all times. If you obey such a monitor and guide to propriety as Mrs. HUGH BELL, you will live long and honoured in the land. The best of this series of little lay sermons is the one on the art of how to behave when we reach what DANTE called the *mezzo cammino di nostra vita*. It is not exactly pleasant reading for those whom "the gods don't love—and who dye old," for Mrs. BELL reminds us only too forcibly of the errors and follies of seeking to disguise with artificial roses and *poudre de Ninon* the ravages of passing years.

The Magazine of Art (CASSELL & Co.) for March is quite up to the high standard to which it has been raised by Mr. M. H. SPIELMANN. Among the many interesting articles, all charmingly illustrated, in this number, the brief monograph on "Ephraim Lilien," written by SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, A.R.A., will offer the greatest attraction to a considerable number of readers. The reproduction in colour of a sketch by BERTRAM HILES, "the armless artist," is excellent, and the story of his artistic career and triumph over apparently insuperable difficulties is simply and sympathetically told.

The reader of *Letters from a Self-made Merchant to his Son* (METHUEN) will not be surprised to learn that it has had an enormous sale in the United States, where it first saw the light. Mr. LORIMER is instinct with that peculiar, inimitable humour we call American, which finds varying exposition in the author of the *Biglow Papers*, MARK TWAIN, and Mr. DOOLEY. Shrewd insight and common sense abound on every page, expression being given after the fashion of the making of proverbs. The trees are so full of plums, it is impossible to select one and say, "Here is of the finest." Opening a page at random my Baronite finds written the following axiom:—"It isn't what a man knows, but what he thinks he knows, that he brags about." When the thing

is said it is obvious, almost to the point of the commonplace. But no one before Mr. LORIMER compressed the truth in so small a space with such attractive package. "OLD MORALITY" died too soon. Had he lived to read this book, which he would have done with intense pleasure, there would have been fresh salt and savour in the copybook headings with which he was wont to admonish the House of Commons.

Martyr, by JOHN STRANGE WINTER (F. V. WHITE & Co.), is a simple story, thoroughly interesting, and admirably told. *Ars est celare artem*. If you may "take the Ghost's word for a thousand pounds," then for double the money you may accept that of
THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

THE LICENSING MAGISTRATE'S GUIDE AND PROHIBITIONIST'S MANUAL.

It is frequently a little difficult for licensing magistrates to provide themselves with an adequate reason for refusing any particular licence. We have therefore with infinite care and research compiled a table of reasonable grounds for objection which will render the refusal of any licence an easy matter. The objections may be tabulated under three headings—the Landlord, the Premises, and the Liquor.

THE LANDLORD.

Description.	Ground of Objection.
Is a highly respectable man.	Too good for such a trade.
Is a disreputable vagabond.	Unfit for such a responsibility.
Runs an air-gun club.	Encourages the Jingo spirit.
Does not run an air-gun club.	Is lacking in patriotism.
Has a red nose.	Is a secret drunkard.
Has not a red nose.	Must be saved from such a possibility.
Reads HALL CAINE's novels.	Is evidently mad.
Does not read HALL CAINE's novels.	Fails to encourage literature.
Gives good measure.	Encourages drinking.
Gives bad measure.	Robs the public.
Permits cards and dominoes.	Is enticing the young and frivolous to his house.
Prohibits cards and dominoes.	Has turned his house into a mere boozing den.
Supplies refreshments.	Is setting traps for the "mealers."
Does not supply refreshments.	Fails to provide for the public convenience.
Has been convicted of offences against the licensing laws.	An example must be made.
Has not been convicted.	Obviously a deceptive hypocrite.

THE PREMISES.

Are draughty.	Public health will suffer.
Are not draughty.	Lack of adequate ventilation.
Have a back door.	Police unable to supervise.
Have not a back door.	Police deprived of legitimate refreshment.
Are tied to a brewery.	Must sell any swill sent them.
Are not tied.	Have not the benefit of the supervision of a respectable company.
Do a good trade.	Clearly a drunkard factory.
Do a poor trade.	Evidently not required.

THE BEER.

Is good.	A hideous temptation to the community.
Is bad.	A public danger.
Is indifferent.	Will never be missed.

MR. PUNCH'S SKETCHY INTERVIEWS.

XIII.—DR. HANS RICHTER.

AN express train to Manchester brought us to our destination just in time for the Hallé Concert. At the close of the first part of the programme a message to the famous conductor evoked the response that he would be glad to see us in the artists' room. We entered, and were cordially greeted by the genial *chef d'orchestre*, who was seated at the piano, wearing his good-conduct medal. Dr. RICHTER, we need hardly remind our readers, is a man of massive build, with a full beard, a leonine aspect, and an Olympian glance. The likeness to Jupiter positively leaps to the eye. Grasping our hand with a powerful grip, he waved us to a chair in 5/4 time, and remarked in a *ritmo*



"The likeness to Jupiter positively leaps to the eye."

"Manchester," he observed, "is a fine city. Its fogs are second only to those of London. My orchestra is second to none, and since my arrival the number of Viennese Bakeries has increased to such an extent that I now feel quite at home."

"And your plans?"

"Well, there is some talk of my conducting a series of performances of *The Ring* at New Brighton this year, but I have stipulated that the name of the place shall be first changed to New Bayreuthon, and the local authorities have not made up their minds. Then my duties as President of the Society



"Seated at the piano, wearing his good-conduct medal."

di tre battute, "Wie bist du, meine Königin?"

"Very well, thank you," we replied; "and how many instruments do you really play?"

"Only fifteen with impunity," replied the Doctor. "I have given up the bass tuba and the *contrafagotto* since my last attack of influenza."

"Were you very musical as a child?" we asked.

"Certainly," was the answer. "Leading strings appealed to me in infancy. As a boy I accompanied *Piccolomini* on the piccolo. The only illness I ever contracted in my youth was *Scarlattina*, and long before I took to conducting I never went out without a band on my hat."

"And how do you like Manchester? Does the Ship Canal compare favourably with the beautiful blue Danube?"

Dr. RICHTER returned a somewhat evasive reply.



"How many instruments do you really play?" "Only fifteen with impunity," said the Doctor.

for the Protection of British Composers seem likely to occupy a good deal of my time. You see, since the invasion of *RICHARD STRAUSS*, they have all emigrated to Venezuela, and I have been asked to arbitrate between them and the Venezuelans. That, I fear, will involve a journey to South America, and I have accordingly purchased a Panama hat."

"Is it true, Dr. RICHTER, that London 'never heard an orchestra' before the visit of the Meiningen band?"

"That I cannot say. But Manchester certainly did before I came."

"Then you have hopes for the future of English music?"

"Certainly! Has not England given us *SHOOLBRED'S Unfurnished Symphony*?"



"I generally run twice round St. James's Park before breakfast."

Is there any other country in the world where people study scores so closely or compile them more freely? Those of the great *maestro* *RANJİ* in particular seem to me in complexity and variety of resource to be at least equal to those of *SOUSA*."

"And what are your recreations?"

"Perhaps my greatest relaxation is going to Ballad Concerts to watch the expression of Mr. *HENRY BURB*'s face when he is accompanying one of the superb compositions of *STEPHEN ADAMS*. Mr. *BARRIE*'s *Little White Bird* is nothing to it. When I am in London I generally run twice round St. James's Park before breakfast. Here I spend a good deal of my leisure in playing with my two toy terriers, *Fafner* and *Fasolt*, who always accompany me to the concerts in the Valhall—I mean the Freia—the Free Trade Hall."

MY LADY NICOTINE.

["A Bill is to be introduced into Parliament for the prevention of juvenile smoking, which will render tobaccoists liable to be fined if they sell tobacco in any shape or form to boys under the age of sixteen."—*Westminster Gazette*.]

'ERE, errand-boys and piper-boys and every gutter-snipe
Wot knows the consolytion of a cigarette or pipe,
Ain't this a crool 'ard stroke
For hany wukkin' bloke?

'Ere's Parlymint a-syein' as we ain't ter git a smoke!
It 's ollers hinterferin' wiv its everlastin' nag,
But, s'elp me, if it ain't too much ter tike awye our fag.

'Ow can us men stop smokin'? When a biby in me pram
I tried ter cultivite instead a simple tiste for jam,
But Baccy seemed ter call—
It ollers does ter all

Wot 's learnt ter smoke, like you and me, afore we learnt
ter crawl.

And so, when pore ole muvver tried the comforter, you bet,
She 'd precious soon ter substitoot a farvin' cigarette.

Nah, can the nigger chinge 'is skin? In corse 'e carn't,
and wot 's

The good of arskin' lepers for ter chinge their ugly spots?
It 's jest a bit too lite

Ter struggle wiv yer fite—

'Ow can yer chinge yer 'abits when yer 've reached the ige
of ite?

And if the Dook 'as 'is cigar, the wukkin' man 'is shag,
Be sure the errand-boy 'll see as 'ow 'e gets 'is fag.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING CANDID.

READERS of *Mr. Punch's Dramatic Sequels* knew just what to expect from Mr. ST. JOHN HANKIN's delightful gift of irony when they went to see his play, *The Two Mr. Wetherbys*, performed before the Stage Society. It is a comedy of not very original action, but most fresh and piquant in dialogue. The lot of *Mr. James Wetherby* is cast in a colourless suburban interior, rendered intolerable to a man of innocently carnal tastes by fear of the wife whom he adores, and by the paralysing importunity of her relations, whom he detests. Into this milieu, redolent of that heinous kind of hypocrisy which pretends to be at a missionary meeting when it is actually playing Bridge at the club, enters brother *Richard*, the other *Mr. Wetherby*, bringing with him a cool draught of seductive candour. He, too, had been invited to barter his freedom for a mess of *potage à deux*, but by the simple process of acknowledging his escapades and jumping readily at his wife's demand for a separation he is now at large, with no worse shackles than the obligation, named in the deed, of meeting his wife once a year. At the first of these annual interviews, arranged to take place at the house of brother *James*, he displays a breezy indifference, tempered by genial *camaraderie*, which is greatly resented by the wife, already weary of a position that has "all the disadvantages and none of the compensations of widowhood." A really excellent scene.

In the Second Act *James Wetherby*, divided as to his soul between envy of his brother's chartered course of candour, and horror of a domestic embroilment, is only arrested on the devious paths of hypocrisy by the accident of a discovered music-hall programme, which reveals to his indignant wife the objective of his evening's excursion. His case is not immediately assisted by the sudden truthfulness with which, in a moment of expansion inspired by his brother, he voluntarily exposes his past career of decep-

tion. His wife promptly arranges to leave him. *Richard*, who has hitherto been the serpent in this rather stuffy Paradise, now employs the *entr'acte* in changing into a veritable god out of a machine. Instructed by his own wife's experience in the matter of their separation, he sketches, with a charmingly impersonal detachment, the gloomy outlook of a woman who deliberately absents herself from conjugal felicity. His tact brings about a reconciliation, and *James* returns to an Eden thoroughly aired and purged of relations-in-law.

I suppose that *Richard* must have been moved by his own eloquence, or the fear of seeming illogical; otherwise I cannot understand what induced him to follow the advice which he had invented out of mere altruism and take back his wife, that very thorny rose, to his bosom.

Mr. HANKIN's play reminds one of the definition of the globe in the elementary geographies. It is like an orange, a little flat at each pole. But all the rest is nice and round and full of good stuff.

The interpretation was in good hands. Mr. NYE CHART as *Richard* was admirable in by-play, and Mr. A. E. GEORGE was something more than conscientious in the much less easy part of *James*. Mr. EADIE, in the rôle of a poor relation, sodden as an old sponge, and with a penchant for vicarious philanthropy, showed a diverting humour. A notable characteristic of all the players was their right sense of values—a quality so rarely to be found on the regular stage. No one attempted to dominate the scene at the wrong time, or obscure the less important parts by the obtrusion of his own personality.

A YOUNG STAGER.

DE JINGO MORTUO.

A Fragment.

FROM babyhood, for one-and-twenty years
Beloved by all who knew him, in the Zoo
He lived (and might have died) a blameless life
On nuts and buns. But ah! 'Twas not to be.
Not for his blamelessness could he escape
The common doom of all the "biggest" things—
The almighty dollar stretched its tentacles
Across the herring-pond and roped him in.
They broke his mighty heart; he would not eat.
For sixty hours* on end he trumpeted
(Oh, SOUSA, what a golden chance was here!),
And murdered sleep, till on the afternoon
Of March the twelfth he died. Oh, fatal date—
Just three days short of that pale Ides of March
When CÆSAR perished—A.D. IV. Id. Mart.

They wrapped him (doubtless) in the Stars and Stripes.
They hoisted up a derrick and they have
His body overboard; and all that day
Six tons of Jingo floated on the deep.
Bang went eight thousand golden sovereigns,
And rather more than thirteen thousand pounds
Avoirdupois—which, if you work it out
By simple rule of three, makes elephants
Eleven and eleven pence a pound.
Twelve times the price of honest British beef—
Butchered to make a Yankee holiday.

Yet one word more. For him, he sleeps in peace,
He, who out-Jumboed Jumbo in our hearts.
But—mark the writing on the Party-wall—
"Our JOE returns: our Jingo is no more."
Does that perhaps, like Woolwich and like Rye,
Suggest that Jingo Governments may die?

* There seems to be some doubt about the actual length of this concert. A northern provincial paper says, "He trumpeted for 66 years prior to his demise."

CHARIVARIA.

WE are authorised to deny the report that Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES will take the chair at the annual dinner of the London Association of Correctors of the Press to be held on the 28th inst.

Mr. BRODRICK has stated that he approves of drunkards and men of low character being kept out of the Army, but he will not lay down rules which would debar young fellows from being enlisted by reason, perhaps, of impertinence to their late masters. The War Minister, it is understood, is desirous of leaving it open to Mr. BECKETT and Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL to take the KING'S Shilling.

There is much grumbling among officers at the frequent changing of uniforms, and Sir FRANCIS JEUNE has been led to make some strong remarks on the epidemic of military suits.

Mr. BALFOUR's great feat of hand-shaking at the banquet to Metropolitan Conservatives last week attracted universal attention, but it is whispered that, since Rye, it is not only hands that are shaking in the Conservative Party.

Curiously enough the Prime Minister himself acknowledged that the present Government has been an indifferent one. In replying to a trade deputation which accused Licensing Justices of unfair confiscation of property, he said that the Government would not remain indifferent.

Fortunately we still have a man to stand by us in our hour of need. Mr. WHITAKER WRIGHT has declared to an interviewer that he had no intention of abandoning England.

The same financier has also announced that he does not owe a penny to anyone. No one had suggested that that was the figure.

The KAISER has decided to reform his language.

The Poet Laureate, who has so often caused pain, is now to help to alleviate it. His play, *Flodden Field*, is to be performed in aid of Guy's Hospital.

The production, it must be understood, is to be purely a matter of charity.

Forty years ago a Camberwell woman ran into her knee a needle which has just emerged from her right shoulder. For some time past she had suffered acutely from stitch in the side.



“—HE WOULD HAVE SAID.”

A beautiful stroke missed! A favourite club broken! No words to bring relief!

American Friend (in the background, after a long pause). “WA’AL, BROWN, I GUESS THAT’S THE MOST PROFANE SILENCE I’VE EVER LISTENED TO!”

An attempt is to be made to induce men to wear gayer attire. It is an undoubted fact that, with the spread of teetotalism, the one bright spot about a man is tending to disappear.

From Germany comes a new cure for insomnia. The patient must first stand upright, slowly raise the arms till they are above the head, then bring them forward and down again, at the same time bending the body till the fingertips almost touch the ground. His head will now be hanging downwards and his body bent limply in two. Sleep will then ensue.

REWARDS WHILE YOU WAIT.—At a time when much criticism is being passed on the War Office for their delay in dis-

tributing South African Medals it is pleasant to record the promptitude of Sir REDVERS BULLER in awarding honours for ambulance work in the field. “In the afternoon,” says the *Northern Daily Mail*, “he kicked off at the Batley football match, and in the evening presented medallions and certificates to the local ambulance brigade.”

A CLERICAL “MUFFIN SCRAMBLE.”—The *Daily Chronicle*, reporting Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN's speech at Leeds, quotes him as follows: “Their (the Tories') opposition to Home Rule is breaking down before our very eyes. (Cheers.) It received the deadliest blow out during last autumn when the Irish . . . came to the rescue of . . . the bench of Bishops. (Laughter.)”



She. "IT'S REALLY WONDERFUL HOW THIS PART OF THE WORLD SUITS OLD PEOPLE! THERE'S MY GRANDFATHER, HE'S EIGHTY-NINE NEXT MONTH."

He. "REALLY! ALMOST A—WHAT-D'YE-CALL-IT?—A NONENTITY, DON'T YOU KNOW!"

LITTLE FARCES FOR THE FORCES.

IV.—ON THE EVE OF BATTLE (1923 A.D.).

The Scene is the interior of the tent of the Commander of the British Forces the evening before a great battle. The veteran Field Marshal Professor SMITH, F.R.S., F.R.G.S., M.O.M., &c., &c., sits in consultation with the Chief of his Staff. A map is spread out before them.

Field Marshal (his finger on the map). A deep study of the strategy of Xenophon inclines me to believe that here will be the turning point of the battle.

[He quotes a few sentences of Greek.]

Staff Officer purrs sympathetically.

Chief of the Staff. I should not depend too much, Sir, on the reverence of our adversary for the classics. He is a shockingly uneducated person, I am told, and has a way of doing unexpected things out of his own head.

Field Marshal. And it is against such a man that I must pit this intellectual army, officered almost entirely by "honours men." Mere "pass men" would have sufficed for so contemptible an adversary. The Cavalry will of course cover the advance?

Chief of the Staff. The learned Doctor GROHUS, their commander, has occupied

their time so thoroughly with his lectures on the parabolic flight of the bullet, on the laws of muzzle-velocity and gravitation, and on the expanding powers of the powders of all the European Powers, that they have a really excellent theoretical acquaintance with their new weapon, the latest rifle, but have not had time to study equestration. Two of their squadron leaders were "double-firsts" in theology and music.

Field Marshal. Then we will use the cavalry as a reserve of infantry. What troops hold this wood?

Chief of the Staff. A northern Regiment. Their officers mostly went up to Durham, not brilliant scholars but well grounded—very well grounded.

Field Marshal (brightening up). Order them to entrench themselves where they are. What Regiment lies by this stream?

Chief of the Staff. The Cambridge men, Sir.

Field Marshal. Ah! my quick calculators. My gallant lads for whom the binomial theorem and the differential calculus have no terrors. Send those of their officers who are Wranglers over to parley with the enemy, and try and find a bridge—scientific, you know, and with low points—for the occupation of the others.

Chief of the Staff. The Oxford Guards are here, Sir, by the chapel.

Field Marshal. A splendid corps! Every officer a Fellow of his College. Great scholars and most retiring men. Let them form the rear guard. What corps holds the inn?

Chief of the Staff. The College Green Rifles.

Field Marshal. Trinity, Dublin, of course. Fine English scholars, but with too much push. We mustn't place them before the Oxford men. Put them on fatigue duty, and let them employ their push on the waggons.

Chief of the Staff. What Regiments shall we detail for the attack?

Field Marshal. None of our crank—I mean, crack—officers must be sacrificed; great learning deserves immortality. Order up some of the quite ordinary Regiments officered by mere Sandhurst men.

WONDERS WILL NEVER CEASE! — The *Westminster Gazette* man, reporting Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S visit to the City on Friday last, in noting the presence of celebrities, said, "The Duke of DEVONSHIRE, who was one of the early arrivals." The Duke, early! Strange, most strange! What does this portend?



“NONE SO BLIND,” &c.

RIGHT HON. ST. J. BRODRICK (*Gardener in Government Conservatory*). “I SAY! THIS IS A BIT TOO THICK! THE GUV’NOR HAS BEEN AND GOT HIMSELF DISLIKED!”

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

XIX.—PATERNITY.

A DENSE yellow almost impenetrable fog. It is close on midnight; the bridge is to all appearances deserted, save for a party of homegoing revellers singing the latest pantomime song, who have just passed me to fade away next moment into mere voices in the obscurity. Leaning over the parapet I gaze with aching eyes into the dark void, somewhere beyond which the hungry river is moving on in awful silence. The pantomime chorus in the distance grows muffled and feeble, then expires. I am alone in Infinity.

A shout from below, but whether from the river or the bank I cannot tell. The shout is repeated again and again. I turn and hasten towards the end of the bridge, then grope my way through two posts that suddenly rise up out of the fog before me, and down a steep slope towards the towpath. The shouting grows louder, and resolves itself into something approaching intelligibility.

"Hi-i-i! Urray urra-a-ay! Hi-i-i-i-i!"

I draw nearer. The shouting swells to a roar. The next moment a dark figure looms out of the fog—the figure of a man leaning against the fence at the side of the towpath, with one arm hitched round the top rail, and yelling at the top of his voice. Suddenly he sees me and desists.

"Oller, boys," he remarks explanatorily.

"Is there anything wrong?" I inquire.

"Oller, boys," he repeats, giving his arm a further hitch round the rail, "earn yer livin' an' 'oll-er! Hi-i-i! 'Urra-a-ay!"

He pauses and gazes at me jubilantly.

"Thet's it," he observes, "not in a 'arf 'arnce wye. Earn yer livin'. 'Oll-er! Hi-i-i! 'Urray! 'Urra-a-ay!"

He desists again breathlessly.

"Has War or Peace or something been declared?" I venture to inquire.

He regards me hazily.

"Buful boy," he remarks.

I hesitate to accept the compliment, and look at him interrogatively.

"Buful boy," he repeats.

"*Nimium ne crede colori*," I suggest.

"Not 'arf," he responds. "I'm a fawther."

I congratulate him.

"A fawther," he repeats. "Buful boy. Mine an' my wife's."

I congratulate him again. He grasps my hand.

"You're one o' the right sort," he observes, "not one o' them—one o' those—"

He expectorates with an infinite disgust for the vague class in question.



Punch 1903

NOT A BAD JUDGE OF THE MARKET.

Benevolent Old Gent (to Newsboy, who is eagerly devouring the contents of the latest edition). "WHAT ARE YOU DOING, MY BOY?"

Sharp Urchin. "PLEASE, SIR, I'M LOOKING OUT TO SEE IF THERE'S ANYTHING 'SPESHAL' SENSATIONAL. 'COS IF SO, I MAY BE ABLE TO RAISE MY PRICES!"

"Tell yer wot it is," he observes. "I'm a fawther—buful boy, an' I'm goin' ter cellar——"

He pauses, apparently in difficulties of some kind, then resumes again.

"Buful boy, an' I'm goin' ter—ter cellar——"

"Aren't you confusing the gender?" I venture.

"Cellarbrathoccasion," he says rapidly. "Mynasejohnwhite."

He eyes me with solemnity and importance.

"JOHN WHITE my name is," he repeats, obviously conscious of the sensation he is about to create, "an' I live in London."

I am duly impressed. He laughs in exultant glee.

"An' I'm a bricklayer," he adds triumphantly.

I murmur astonished plaudits.

"JOHN WHITE my name is," he repeats, "an' wot's more I can *prove* it to yer. It's on my shirt 'ere."

He begins to struggle out of one sleeve of his coat, his left arm still hitched round the railing.

I endeavour to dissuade him, but without success. I glance about me. The fog seems to have grown colder and denser if anything; above us I can just discern the dark shadowy mass that is the bridge; all else is one yellow blank.

"I can give yer *proof*," pants my friend resolutely between his struggles; "yer cawn't ask fer more than thet.—Up top o' the sleeve there—JOHN WHITE."

"Ah, I see," I declare.

He pauses suddenly and looks at me narrowly.

"No yer don't," he states, "becos' it ain't light enough. I'm goin' ter *prove* it to yer. Give us a metch."

I produce a box, and he strikes a match with difficulty.

"There nar yer can see it," he says, holding the match so that it sheds a

glow on my boots, "at the top o' the sleeve there."

"Dear me," I exclaim, not without apprehension, "so it is."

Honour is satisfied. He throws away the match, and proceeds to struggle into his coat-sleeve again.

"JOHN WHITE," he repeats with satisfaction. "An' wot's more, if you'll wait while I go dahn ter the Broadwye, I can bring yer still more convincin' proof."

With difficulty I convince him that this is not really necessary. He becomes meditative.

"Tork abaht FRED SMILER," he observes with an infinite disgust, "why, I cud eat more bricks 'n 'e cud stack."

He glares at me aggressively. I assure him earnestly of the low opinion I have conceived of the said Mr. SMILER, and prepare to go. He detains me by the arm.

"My wife's a treasure," he informs me.

I suggest that he return to the treasure without delay. He pays no attention.

"The best o' women," he continues. "She's somethin' like a wife, she is. If she wasn't I'd—I'd knock 'er bloomin' 'ead orf."

Suddenly he is struck by a brilliant idea.

"I'll go 'ome an' knock it orf this minute," he declares.

He makes a move, but some spirit seems to restrain his feet. He hitches his arm round the railing again.

"Tork abaht FRED SMILER—" he begins.

The cold and fog are getting too much for me. Mindful of the unseen river beyond I suggest that he accompany me as far as the bridge.

"I'm goin' ter stay where I am," he states emphatically.

I use all my powers of persuasion. He becomes menacing.

"'Oo yer gittin' at?" he demands. "I'm a fawther I am, an' I'm goin' ter stay 'ere an' 'oller. Earn yer livin', boys. 'Oll-er! Hi-i-i! 'Urray! 'Urra-a-ay!"

Unable to prevail I make my departure up the slope, and through the wooden posts on to the bridge. The yelling from the towpath continues intermittently. I look back; nothing is to be seen but fog. Halfway across the bridge a bright ray of light suddenly penetrates the fog in front of me. It is a policeman with a lantern. I answer his questions and he moves on towards the towpath. Fainter and fainter as I advance comes the voice of the proud father from the fog behind.

"'Oller, boys, earn yer livin' an' 'oll-er! Hi-i-i! 'Urra-a-ay!"

OF BARBARA.

(Lines suggested on reading a Lady's Paper.)

Is she then old or young in years?
More stately, daintier than her peers?
Sprightly and fair, or dark, demure?
Of one thing only we are sure:
Cast in a different mould is she
From other maids—if maid she be—
This BARBARA.

When serious doubts our path oppress
In life, love, etiquette, or dress;
In cookery, religion, sport,
In choice of holiday-resort:
Enfin, in matters small or large,
Advice is given, free of charge,
By BARBARA.

What "MOUSIE" should to "H." reply;
When "PEARL" may don her gloves—
and why;
How "J." will lessen, "L." repair
The growth or waste of flesh or hair:—
With every hope of certain aid
All troubles may be safely laid
On BARBARA.

But most one feels, when dull despair
Comes, and the soul is sick with care;
When other friends are fallen away,
And all the world looks lone and grey:
There beats in perfect counterpart
One heart—the great responsive heart
Of BARBARA.

EXTRACTS FROM FOOTBALL REPORTS.

I.—OLD STYLE.

"WHEN the game had lasted about an hour, and each side had scored two goals, there was a keen fight for the winning goal. The Scots Foresters took the ball down to the South End goal, but BENTON missed the kick and TOMLIN cleared. The South End team made a good run after this, and Tomson kicked the ball into the goal, but as he was 'offside,' it did not count. For some time the ball was kept pretty much in the middle of the ground, but at last GRIGSON ran through the South End ranks, and got the ball well in front of the goal. Being hindered by the opposing backs, however, he had to give time for the players to run up from all parts of the ground, and a short, sharp struggle took place. No one knew quite how, but the ball at last went through, and so the Scots Forest team secured their third goal. There was no more scoring, and the Scots won by three goals to two."

II.—NEW STYLE.

(Adapted to the same incident.)

"The game had now been in progress for a full hour, and as there were barely thirty minutes left for play, and the record stood 'twc-all,' each side

put forth efforts compared with which the labours of Hereules were puny and infantile diversions, the object being the gaining of the winning point. The Foresters rushed away with what appeared to be absolutely irresistible force and momentum, and with the leather well in hand—or rather at foot—swooped down upon the fold like a pack of hungry wolves, or the Assyrians of SENNACHERIB as described by BYRON. But alas! BENTON in his excitement failed to judge aright the relative positions of his pedal extremities and the sphere, with the result that it trundled away towards TOMLIN instead of itinerating to INSKIP, who was waiting to guide it gracefully between the goal posts. As a result the South Enders got possession of the bubble, swept like an equatorial tornado across the field, passing the opposing woodmen or brushing them aside like stubble, till Tomson sent in a beauty which eluded the watchfulness of the Verderers' custodian and landed in the net. The Ref, however, had a word to say, and that combination of letters was 'offside.' So the Enders' jubilation was ended and the Scots' danger was scotched. In the final stage of the contest, GRIGSON carried the pilule through the astonished array opposed to him, and deposited his charge magnificently in front of the sacred enclosure, but a temporary hesitation gave the meridionals time to recover themselves and flock around him in defence of their cherished citadel. At last, however, a shout rent the heavens, and announced to a waiting world that the result of a lively scrimmage in front of goal was that the pellet had found its way past the guardian of the South, and given the Scottish representatives of ROBIN HOOD the coveted lead. Thus did the Cock of the North once more evidence his superiority over the fowl from warmer latitudes, and gain the right to crow over a glorious and well-deserved victory."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Getting Round the Globe. By WHITAKER WRIGHT, author of "America as a Health Resort," "The Strange Adventures of Miss Browne," "Directors I Have Known," "Detectives who Have Known Me," "Fables of Finance," &c.

Men of Action: Charles Henry Strutt. By H. S. H. CAVENDISH, author of "Religious Beliefs of Patagonia," and of a paper on "Spirits Above Proof," published among the Transactions of the Chemico-Psychical Association.

The Admirable Barrie: a Fantasy. By WILLIAM CRICHTON, author of "Sentimental Swamy," "The Licensing Problem in London," and many other works.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 16.
—DON JOSÉ back again, bringing his sheaves with him. Had his ups and downs of favour and disfavour with the public. To-day, on return from South



A LEADING MISSIONARY.

Just home from his "mission."

"This taxation (against polygamy) was suggested by a leading missionary."—*Mr. Chamberlain's Speech.*

Africa, scores high water-mark of popularity. Not long ago new diplomacy in disrepute. Don José as its principal exponent, if not its actual inventor, reviled. The latest development of new diplomacy—the Minister in charge of a problem of far-reaching interest wending his way by sea and land to study it on the spot—struck a chord of approbation in the breast of an essentially business-like people. It was positively bringing to bear upon the affairs of the Nation elementary principles that would animate a private firm of traders in the direction of their own affairs.

Innovation startling enough to stir in their graves Cabinet Ministers of yester year. Even living Permanent Secretaries shake their heads in ominous doubt. Where's this thing going to end? If vulgar business principles, suitable for banks, great shipping companies, or the firms of merchant princes, once gain footing in Downing Street, what is to become of the country?

However, sufficient to the day is the innovation thereof. It really seems as if Don José's mission to South Africa had been productive of good. Certainly no harm done beyond the danger hinted

at of the example spreading—say SELBORNE, cutting off his beard and moustache, shipping before the mast of an armed cruiser (if it has such a thing), studying state of Navy from that perspective. Or of CARNOT BRODRICK disguising himself in civilian dress, enlisting in an Army Corps and observing how it works in wet weather on Salisbury Plain.

Entering the House this afternoon Don José was hailed with ringing cheer from the side which in Aston Park Riot days howled at him with at least equal vigour. Applause was echo of that which shouted Farewell when, three weeks ago, he left Cape Town, and was answered at Southampton on his arrival. Earlier friends and companions dear on Liberal benches did not join in demonstration. But not to be outdone in complimentary appreciation. For Don José's special benefit saved up CROOKS, the latest product of Royal Arsenal's workshops extolled to-night by ARNOLD FORSTER on introducing Navy Estimates.

In accordance with ordinary usage the new Woolwich Infant would have been dragged across Palace Yard last Friday, and placed in position on the kopje to the left of the SPEAKER commanding Treasury Bench. But Don José would be so glad to be present at introduction of a man who had accomplished a transfer of six thousand votes to the detriment of the Government. By hooks or by CROOKS his pleasure must be gratified. So the Woolwich Infant was kept back, and this afternoon Opposition had their bout of cheering as he was trundled up to the Table to take the Oath.

Nothing suggestive of skeleton in personal appearance of Mr. CROOKS. On the contrary, for British workman in time of exceptional distress, he is decidedly plump. It was the MEMBER



"THE WOOLWICH INFANT."

(Mr. W-ll Cr-ks.)

"Nothing suggestive of skeleton in Mr. Crooks."

FOR SARK whom I heard murmuring quotation from famous passage in a speech delivered in days of sin.

"He performs in the Liberal Party



THE VICTOR.

Not one's usual idea of a Rye face.

(Dr. C. F. H-tch-n-s-n.)

the useful part of the skeleton at Egyptian feasts. He is there to repress our enthusiasm and to moderate our joy."

Thus Don José, talking about JOKIM in the hearing of a delighted audience gathered at Trowbridge on an October day more than seventeen years sped. There's nothing new under the sun. Here's the skeleton, in another form, with application to another party, at its old work.

Business done.—In Committee on Naval Estimates.

Tuesday night.—Something really terrifying in the way CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES to-night flung himself on Financial Secretary to the Treasury. Been comparatively quiescent since he last demolished what was left of SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR. Interval of Sabbath rest, instead of soothing the old salt, has caused the patriotic blood to surge through imperialistic veins with fresh energy.

This afternoon, in Committee of Supply, came on excess vote of seventy-seven pounds fifteen and fivepence for



"Cap'en Tommy Bowles flung himself on Financial Secretary to the Treasury."
(Mr. T. G-b-s-n B-w-l-s and Mr. H-y-s F-sh-r.)

National Art Gallery of Ireland. Chairman submitted proposal; was proceeding to declare the "Ayes" had it, when up gat the Cap'en and in quarter-deck voice declared it "perfectly scandalous" that Financial Secretary should attempt to smuggle the vote through without word of explanation.

HAYES FISHER, trembling in every limb, rose to explain. A delightful story he told, flooding with light obscure working of British Constitution. It seems that the Director of Irish National Art Gallery, an admirable judge of the value of figures whether in statuary or painting, cannot bring himself to practical dealing with them when they represent pounds, shillings and pence. According to HAYES FISHER, the Treasury and the Auditor General have through revolving years been beseeching him to send in his little account. Always he has murmured, "*Mañana, Mañana.*" To-morrow came, but no statement of account.

He has been sat upon by various sub-Committees, and nothing squeezed out of him. ARTHUR HAYTER told with tears in his voice how, only last week, Committee on Public Accounts spent precious hour in going through the business. They concluded with the usual remonstrance. For years remonstrance has rained upon the Director, with fructifying result in all directions save that of his little bill. HAYES FISHER, varying his despondency with note of triumph, informed sympathetic Committee of resolution finally come to at Treasury. Director is to have one more chance. If in coming financial year he doesn't make up accounts of his Department, a Treasury clerk will be turned on to do the work, and he will be left to his pictures, his sculptures, and any ancient Irish treasure trove he can recover from grasping British Museum.

"Meanwhile," said the Financial Secretary, with satisfaction of a man who feels that, England expecting him to

do his duty, he has not failed Motherland, "the Director has been again severely reprimanded."

Particulars of the Vote to-day agreed to were extracted only after two years' wrestling with the reticent Director, and after despatch of successive reprimands increasing in weight till of late they have, from motives of economy, been sent by Parcels Post.

Once moved to grapple with the subject, the much-reprimanded Director discloses unsuspected and encouraging aptitude for accounting. Observe the precision of his little bill—seventy-seven pounds fifteen and fivepence. Mr. Mantalini, who had similar constitutional aversion to accurate accounting combined with unconquerable contempt for "demnition coppers," would certainly have made it seventy-seven pounds fifteen and sixpence, or, more probably, have merged details in presentation of bill for round sum of £78. Sir Mantalini of the Irish Art Gallery, once he brings himself to the point of grappling with figures, will have them exact to a penny piece.

Business done.—Navy Estimates.

Friday night.—MEMBER FOR SARK much amused by little whim of policeman on duty in octagon hall.

"Are the Lords still sitting?" SARK asked to-night.

"No, Sir," said the policeman, dropping his voice to reverential note. "Their lordships have arisen."

This subtle suggestion of the LORD CHANCELLOR, and a dozen Peers who happened to be in their places when the end of the Order Paper was reached, being snatched up and carried heavenward, probably in chariots of fire, is delicious. When we poor mortals finish our appointed task and go home it is curtly said, "The Commons are up."

"The Lords have arisen."

Business done.—Private Members'.

In a Minor Key.

Hearty Friend (meeting Operatic Composer). Hallo, old man, how are you? Haven't seen you for an age! What's your latest composition?

Impecunious Musician (gloomily). With my creditors.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

"ON IONS."—Such was the subject of Sir W. CROOKES' most recent lecture. Were they Spanish? Pickled? Boiled or fried? With or without rabbit, steak, or shoulder of mutton? They were made "visible." This was hardly necessary, as in such a case the evidence to the eyes would be less convincing than that to the nose.

INTERNATIONAL LETTERS.

(Lost between London and Berlin.)

LIEBER GRAF BÜLOW.—Ich bin so gefreut zu sehen dass der KAISER hat commandirt ein simplification in Deutsch. Jetzt ich werde sein able zu schreiben ganz easily, und nimmer mit der verb an der end von der sentence. Das war furchtbar. The language ist schlecht genug, ohne solche absurdities, wenn Sie willen allow mich zu sagen so.

Bei Jove, ich habe gehabt ein furchtbar Zeit lately, mit GINSON BOWLES, WINSTON CHURCHILL und die andere alle badgerend mich zu einst. Viele Zeite ich war ganz angry. Es war genug zu machen ein Bursche toll. Ist es nicht verdammt impudence on their part zu attempt zu teach mich? Ich habe gesehen der Deutsch army, so ich weiss was ein English army soll zu sein. Es war especially irritating weil ich hatte gekommen zurück von Malta und Gibraltar, wo ich ging in ein Mann von Krieg, und hatte salutes und reviews, und war ganz wie ein König, oder at least wie ein Viceroy. Ich würde lieben zu sein ein Viceroy, wie CURZON. Haben Sie gehört dass ich habe some chance of succeeding ihn, wenn BALFOUR hat zu chuck mich aus von der War Office? Aber es ist ein secret, so sagen nichts herum es. Natürlich nach solch ein swell journey es war disgusting zu sein heckled by mere ordinary common Members of Parliament.

Ich wünschte zu haben mein show vor CHAMBERLAIN kam zurück, weil er schneide uns alle hinaus. Ich dachte ich konnte arrange dass der Secretary für Krieg sollte immer haben ein escort von cavalry. Denken Sie nicht es würde sein sehr grand, ich in khaki, mit mein beautiful Rot Adler on, in ein gilt state carriage mit ein cavalry escort? Das ist der Sorte von Ding dass ich liebe. Aber wir hatten solch ein row dass es war impossible, und besides BALFOUR hates any grandeur or state, und liebt ganz shabby clothes weil er spielt golf immer.

Bei der Weg, wenn es sollte happen dass ich kann nicht sein Viceroy von India, glauben Sie der KAISER würde machen mich Viceroy von Kiaochau? Ich thue so brauchen zu sein ein Viceroy, mit uniforms zu tragen, und mit salutes und reviews jeden Tag. Sehend dass ich habe der Rot Adler, und kann sprechen Deutsch und schreiben es auch mit der verb immer in der Mittel, ich bin jetzt halb ein Deutsch official. BALFOUR und die andere fellows sagten kein Wort when I accepted der Rot Adler—accepted, I jumped at it!—so ich bin sicher dass sie würden sein ganz calm wenn ich ging zu Kiaochau wie der Deutsche Viceroy, und people are so

ungrateful, sie würden sein probably ganz gefreut und fertig zu springen für Freude. Ich hoffe Sie sind wohl. Gütig regards von alle. Ihr sehr treulich,
ST. JOHN BRODRICK.

DEAR MR. BRODRICK,—Received have I your high interesting and very pretty letter. Put I now always the verb, or verbs, at the beginning of the sentence in any language in obedience to the high to be respected Order of my Imperial Master—*Magister* now, as well as *Dominus*, supreme in syntax as in everything. How charming the latin language for quotation! Is not the new position of verbs difficult in German, and even in English? Obey must we however always.

Referring now to your nice letter. See you here our difficulty. Begin must I another sentence for another verb. Produce I therefore short sentences as those of your abusing KIPLING. How much better the longer and beautifuller phrases of Germany's greatest friend and only foreign praiser, MAETERLINCK! What a clever long sentence of nine, without any verb at all! Practise I such constantly in obedience to the Imperial Order and for the gratification of his Majesty.

Referring again to your letter. Have you cause for complaint in view of the acceptance of all your estimates? Have you not your many millions pound for the english army? Compare us. Opposed by RICHTER and others. Reduced have they our estimates for China by three millions mark—hundred fifty thousand pound.

Reminds me this of your request. Seeing this reduction, any gold or other carriage for Governor of Kiaochau impossible. Goes he to foot therefore henceforth, but with cavalry escort. See you? If therefore governorship no longer desirable, even if Englishman or half-Englishman eligible, what alternative? Offer you very gladly the distinguished position of stationmaster on a branch line of the Prussian State Railway. Uniform very elegant, with real sword, and red cap quite charming. What a chance for you! Quieter than India.

Your truly, VON BÜLOW.

AWFUL TORTURE! FATAL RESULT!—It is confidently reported, though at present we are not at liberty to mention any names in connection with the tragic occurrence, that a certain well-known musical critic went, by invitation, to an amateur concert, where he was put into a seat and actually bored to death! The matter is in the hands of the police, and the mysterious affair will be strictly investigated.

HAVE I ANY REDRESS?

SIR,—I am a strong anti-Imperialist and, holding sacred my opinions as I do, I was moved to write a few lines of sarcastic welcome to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN on his return from his vaunted South African mission. Having finished them in the rough, I handed them, according to my custom, to my wife to make a fair copy and post to the Editor of our local Radical paper, the *Herald*. These were the lines in their finished state:—

JOE'S TRIUMPH.

ASSURED of praise the braggart comes;
A smile of triumph bares his gums;
The fawning crowd their plaudits sound,
To greet their JOE on English ground—

Their JOE, not ours. Soon, soon may he
Be robbed of his supremacy,
And his imperialistic faith
Die an unmourned, degraded death!

The hunt for approbation o'er,
Now must he set to work once more;
Would that his holiday ne'er ended,
Since all he does must be amended.

F. T. L.

Owing to some misunderstanding my wife addressed the envelope to the Editor of the *Mercury*, a Conservative paper of a very bitter type, the Editor of which, instead of returning them, as a gentleman would have done, made a few alterations and printed them, with my initials, as a genuine address of welcome to his demi-god! I quote his garbled version:—

IO TRIUMPHIE.

SECURE of praise the hero comes,
Amid the thunder of the drums;
The happy crowd their plaudits sound
To greet their chief on English ground.

Their chief and ours. Long may he live,
Fresh proofs of statesmanship to give,
And propagate, while he has breath,
His grand imperialistic faith.

His federating mission o'er,
Now will he work at home once more;
Would that his labours never ended,
Their final outcome is so splendid.

F. T. L.

Comment is needless—such are Imperialist manners. I am,
Yours, &c., F. T. L.

EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF A SCHOLAR OF NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD.—“In the early afternoon of this day, overtired by delivering his marvellous Lecture on ‘The Underlying Oneness of All Material Phenomena’ (showing that each created thing is fundamentally identical with every other created thing), our learned Master put his tea-kettle into the large easy-chair, and went and sat on the fire. The next lecture of the course has been unavoidably postponed.”

THE NAVAL ENGINEER.

A Rough Rime by an Ancient Mariner.

["The engineer feels that on engineering depends not only the mere propulsion of the ship, but also gunnery, torpedo, electricity, and everything else."—*Daily Paper.*]

WHEN the Admirable CRICHTON
Adorned this hemisphere
He must have been a "bright-un"
And a Naval Engineer.

Old admirals and captains stout,
And such like poor small beer,
Would all be lost at sea without
The Naval Engineer.

No longer an apprentice dunce
He toils in workshops drear;
But, like Minerva, shines at once,
A Naval Engineer.

The genius and the poet sit
On the same level here,
Their motto, "*Nascitur, non fit*,"
Suits the Naval Engineer.

He spends four years at College,
"*Exams*" he need not fear
In any branch of knowledge,
Our Naval Engineer.

Let guns and hull superfluous be
With engine-room and gear;
On Belleville boiler goes to sea
Our Naval Engineer.

Torpedoes in each pocket,
Two guns in front and rear,
Some fire-balls and a rocket
Completes the Engineer.

Come on then, every mother's son,
We'll all sing "*Cheer, Boys, cheer!*"
WATT, NELSON, both rolled into one—
Aren't equal to that great big gun—
"The Naval Engineer!"

SCRAPS FROM A HOCKEY LUNCH.

SCENE—Mrs. DISTRAIT's country house.

PERSONÆ—Two hockey teams about to play a match, and a handful of harmless house guests.

Mrs. DISTRAIT (the gentle hostess, carrying chicken). Do you like the wing, Miss SHYNGARDS?

Miss SHYNGARDS (a player, casually). Oh, yes, the right wing best.

Mrs. D. (much puzzled). Oh, is it supposed to be better than the left?

Miss S. (absently, scanning the other team). It's much less hard, I think.

Mrs. D. But these aren't tough, I assure you. Even the legs are tender.

Miss S. (with sudden attention). Ah, there I can sympathise. My guards are very little protection.

Mrs. D'Oyle (a guest, on Miss SHYNGARD's other side). Have you seen Miss FOWLER's photograph?



SIGNS OF SPRING.

Miss S. Is that the half-back?

Mrs. D'O. No, the side-face.

Mr. Golightly (a guest). Are you a friend of Miss GOALDUST's, Miss HOOKER?

Miss HOOKER (a player). Not by any means. She's too abominably selfish—she never passes anything.

Mr. G. Oh, but perhaps she's very hungry, or perhaps you haven't asked her.

Miss H. That wouldn't be the least good. She simply dribbles all the time.

Mr. G. At the table?

Miss H. No, on the ground, of course.

Mr. G. (shudders). How disgustin'!

Miss DODGER (a player). I like being centre in a mixed match, don't you? You always know there are several men around you.

Miss HACKER (a guest, loftily). Yes, there's safety in numbers, I admit; still, there's a little element of danger sometimes.

Miss D. (thoughtfully). Well, of course there is more danger, so you must mark your man.

Miss H. Mark your man, indeed! I never get to that length—I simply cut them. [Cuts Miss DODGER also.]

Mrs. DISTRAIT (speaking down the table). I saw Miss PASSMORE to-day.

Mr. Golightly. I'm sure she plays hockey.

Miss HOOKER. How do you know that, Mr. GOLIGHTLY?

Mr. G. By her ankles, of course.

Chorus of Guests and Mrs. DISTRAIT. By her ankles?

Mr. G. (pluming himself to deliver his hardworked epigram). Why, don't you know? everybody plays either to show her ankles or to justify them.

[The Guests smile. The Players try to look indifferent.]

Miss BLUESTOCKING (a guest). In my opinion there's no one like MEREDITH on a winter afternoon.

Mr. GOODWIN (a player). Do you mean the MEREDITH that got so hacked last week?

Miss B. I can't say anything about last week, but he was rather severely cut up by the Onlooker the week before.

Miss LARK (a player). The onlookers have no right to interfere—that's my opinion!

Miss B. (recognising her existence for a moment). Quite so.

Mr. G. (impatiently). Well, but is MEREDITH any good?

Miss B. Quite in the front rank, I should say.

Mr. G. What's his strong point?

Miss B. His treatment of women, I think, undoubtedly.

Mr. G. He's not rough, then? You've got to win somehow, you know.

Miss B. Yes, he's a little rough on them sometimes, but he's really very fair.

Miss L. (unquelled). I don't mind a man being rough so long as he's fair.

Miss B. (ignoring her). His men are generally a bit weak, unfortunately.

Mr. G. How does he place them?

Miss B. In very awkward positions, sometimes; but then, MEREDITH always had a knack of getting out of awkward positions.

Mr. G. Which do you consider his best?

Miss B. Richard Feverel, I think, or Lord Ormont.

Miss L. (excitedly, rising once more). O, I never heard of a real Lord playing hockey. Do tell me! Where does he play?

[Mrs. DISTRAIT gives the signal to rise, and retires to lie down with a headache.]

THE *Cape Times*, describing Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's visit to Groot Constantia, says, "There were carriages by the score and motors by the dozen. On the stoep of the old homestead were assembled all the rank and fashion of the Peninsula, panting painfully with that distressful monotony peculiar to the breed, also gave forth a pungent aroma, common to their species." A very nice derangement of epitaphs!

THE NEW CHILD.

["The KAISER and KAISERIN are much interested in a little musical prodigy who has arrived in Berlin from Madrid. This child, called PEPEITO ARRIOLA, is six years old, and is said to be a complete master of the piano, and deeply versed in harmony and counterpoint. He has personally presented the KAISER with a march of his own composition."—*Weekly Paper*.]

From the "Baby-Bookman," April 1, 1906.

MR. A. LITTLECHAP, whose new novel is attracting so much attention, frankly declares himself a disciple of GORKY. He is seven, and began to write four years ago. His realistic pictures of the horrors of nursery life, particularly of the oppression of arrogant grown-ups, and his satires on the gross favouritism shown to children under one year, are the result of direct observation. The second of a trilogy of novels from his pen, dealing with the epic of the Child and entitled "Teething," is announced for immediate publication.

From "M.A.K." (Mainly About Kids), April 1, 1916.

MR. JACK HOWLER is a singer who possesses a voice of singular beauty and expression. He is now four years of age, and first began to sing before he was three months old. At that time he was studying with his father, and much of his practising was done during the night time. It is doubtful, however, whether Mr. HOWLER, Sen., while fully appreciating the breadth and range of his son's organ, was at the time quite alive to its great and wonderful charm.

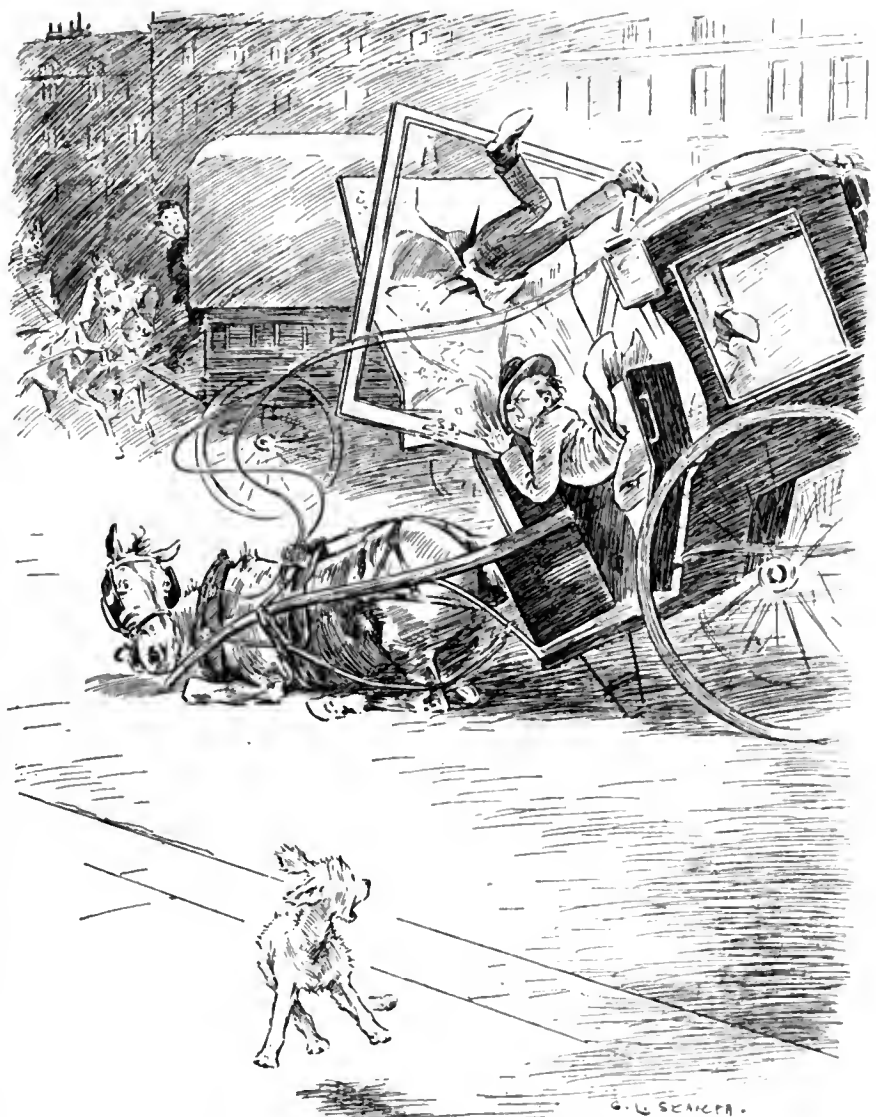
From "M.A.K.," April 1, 1926.

The new Academician, who is best known for his delightful *My Lady's Perambulator*, and exquisite *View of Coal Scuttle looking East*, first attracted attention by a brilliant impressionist sketch on his mother's drawing-room wall.

From the "Nursery News," April 1, 1936.

KENSINGTON GARDENS DIVISION ELECTION.

Our correspondent writes, "The election is likely to be closely contested. At last night's meeting Mr. TOOTSICUM, the Liberal candidate, appealed to his fellow kids on the ground that since his birth 5 years ago he had lived much of his time in the constituency. The Venerable J. M. BARRIE, in supporting, said that he had had great pleasure in watching Mr. TOOTSICUM's career from the bottle to the booth. Mr. TOOTSICUM in his election address expresses himself as a supporter of the Better Control of Nursemaids (Policemen) Bill. The Conservative candidate declines to pledge himself to any such proposed legislation, but says he is willing to extend his support to any well-considered measure



"SENDING-IN" DAY.

INDIGO BROWN TAKES HIS PICTURE, ENTITLED "PEACE AND COMFORT," TO THE R.A. HIMSELF, AS HE SAYS, "THOSE PICTURE CARTS ARE CERTAIN TO SCRATCH IT," AND, WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF HIS CABBY, ADDS THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON HIS WAY THERE!

dealing with the problem of Local Option in connection with the Babies' Bed Hour."

From the "Mail Cart," April 1, 1916.

What is likely to prove the most unpopular Budget of many years was introduced yesterday. The Sugar Tax, affecting as it will the price of sweets, is one which cannot too strongly be deprecated. We trust that our representatives in the House will do their utmost to have this iniquitous impost withdrawn. If the tax is suffered to pass, there will go up from the nurseries of England a howl which all the soothing of all the grown-ups in the world will not silence. Let the Government then beware of stretching too far the patience of long-suffering British kids!

From the "Baby-in-Army Gazette," Ap. 1, 1956.

The new officer commanding the Life Guards (Little Boy) Blue is Colonel BATTLEDORE. Born eight and a-half years ago, he early distinguished himself in encounters with the wild street Arabs, and for his services received the D.S.O. (Dad's Slipper Order). He is firmly opposed to flogging on the part of seniors, and may be trusted to stamp out from the Regiment any practices of the kind which may have prevailed prior to his coming.

THERE is not much difference between an epigram and an epitaph. An epigram says unkind and true things about the living—the epitaph says kind and untrue things about the dead.

THE INTRUSIONS OF P****.

'Tis said there's nothing in a name;
 It furnishes no clue to nature;
 A rose, in fact, would smell the same
 By any other nomenclature;
 Yet there are some that so convey
 The man himself and all his works,
 One sees his image clear as day—
 And such is P****.

Though to my naked eye unknown,
 I picture him alert, defiant;
 My mind from just his name alone
 Instinctively constructs a giant;
 NAPOLEON'S force and WESLEY'S fire,
 A brain like BRIGHT'S, a tongue like BURKE'S—
 All gifts, I tell myself, conspire
 To make a P****.

Dazed by the letters five that burn
 Like beacons down my daily paper,
 I find his form at every turn
 Cutting some fresh heroic caper;
 Our hopes above, and under, ground,
 The cause alike of tubes and kirks—
 Our very life revolves around
 The pose of P****.

Like Atlas, on his Liberal head
 He bears the Empire's awful burdens;
 'Tis his to urge towards the goal
 Those feet that dally at the Durdans;
 By his good pen the word was writ:—
 "Off with the Irish bond that irks!"
 And Surrey's Nonconformist split
 Was due to P****.

His is the high controlling hand
 That guides our young Imperial legions,
 Uprears a new Aquarium and
 Electrifies the lower regions;
 Fearless to hunt the flying heels
 Of bishops, infidels, and Turks,
 He is our coming god on wheels,
 Our peerless P****.

There are who say the Tories' knell
 Had long ago been clearly sounded,
 Only the Other Thing would spell
 Confusion rather worse confounded;
 Under correction I would give
 The answer even ROSEBERRY shirks—
 I say the sound alternative
 Is simply P****.

O. S.

POOH-POOHRI FROM A SURREY BACK GARDEN.

THE appearance of my third volume of gossip about my garden (and other things too numerous to mention) has been so kindly received by the Press that I gladly accept Mr. Punch's invitation to begin yet another in his hospitable pages. After all, why should I stop at three volumes? Why should there not be a fourth and a fifth? Why, indeed, should I ever stop at all? There is no valid reason why this kind of thing should not go on to infinity. Like *Tit Bits*—very like, some people say—my volumes of Pooh-Poohri may go on for ever. With this brief paragraph by way of preface, I plunge at once into my subject (whatever that may be).

The daisy (*Bellis perennis*) is just beginning to flower in

my garden. It is a common flower in many parts of England. It should not be confounded with the small celandine, which it in no way resembles. Daisies may be sown in the Autumn or they may not. In either case they will come up on the lawn in the Spring. Spring is with us now in Surrey (and elsewhere), and the lush water meadows are full of *Marigoldia palustris*, *Pocula regia*, and *Buttercuppia common* or *gardiana*, while beautiful specimens of *Superbia Londinensis* adorn the flower beds of careful gardeners. How romantic the Latin names of flowers are! They lend a dignity to even the humblest species!

A good way to cook potatoes is to place them in water with a little salt and boil them till they are soft. This novel recipe was given me by a lady I met last year in Balham. I have not seen her since.

Many people who are addicted to gardening suffer from black and discoloured nails. Several remedies have been suggested to me for this, but perhaps on the whole the best is to wash them.

A good way to cure a headache is to stand on your head in a corner for ten minutes. If you can go to sleep in that posture, so much the better. This treatment has also been found advantageous in cases of rheumatism and affections of the bronchial tubes.

I cannot allow my new volume to appear without devoting fifty pages or so to advocating vegetarianism. If persisted in it will entirely prevent that feeling of fulness after meals which is one of the most distressing features of Eupepsia. As my friend Dr. BLOGGINS has said no vegetarian ever eats enough to feel full. Indeed, he has no temptation to do so.

Yesterday I went with a friend to Goring in order to see a noted herd of Jersey bulls. The owner, unhappily, was away from home, so we had to return without seeing them. But the circumstance is worth recording on account of its intrinsic interest.

I have just finished Mr. JONES'S book on *Mary, Queen of Scots*. Poor woman, what a troubled life she had! Fotheringhay, I notice, should be spelt with two h's. FROUDE spelt it with only one. How like him!

To bake apples, select the required number and then place them in the oven. When they are done, take them out.

A friend writes to me from Hanwell that the walls of the institution in which she is confined are quite covered with *Honisucklia apiensis* in full flower. She has also observed more than one specimen of the *Dandeleo vulgaris* in the grounds. I have had quite a number of communications from other inmates, to which I shall refer in this or subsequent volumes.

August is the season for the *Gooseberria gigantea* or *Fleetstreetiana*. It begins to appear early in the month, and should be permitted to grow gradually, a quarter of an inch a day. By the 30th it will measure a foot in diameter.

To-day I distinctly heard the note of the golden-crested Water-Wagtail (*Philomela moricaudata*) in my shrubbery. The housemaid heard it too. But the cook said it was a pheasant.

The sunflowers are now (January) in full bloom in my garden, which only shows what a perfectly wonderful garden it is! And all done by kindness! I cannot think why other people don't grow sunflowers. Their seeds are greatly appreciated in Russia. Pigs may be fed on their leaves. And I see no reason why paper might not be manufactured out of their stalks if somebody would find out how. But English gardeners are so blind to their real interests!

To make nettle-tea pick all the nettles you can find (or, better, get someone else to do so), add a pinch of Plasmon and simmer for a fortnight.

(The Editor declines to print any more.)



NO RACE.

JOHN BULL. "H'M! PRETTY STATE OF THINGS THIS! ONE CREW GOING TO PIECES, AND THE OTHER NOT IN SIGHT!"

A BIRD'S EYE VIEW.

["It is stated that Mr. WILSON, Secretary for Agriculture in President ROOSEVELT's Cabinet, is experimenting with a view to obtaining a breed of bald fowls."—*Daily Paper*.]

THIS must be good news for American journalists. If the gentleman succeeds in producing the unhappy breed he threatens, the American journals will of course treat the matter as follows:—

A NEW FOWL.

THE SECRETARY WILSON BREED.

AS BALD AS A POLITICIAN.

Special Interview with the Bird.

A *News* reporter heard yesterday of a new kind of fowl. It was understood that Secretary-for-Agriculture-WILSON was responsible. Upon application to the Department the *News* man was referred to the bird. It was clucking in a cage on top of a pile of pamphlets relating to the state of corn in Missouri. Even there the bird didn't look happy. The reporter looked at the bird. It clucked as much to remark:—"Say—ain't this too bad of WILSON? 'Spose you ain't got any hair-restorer handy? No—nor a wig neither? Reckon I feel just cheap." And it cocked its eye at the reporter, looking just like a Tammany politician on the stump. That bird with the high forehead won't do. It don't look big enough to masquerade as a vulture, and there's a prejudice in favour of fowls with their hair on. So what's the use?

CHARIVARIA.

FOLLOWING on the news that proceedings have been instituted by Belgian representatives against Captain GUY BURROWS on account of alleged libels in his book, *The Curse of Central Africa*, comes the announcement that the Russian Government are about to take steps against the publishers of a certain popular Natural History which contains the statement that "the upright position is unnatural to a Bear."

MR. MORGAN has at last become the victim of too much trust. He is stated to have been duped by the famous Paris art forgers.

Meanwhile suspicion is the order of the day in Paris, and doubts are even entertained as to the *Portrait of Rembrandt, by Himself*, in the Louvre. Such fears are, however, groundless. We have seen the picture, and he is undoubtedly by himself.

In these days of heavy taxation complaints are heard that Great Britain should continue to maintain diplomatic



THE SERVANT QUESTION.

"OH, I SAY, 'AVE YOU SEEN THE PAPERS ABOUT 'SHALL WE DO WITHOUT SERVANTS?' I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE 'EM TRY, THAT'S ALL!"

"YUS, AND ME TOO!"

representatives at petty Principalities such as Darmstadt. It is forgotten that we must have someone there for the Germans to insult when we are at war with somebody else.

As regards the outcry over the little Brodricks in South Africa, it is only fair to the Secretary of State for War to point out that it was foretold long ago that our new Colonies would form a splendid nursery for our army.

We are requested to state, in order to avoid confusion, that MR. PERKS of the *Daily Mail* has no connection with MR. MIGGS of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

Apparently MISS ELLEN TERRY did not approve of *If I were King*. She is to produce a play the title of which asks the question—*Vikings*.

The Stock Exchange walking-match from London to Brighton promises to be a big affair. It is realised that the practice may one day prove invaluable to a defaulting broker.

It is rumoured that swagger canes are to be abolished in the Guards.

A Russian newspaper declares that England is actively preparing for war against Germany and Russia. The name of the paper is the *Russki Li-stok*.

A newspaper announces that the Japanese play to be produced in the Autumn at His Majesty's Theatre will be "in every respect the heaviest production yet undertaken by MR. TREE." MR. HALL CAINE is said to be furious at this slur on *The Eternal City*.

"I FEAR no foe in shining armour," sang the man at the concert.

"Don't you, old chap?" grumbled the bachelor in the front row. "Then you try and open a sardine tin with a pocket-knife."

"WHAT an awful voice that man's got!" said the Manager, who was listening to the throaty tenor.

"Call that a voice," said his friend; "it's a disease!"

A SPORTING OFFER.

MR. JOHN MURRAY has unearthed fourteen additional stanzas, being the beginning of a supplementary canto, of BYRON'S *Don Juan*. Like a good deal of *Don Juan* they are extremely poor stuff. Mr. *Punch* would be happy to supply the remainder of the missing canto on extremely moderate terms if Mr. MURRAY is inclined to bid. A specimen is subjoined:—

When I have nothing specially to say,
No view to urge, anarchic or subversive,
No tale to tell fit for romantic lay,
My Muse inevitably grows discursive ;
I range abroad and let my fancy play
Round every theme. And I should do it worse if
I hadn't hit upon this ambling metre
To clothe my jibes and make the stuff look neater.

My Muse, grown garrulous, turns here and there
As suits her taste. I don't attempt to stop her.
Her methods are peculiar, I'm aware,
Her subjects, I am told, not always proper.
But if I ever tried to trim or pair
Her stanzas I should only come a cropper.
Besides, this sort of thing is bought and read
By many, so I let her have her head.

The moralist declares :—" *Nemo repente
Fuit turpissimus*," and I concur.
I wrote much better stuff when I was twenty,
But I am lazier now and I prefer
To turn out stanzas, *calamo corrente*,
On things in general. Many men aver
That verse like this, as far as writing goes,
Is just as easy to produce as prose!

I know my rhymes are harsh, my measure rough,
That half my stanzas are not much to boast of,
That t'other half are but indifferent stuff
Compared, my Muse, with other works thou know'st of;
But I am very sure they're good enough
For my good readers (whom I have a host of).
In fact, they're widely quoted by the noodles
Who spend their lives at BROOKS'S and at BOODLE'S.
 &c., &c., &c.

PASHLEY'S OPINIONS.

No. II.

I'M all for keeping up our old English sports and all that. What's the use of running down horse-racing and skittles and air-gun shooting and coddam and billiards? None whatever, as far as I can see. People will have them, and you've just got to give in to it whether you like it or not. I was talking to GAMBLE the other day about this very thing. GAMBLE'S father was a grocer in a pretty good way of business, a near neighbour of ours in the old days before we moved to Peckham. Young GAMBLE—he's old GAMBLE now, but I call him young to distinguish him from his father, who's dead—young GAMBLE married a tidy bit of money, and set up for himself as a provision merchant and general purveyor in the Brompton Road. Many's the joke we used to have together years ago when we were both boys. He used to call me Shovel and Tongs, but I flatter myself I got even with him the day I called him Little Oil and Colourman right in front of SALLY CRUMP, who afterwards became Mrs. GAMBLE. SALLY laughed, and GAMBLE was cuts with me for about a week, but he's a good-natured forgiving sort of chap, and the day he was married he said to me, "JOSH, old boy," he said, "I feel as if I'd got wings. You may call me an Italian Warehouseman if you like, and

I won't even offer to knock your crooked old nose out through the back of your head." When a man talks like that you always know he feels things pretty deeply.

GAMBLE stuck to the old dissenting line and Radicalism, but I'm for standing by a man no matter what his religious and political views may be. He's got on pretty well, too, and they tell me he's well in the running for Mayor of his Borough Council. The present Mayor is Major HICKSON, who used to be in the Artillery Company. Well, GAMBLE and I were talking about sport not long ago, and he was all for doing away with racing and betting and drinking in public-houses. I took him up there at once:—

"GAMBLE," I said, "you may try till you're blue in the face, but you mark my words: you'll never make men sober by Act of Parliament."

I never saw a man so taken aback in my life—but, of course, though GAMBLE'S good enough in his way, he doesn't move in very intellectual circles, and he can't be expected to understand the way things are done.

Anyhow, I'm fond of a bit of sport, and I don't mind admitting it. The Derby, or a football match, or the Boat-race, it's all one to me. Sport's sport all the world over, and there's this about it too:—it wouldn't go on long if the public didn't support it and go and look on at it. I'm not much of a boat-racer myself, though I have been out in a pleasure-boat at Richmond one of those days when they had fireworks and a river fête there, and I reckon one boat's much like another when you're once inside of it. Still, I'm sure boatracers ought to be supported, otherwise there wouldn't be so much about them in the papers every morning, so I made up my mind to run down to Putney one day last week to have a look at the Oxford and Cambridge College chaps making ready for the race. There was a big crowd hanging about in front of their boathouses when I got there, and a fellow with a blue guernsey on was telling another with a yachting-cap on the back of his head what he thought about the race.

"There's only one in it," he said, "and they know it themselves. Why, they've took the Oxford coxswain twice over the course to-day, and you know as well as I do what that means. You can't go agin it."

I was just going to ask him to explain when I saw the eight Oxforders come down the steps of their boathouse, and two or three policemen came along with a "Stand back there, stand back!" so as to make us give them room to bring their racing punt out. I stepped back pretty brisk so as not to give any extra trouble, when I found I was stepping on the toes of someone behind me, a big man in corduroy trousers and a moleskin cap.

"'Ere, I say, stow it," he cried out, "I ain't an automatic weighing machine, and anyway it's more'n a penny job for a man o' your weight."

It was a vulgar remark, but it's no use making a row in a crowd if you can help it, so I merely turned round and smiled at the fellow. This gentlemanly behaviour seemed to redouble his anger.

"Ho," he said, in a sneering way, "I see what it is. You're a travellin' post-office, you are, with that mouth o' yours slit wide open. Very kind of the Postmaster-General, I'm sure. Blest if I don't post a letter to my gal in your mouth,"—and with that he pulled a dirty bit of paper out of his trousers pocket and forced it into my mouth. This was more than flesh and blood could stand.

"Policeman," I said.

"What's up?" said the policeman.

"I want to give this man in charge."

"What for?" said the policeman.

"For posting a letter in my mouth." I didn't mean to say it in that way, but the words popped out before I had time to think.



Miss Dora (to Major Putter, who is playing an important Match, and has just lost his ball). "Oh, MAJOR, DO COME AND TAKE YOUR HORRID BALL AWAY FROM MY LITTLE DOG. HE WON'T LET ME TOUCH IT, AND I KNOW HE MUST BE RUINING HIS TEETH!"

"Don't you give me any o' your lip," was all the answer I got. "Stand back there, stand back!" and thereupon he shoved me insolently back into the crowd.

I went away at once, of course, and wrote to the Chief Commissioner of Police. I shall insist on the man's dismissal.

A ROUNDEL OF FOLLY'S KALENDS.

APRIL, the first of the months of sweet Spring,

Comes to us all for its beauties athirst;

Hail to its joys! of which brightly you bring,

April, the first.

Too long, stern Winter, you grumbled and cursed.

Hence! and give place to glad birds on the wing—

Let the young hawthorn and lilac-buds burst.

Thus, as aside awhile wisdom we fling,

(With dull monotony often rehearsed),

Let us crown Folly this one day as king—

April the first.

SERIOUS CHARGE AGAINST A CHILD.—By an error in filling in a schedule of previous convictions, a burglar was charged at Edinburgh with having been engaged in his professional duties at the age of two, and it would have gone hard with him had not his one-time nurse come forward and deposed that, though a fine child, and remarkably heavy for his age, he had never been known to crack his crib. Valuable evidence was also given by his schoolmaster, showing that prisoner had in his youth been extremely fond of cribs. The charge was finally dismissed.

ANTIQUARIAN NOTES.

[‘Mummies are now manufactured in Paris, and are sent to Egypt to be ‘naturalised,’ before being re-shipped for the European market.’—*Daily Paper*.]

THE large hoard of Roman coins, bearing the legend “Bona Spes,” with the initials “J. C.” (doubtless JULIUS CAESAR), which recently came to light at Birmingham, has been temporarily buried at Silchester, in order that the pieces may acquire the requisite patina. It is understood that the Early English oak furniture discovered the other day in Wardour Street has already had a fortnight’s sojourn in a North of England Manor House, and only requires a few more volleys of small-shot to render it worthy the attention of connoisseurs.

The bust of Ariadne which was found in Kensington is stated to be greatly improved by its six months’ submersion in the sea off the island of Naxos.

We hear that Mr. FAKERLEY, the eminent copyist, has just completed another Romney. He is now restoring it, preparatory to losing it in the lumber room.

The pre-historic Man in the British Museum having naturally excited the cupidity of all those who are desirous of enshrining some really *recherché* object in their own homes, an enterprising firm have arranged for the exclusive use of the celebrated bone cave of La Madeleine in the Department of the Dordogne, and hope shortly to be in a position to cope with the demand for this class of antique. Early application, specifying whether a dolichocephalous or other specimen is desired, should be made to B. SNATCHER & Co., St. Paul’s Churchyard.

1953. A RETROSPECT.

[*The Outlook* recently published a letter dealing with the present "remarkable move Canada-wards," and dwelling on the prospects open to emigrants in the Saskatchewan valley.]

LONG since in far Saskatchewan
(I humbly trust that word will scan)
There lived an enterprising man.

He used to dwell with some dexterity
Upon the region's great prosperity,
And much of what he said was verity.

He stated that this Eldorado—
He used the word without bravado—
Knew neither tempest nor tornado.

There was no deadly secret wire
To rouse the gentle Nimrod's ire,
And leave him sprawling in the mire.

Alas, that things should thus befall!
Sportsmen and farmers heard his call,
And emigrated one and all;

And now our rural districts are a
Sort of a desert like Sahara,
And empty as the Halls of Tara.

Therefore I do not like the plan
Of that far too seductive man
Who dwelt in fair Saskatchewan.

QUEER CALLINGS.

IV.—THE RELIO HUNTER.

WE found Mr. ALBERT CHIFFONIER in his comfortable offices, busily engaged in sorting out some of his recent acquisitions.

"I have made some interesting additions to my collection lately," he said, "but it is impossible to keep anything very long. Purchasers throng my doors, especially Americans. Had you come yesterday I could have shown you the last string from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's eyeglass, but Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN purchased it by telegram this morning. However, I have the refusal of the next—the present one—when it is worn out."

We expressed our sorrow.

"Ah," he said with genuine feeling, "it was a real treasure; not a unique, but a very rare article."

"How did you come to go into this line of business?" we asked.

"Well," he said, "I noticed a growing interest in curiosities connected with persons of eminence, and a corresponding lack of opportunity of acquiring them. Autograph letters, yes; but nothing else, nothing really personal and intimate—such as bootlaces, buttons, stumps of pencils, bus tickets, cigarette ends. I therefore determined to fill the vacancy, and here I am with as extensive a *clientèle* as QUARITCH. Perhaps you would like," he continued, "to see my new Catalogue? It will be published next week."

We glanced at the proofs which he offered us. Here are some of the items:—

Pen with which Mr. A. B. WALKLEY (the Man of *rosse*) reported on *The Princess's Nose*. £5

Pencil from Mr. CAVENDISH's planchette. Very rare. £4

Husk of a Cape gooseberry eaten by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN at Graaff Reinet. 25s.

Lark, stuffed, which inspired the Poet Laureate in his great poem "The lark went up." 6s. 8d.

Tumbler (with dregs) from which Mr. BECKETT refreshed himself during his speech on the Army Estimates. 10s.

Broken sprocket pinion from Mr. KIPLING's motor car, mounted as a paper-weight. 35s.

"Do you mind putting your initials on the proof?" said Mr. CHIFFONIER, handing us a gold style as he spoke. We appended our modest symbol. "Thank you," he replied. "My next catalogue will contain the lines 'Proof sheet initialled by Mr. Punch, £10 10s.'"

CAUTIONS FOR APRIL 1.

CIRCUMSPECTION is always advisable; but on All Fools' Day above all others it behoves one to walk warily, to look out for pitfalls, and to take everything *eum grano*. Mr. Punch, therefore, feels bound to issue the following warnings:—

Do not place implicit reliance on the Weather Forecast for the day; remember it is always April the First with the Meteorological authorities, and to-day they are likely to be more so than usual.

Do not believe what the papers say about the Boat Race. Go and see the result for yourself, and make quite sure that Cambridge are not wearing Dark Blue for a change and in celebration of the date. You might go very politely to the Light Blue Stroke (that is, the one who sits next to the helmsman) and ask him if he is or was a passenger in the Cantab craft. You should keep a good oar's length off while awaiting his reply.

You had better not travel first-class with a third-class ticket to-day. The joke, if detected, is almost sure to be taken in bad part by the Railway Company's inspector.

Beware of the first cigar that may be offered you in a friendly way, as it might explode on being lit. Put it in your pocket instead, and take one or two more out of your friend's case. This will minimise the risk.

Steer clear of Picture Puzzles this week. There is here a large field in which your leg may be pulled. What is the use of gaining a Thousand a Week for Life, and having your understanding permanently dislocated?

Regard with suspicion any rumours that the cuckoo has just been heard in a suburban back-garden, that the late lamented Jingo has turned into a sea-serpent, that the British tax-payer is going to have any appreciable remission, and that the Opposition, if they got into power, would run the Empire any more cheaply than the present Government, supposing there was any Empire left to run.

LOVE AND COURTSHIP.

(As they appear from certain Answers to Correspondents.)

VANITAS.—You are not bound to tell him. If the bright golden colour of your naturally dark hair is due to the excellent preparation recommended in another column, and he tells you he does not admire dark girls, why not keep on? The bottles are really quite cheap at nineteen and eleven. Of course, if it weighs upon your conscience, you might give him a hint, but he will probably talk about deceit, and behave in the brutally outspoken male manner so many readers complain of.

AMELIA.—Have you not been rather indiscreet? You should never let him see you cry before you are married. Afterwards it has its uses.

BLANCHE AMORY.—Cheer up. As you very cleverly put it, history does repeat itself. You are now once more in a position to undertake a further instalment of *Mes Larmes*. No. We are overstocked with poetry. The man, of course, is beneath contempt.

TWO STRINGS.—Your *fiancé* must be a perfect *Othello*. It is, as you justly remark, monstrous that he should object to your cousin seven times removed taking you to the theatre once or twice a week. Of course he is a relative.

SWEET-AND-TWENTY.—Your remarks about tastes in common are perfectly correct. So long as you both collect post-cards you will always be able to give pleasure to each other at a distance.

BUSINESS GIRL.—If you have found out that he only gave twenty-five pounds for your engagement ring, it may be, as you shrewdly observe, that he has a contract with the tradesman for a periodical supply of such articles. The fact that his income is under a hundred a year makes it only the more probable that he would adopt such an arrangement for economy's sake. Be very careful.

PITTI-SING.—Your only course is to box his ears. Let us know how you get on.

BELLONA.—Sorry to disappoint you, but this is not the place to describe the undress uniform of the Grenadier Guards.

TO THE SOLDIER TIRED.

MY TOMKINS! why sheathe your invincible steel,
And return to an era of prose?
You were eloquent once on your country's Appeal
And the need of repelling her foes;
You established it clear that your natural sphere
Was the region of battles and blood;
But your ardour for gore would appear to be o'er—
As you think that you're out of the wood.

Have you wholly forgot how you glorified Force
With an air that was martial and stern?
How you drilled and you shot; how you rode on a horse
(Or expressed an intention to learn)?
How you went into Camp, and were hungry and damp
(Which was all for your ultimate good)?
How you slept in a tent—till your ardour was spent,
And you thought you were out of the wood?

You would prate by the yard in the stress of the storm
On the need of Machinery New,
And you bored me to death with your Army Reform
And the things Mr. BRODRICK should do:—
But a slump, I presume, has come after the Boom,
As an ebb will succeed to a flood,
And you'll alter the caps of your Army—perhaps,—
'Tis enough, when you're out of the wood.

Oh, the helmet you wore is replaced on its rack,
And the sword's in its scabbard again,
And you do not discourse on a Frontal Attack
With the persons you meet in the train.
But you solace your soul with the Oaf at the goal,
And applaud the disgusting display
Of the Fool at the crease (*he's the hero of peace*),
In your ancient ridiculous way!

Yet remember once more, ere your weapons you drop,
And desist from your efforts to kill—
There are parties abroad with an eye on your shop
And the cash that you keep in the till;
For the change in your mien that I've recently seen
Has an ending regrettably plain:
Though pacific your mood, as you're clear of the wood,
You'll be in it, my TOMKINS, again!

OF INTERNATIONAL INTEREST.

In a recent number (March 19) of the *Boulogne Times* we read—

"There is to be a Calvacade next Sunday afternoon on the occasion of Mid-Lent and from what we hear it is likely to be well worth seeing."

Accidents will happen, even among the best regulated international compositors.

Then the following item of news in the same paper—

"The Rev. — (accompanied by his daughters) is leaving on a visit to his old haunts at Rheims for a few weeks, but hopes to return by Easter."

'ARRY, 'earing this read aloud, exclaimed, "What an ignoramus! What's he put 'h' in before 'aunts' for? And," added 'ARRY, "who cares if the reverend gent did go and visit 'is old aunts."

In the same paper is announced the appearance on the scene (French coast) of a new watering-place or "International Pleasure Resort" in which, under the name of "Le Touquet," we recognise our old friend of many years ago, yclept "Mayville," adjoining "Paris-Plage." This was to have been the most fashionable of all International Resorts for summer and winter on the "Pas de Calais" coast. Mr. WHITLY, founder of the successful Earl's Court



REVISION.

B-A-T? BAT.
C-A-T? CAT.
H-A-T? BONNET!

Exhibition, and his ally, Mr. H. P. STONEHAM, are, as it here appears, offering to lovers of sport and searchers after healthful amusement such attractions as rival resorts will find it uncommonly hard to beat. What is not offered there in the way of exercise, sport, and amusement of all sorts by day and night, including sea fishing and river fishing, will, evidently, not be worth mentioning. There is to be a railway from Étaples, on the Paris-Boulogne line, to convey the eager traveller, express pace, right away down to the sea front, where all the blandishments Messrs. WHITLY and STONEHAM can employ will induce him to prolong his stay.

Why, what a treat it would be at any time to see an "uninterrupted West Frontage three miles in length embracing Le Touquet Woods!" There's a picture for you! The charming Mlle. West Frontage embracing the somewhat sly Monsieur Le Touquet Woods! And when is this Paradisiacal Plage to be ready? Le Touquet, "equidistant from London, Paris, and Brussels," is "in its infancy," but this summer its growth will be, so 'tis announced, considerably developed. The scheme, *en attendant*, has Mr. Punch's best wishes, it being certain that some new seaside resort abroad, which should be in every way a thorough change, yet within easy distance of London, would be heartily welcomed by a vast majority in the brief holiday time at their disposal.

DURING the trial of the Parisian "Flower Medium," as lately reported, one of the witnesses called for the defence, a certain Professor SELLIN (a name rather suggestive, in English, of a practical joker), described as a "venerable" scientist seventy years old, quoted the opinions of the great philosopher KANT as to spiritualistic probabilities and possibilities. Just so: but very dangerous ground, as if you begin with Kant you are not unlikely to end with Humbug.



THE ENGLISH RECRUIT, OR, "LITTLE BRODRICK" QUESTION.

(It is stated that nearly all the recruits in this Country are barely up to the "5 feet 3 inches standard," while on the Indian Frontier the "average man" is six feet.)

LITERÆ HUMANIORES.

[Mr. STEAD's scheme for civilising London, published in the March *Review of Reviews*, includes the establishment of "a human library." "Copious descriptive catalogues of persons willing to be lent for a meal, for an evening, or for a week-end, will be issued periodically." In one of these "human libraries" our Prophetic Phonograph has recorded the following scraps of dialogue:]

"WELL, it's very annoying—I've had Mr. SPARKLER down on my list for some weeks, and you say he's still out! . . . no, a second-hand copy won't do at all; I want something quite new . . . Mr. J. ESTER? Why, everyone knows him by heart . . . Oh, new and revised edition, is it? Are you certain he's only just published? . . . Very well, you can send him . . . Something humorous, Sir? Let me see, Mr. BONMOT has a great circulation, and there's a steady demand for Miss GIGGLES . . . Oh, I beg your pardon, Sir; I did not understand that it was for a smoking-room . . . we're just issuing Colonel RUBICUND in scarlet cloth . . . yes, we'll guarantee that he'll keep awake till two in the morning . . . Madame CHOSE, eh? Got any reviews of her? . . . Um; ah; I see . . . piquante and all that, but for my

daughters, you know . . . Miss P. LATITUDE, strongly bound in calico . . . ah, that's better; send her by tea-time, please . . . not at all what I expected . . . not your fault? Rubbish, you distinctly told me that Mr. OLDSTAGER's reminiscences were fresh and entertaining . . . the Duchess came that night, and she went to sleep before we'd got to the end of his first chapter! . . . Really thrilling, is he? Because if this Mr. SCALLYWAG is like the things you've sent me lately, I shall have to drop my subscription . . . just finished five years' penal servitude? . . . Yes, that sounds quite delightful, only mind you send him, and not something else instead . . . Pay a fine? Why? . . . all damage done to bindings must be made good? I'm sure his dress clothes were just like that when he came—and if my butler *did* upset a claret-decanter over him, it wasn't *my* fault! . . . Obligated to stick to our rules, Sir. You should not have returned Mr. SOKER in that state. He's laid on the shelf completely, and we shan't be able to issue him again for a week or more . . . no, Madam, we cannot permit you to retain Mr. NIMBUS after the time allowed . . . at least a dozen of our subscribers

have him down on their lists . . . I got your note, asking for the immediate return of Mr. STUMPER—but we can't find him. I fancy the Admiral put him in the coal-cellar, or the duck-pond, or somewhere . . . no, it's *your* fault, entirely; I asked you for something political for the Admiral, and you knew his views . . . if you choose to send this Mr. STUMPER—who's a kind of socialistic tract—you must take the consequences! And he's only mislaid—not really lost. . . . oh, Mr. SAMPLER, so glad to meet you—you're a eritie, and you can tell me what to put down on my list . . . precious little but rubbish published nowadays; what were you thinking of taking? . . . no; I can't recommend Miss SNOOKS; no form, no finish, no construction, you know! . . . for a railway journey?—ah, well, she might do for *that* . . . yes, LAVINIA, one has to be very careful in these days . . . I thought *travels* were quite safe, but I took out Mr. GADABOUT last week, and some of his stories . . . my nephew DICK is inclined to be flighty, as you say. I'm sending him down, for his week-end, a pleasant surprise—two political economists and an Archdeacon—and I hope they'll do him good!"



THE ROSEBERY SWORD-DANCE.

MR. PUNCH. "I KNOW HE CAN DANCE,—NO ONE BETTER. BUT I'M AFRAID THAT'S THE ONLY USE HE'LL EVER MAKE OF THE SWORD."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 23.
—Twenty years ago the pleasant presence of ALBERT EDWARD, Prince of Wales, was familiar in the seat over the clock in the Peers' Gallery. In those days, the Fourth Party being in its lusty



H.R.H. MAST-HEADED.
(The Prince of Wales.)

prime, PARNELL and his merry men in full swing, for dramatic scenes, quick changes, unexpected results, the T.R. Westminster beat all others whose doors were then open. H.R.H. was in his accustomed place on the famous Wednesday afternoon when Mr. JOSEPH GILLES BIGGAR spied strangers, and the heir to the Throne, in company with the German Ambassador and other dignitaries, was compelled to withdraw.

ALBERT EDWARD is now King EDWARD THE SEVENTH, and there is another PRINCE OF WALES. Of late H.R.H. has displayed interest in Parliamentary proceedings even exceeding that of his Royal father. In the Eighties, as hinted at, there was something to see and hear from the Peers' Gallery. To-day incident is rare; Irish humour takes the form either of calling the COLONIAL SECRETARY a liar, or of dancing up and down before Treasury Bench shaking a fist at PRIME MINISTER, and beseeching bystanders to "let me at him," after the fashion of Mr. NATHANIEL WINKLE on the eve of battle. It is true there is what the LORD CHANCELLOR would call "a sort of" Fourth Party. JOHN O'GORST, regarding it with grandfatherly interest, mentally comparing it with the original, doesn't think much of it.

Peculiarity of PRINCE OF WALES's visit is choice of occasion. A sailor by pro-

fession and training, he naturally takes interest in all connected with naval matters. Marvel comes in at his patience in voluntarily sitting through proceedings whose dullness gives headache to the hardened Mace. Last Monday remained mast-headed for three hours. This afternoon, not arriving till four o'clock, there was possible only an hour of drear delight. By that time process of exhaustion had worked its way; debate collapsed, and Navy votes agreed to. At no moment of sitting was a quorum present. Members briskly moved off when LOUGH rose to move reduction of number of men.

The overflowing LOUGH! How wide are the shores his waters lap! This afternoon RUNCIMAN, protesting against proposal to cripple the Navy, and still desirous as loyal Member of Opposition to gird at Government, said his hon. friend should leave the Navy alone, turning his attention to wasteful expenditure on the Army. LOUGH by this time pretty tough. Hasn't through ten years confronted an iniquitous Government without the gentler fibres of his nature becoming hardened. But RUNCIMAN touched him to the quick. Army Estimates often on through past fortnight. To suppose Member for Islington would sit dumb through their discussion was a difficult intellectual feat. Yet RUNCIMAN had accomplished it.

"You should have turned your attention to the Army."

"I did," said LOUGH, in a tone wherein pained anguish mingled with just indignation at the banality of a man who supposed he would miss an opportunity of delivering a speech.

Business done.—Consolidated Fund Bill read a first time.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—"The House of Lords," said the MEMBER FOR SARK, surveying the gilded Chamber from Gallery over the Bar, "is more than ever becoming a one-man place.



"We go on getting the Speaker out of the Chair on Tuesday, and we hope to get him out by the end of the week."

(Mr. Balfour's Speech.)

Whilst the MARKISS was still here there were two. Now, as they sing with reference to the Ten Little Niggers and the six Army corps—now there is one. Only prospect of a speech from ROSEBERY could fill this ordinarily empty Chamber. Pity 'tis 'tis true. An overpowering personality, like an overwhelming Opposition, is a bad thing for a legislative



NOT QUITE WHAT HE INTENDED TO SAY.

"If I may say one more ridiculous thing than another, Mr. Speaker, — I — er —"

(Sir Arthur H-y-l-e-r.)

Assembly. Now the MARKISS has gone, the only Peer on Ministerial side who can stand up and face ROSEBERY is the LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR. He, alack! is handicapped by over-bearing sense of semi-judicial position, and a constitutional disinclination to take a Party view of a public question."

When Lord ROSEBERY stood at Table to move his resolution touching National Defence, the scene was of a character witnessed only once or twice in Session. Benches on both sides full. As regards the Opposition this of course a comparative term. At best the muster is scanty. Lord AVEBURY, thoughtful of the smallest detail, divides his support. His vote he gives to the Government that placed a coronet on the head of JOHN LUBBOCK; his presence he contributes to the quiet dignity of the Opposition side.

To-night, observing the disadvantage of Opposition numbers displayed to gaze of Peeresses in the side Gallery, he conceived and skilfully carried out a delicate manoeuvre. It was not absolutely original, being suggested to his teeming mind by consideration of the habits of the busy bee. When approaching the hive, this intelligent,

industrious creature, instead of directly entering the structure, hovers about it in a moving swarm that to the casual onlooker conveys a sense of at least double number. Thus, whilst the Peers assembled, settling for the most part in the hive to the right of that Queen bee, the LORD CHANCELLOR, AVEBURY moved up and down along the back benches to the left with buzzing, bee-like movement. Now above the Gangway, now crossing behind Front Opposition bench, suddenly appearing below the Gangway, always with a countenance of supernal gravity, he managed to endow the Opposition benches with an appearance of bustling activity quite exhilarating.

Its effect, subtly conveyed, was seen when, in course of his speech, ROSEBURY was able to contemplate the possibility of noble Lords on Front Opposition bench some day finding themselves strong enough to cross the floor and turn out the present Government. It is true the prospect was darkened by the certainty that ere that epoch is reached the present custodians of the public purse will have extracted and spent the ultimate threepenny bit. That is a mere incident. What is noteworthy and significant is that so shrewd an observer, so accurate a judge of current of political events, permitted himself to contemplate a time when a body of statesmen now, as division lists show, in hopeless minority, will be reinstated in power.

This was directly due to JOHN LUBBOCK's manœuvre, his ingenious device rising far beyond the ordinary stage super's tactics in its effect of almost crowding the Opposition Benches.

Business done.—ROSEBURY moves resolution demanding adjustment of the National armament to the naval, military and financial conditions of the Empire. In course of speech generously paid tribute to a much abused statesman. "I believe the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR," he said, "to be a capable and industrious Minister. I know him to be industrious."

Charming discrimination between belief and knowledge.

Friday night.—Heard a good deal lately of the Man in the Street; commonly supposed to be of modern creation. Find he is at least seventy years old. Looking through *Greville's Memoirs*, came upon what is probably the first reference to this potent influence in British politics. Under date, March 20, 1831, being the eve of the division on the Reform Bill, GREVILLE writes:—"Knowing as the man in the street—as we call him at Newmarket—always does the greatest secrets of kings, and being the confidant of their most hidden thoughts," &c.

Here is the origin of the now classic

phrase. The Man in the Street, the subtle pervading power that represents the common sense and intelligence of the British Electorate, had his progenitor in the Newmarket tout who knows the potentiality of every horse in and out of the running.

Business done.—The Lords debate on National Defence fizzled out.

THE LAST INSTANCE.

"THE journalistic profession," said TEBBIT, "is full of perils. Have you heard about SMYTHE?"

I said that I had not heard about SMYTHE. TEBBIT needed no further encouragement.

"It is my painful task to inform you," he said, "that SMYTHE, though still living in a sort of way, is for all practical purposes no more. He is going to be married."

"Married!" I gasped. "SMYTHE! The perfect bachelor, the chaffer at Cupid, the mocker at matrimony, the detester of domesticity! Surely you are thinking of another SMYTHE. You have mistaken the name."

"No," said TEBBIT, "there is, alas, no mistake. She is a Mrs. ROBINSON."

"Tell me all," I said. "What were you saying about the perils of journalism?"

And TEBBIT explained.

"SMYTHE," he said, "after roughing it for four years at Oxford, came down without, of course, the remotest notion of what he intended to do for a living. The Civil Service was out of the question. SMYTHE was a man of parts, but his talents did not lie in that direction. Finally, after he had rejected the Army as philistine and commerce as bourgeois, he consented to a compromise. He was to think the matter over, and in the meanwhile to read for the Bar."

"It was while he was reading for the Bar—at the Millennium Palace of Varieties—that he met a college friend of his. Over a social beaker they discussed the position. The friend suggested that SMYTHE should take to journalism. It was the finest profession in the world, he said. All that you had to do was to write articles and send them to different papers, and the editors sent them back by return of post. In fine, a game closely resembling Ping-pong, only easier. A child of ten could master it in five minutes."

"SMYTHE was immensely taken with the idea. He became a journalist, and shortly afterwards got the post of 'Aunt JANE' on a paper called *The Cosy Corner*. His business was to answer correspondence, much of which dealt with the subject of proposals of

marriage. How should they be made? How should they be rejected?"

"Well?" I said.

"Well," said TEBBIT, "for some time these presented no difficulty to SMYTHE. During his University career it had been a sort of hobby of his to propose to at least one of his partners at every dance he attended. I remember once remonstrating with him for this, as being opposed to his known bachelor principles. But he replied, with some show of reason, that as his personal appearance was curious rather than striking there was no danger, and it all helped to make conversation. In this way he had gathered some very useful facts about the whole art of refusing a proposal of marriage. As for the question of how such proposals should be made, he held definite views on the subject, and his male correspondents never went empty away."

"After a time it occurred to him that it might be profitable if he collected these fugitive papers, and published them in book form. SPOONDYKE AND BROWN took the book, paid him a magnificent royalty, and asked for more. He was to write a companion volume, entitled *More Refusals*, on his own terms. SMYTHE accepted the offer, drew up a list of terms in a large and liberal spirit, and set to work to collect material."

"To all attempts on the part of his friends to dissuade him he paid no attention. You see he had been paid in advance, and long since spent the money. A week ago he told us that one more instance would complete the volume. He said he was determined to make it a good one. He was, in my opinion, intoxicated with success. Otherwise there is no accounting for his criminal rashness in proposing to Mrs. ROBINSON. We all did our best to save him."

"Alas, poor SMYTHE!" I sighed.

"And the most pitiful part of the whole business," said TEBBIT, "is that the unhappy man actually appears now to enjoy his position. And"—here TEBBIT completely broke down—"he—he's threatened to send me a piece of the wedding-cake!"

ONCE you shake the tree of knowledge you can't put the fruit back. This cryptic utterance reads like an extract from ISEN. In reality it means that if you knew what was going to happen you would never let your wife learn Bridge.

Obsequious Porter (to Enthusiastic Golfist). Would you like yer 'ockey-knockers with you in the carriage, Sir?

INFANTS IN ARMS.

["Lord STANLEY said there was no limit of age or size for 'Brodricks' (i.e. juvenile recruits) sent to South Africa."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.]

THE schoolboy's tedious task is done,
And now upon his back
The coat is red, and Standard I.
Is changed for Union Jack;
Nay, *crèche* and cradle, pram and cot,
And eke the baby-farms
Are sending each its little lot
Of infantry-in-arms.

Pall Mall, with eager ardour filled,
Is busy framing rules
And making estimates to build
New mounted-infant schools;
And BR-DR-CK has explained with pride
His cheap and novel course
For teaching raw recruits to ride
Upon a rocking-horse.

To fill our phantom corps will take
Unlimited supplies,
And no one will inquiries make
Respecting age or size.
Then send your babies, mothers all,
Of whom you'd be relieved—
All contributions, howso small,
Most thankfully received.

BRIGHTON PREFERRED.

(For a Little Walk.)

ON most Fridays a good many stock-brokers go down to Brighton by train, but on Friday, May 1, over a hundred intend to go down on foot. Leaving the Clock Tower at Westminster at half-past six in the morning, they will walk to the Brighton Aquarium. That dismal, decaying, shabby music hall, run by the Brighton Corporation at the expense of the Brighton rate-payers, contains hardly any fish, though it is still called an aquarium, but in a small cage on the entrance steps there is, very appropriately, an unfortunate bear. It would be easy enough to put a bull in another cage on the other side of the steps, and if a stag and a guinea pig could be obtained for the occasion, the competitors on arrival would feel so much at home that they would think themselves back in the City again.

It is expected that BERTHAS, DORAS, and other lady friends of the competitors will go down—they often do on Fridays—and receive the heroes at the finish of the walk.

The competitors will have the option of taking any line, except the Brighton line. Those who collapse on the road will be conveyed on Barrows by the Johnnies of the neighbourhood to the nearest Vickers. If they have then no Hopes of reaching the goal they will display a placard inscribed "Brighton Deferred," and after a refreshing bath



SCENE—Hunt Steeplechase.

Jockey (from the brook). "Hi! Hi! HERE, YOU'VE GOT MY HORSE!"

in a Spiers and Pond they will partake of Salmon and Gluckstein, stewed Pears, and other light refreshment.

As regards the Market on May Day it is confidently expected that there will be a rising tendency about 5.30 in the morning, and a strong upward movement about Brixton Hill. Later on some sagging will be noticed, followed by a drooping tendency near Reigate. There may even be a few slight falls. At the close competitors (in bed) will be very flat.

The carry-over (of competitors from the Aquarium to the hotels) will be accomplished without much difficulty.

Rates will be light, as eightpence is a generous cab-fare to any hotel.

Business in the street will be brisk. The transfers will be witnessed by large numbers of persons.

All competitors will wear Coats, Bags, and Boots. It will be optional to wear Central New Jerseys. Also stocks round the neck, gilt-edged or otherwise, according to taste. As most stock-brokers always appear in elegant, or even smart, clothes, it is expected that large quantities of extra garments will be sent by train packed in Grand Trunks.

School Inspector (anxious to explain the nature of a falsehood). Now, supposing I brought you a canary, and told you it was blue, what would that be?

Student (with taste for Natural History). Please, Sir, a tom-tit.

MOTTO FOR (SOME) AUSTRALIAN MINE SHAREHOLDERS.—A share in the Rand is worth two in the Bush.

"THE INNOCENTS ABROAD."

(At the St. James's Theatre.)

Old Heidelberg, RUDOLF BLEICHMANN'S English version of MEYER-FÖRSTER'S comedy *Alt-Heidelberg*, although only an episode dramatised, yet is it to be fairly classified under the generic definition of "comedy;" as a "mixture of seriousness and mirth." It ends in "sweet sorrow," and therefore is no "genuine comedy." The charm of this particular play lies in its dramatic simplicity.

The *dramatis personæ*, distinctly characterised, belong, however, to genuine comedy—all save two, and these are *Prince Karl Heinrich*, and *Käthie* the peasant maiden, who are the hero and heroine of a romantic story that is bright in its commencement, buoyantly, yet sweetly, happy in its continuation, and utterly sad in its termination.

The play represents in dramatic form the loves of *Karl* and *Käthie*: of *Karl*, who, a royal prisoner, bound by etiquette from childhood upwards, knows no more of "life" outside the Palace walls, than does a novice bred up in a monastery; and of *Käthie*, a peasant maid, concerning whose perfect guilelessness it would be pardonable were more than one man or woman of the world to have their doubts.

Of movement, as differentiated from "action," there is plenty; and in this respect, since it is chiefly in the hands of gay young German students, this portion of the "comedy," with its music, songs, and choruses, suggests the idea that it is an *opera manqué*. For would not the libretto have well served MASSENET, for example, on the lines of *La Vie de Bohème*, which, after all its merriment, ends so sadly with the death of *Mimi*, while this finishes with two broken hearts, of which, one, it is a relief to feel, for the sake of the ruler himself with all his life before him, for the sake of the State he has to govern, and for the sake of the Princess to whom he is betrothed, will not be long a-mending.

There are no villains in the piece, and no villainy even of the very mildest description, although *Lütz*, valet to *Karl Heinrich*, with his phenomenally pale face and insufferable bearing, a part admirably played by Mr. E. LYALL SWATE, misleads everyone into supposing that this unhealthy piece of affectation is a villain of the deepest dye, a conspirator against the master whom he so effusively serves. But no, he is only a *Malvolio*; and, more fortunate than that self-sufficient and easily gulled courtier, *Lütz* is never the object of cruel practical jokes, although hard-headed, soft-hearted, rough-mannered, but rather "larky" old *Dr. Jüttner* (a perfect performance by Mr. J. D. BEVERIDGE), the young Prince's tutor, might have been to the valet as was *Sir Toby Belch* to *Olivia's* chamberlain.

Wisely, as it proves, has Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER given up for a while the middle-aged men of comedy and returned to his *première jeunesse*. The boyishness of his youthful Prince is delightful; his modesty delicious, not one whit overdone; his frolicsomeness is that of a boy out for a holiday, and his love-making is that of a novice in the art.

And how excellent is the *Käthie* of Miss EVA MOORE, the light-hearted, merry, impulsive girl,—almost a "tom-boy" among her sworn friends and honest admirers, the students,—who suddenly falls in love at first sight with the Prince, concerning whose rank she has, however, been previously informed. That she should have been made aware of his rank is regrettable, as her knowledge of this fact is destructive of her ingenuousness; for who that sees her almost throwing herself into *Karl Heinrich's* arms, on their very first meeting, would not be inclined to set her down as a sly little minx, an artful coquette, if not something worse? Were Prince, peasant, student, all alike to her—not as fish that come to her net, but as being merely good fellows and

playmates—then her conduct would be in keeping with her republican faith. But such is not the case. She worships Royalty; she is charged with the delivery of an oration on the arrival of the Prince,—which she does with the utmost timidity, being frightened out of her wits at having to address a Royal personage. And yet—within a few minutes the peasant girl is head over ears in love with the Prince, and he with her; and in four months' time they are just off together "for a lark" to Paris! Does not this situation recall a similar one in the opera of *Manon* and the duet of "*A Paris nous irons*"? Certainly. But does this little innocent German girl recall to us, in any way, *Manon Lescaut* at the commencement of the latter's career? Isn't it difficult to believe in *Käthie's* complete innocence when she joyfully consents to accompany her young lover, the Prince, to Paris? Is she going as a sister? Not exactly. As a wife? Not precisely. Well then—as what? Any way, they do not go, and *Käthie* is broken-hearted at losing such a chance of becoming either a *Manon Lescaut*, a real Princess, or the morganatic wife of *Prince Karl*. The young impulsive Prince, it is needless to say, is beyond measure angry with every one except his tutor *Dr. Jüttner*, and bitterly disappointed at the failure of his projected escapade. And *Dr. Jüttner*, but for his honesty and vein of seriousness, is only a counterpart of the tutor in *Betsy* to whom was intrusted the guardianship of *Adolphus*.

So the curiously innocent young man is forced to leave the strangely innocent young woman; but they will meet again, only once, and then for the very last time, two years later. And, in after life, will any suspicion rest on *Käthie*? Has she any packet of letters written by the Prince? Any compromising "puff-powder box," or other evidence against character that might have been found in the room where they passed summer nights together, fondly embracing, and gazing out on to the moonlit stream? If so, then we have some inkling of what the secret was that clouded the fair fame of Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES'S latest heroine, *Julia Wren*, now undergoing nightly "whitewashing"—quite a spring cleaning, in fact—at the Garrick Theatre. Alack and alas! It is mighty difficult to believe in the sublime innocence of *Käthie* the barmaid.

It may not be fair to look too far ahead, but, without peering into the crystal, is it not uncommonly likely that when the Prince is married, and still more utterly bored by Court etiquette than he is now, he will somehow contrive that *Käthie* should be restored to the place that has been kept warm for her in his heart of hearts? And *Käthie* would be ready and willing, that is, supposing nothing of any importance had happened in the interim.

Take what view we may of *Käthie*, this *Old Heidelberg* is a delightful piece, excellently acted. Mr. VIVIAN REYNOLDS' presentation of *Kellermann* shows true appreciation of the humour in the character; Mr. ERNEST LEICESTER'S *Graf von Asterberg*, representing the leader of the students' Corps Saxonia, is a genuinely good performance; as indeed is that of all the students engaged, whether they be shouting, singing, dancing, or drinking, with all the customary honours so dear to the German students, and still fresh in the recollection of the present scribe, though 'tis some years since he was among them as a guest invited to witness their duels, and to be a partaker of their hospitality during various festivities. The scene in the "beer-garden" (turned so frequently into a "bear-garden"), with the harmonious rendering of students' choruses, is reproduced to the very life on the stage at the St. James's, where the scenic art of Mr. WALTER HANN lends enchantment to the view.

So to the prosperity of *Karl* and *Käthie*, the two "Innocents Abroad," we raise our glass, clink, and heartily exclaim, "*Prosit!*"

LETTERS FROM THE ZOO.

THE following letters have been selected from a large number received upon the subject of the Zoological Gardens Management:—

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—The life of an elephant is not all bananas and bath-buns. Personally I am full of marbles and bus tickets. Instead of a silver-plated howdah and a Maharajah, I have a garden seat on my back and a keeper. I object to starting out on a journey any number of times each day and never arriving anywhere. "There and back,"—with a lot on my back. Humiliating. So are small boys, sponge-fingers, and American enterprise. Why were there no Durbar festivities in the Elephant House? This should be inquired into.

Yours faithfully,

A 'Tusk 'Un.

P.S.—Alas! Poor Jingo! I knew him well. The subject is too painful.

SIR,—So we eagles fail to give satisfaction? And it's not to be wondered at after all the nonsense that has been written about the "King of birds soaring above his dizzy eyrie." To expect that sort of thing for a shilling, and sixpence on Bank Holidays, is out of the question. Besides, we couldn't do it, even if we had the apparatus. Dignity is our strong point, and as long as the authorities permit sparrows to hop and chirp about our premises as though they belonged to them, the thing's impossible.

Yours, etc.,

ANOTHER EAGLE.

P.S.—I hear we have a new Secretary Bird just elected. Something may come of recent meetings. I've got my Eagle Eye on the Fellows who run this show.

GENTLEMEN,—As a good-natured brown bear I naturally object to turning rusty; yet I have heard it said that, in more ways than one, I am rapidly going off colour. Here is the whole matter in a nut-shell—I should say, a bun-bag. For years I have lived at the bottom of a pit, and my only inducement to come to its top has been to escape the daily shower of buns. I wish to state publicly that I loathe buns. Place me well above the public, so that its bun aim will be uncertain, and I shall get my colour back. Of course something to lug—but I am trespassing on your valuable space. Obediently yours,

ONE OF THE FOURBEARS.

DEAR SIR,—I hope upon behalf of the Tortoise House that there will be no unbecoming hurry. Why not wait two or three hundred years and see if matters are working smoother then? Remember the hare.

I subscribe myself, seasonably,

FESTINA LENTE.

PRETTY MR. PUNCH,—Reform? Certainly. "One parrot one parrot-house" is our motto, and we shall go on screaming till we get it. Is it surprising that directly they enter our house visitors say, "Let's go and see the hippopotamus," and rush out? I swear fluently, but here I am as ineffective as a saint. Yours, PRETTY POLL.

GENTLEMEN,—We suggest the removal of the barrier which separates us from the visitors. We have long thought it superfluous. Yours in anticipation,

AD LEONES.

SIRS,—What are all these wild-cat tales? Let those who find our house "unpleasant," hold their noses and their tongues! Who are they a kitten at? Yours, CATO.

ANTIPATHIES OF GREAT MEN.

It is a natural human trait to desire kinship with great minds, and partly for this reason the world loves to hear of the little weaknesses, inconsistencies, and illogical prejudices of its intellectual giants. The following, then, a carefully compiled and, so far as the writer knows, absolutely authentic list of the antipathies of certain past-masters may prove of general interest.

SHAKESPEARE, it seems, disliked a forced abstinence from victuals.

LORD CHESTERFIELD hated to have the chair upon which he was just sitting down withdrawn from under him.

The Iron Duke (and it may be remarked in passing that Lord ROBERTS of our own day has a similar aversion) would grow quite uneasy if shut up in the same room with a mad dog.

DR. ABERNETHY, a man proverbially intolerant of mere fads and crotchets, had yet a strong personal objection to sleeping in damp sheets.

SCHILLER would never, if he could avoid it, write with a broken nib.

CARLYLE never liked being alluded to as a "blithering idiot."

KEATS would go out of his way to avoid a lunatic with a knife.

FARADAY, the great chemist, disliked the sensation of nitric acid on his hands.

MACREADY had a great disrelish for either the flavour or perfume of bad eggs.

MENDELSSOHN did not like the sound of a finger-nail being drawn across a slate. A thumb-nail caused him similar disquiet.

DISRAELI would walk about or stand rather than sit upon a freshly-painted bench.

DR. JOHNSON hated to have anyone run and butt him in the waistcoat.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH had a marked objection to prison life; and Lord BURLEIGH, his great contemporary, never liked to slip off a curbstone with his tongue between his teeth.



PROOF.

Master. "PAT, I MUST SAY YOU'RE VERY CONTRADICTIONARY."

Pat (emphatically). "I AM NOT, SORR!"

SECOND QUARTER.

(From "Young Moore's Almanack for 1903.")

APRIL.

DEATH will be active this month, and we may hear that someone in the Navy will be amongst those called away. Crimes will be committed, and the police will at least find a clue if not the perpetrators. Many people will celebrate the anniversaries of their birthdays towards the middle of this month, and YORNG MOORE is pleased to predict the silver wedding of a certain happy pair, who shall be nameless. The weather for April will be of great variety.

MAY.

News of a more or less disturbing character may reach us from China, Morocco, Macedonia, Somaliland, Venezuela, Afghanistan, and Upper Norwood, but YORNG MOORE bids you be of good cheer and not let this depress you. Several shares on the Stock Exchange will come in for attention. Extremes of weather may be looked for—in fact the word "Varied" might be applied to the weather of this month.

JUNE.

Wild rumours about of the *Times* having been bought by an American magnate for two millions, but YORNG MOORE is able to predict that he will only have to pay the usual 3d. for it, literary supplement included. The prophet foretells that a child will be born in a northern city, who, if he lives, will be Somebody Somewhere Someday. June weather will be long remembered for its variety.

THE COMPLETE PRIG.

[According to a recent number of *Harper's Weekly* Mrs. W. D. MCCLINTOCK, of the Department of English at the University of Chicago, has declared that such nursery tales as *Jack and the Beanstalk* and *Bluebeard* have a "moral squint" about them, and are unfit for childish reading. She has mapped out a really moral literary course for the mother to superintend during her children's infancy. The main features are here faithfully reproduced.]

I'm pained when I reflect upon the stuff that people print,
And call without a blush a children's story;
Your *Jack the Giant Killer* has a nasty moral squint,
And *Bluebeard* is as wicked as it's gory;
The tale of *Mr. Bruin* and his *Mrs. Mimy-Muff*,
Which childhood in its innocence still swallows—
I beg that you will substitute for all such sorry stuff
The moral and instructive course which follows:—

Until your child is seven let her feed her infant mind
On simple, pretty tales about the fairies,
Provided they are free from squints (supposing you can find
That such a fairy story anywhere is).
Till nine her soul may meditate as deeply as it can
('Twill benefit it very much to do so)
The pious lucubrations of that most religious man,
The blameless and improving *Mr. Crusoe*.

Her early teens with classic tales she may perhaps beguile
Of *Perseus*, *Jason*, *Hector* and *Ulysses*
(Of course you'll skip all episodes in fair *Calypso's Isle*)
And *Helen* (when of course you'll skip the kisses);
The educative stimulus contained in such a tale
Can hardly be too highly estimated—
Of course you'll take the greatest care and never never fail
To see that it is duly expurgated.

Romantic tales might next afford some wholesome mental
food—

Knights-errant in the cause of virtue fighting—
But bear in mind the knights must all be very very good,
Their deeds, however brave, not too exciting.
Then let her read *Miss CHARLOTTE YONGE*, whose highly moral
pen,
Instinct with virtue, never met its fellow,
And possibly a novel by *Miss CAREY* now and then,
But never, never one that's bound in yellow.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

My Baronite has fond memories of Early Masters in pictorial art who illumined childhood's days. They worked on a commercial system known as "Penny plain, tuppence coloured." *RITA's Souls* (HUTCHINSON) belongs to the latter category. The more sober taste of my Baronite hankers after the severer style. The novel purports to present a realistic picture of the way in which what are called "Society people" live. The impression conveyed to the mind of the reader is that it is an early literary effort of a soured lady's maid accomplished in hours of retirement, when her mistress, who is really no better looking than herself, is mingling in the giddy throng. In the conversational passages the gifted authoress has made a study of the literary style of OSCAR WILDE, and has succeeded in reproducing the occasional emptiness of his phrases without their frequent sparkle. If *RITA's* deliberate plan was to show what the envious lady's maid would achieve in the circumstances indicated, she has, by many subtle touches, presented a masterpiece of art. If this is pure imagining, and the work is seriously offered as a picture of what *RITA* describes as "high-born and apparently exclusive Society ladies," it must be dismissed as a tiresome screed in which,



VAL NORTON.

A MATTER OF WEIGHT.

She. "HAVE YOU DERIVED MUCH BENEFIT FROM CYCLING, MR. POUNDS?"
He. "OH, YES. WHY, I'M MUCH THINNER THAN I WAS!"

save perhaps in the person of *Zara Eberhardt*, there is not a natural note.

To the biographical *Memoir of George Douglas Brown* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) Mr. ANDREW LANG contributes an introduction. It perhaps reveals more personal matter relating to Mr. LANG than to its avowed subject. That conclusion naturally follows on the circumstance, frankly admitted, that his acquaintance with the author of *The House with the Green Shutters* was of the slightest. To tell the truth, Mr. CUTHBERT LENNOX and Mr. ANDREW MELROSE, whose contributions complete the little volume, have barely any story to tell. BROWN's history was only beginning when it was cut short by the hand of Death. Son of a Scotch farmer, he won a scholarship that enabled him to half-starve at Oxford. He gravitated to London, grasped the skirts of journalism, and awoke one morning to find himself famous as the writer of a powerful, if somewhat gruesome, novel that caught the public fancy. As *The House with the Green Shutters* grew to the proportions of the orthodox novel out of what was intended as a story for a magazine, so this memoir has evidently been elaborated from the basis of the portion that appeared in a weekly journal. Out of scanty material the authors have done the best possible.

The Transit of the Red Dragon, and Other Tales (ARROWSMITH), is a book containing three short stories by EDEN PHILLIPOTS, whereof the one that gives its name to the volume is decidedly the best. THE BARON DE B.-W.

THE "CORNER" IN CURRANTS.—The representatives of the late Master Jack Horner wish to repudiate all connection with this proposed monopoly. It was plums.

Mr. Punch's Competition.

(After a Distinguished Precedent.)

A CARNIVAL FOR THE CURIOUS.

THE RADIUM OF RESEARCH IN THE PITCHBLEND OF PRINT.

A BILLION FACTS FOR A MILLION TRACKERS.

THE Competition organised by Mr. Punch is of a quite unparalleled and all-embracing sort. There will be no penalty whatever to the peaceable and well-behaved, there will be little risk of danger (except from brain-fever and writer's cramp), and only an unavoidable amount of discomfort and disappointment. Each of the awards offered by Mr. Punch will be paid, under protest, to one single (or married) competitor, the questions being so arranged as to require not more than a lifetime of useful and stimulating investigation.

THE AWARDS.

The MOST SUCCESSFUL Competitor (whatever degree of omniscience his answers may possess—there is no maximum qualification) will receive, at his or her peril, either:

A LODGERSHIP OF THIRTY SHILLINGS per week for One Year, covering all the expenses of a finishing course at any high-class boarding-house in Bloomsbury; or

An Insurance Policy for £50 in money, payable to the Creditors of the Policy-holder.

The following other awards, amounting in the aggregate to a sum which defies all computation, will go to other competitors in order of merit.

The SECOND will be granted a PAYING-GUESTSHIP of TWENTY SHILLINGS per Week for One Year, tenable in any respectable family in Bayswater; or

A Burial Fee of £10 in money, payable as soon as a post-mortem has been made and the inquest held.

The THIRD will be granted an ALMSHOUSESHP of TEN SHILLINGS per Week for One Year, tenable at any Parochial Infirmary; or a commutation of ONE POUND IN GOLD.

The FOURTH and FIFTH will be granted ROWTONSHIPS of NINEPENCE per Day for One Year, tenable at any Rowton House within the Radius; or a commutation of FIVE SHILLINGS IN SILVER.

The SIXTH, SEVENTH, and EIGHTH will be granted DOSSERSHIPS of FOURPENCE per Night for One Year, tenable at any East-End Doss-house approved by the Sanitary Inspectors; or a commutation of FIFTEENPENCE IN COPPER.

The TWENTY NEXT will, if approved by General BOOTH, be granted SALVATION ARMY SHELTERSHIPS of ONE PENNY per Visit; or a commutation of ONE DOZEN TICKETS IN SOUP.

The FIFTY NEXT will be granted OPEN-AIR EXHIBITIONS of ONE FARTHING per Hour, tenable at any Bench on the Embankment or in the Park; or a commutation of

Being moved on by the Police.

Papers have been prepared, by expert enigmatists, to be answered by the competitors at their own homes (or as near as possible); and each candidate will be allowed the term of his or her natural life for serving the sentence.

The questions, as will be seen from the specimen given below, supply a test of how much a man or woman will stand in the pursuit of an elusive fact.

No one is too young to enter for our competition. A bright infant of either sex will profit in the fullest degree by the opportunities we are offering. We shall then feel

we are illuminating whole lives, from babyhood to extreme old age, with the virtues of hope, determination, energy, combativeness, patience, and resignation.

SPECIMEN QUESTION.

The following question, which, of course, will not be employed in the Competition, has been constructed for the purpose of showing the general trend and animus of those which will be used. The reader to whom it seems very elementary may be reminded that the crux of a question often lies in some small inconcinnity which a careless student might not detect.

Specimen Question I.—A certain day in early spring has for many centuries been dedicated to various forms of practical joking. That this, however, was not the case in the time of a famous personage in antiquity we are justified in assuming from the fact that, if he had been addicted to horseplay, some biographer would have handed the incident down to us. Who was this personage?

Answer.—ALEXANDER.

Explanation of the foregoing solution.

The most suggestive clue here is at the commencement of the paragraph, where April the First is clearly indicated.

Turning to the index entry "All Fools Day," we are referred to Vol. 14,257, p. 202a, where we discover amongst other interesting information that Prince BISMARCK was born on that day.

Following this up, in Vol. 262,177, under his biography, we find that BISMARCK was invariably represented by caricaturists as having a bald head, with just three hairs sprouting from the top. Here we are confronted with the equally inviting alternatives of Trichology and Cartooning; but choosing by instinct the former, we look up the article "Hair" in Vol. 726,001, p. 1996d, and almost immediately light upon the following quotation:—

"Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair."

Pope, Rape of the Lock, Canto ii., Line 27.

We are thus within measurable distance of the goal. On consulting the life of this author in Vol. 1,650,974, p. 43c, we read at once that his Christian name was *Alexander*. The connection is now clear, and we have thoroughly established the fact, difficult as it is to prove a negative, that ALEXANDER THE GREAT was the personage in antiquity in whose time the cult of All Fools Day was unknown.

There are, of course, few private book-collections which can supply the details necessary to elucidate such problems as these. Mr. Punch has therefore made arrangements to republish the entire library of the British Museum, now amounting to 2,546,379 volumes, together with 3,752 volumes of the Catalogue-Index. It will not be needful for every competitor to purchase these books outright. They may be paid for in instalments of 20,000 at a time, or the whole may be had on loan, and will be brought round by traction engines on receipt of a postcard. For terms and inquiry forms please address Publication and Steam Crane Department, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.

PASHLEY'S OPINIONS.—No. III.

WHEN I was a youngster, after I had left school and got to work, I used to go once a week to a harmonic meeting at the Fallowfield Arms Hotel close by where I lived. We had a President, who wore a red sash with a silver motto worked on it over a harp—something about Orpheus it was—and there was a Vice-President in a blue sash with the same badge, only smaller, and there were about twenty members. We were all expected to sing a song or get up a glee or play some instrument, and we smoked clay pipes and drank hot brandy and water.

There were a lot of rules, and fines were collected for breaking any of them. Consequence was somebody was always being fined and objecting to it, and so we had very lively discussions, and very often, when the time came for breaking up and going home, there hadn't been any singing or playing at all, and everybody had lost his temper. Still that sort of thing made the President's position a very difficult and honourable one, and as one of the rules was that the President should always be addressed as "Your Grace," there was usually a hot competition for the post, and all kinds of canvassing and backstairs working for about a month beforehand. When I stood against GAMBLE and RUNCIMAN I was first favourite for a long time, but GAMBLE got it through a mean trick. He gave RUNCIMAN a large order for trousers, six pairs of them, and hinted that it would be an annual thing if he got elected. There was a lot more hocus-pocus of that kind, and in the end RUNCIMAN retired from the contest the day before the meeting and asked his supporters to vote for GAMBLE, who beat me by two votes; and as the Club broke up at the end of that year, "in consequence of the marriage of members and other calamities" (that was APSLEY's way of putting it) I never got another chance.

APSLEY was our funny man. I never knew a chap who could make better jokes, and even when you couldn't quite make out what he was driving at he had a way with him that made you laugh whether you wanted to or not. He was the only man who could do it. I often used to try his jokes at home or in other places, but somehow they never went. APSLEY, of course, had had great advantages. He knew the chairman of one of the big music-halls (this was in the days when every music-hall had a chairman who sat near the stage, facing the audience, with a table in front of him and a little hammer, and called out the turns), and once, when this official was suddenly taken ill and had to go out, he left APSLEY in charge, and everything went off without a hitch.

The fact was, APSLEY had a genius for that kind of business, and there's no going against genius: it's bound to come out and show itself sooner or later. Besides that, he played the banjo like a professional, and you couldn't beat him for hornpipes or imitations of animals, nightingales, cocks, cats on the roof, dogs howling at German bands—it was all one to him. But his funniest turn was a bit he'd invented himself about a man going out to dinner and coming home about two in the morning, and taking off his boots and crawling upstairs on all fours only to find his mother-in-law waiting for him on the landing with a night-cap on and a razor-strop in her hand. You could see the poor beggar crawling, crawling up and up, slipping here and there and barking his shins, but not daring to howl out, and last of all getting up erect when he thought everything was safe, and giving a shriek. Then you could hear the razor-strop going sixteen to the dozen, and I swear it made you rub yourself, till he dashed into his room and slammed the door after him. It was better than a theatre. Of course APSLEY had had lots of offers to go on the stage, but he always said he preferred his liberty.

APSLEY wasn't a married man—fellows like that don't run well in double harness—and he was always down on marriage, most of his songs being about men who got bullied by their wives or abused by their mothers-in-law. Somehow our ladies didn't like him. Mrs. RUNCIMAN thought him a sneering fellow, and Miss CRUMP said it made her feel cold all over merely to look at his eye. But then women never can see a joke, and they haven't got the smallest appreciation of real humour. I remember trying to tell my mother all about APSLEY's best turn—mother-in-law, razor-strop and all, and she only looked gloomier and gloomier. At last I said, "Don't you think it's funny?" And all she said was, "No, Josh, I do not, and I'm surprised you should, after the way you've been brought up. You mark my words:—the man who invents and describes such scenes of coarse debauchery will come to no good, and the sooner you give up his society the better for you." Of course I only laughed, and told her that I quite agreed with APSLEY that marriage was a mug's game. I stuck by that idea for a long time, too, but I got changed at last. Another time I'll tell you how it happened.

AN UNAPPRECIATED GENIUS.

["Does the average man, who is content so long as his coat is fairly well fitting and his nether garments show no symptoms of senile decay, realise the amount of thought that is brought to bear upon the question of clothes by the young exquisite, who devotes all the brain he possesses to the consideration of this important matter?"—*Daily Paper*.]

GREAT Scott! And shall mere ordinary men,—

The doctor with his physic and his fee,

The journalist who plies a busy pen,

The merchant or the eminent K.C.—

Shall these, I say, with their plebeian sneers

Look down on me?—forsooth they cannot guess

That I have spent long weary months and years

Achieving my pre-eminence in dress.

What do they know? Their souls are dull and cold;

Can they appreciate what's really chaste?

Their wardrobe by necessity's controlled,

And seldom they dispute their tailor's taste.

Ideas they've none—or of the lowest grade;

The process of selection simply bores;

Their hats and boots they purchase ready made,

And very likely patronise the Stores.

The plodding student burns the midnight oil

And hopes to be a SOLOMON—but oh!

I went through days and nights of endless toil

Ere I could tie a really faultless bow.

The statesman works to win a short-lived fame;

The soldier fights to bring his country peace;

But mightier obstacles I overcame

To keep my trousers in a proper crease.

From mental calculations I don't flinch.

One problem frequently is solved by me,

For I can tell—to sixteenths of an inch—

How wide a modern hat brim ought to be.

Then I have wandered all throughout the West

When Inspiration cast on me her spell,

Until I found a certain fancy vest

That suited my complexion very well:

Talk not to me of politics, I pray,

I have no time for matters so remote;

And if I'm too much worried, well, it may

Result in wrinkles in my shapely coat.

Some day I'll be applauded by the mob

Which now, from lack of education, mocks—

At present I'm engaged upon the job

Of hunting for a novelty in socks.



A GRACIOUS PROMISE.

MISS CONNAUGHT
MISS ULSTER
MISS LEINSTER
MISS MUNSTER

(together). "THEY'RE COMING! SURE 'TIS THE GRANDEST NEWS WE'VE HAD FOR MANNY A DAY!"

["The visit of the KING and QUEEN to Ireland is likely to be in every sense a landmark in Irish history . . . It may be hoped that they will find time to enjoy the hospitality of all the four Provinces."—*Times*, March 31, 1903.]

MR. PUNCH'S SKETCHY INTERVIEWS.

XIV.—SIGNOR MARCONI AT POLDHU.

To the question "Is the Sig. at home?" a friendly fisherman of Poldhu directed us to the battery; whither we



"He opened a bottle of wireless champagne."

proceeded and found the great inventor in the act of transmitting an ethergram message of birthday congratulations from the Editor of the *Morning Advertiser* to the Editor of the *New York Sun*.

While waiting for the reply our host invited us to a hurried lunch, consisting of Irish Stew and Polenta, washed down with a mixture invented by Mr. MARCONI, of Asti Spumante and John Jameson, known as the Pol Dew. For ourselves he opened a bottle of wireless champagne.

Mr. MARCONI, being of mixed Irish and Italian parentage, always carries a shillelagh and an accordion, invariably takes ice-cream with his potatoes, and talks in a mixture of the choicest Tuscan and Rathfarnham dialects.

Mr. MARCONI is a spare, closely-knit young man—we had almost said wiry, but he is of course anything but that.

We congratulated our host on his *rapprochement* with the Post Office.

"'Twas time for it," he replied. "If they hadn't done it, I'd have put the curse of Cornwall on them! But young CHAMBERLAIN," he added, "is the broth of a boy. Funiculi, Funiculà! Take another drop of the *creatura*."

"You must be amassing a great fortune," we murmured enviously.

"Well, I don't know about that," responded Mr. MARCONI, "but at any rate, if I am a Mullionaire I'm the only man in England who isn't a wire-puller."

Encouraged by Mr. MARCONI's affability we hazarded the question:—

"Do you know the answer to Sir WILLIAM PREECE'S new riddle—'Why is MARCONI like HINDE?'"

"No, what is it?"

"Because he produces waves in the air.' And now another question. Are you a Freemason?"

"Yes, certainly."

"May I ask what Lodge you belong to?"

"I belong to no Lodge."

"Rayleigh!"

It seemed time to change the subject.

"Do you not allow yourself any rest?" we asked.

"Corpo di Begorra!" said he. "What do I want with rest? Sure I'm inventing continually. I invent with both hands at once, begob! and my right hand has often no notion what my left hand has been devising. My very latest is a wireless piano to render the suburbs comfortable. It emits no sound. Then I have got a great idea—wireless netting to keep out rabbits. You see, I'm very fond of animals. I like all kinds of dogs except wire-haired terriers, and I am even now perfecting an invention to utilise the electricity in cats for domestic telegraphic purposes."

"One word more, Mr. MARCONI. Do you think that the establishment of your system is likely to promote friendlier relations between England and America?"

"Is it *think*?" responded the Signor with great warmth. "Sossagio di Bologna! I'm convinced of it. Hasn't TEDDY ROOSEVELT given orders that Coney Island is to be rechristened Marconi Island? Oh, they're a grand people the Americans. Such beauty! such wealth! such a literature!"



"I invent with both hands at once, begob!"

"Then you do find time to read American novels?"

"Yes," replied the Wizard of Poldhu, with an expressive wink. "All of them except CABLE!"



"I am even now perfecting an invention to utilise the electricity in cats for domestic telegraphic purposes."

"CAPPING."

Mr. Punch's Sporting Correspondent sends a few suggestions for putting next season's hunting on a sound financial basis.

That every Meet should be held in a place surrounded by barbed wire, to give the Secretary a chance.

That the Secretary be provided with a special uniform, in order that visitors may not be imposed upon by unscrupulous individuals personating this official.

That "the cap" might be made to cover an accident insurance for the day of issue.

That half the money be returned on blank days.

That a graduated scale of charges might be made, according to the kind of country to be hunted, and probability of damage, the same to be advertised. For instance:—"Cheap Hunting! Great day on the Downs with the Runford! Only £1, or £1 10s. including a brush. No jumping. All old turf, &c., &c."

That "Pilots" with a good knowledge of the country, gates, &c., be provided at a moderate charge, on application to the Secretary.

That the Secretary be provided with a sufficient force of police to secure the proceeds of "the cap."

THE NEW "WEST-ÖSTLICHE DIVAN."

[Sequent upon the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, the profound sensation produced in the literary world by Mr. YONE NOGUCHI's fascinating volume of verse, *From the Eastern Sea*, in which he attempts to clothe his native phantasies in a loosely-fitting English dress, has caused Mr. Punch to anticipate an immediate boom in Oriental methods. These methods being still unfamiliar, the following fragmentary essays in this kind, composed by his request, will kindly be regarded as tentative.]

I.—TO THE SLEEPING BEAUTY OF DEVONSHIRE.

By Lord R-s-b-ry.

The deafness of my Beloved is the deafness of the Sea.
Her peach-blossom lips are parted,
Her chin droops like a nocturnal petal
On the indolence of her heaving bosom.
My song is wasted on her; my
Song is no more to her than
A rivulet trickling from the unresponsive dome
Which is the back of a duck.

II.—SPRING.

By Sir H-nry C.-B.

Odorous April knocks at the door of my tabernacle.
About my boots the young birds
Hop in happy convulsions.
Rye-tooral!
But, alas! one swallow declines to make a spring to me,
One primrose turns
Her saffron cheek from me away.

III.—O YOHI.

By Mr. Arth-r B-lf-r.

My soul was a fairy-lantern with
The tallow sagging just anyhow,
Till you came back, my O YOHI,
Till you came back from the bottomless
Breezes of Ocean's commanding silence.
As a flame in the plate-glass window of a lighthouse
Looking across the tempest in a willow-pattern tea-cup, so
Was your opaline eye-flash in its crystal shrine;
As a lithe Geisha on the housetops
In a forest of chimney-stacks, so
Is your orchid to the rest
Of this balmy conservatory.

IV.—THE CAVE.

By Mr. St. J-hn Br-dr-ck.

Ecstatic I scaled the heightless heights,
The breath of afternoon dandelions was in my hair.
I mocked the menace of swords;
I passed through them as through the pale shadow
Thrown by the odourless ghost of a gossamer.
Alas! there is no Eden without a worm.
I looked beneath the earth-mists
To where, in a low-down cavern,
Abutting on the roots of the Tree of Knowledge,
Sat HU, my Comrade, making faces,
And he that was the WINSTON-pippin of my eye,
Turning sour.
O Faith! *O Esprit de corps d'armée!*

V.—THE ISLE OF GREAT CONTENT.

By Mr. G-rge W-ndh-m.

From Tarara's Halls I caught the harp that once,
For this occasion only, no more.
I smote on it *Boom-de-ai*; I
Invited alien jigs on the green.
Out of the verdant-isled lakes that are her eyes, she
(O the wearing of the orange-blossom in my heart!)

Glanced a side-long fragrance on me and said,
"Thou art my WYNDHAM in the reeds!"

VI.—THE UNRENEWED LICENCE.

By a Tory Publican.

Lazily dreamed my boat on a tide full of poem; . . .
Jauntily it slid like a sloc-jinricksha
Over a carpet of daffodils,
Or else cherry-blossoms.
The peace of perfect rotundity was my peace.
Could it have been an octopus?
Something, I know not why or how,
Removed the bung of my boat; I
Heavily downward disappeared
Into the infernal moist.
As I descended I heard in my ear,
Like the voiceless murmur of a shell picked
Up on the beach of Solitude,
Over my melancholic head the back-ebb of the tide.

VII.—NOTES AND SUNBEAMS.

By a Competitor for the Gordon-Bennett Cup.

What the dancing mote
Says as he kicks the beam, I say;
What the four-wheeled shamrock hums,
I hum.

O. S.

COMMERCIAL ENTERPRISE IN U.S.A.

["The following Resolution has been passed by the Senate of the State of Missouri. Resolved—That the Committee of Criminal Jurisprudence be instructed to take into consideration the necessity and importance of the passage of a law providing for the taxation, branding, and licensing of foreign lords and noblemen, both real and genuine, bogus and fraudulent, found running at large in the State of Missouri, and providing severe penalties for the violation of the said law, to the end that the young women of Missouri may be protected and fully warned against engaging in speculation of so risky and dangerous a character."—*New York World*.]

In the following handbill, left at the doors of a fair correspondent in Missouri, we seem to trace the culminating cause of the above scare:—

THE MISSOURI PEER-IMPORTING COMPANY.—This Company was formed to meet the ever-increasing demand for lords and noblemen in the State of Missouri and U.S.A. generally.

Absolutely no risk run by our customers!

Ladies dealing with us are assured of fair treatment and prompt delivery.

Without fear of contradiction we affirm that our Peers are superior in rank and pedigree *and in position in their own countries*, to any noblemen now on the market.

Every lord supplied to our customers is branded with the State Stamp, and no goods that are not up to the Government standard are retailed at our stores.

Our stock of British Dukes is the finest in the world, and at the Missouri Exhibition we were awarded the Gold Medal for this rare and beautiful type of goods.

A choice selection of belted Earls is always on view in our showrooms.

We highly recommend our "B.B.B." or British Baron Brand. These may be had in three styles—English, Irish, or Scotch. We do a large business in these goods with people who like a good article but cannot afford the more costly brands. As, however, the supply is limited, customers are advised to purchase early.

We have a very cheap line in French Counts, which we are offering at prices to suit the smallest purse. Such of these goods as we sell bear the Government imprint, though personally we do not care to recommend them, having had frequent complaint regarding their quality.

We beg leave to observe that the lowest-priced Peers—such for instance as Polish Counts—we do not stock, as in very few cases have they been found satisfactory. We venture to urge upon our clients the advisability of paying a somewhat higher price and ensuring quality. *Peers delivered to any address in U.S.A. free of duty and carriage paid.*

The following are samples of the testimonials which we are receiving daily:—

The Marchioness of FITZ-PORTCULLIS (*née* Miss POLLY PORKER) writes:—"Your Marquis is simply lovely—and so intelligent. Please send two more, as I want them for birthday presents for my sisters. Am going to England shortly.

"Yours sincerely,

"POLLY FITZ-PORTCULLIS."

A Countess (who desires to be anonymous) writes:—"Earl recently received and gives every satisfaction. Have shown him to friend who bought Russian Prince last year, and she says she wished she had heard of your Firm then, for she certainly would have tried one of your Earls.

"P.S.—Please send me French Count suitable for presentation to elderly maiden aunt. Was delighted with Irish Baron."

QUEER CALLINGS.

V.—THE CAT'S COLOURMAN.

"WELL, to put it briefly, I am a specialist in chromatic kittens."

"Chromatic kittens?"

"Yes. It was at the time of the Green Carnation that I just began to study the question. If flowers could be changed in hue, I thought, why not creatures? The ordinary cat spends most of its time on the hearth-rug—a sufficiently conspicuous position—but how few cats really harmonise with that or any other article of furniture? Being myself intensely sensitive to discords of colours, I decided to invent the decorative cat. I soon started the scheme on a business-like basis, and now I can assure you that hardly a day passes without my receiving fifty white kittens by rail from all parts of the kingdom. These are dyed as required, instructions being supplied with each. It would never do, of course, to place a scarlet cat in a pink drawing-room, or to give a crushed strawberry cat the *entrée* of a dining-room decorated in Pompeian red."

"Of course not."

"Still, I get curious requests occasionally. As, for example, here is one from a disconsolate widow asking for a heliotrope cat, as it was 'her favourite colour.'"

"But, Mr. PASH," we interjected,



AN OMISSION BEST OMITTED.

Brown (on foot). "DO YOU KNOW WHAT THE TOTAL IS FOR THE SEASON?"

Simkins (somewhat new to country life). "FIFTEEN PAIRS OF FOXES, THE HUNTSMAN SAYS. BUT HE SEEMS TO HAVE KEPT NO COUNT OF RABBITS OR 'ARES, AND I KNOW THEY'VE KILLED AND EATEN A LOT OF THOSE!"

"doesn't it interfere with the health of the animal?"

"Not a bit," was the prompt answer.

"One of my first experiments was on a rather dilapidated tabby, and a coat of Eau de Nil gave it a new lease of life."

"Do you think of applying your method to dogs and horses?"

"In time, perhaps, when the horse ceases to be a beast of burden, and is permitted to lead a purely decorative existence. As for dogs, I am inclined to think that the employment of green foxhounds, for example, might sensibly add to the exhilaration of the chase."

We hinted our assent.

"But to return to our kittens. I am far from having exhausted the possibilities of the invention. For example, I am experimenting at present with a view to producing a kitten with an iridescent coat. If rainbow trout, why not rainbow cats?"

"Of course. And who are your principal customers?"

"They are drawn from all strata of the social system. Only yesterday Mr. HALL CAINE sent me a beautiful Manx cat to be upholstered in Cardinal red, and this morning a basket containing a Kilkenny kitten has reached me from Lord DUNRAVEN, to be embroidered with shamrocks, and despatched as a *pignus amoris* to Mr. JOHN REDMOND. And now I fear I must ask you to excuse me, as these commissions must be executed without delay."

CHANGE OF NAME.—The practice of taking a new name on coming into property is common. It is more rare to do so on the strength of being "cut off." This, however, is the case with Fleetwood-on-Wyre, which, not by arrangement with the Postmaster-General, will adopt the style of Fleetwood-off-Wire.

THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

["GOVERNESS WANTED, who will be able and willing to inflict sound corporal punishment on two unruly children, aged 11 and 13. State experience and salary required to Mrs. ———,"
Christian World.]

YE vinegar virgins, come hither,
 Whose temper has always been such
 That woovers have left you to wither,
 Nor ever felt tempted to touch;
 Forbidding, bespectacled, bony,
 The nightmares that nurseries dread,
 With hearts that are cruel and stony,
 And hands that are heavy as lead;

Ye spinsters of mustard and pepper,
 Whose services no one will need,
 Who live the lone life of the leper,
 Come hither, come hither and read;
 For though you be grim as the Gorgon,
 And equally fatal to view,
 You may find in this excellent organ
 That someone is looking for you.

Come hither, ye feminine *Squeezes*,
 And all ye *Miss Murdstones*, and ye
 Whose passion for juvenile tears is
 As deep as the bottomless sea;
 Two small desperadoes, unruly
 And simply inviting the cane,
 Await your attentions—it's truly
 A chance you may not get again.

And as for the laws that are written
 You never need care what they be,
 Because there are judges in Britain
 Who laugh at the S. P. C. C.
 So wallop your victims, endeavour
 To urge them along in the search
 For wisdom, remembering ever
 That knowledge's tree is the birch.

 OUR POINT TO POINT
 LUNCHEON.

To finish the hunting season, a dozen of us who were to ride in the Point to Point steeplechase agreed to lunch together in a tent beforehand. We thought it would be such a pleasant function.

It began to rain just before twelve, and the wet was dripping steadily through our canvas roof into the salad bowls and on to the beef, as we, with mutual greetings—loud, but lacking somewhat in joviality—took our places at the trestle table.

"Looks like a thing to support a coffin on!" cried young BILKINS.

It was a cheerful remark to make under the circumstances, and it struck me that three or four men immediately became gloomy.

THRUSTERFORD JONES was voted to the chair, and his first remark was:—

"I say, you chaps, it's a ripping course for to-day: regular cut-throat line, eh? I like these thumping big courses myself."

Nota Bene.—T. J. was not riding in the race.

I replied:—"Ye-s—oh, yes—so do I." But somehow my own tones lacked conviction.

T. J. (*cheerily*). It's far best to make up the fences really big: horses rise at them better—until they tire, of course, then you get a crumpler!

I repeated rather absently:—"Yes, then you get a crumpler."

T. J. I mean to go down to that beastly-looking place—the drop into the lane, over some high new timber. That's the spot where the "grief" will come in!

I said mechanically:—"Yes, that's the spot where the grief will come in," and pushed my plate away from me. Never could stand the smell of cooking when not feeling very well.

T. J. (*laughing boisterously*). By Jove, I wouldn't have that timber and the drop beyond if you were to offer me fifty pounds!

ARCHIE SMITHSON here struck in:—"Oh, rot, THRUSTERFORD! I saw DARLINGTON get safely over it last season."

T. J. Yes, on a horse he paid a monkey for! But wait till you chaps get down there to-day! By gad, I wouldn't miss the fun for any money!

Always was a breezy creature, THRUSTERFORD. Did not feel particularly breezy myself at the moment.

T. J. (*to me*). You're eating no lunch, FUNKFORT. Feel a bit off colour?

Everybody turns to look at me, whilst conversation is momentarily suspended. Could have cheerfully attended THRUSTERFORD's obsequies at that embarrassing moment. So exhilarating for those about to engage in hazardous emprise to listen to his agreeable prattle.

I say, "Ha, ha! deuced funny fellow you are. Pass the *Moet*, will you, old chap?"

That "Ha, ha!" did not ring quite as true as I could have wished, but to bridge over the dreadful moment of silence it served.

I was to ride THRUSTERFORD JONES's *Sudden End* in the race, and now his owner told me all about him.

"He's a splendid jumper, and although he pulls very hard and rushes all his fences, he gets over them—*somehow*. And he'll jump this course to-day—all but that place into the lane, and there you'd better have it somewhere out of the crowd; he's pretty sure to 'come it' over the rails, and then you can take your toss without the rest jumping on you. Well, ta, ta. I'm just going to see that the surgeon is here, and the ambulance men not too drunk to work when they're wanted."

Wish I had THRUSTERFORD JONES's bright, hopeful disposition. Swallowed

lump in my throat and went out to my mount *Sudden End*—encouraging name for a steeplechaser. Told groom I thought horse not fit—groom said he was—groom a fool. Said I hadn't weights enough to make up the thirteen stone—groom said he had plenty—man's a drivelling idiot. Told him at last I was sure the horse was lame in the stifle—groom about to deny it when I dropped a sovereign into his hand—groom closed one eye and immediately saw the lameness—groom very smart fellow, and led horse away directly. I promptly walked over to far side of course to see race—always see race best from far side of course: less crowd; besides, I did not exactly wish to meet THRUSTERFORD JONES: he—he—he might be feeling disappointed, and I had a sort of impression that he would not see that stifle lameness, and might insist upon starting the horse. Some men are very cruel that way, and have no consideration for their friends'—feelings.

 A PASTORAL.

The weather (in the past
 Emphatically bitter),
 Seems to have changed at last.
 The birds begin to twitter.

The rivers, decked with sedge,
 In lavish streams are flowing.
 On every side the veg-
 -etables, too, are growing.

The young man's fancy turns
 In almost all directions;
 Promiscuously burns
 The lamp of his affections.

Approaches now the close
 Of Rugby and of "Socker;"
 The football jersey goes
 Back to its native locker.

To make rough meadows flat
 The cricketer is toiling;
 He scans his favourite bat,
 In case the thing wants oiling.

The bard begins to tear
 His hyacinthine tresses,
 Or polishes with care
 Last year's returned M.S.S.

The farmer once again—
 I learn from one who knows it—
 Takes quantities of grain,
 And walks about and sows it.

Dear friends, who hear my song,
 Of brain decay acquit me.
 That explanation's wrong—
 I'll make it clear. Permit me.

The reason why I sing,
 The point at which I'm driving,
 Is simply this: that Spring
 Is rapidly arriving.

THE GREAT MISUNDERSTOOD.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—In view of the fact that representatives of the British Parliament have been invited to visit Canada during the Easter Recess, I beg to make a few suggestions and offer some hints that will be found of the highest value.

When the august company arrives at Halifax it will be met by Mr. PARKIN and others, who will attempt to present an address expressing their satisfaction "at this further evidence of the spread of Imperial ideas"; but the committee should begin right by firmly refusing to accept addresses between meals. This will not only insure them a sufficiency of banquets, but save them from water-brash on the brain, due to an over-indulgence in illuminated rhetoric.

When passing through Montreal and Quebec the visitors must step lightly so as to "let sleeping dogs lie." While in Montreal they should not fail to visit the ruins of the Ice Palace, which is still freezing the reputation of the country, though a dozen years have passed since it was built.

When visiting Toronto in order to receive the homage of the Orange Lodges they will probably be waited on by a deputation from the Canadian Club, whose members will sing the new Imperial song, "*The Red Tape of Old England*." As this song promises to become a favourite in all the Colonies, the visitors should listen to it attentively.

It will not be necessary to visit Ottawa, as most of the Knights who make up its population have already been on exhibition in England.

After banqueting at Winnipeg the explorers should leave the railway line and cross the plains on prairie schooners. These interesting conveyances are very comfortable, as they are so arranged that the traveller gets the whole spring of the axle.

They must not expect, however, to get any jerked buffalo meat or pemmican at wayside inns, for the buffalo has really disappeared. In the words of the poet:

"No more in herds the bison sweeps
Across the trackless plains;
The Eastern pie-belt wider creeps,
And holds its sodden gains.

"Where once the Indian to the death
Chased pioneer and scout,
The Swede, with alcoholic breath,
Sets rows of cabbage out."

On reaching the Rocky Mountains they will be given a chance to select peaks and bluffs for which they will be asked to stand as godfathers. They should accept the kindness, as it is one of the pretty customs of the country to name mountains after important visitors, and there is still enough rock and ice to go round.

In British Columbia they will begin to see signs bearing the legend, "Keep



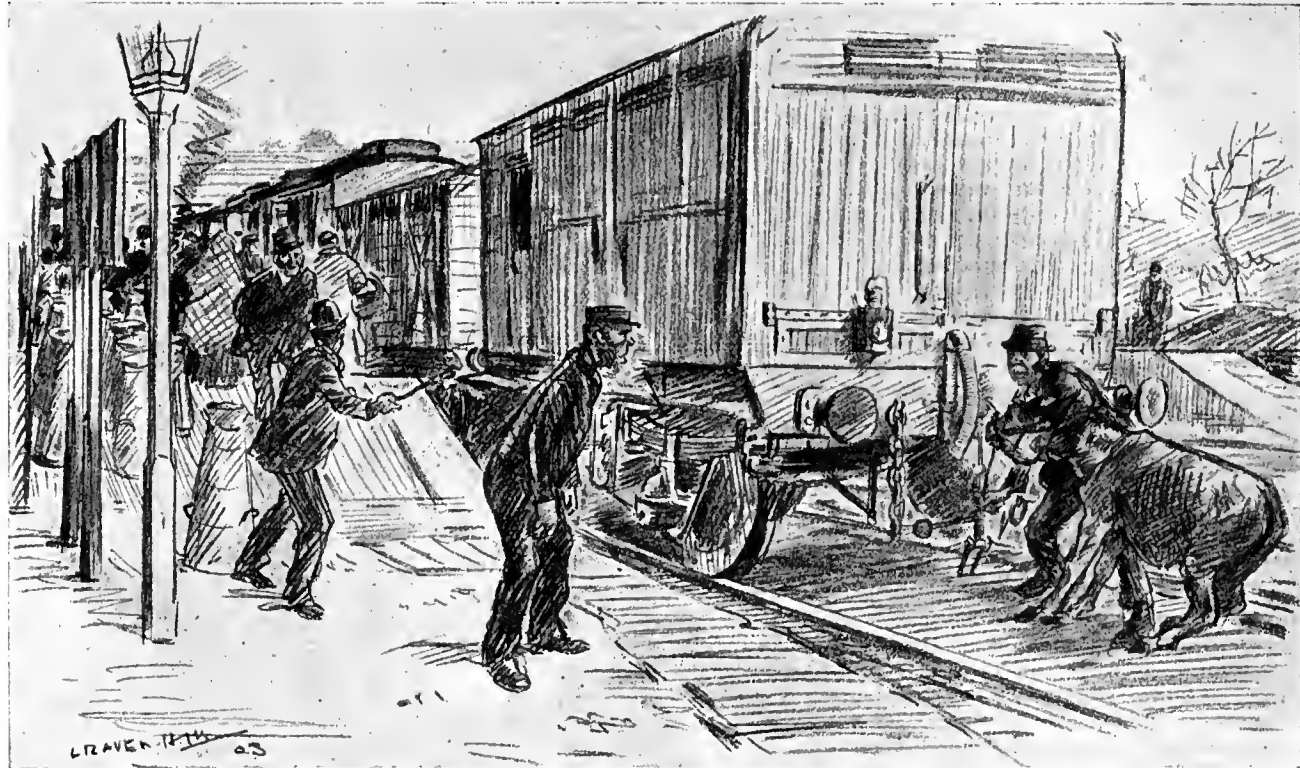
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Estate Agent (to Labourer's Son). "HERE, MY BOY, WHERE CAN I FIND YOUR FATHER?"
Boy. "IN THE FIG-STYE, SIR. YOU'LL KNOW HIM BY 'IS BROWN 'AT!"

off the Disputed Territory." They will be wise to take the hint. While in this district they will probably see hordes of hungry promoters hovering on their flanks. As it is really worth while to see these fierce creatures in action, they should devote some time to a study of their habits. All that is necessary is to show them a roll of notes, and they will do the rest. To see them pry apart a capitalist and his cash is a sight never to be forgotten—by the capitalist. In case, however, any visitor should wish to render himself immune from the mining fever—to be vaccinated, as it were—the writer begs to say that he has some mining stock which he bought long since, and is still hunting for another sucker to sell to.

By following these hints and avoiding the usual practice of distinguished visitors who travel with their mouths open and eyes shut, they will probably learn something that none of their home-keeping colleagues will believe after their return. Yours faithfully,

C. A. NICK.

MESSAGE FROM MARS. A LIBEL ACTION. —If these phrases, culled from a poster of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, are to be interpreted on the principle of *post hoc, propter hoc*, it certainly seems a pity that thus early in the career of the Marconigram there should occur a regrettable incident likely to affect the tacit *entente cordiale* between two friendly planets.



SCENE—An Irish Station. Fair Day.

Porter. "AN' WHAT THE DIVIL ARE YE DOIN', TYING THAT DONKEY UP THERE?"

Pat (slightly under the influence, taking his new purchase home). "SHURE AN' I'VE A PERFECT RIGHT TO! HAVEN'T I TAKEN A TICKET FOR THE BASTE!"

CHARIVARIA.

THE Liberals in the House continue to be polite to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and the Adulterated Butter Bill has passed through the Committee stage.

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN has expressed himself as in favour of the payment of Members of Parliament. The Right Honourable Gentleman does not seem to realise that, if Members were to be paid, the Public might insist on getting value for their money.

A question has been asked in the House about the abolition of the lance in the Army. It may not be generally known that the abolition is due to the influence of Lord KITCHENER, who had such trouble with the State Lancers at the Durbar Ball.

Some disappointment has been caused because the Royal Commission on Sewage Disposal has issued its report without touching the question of Alien Criminals.

The War Office is about to embark on an expenditure of at least £160,000. Woolwich Arsenal is to be enlarged,

and the cost has been estimated at £80,000.

Orders have been given for experiments to be made with a new Range-finder. Later on, attention will be given to the claims of a Patent Army-Corps finder.

The Presidents of Salvador and Guatemala have had an interview on board a vessel at sea, as a result of which the differences between the two Republics have been arranged. The Presidents were palpably sick of the previous state of affairs.

It is rumoured that there was no Revolution in Argentina last week.

At Moscow a judge has been found guilty of burglary, and has been condemned to serve for three years as a common soldier. The other men serving in the Regiment are asking what they are there for.

To judge by what one saw on Show Sunday, pictures on gloomy subjects will be a principal feature of the forthcoming Academy. Suggested name for this particular school:—The Depressionists.

It is reported that Mr. W. E. HENLEY has been served with a summons. It has been held that his poem on "Speed," in the *World's Work*, is so realistic that he must have exceeded the pace allowed by law.

With reference to the report that King EDWARD and President LOUBET will shortly meet, an Irish newspaper declares that it may be true about King EDWARD, but it certainly is not true about President LOUBET.

SOME "learned experts," observed Signor MARCONI in his clever speech last week at the Company's meeting, had declared that in order to converse with friends across the Atlantic by means of the Marconi system, "it would be necessary to erect towers at each end several miles high." Signor MARCONI had no difficulty in dealing with the absurdity of this "tall talk," and reducing it to the level of common-sense understandings.

VIRGIL ON GOLF. — "Miscueruntque herbas et non innoxia verba."
Georgics, 3, 283.



BUFFALO BALFOUR.

(End of first part of the entertainment. Two weeks allowed for refreshment.)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 30.

—Army and Navy both understood to be fighting forces. Happened to be to the front to-day in Committee of Supply. The difference striking. Morning sitting devoted to Navy, a sleepy stretch of hours through which the Admirals, the Captains, and the OVERFLOWING LOUGH cooed to ARNOLD-FORSTER as gently as sucking doves.

But Linden saw another sight when the drums beat at dead of night. To be precise, it was about eleven o'clock. Army Estimates on since nine, with prevalent dullness almost rivalling the siesta hour of the Navy. Young Generals below Gangway on Ministerial side,



"WHERE'S BECKETT?"

The Prehistoric R-sch apooling for a brush with the Cave-dwellers.

coming back after dinner—mess they now call it—and seeing CARNOT BROADRICK on the Treasury Bench, things began to bubble. It was Cousin HUGH who flung the fat in the fire. To his inflamed, distorted imagination, there is about the Warrior at the head of the office in Pall Mall something suggestive of a Nonconformist Minister who insists on being addressed as Reverend. A man of few prejudices, that happens to ruffle a temper constitutionally angelic. The fact that the fancy is absolutely baseless has nothing to do with its force. Wringing hopeless hands over CARNOT, he insisted upon knowing, "Where are the guns for which the right hon. gentleman is waiting? Are they in the clouds, and is he waiting for them to materialise?"

This way of putting it (subtly, if not designedly, reminiscent of the case of Frau RORNE, of Berlin, whose gift in

the direction of materialising spiritual flowers and heavenly oranges has just landed her in prison) plunged a loyal Ministerialist into condition of anguished remonstrance.

"Withdraw! Withdraw!" he moaned. "This is not factious Opposition," Cousin HUGH meekly said, "as some people of less intelligence than my hon. friend behind seem to think."

Here other loyal Ministerialists—whom later EDMUND BECKETT described as "having their intellect atrophied from the effect of overdieting on the crumbs which fall from Ministerial plates"—cut themselves with knives (of course in a Parliamentary sense) and howled.

"Order! Order!" "Withdraw!" they shouted.

"What!" cried Cousin HUGH, regarding them compassionately. "Is it insulting to say that there are some people less intelligent than my hon. friend behind?"

This painfully ambiguous. The sting of it lay in the inflection of voice which revealed conviction that in the matter of intelligence zero had been reached in the case of his honourable but hapless friend. Anyhow the phrase was unassailable on the point of order, and Cousin HUGH, having sprinkled vitriol round a wide circle of honourable friends and esteemed leaders, resumed his seat with that attitude and expression that ever recalls the ascetic saint who has temporarily stepped from a stained glass window to mingle for a while with mundane affairs.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply on Army and Navy Estimates.

Tuesday night.—All afternoon debating Hanbury's Butter Bill. Next to Land Purchase most deeply interests Irish Members. Reveals fresh faction in their union of hearts. It appears that whilst certain provisions in Bill carry comfort to the Cork buttermaker, they are loathed by his colleague in Limerick. Hour after hour Irish Members rise in succession and go for each other with rival battle cries—"Limerick!" "Cork!"

Out of the *mélée* looms large a personality that only Ireland could produce. It is Mr. LUNDON, Member for East Limerick, by business a farmer, by aptitude and study a classical scholar of high degree. In Limerick County he is known as a "Professor of Languages." Unfortunately for us the one tongue he has not mastered is the English. For full half an hour he spoke in voice and accent the like of which was never heard on land or sea. Only here and there was drift of a phrase fully mastered. Mr. JEFFREYS in the Chair, in absence of SPEAKER and Chairman of Ways and Means concurrently on sick list,

anxiously strained attention to follow the oration. For all he knew, the quaint-looking figure below the Gangway, with the strongly marked countenance, the pragmatist grey beard trimmed goatee fashion, waving its arms aloft as if hymning incantation, might be blaspheming or uttering sedition.

Quite gratefully the Deputy Speaker caught a reference to Seylla and Charybdis, the one represented by the landlord, the other by Gombeen man. (You should have heard the terrific hatred and scorn Mr. LUNDON's inflection of voice managed to flash around the head of the Gombeen man.) Deputy Speaker pointed out that Seylla and Charybdis



A PERORATION FROM LIMERICK.

Mr. LUNDON beseeches the Committee not to put Irish Adulterated Butter between the Seylla of Landlordism and the Charybdis of the Gombeen man; nor to stretch it on the Procrustean bed where the legs of captives laid on it were cut off by tyrants who put them there if they were too long (or words to that effect).

had nothing to do with the manufacture of Irish butter.

Oh, yes, Mr. LUNDON was coming to that; the Limerick butter-maker on his way to market had to steer his perilous way between the two.

Next he began a story about a pirate who boarded a ship and made the captain walk the plank. This was understood to have some personal reference to President of Board of Agriculture. But whether HANBURY was the pirate, or the doomed captain, not clear. Deputy Speaker dashed hope of elucidating matter by ruling both out of order in connection with the adulteration of butter.



"THE SOWER."

What will he reap?

(With apologies to J-n Fr-nc-s M-ll-t.)

Then Mr. LONDON dropped into foreign tongue. REDMOND cadet, sitting behind him, believing it was ancient Erse, sagely wagged his head and truculently cried, "Hear! hear!" The keener ear of the MEMBER FOR SARK recognised the musical verse of VIRGIL babbling o' cool valleys, and the lowing kine and soft slumbers beneath the spreading tree:—

Hic secura quies, et nescia fallere vita,
Dives opum variarum; hic latis otia fundis,
Speluncæ, vivique lacus; hic frigida Tempe,
Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore somni.

It was magnificent; but it wasn't butter, even with the lowing kine suggestive of milking time thrown in.

Business done.—Adulteration of Butter Bill read a second time.

Friday night.—House of Lords empty to-night. The statesmen who lend dignity and colour to stately Chamber are making holiday. To distinguish themselves from the com-

monalty they began their Easter holidays last Monday, and will not conclude them till the last two days of April. In this leisurely recess perhaps they will turn their attention to a small matter which happens to loom large in the convenience and comfort of some obscure fellow mortals. As everyone knows, the House of Commons, amending its ways, transposed the arrangements for its sittings on Wednesdays and Fridays. Formerly the SPEAKER took the Chair at noon on Wednesday, the sitting being adjourned at six o'clock, whereas Friday was an ordinary sitting, commencing under the old rules at three o'clock, terminating at midnight. Now Wednesday is in this respect as Friday, Friday as Wednesday. The avowed intention of the alteration was that Ministers, Members and others in close attendance through the week, might, if they pleased, start their week-ending on Friday afternoon.

This was a crumb of comfort bestowed in consideration of the longer hours of labour toiled through during the week under the New Rules. The House now meeting on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays at two o'clock, with an interval for dinner, sits at the minimum till midnight, sometimes later. The British workman who draws the line at eight hours a day will understand that when on Friday evening six o'clock chimes from Big Ben, his fellow labourer at Westminster is disposed to profit by his share of the bargain that took away from him Wednesday evening.

In establishing new Rules the Commons answered only for themselves. Four sittings a week, running on the average a duration of from five minutes to twenty-five minutes, suffice for noble Lords. They do not sit on Wednesdays, but go their even way on Fridays as if nothing had happened in the other House. Last Friday was selected for resumption of debate on Lord ROSEBURY'S motion on subject of Council of Defence. Commons up at half-past five, went off home assuming that, as usual, everyone else would be free and the place locked up. But Members of the Press Gallery, the little army of attendants at Westminster, and the police on duty outside, were compelled to linger on till, at half-past eight, debate in the Lords literally yawned itself out.

A small matter, as I have said; nothing at all to Peers, or even to Commons. As avoidance is, however, easy and obvious, it may be worth thinking about. There is no reason in the world why the sittings of the Lords and Commons should not synchronise, their Lordships transposing Wednesday's and Friday's arrangements, as the Commons did. Or, if that revolution would have a tendency to undermine the Constitution, at least care should be taken not to put down for Friday night subjects for debate calculated exceptionally to exceed the average sittings of the House. Twice in the brief session of the Session already sped this consideration has been overlooked. The adjourned debate of last week might just as conveniently have been put down for Thursday as for Friday.

Business done.—Private Members'.

Wednesday, 8th April.—Adjourned for Easter Holidays. School reopens Tuesday week.

HUMOUR AS AN EXTINGUISHER. — The *Sheffield Daily Independent*, in giving an account of a local fire, states that Superintendent FROST (a good name for a humourist) "soon had three powerful jests directed into the heart of the flames."



Mother (to Son, who has been growing rather free of speech). "TOMMY, IF YOU PROMISE NOT TO SAY 'HANG IT!' AGAIN, I'LL GIVE YOU SIXPENCE."

Tommy. "ALL RIGHT, MA. BUT I KNOW ANOTHER WORD THAT'S WORTH HALF-A-CROWN!"

HINTS FOR AMATEUR NOVELISTS.

Of the Storyteller's Aim.—The art of the novelist is at present apparently complicated by the necessity of writing with one eye upon the theatres of the West End. It is not enough to conquer one world; having achieved publication, you will (to be in the fashion) naturally sigh for production in dramatic form. In reality this simplifies your task. It is no longer worth while penning long-drawn word-paintings of after-glows, or moonlit landscapes—thrilling though you would doubtless make them—since they would of course have to be cut out when your work bursts its Mudie chrysalis to blossom into the many-hued butterfly of (say) His Majesty's. A few brief words at the head of each chapter ought to be now all that is necessary. For instance:—"Chapter X. Same as Chapter IX. Lights down. Red line. The reader will kindly hum three bars of 'The Honeysuckle, &c.' to take curtain up. *Dulcinea* discovered."—and then get on with your dialogue as soon as you can get anybody there

for her to talk to. *Mutatis mutandis*, the moonlit landscape may be similarly described.

Of Subjects to be avoided.—There are hardly any left, except, perhaps, the weather, which is usually considered in this country a subject sacred to *vivâ voce* discussion. At any rate, on occasions the date of which is fixed either by yourself or by history, the weather should not be more particularly described than you can help. Unless you are careful, some unpleasantly laborious person will be sure to write to the papers to say that he has looked it up, and that it was astronomically impossible that the moon could have been shining when you made her do it.

Of Local Colour.—Forget, every now and then, to translate out of their original tongue the remarks of your historical, provincial, or foreign characters. At least, give them an occasional swear in their native language. There are swear-words in Malay, for instance, that are worth six full-page illustrations.

Of Historical Costume.—The neigh-

bourhood of Covent Garden is the place to study this, and, having regard to the subsequent destination of your novel, already foreshadowed, you might, whilst there, settle the colour of your heroine's wig. But modern dress is much more economical for touring purposes.

Of Portraits.—As of course you cannot foresee what the ladies and gentlemen who will ultimately embody your puppets will be like, it is best to leave their personal appearance somewhat vague. Sketch your heroine in a few bold strokes—"the face of a GIBSON girl, with the expression of a BURNE JONES angel," for instance. This makes things clear enough, and leaves your leading lady a free hand. But her laughter must "ripple" in the book, whatever it does on the stage.

Of Style.—The style is the man. What it is when—as by chance might be the case—you are a lady, there is no familiar quotation to declare.

SOMETHING BY "TURNS" AND NOTHING LONG.—DAN LENO.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

XX.—THE DARE-DEVILS.

THE train, I am told, will be ready to start in ten minutes. Meanwhile the lights in the carriages have been turned off, and it stands by the platform a dark and inert mass, while its engine, enjoying a brief freedom, potters about short-windedly some little distance up the line. I grope my way into a compartment, and taking the seat near the window, gaze out on to the platform, occupied only by a meditative porter and a few sleepy passengers on seats.

After a time I hear several footsteps descending the stairs, and the sound of voices and shrill giggles. In a few moments the party comes into sight on the platform; two young women in semi-evening dress and cloaks, and two young men in silk hats, one of them carrying a net-bag with shoes in it. They are disposed to be somewhat rowdy in a subdued kind of way. As they advance up the platform, the weak-kneed young man in pince-nez, whom I immediately detect as the chief dare-devil of the party, begins to sing in a fairly audible voice a mild comic song of the parochial bazaar type. At this the ladies are very fluttered and shocked, and on the whole a little pleased with the conviction that he is a terribly rowdy fellow, and that they are rather a gay party altogether.

After questioning a porter, the quartet continue their march up to the extreme end of the platform. I have risen and am looking out of the window. As they turn, Pince-Nez pretends to knock off the hat of his companion, a fat young man, in face rather like a dazed sheep, and the pair fall to fencing with their umbrellas amidst cries of consternation from the ladies. This ends in one young man dropping his umbrella on to the line and jumping down for it, which shows courage; and the other young man lifting him bodily up, which shows strength; and the first young man pretending to fall down again, which shows wit. At all of which the young ladies are shocked and pleased, and plainly conscious that they never did have such a time in all their lives.

Soon the party approaches the train, which is still in darkness, and, as it chances, selects the compartment where I am seated once more in the corner. They enter, Pince-Nez displaying humorous terror at the darkness—a terror which suddenly assumes a distinctly genuine note when he sits down unexpectedly on top of me. However, he retrieves his character by putting his head out of window, and addressing the meditative porter in a voice which

seems to me badly pitched if it is intended to reach him.

"Porter, old chap, why don't you turn the lights on? I can't see to hear myself speak."

The ladies are quite overwhelmed by the reckless devilry of this last effort. Whereupon the Dazed Sheep is moved by a spirit of emulation to imitate a fog-horn, which gains a certain amount of admiration, though totally eclipsed immediately after by Pince-Nez—on the lamps being suddenly turned on—pretending to be struck by lightning.

At last the train moves on. As we get clear of the station Pince-Nez boldly strikes up the "*Swanee River*"; the Dazed Sheep joins him, and the ladies opposite, with a nervous glance in my direction, chime in in still small voices with a visible consciousness of the audacity of the whole proceeding. The chorus finished, Pince-Nez, elated by his success, proceeds to the second verse:—

"When I was playing with my brother,
Ha-ap-py was I—"

Suddenly Pince-Nez's top hat is whipped off his head from behind, and waved wildly in the air by a mysterious black hand. The ladies gasp, then almost shriek with terror at the apparition which has appeared above the partition, the apparition of a filthy face surmounted by a dented bowler hat.

"Tee tum tee tum tee tumty!" sings the apparition, beating time with the captured silk hat, "that's the style, boys an' gals—*orl* together:—"

"Woh tike me to my dear ole mother,
Theer let me live han die."

The apparition pauses, and contemplates the scared group.

"Come on, some of yer," he urges; "that ain't 'arf singin'." Show 'em the wye, BERTIE,"—addressing the Dazed Sheep, who has fallen into a kind of terrified trance—"any song yer like. There ain't many as I cawn't sing, I give yer my word."

The quartet are silent.

"Tell yer wot I *will* do," remarks the apparition, replacing the hat boisterously over Pince-Nez's left eyebrow, "I'll give y' a chunc myself."

He disappears for a moment behind the partition, then, reappearing again, lowers a greasy bundle on to Pince-Nez's lap.

"'Old my pawcel a minnte, mate," he says, "while I git over." Then, to the consternation of everybody, proceeds to clamber over the partition into our compartment.

"That's the wye ter do it," he observes, scraping a pair of muddy hobnailed boots down Pince-Nez's arm as he slides heavily on to the seat beside him. "'Ere we are *orl* together, snug an' comferble. I'll tike the pawcel, mate."

He is a huge hurly man, connected, I should say, to judge from his hands and face, with some industry with a good deal of black oil in it. The train has just stopped at a station; I notice the quartet glance towards the window in a hunted way, but the platform is deserted. The train moves on again, and they regard their companion apprehensively.

"If it's a song yer want," he observes with enthusiasm, "I'm the bloke for yer. Tell yer wot I *will* do. I'll give yer a chorus, then yer can *orl* join in. More soshierble. Narthen, boys an' gals, *orl* together!"

Amidst a general silence he proceeds to sing with energy:—

"We're *orl* on the booze on the tiddley hi till Monday,

We won't be at 'ome with the missis an' the kids on Sunday.

If we get pinched we'll kick the copper in the eye.

We put away the lotion as if it was the ocean when we're on the tiddley hi."

He desists, and mops his face with the loose end of Pince-Nez's muffler.

"Yer didn't 'arf sing up, any of yer," he observes cheerily. "Give us a recitashun, CHAWLEY. You've got a comic fice."

Pince-Nez, very flushed, affects to be interested in an advertisement. The oily man, in the best of spirits, turns to the lady opposite him.

"Woddyer think o' the Licensin' Act?" he inquires chattily. "*Orl* right, ain't it? Corl this a free country! Yer cawn't corl yerself free when y' aren't allahd 't 'ave a pint o' beer, can yer nar? I ask yer."

The lady makes no reply.

"Wot's more," he continues emphatically, "not only yer mayn't get boozed *yerself*, but y' ain't even allahd to 'elp a pal. I put it ter you, Miss, serposin' you ain't on the Black List yerself an' you meets a pal in the street wot is, an' she sez ter you, 'I'm on the Black List,' she sez, 'luy us a bottle o' Bass, ole gal,'—are you goin' ter refuse 'er? O' *corse* you ain't. Not you. Why it ain't English.—Give us a song, BERTIE. You ask 'im, Miss, I see it's you 'e's a-mashin'. Why 'e's carryin' yer little tootsie-cases for yer. Wot oh, BERTIE!"

I have never seen a sheep scarlet with confusion before, but I know now what it would look like under these circumstances. Pince-Nez is struggling between indignation, fear, and a desire to appear pre-occupied.

"Let's 'ave the chorus agine," remarks the oily man cheerfully. "Narthen, boys an' gals—*orl* together:—"

"We're *orl* on the booze on the tiddley hi till—"

'Ere, ullo! Turn'll Pawk?"

He rises hastily, and seizing his bundle, stumbles over the Dazed Sheep's legs out on to the platform, then puts his head in at the window.

"So long, CHAWLEY. Keep a-mashin' of 'er, BERTIE. Once more, boys an' gals!—"

"We're orl on the booze on the tiddley hi till Monday, We won't be at 'ome with the missis an' the kids on Sunday——"

The train has moved on, leaving the oily man on the platform, beating time and waving farewells alternately with the dented bowler hat. His song grows fainter and fainter, then is merged in the rattle of the train. The quartet are painfully subdued. Pince-Nez is the first to speak.

"I had half a mind," he declares, "to chuck the fellow out at the first station."

"Ah, that's just the point," puts in the Dazed Sheep; "but the question is—are you allowed to do it? How does the law stand?"

"That's just what I was thinking," avers Pince-Nez, and, the ladies being silent, the pair enter upon a highly technical legal discussion, in which each party is most conscientiously precise in putting the other right on the remoter details of hypothetical side issues.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *The Arcadians*, by J. S. FLETCHER (JOHN LONO), the freshness of the idea and the quaintness of the style are, at first, fascinatingly amusing. Had this series of chapters that set forth the slight story been contained within a limit very little in excess of that allowed to *The Wee Maegregor*, its success would never for a moment have been imperilled. As it is, however, the freshness gradually wears off, even the absurd nomenclature of the characters becomes wearisome affectation, and the bloom is no longer on the rye.

As throwing light on the Boer side of the war in South Africa, better far than some bulkier tomes is a little volume just published by FISHER UNWIN. *A Woman's Wanderings During the Anglo-Boer War* is its title, almost as lengthy as the average trek. The writer is quaintly presented as Mrs. General DE LA REY, as who should say Lady General ROBERTS or Lady General IAN HAMILTON. In a narrative that is a model of simplicity the writer always refers to her burgher husband as General DE LA REY. Mrs. General happily does not attempt to write a book. She just jots down what she saw and what at the moment she thought. For twenty months she and her brood were in flight, with METHUEN'S Khakis, as the Boers called the English, ever thundering at their heels. It is curious to note how little she knows of the trend of events over the wide battlefield. Few incidents of the campaign struck *nous autres* more sharply than DE LA REY's swoop down on METHUEN'S little army, routing them and capturing their wounded General. Mrs. DE LA REY makes very little of an astounding event over which Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL jubilantly chuckled in the hearing of a pained House of Commons. What she does mention is her afternoon call upon the wounded foe, and her friendly conversation. "I had a fat chicken killed," she writes, "and I took some biscuits and sent them with the chicken to the wounded lord." A fat chicken, look you. Nothing less for the pitiless hunter whom the much-entreated Lord had finally delivered into the hands of the burgher. A homely, cheerful, hopeful, resourceful woman is Mrs. General, whom my Baronite warmly commends to the personal knowledge of people who watched the War from afar.

The Occasional Assistant Baronite has just read two interesting books by an American humourist, yecept ALFRED HENRY LEWIS, and entitled *Wolfville* and *Wolfville Days*



MORE SIGNS OF A COMING SPRING.

(ISBISTER), and is more than ever convinced that the humour of one country is not always that of another. It is many a long year since the late BRET HARTE took two continents by storm with the pathos and drollery of *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, and other tales singularly rich in local colouring, whose lingo was sufficiently evident to amuse without wearying. Now the fault with Mr. LEWIS'S tales of Far West life is that there is a little too much dialect and not enough descriptive matter in sound everyday English. None the less, these reminiscences of an "Old Cattleman of Arizona" are very bright, very original, and, in a sense, even valuable, as giving us a vivid picture of a kind of nomadic existence often talked about but very rarely experienced. Both volumes abound in humour of an original sort, and will doubtless meet with as much success in the Old World as they have in the New. But, frankly, we would prefer not having to turn so often to an interpreter—otherwise a Glossary—to make things clear.

Semi-Society, by FRANK RICHARDSON (CHIATTO AND WINDUS), is a cleverly-written story of a "set" in what the author terms "semi-society." The characters, all carefully drawn in black and white, black predominating, are suggestively representative of types familiar to the up-to-date man about town. The final strong sensation scene is well led up to.

The variety of subjects treated by many differing writers in Mr. JAMES KNOWLES'S *Nineteenth Century and After* ("and after" is delicious—what is it after?) for this month ought to attract any number of differing readers. Even a GALLIO, who "cares for none of these things" that arouse Lord HALIFAX and Lady WIMBORNE, will be anxious to know what Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES may have to say about "Literary Critics and the Drama," likewise how Sir WEMYSS REID regards the doings of "Last Month," and what may be Mr. KEIR HARDIE'S opinions on "the Independent Labour Party." An article on "The Novels of Peacock," by HERBERT PAUL, has specially attracted the attention of

THE BARON DE B.-W.

A Drastic Remedy.

THE *Daily Mail* publishes the following advertisement, from which we feel compelled, by courtesy, to omit the name of the inventor and his apparently murderous drug:—

REMEMBER THIS TO-DAY: no one can sleep or rest where there is the painful noise of whooping cough, most of all the child. Give it —'s — and it vanishes.

(The italics are our own, not the poor child's.)

A "BEAU IDÉAL" AT THE HAYMARKET.

COLMAN and GARRICK's comedy entitled *The Clandestine Marriage*, the authorship of which a good many well-informed people, being asked offhand, would attribute to SHERIDAN, is a curiosity, not a classic. It owes its survival as a possible attraction to the character of *Lord Ogleby*, which, originally intended by GARRICK as a part for himself, offers rare opportunities to any distinguished comedian following in the line of KING and FARREN. Other actors who have attempted the part "were," according to DAVISON's "remarks" which preface the published play, "but futile fellows." No wonder then that so perfect a comedian, and one so specially good in "character parts," as Mr. CYRIL MAUDE, should have chosen to revive *The Clandestine Marriage* at the Haymarket, and that his partner in the management, Mr. FRED. HARRISON, should have been in accord with him.

This comedy, which in its plot is inferior to GOLDSMITH's *She Stoops to Conquer* (a "farce," as Dr. JOHNSON described it), and hardly worthy to be mentioned in the same breath with even SHERIDAN's *Trip to Scarborough*, possesses a few scenes as dear to the good actor as they are delightful to an appreciative audience. Such are those where *Lord Ogleby* appears with *Canton*, his valet; and others in which the vulgarity and snobishness of *Sterling* and his rich sister, *Mrs. Heidelberg* (not the *Old Heidelberg*, by kind permission of Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER), and the shrewishness of *Miss Sterling*, are dramatically contrasted with the gentlemanly tone of *Melville*, the quiet earnestness of *Love-well*, and the placid sweetness of the somewhat too demure *Fanny* who is the real heroine of *The Clandestine Marriage*.

The last scene of all, where everyone is in night-dress and dressing-gown, save the clandestinely married couple and their lady's-maid, belongs to the realm of broad farce, and in a modern "comedy" would not be tolerated, unless the comedy were announced in the bills as "farcical."

The acting at the Haymarket is as nearly perfect as it can be, though the *Sir John Melville* and the *Love-well* of Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH and Mr. C. M. HALLARD are rather out of the old picture, savouring too much of the young man of the most modern up-to-date comedy.

The Swiss valet (this sounds picturesque) of Mr. ERIC LEWIS is delightful. It is quite a fresh character; he is the most cheerful, the most imperturbable butt for his master's paltry witticisms, the most companionable creature, the most perfect superior attendant, without being a "gentleman's gentleman," that a nobleman like *milord Ogleby* could possibly have found.

And Mr. CYRIL MAUDE's *Lord Ogleby*! Could it be improved upon?—in no particular that I am aware of. His manner, his grand manner—grand in spite of his having been intended by nature to be a *petit maître*—is perfect. His ailments are not overdone: we do not laugh at his grievances because they are evidence of his real suffering, wilfully incurred, it is true, for which we are angry with his lordship; but his real buoyancy, the buoyancy of animal spirits resulting from a naturally good constitution, keeps him alive. What is it that constitutes this ancient beau a



Mr. Fullwig (who prides himself on, amongst other things, his "ambidexterity"). "Ah, my DEAR MISS MAUD, NOT MANY—IF ANY—ARTISTS COULD DO AS I HAVE DONE. WHEN I SPRAINED MY RIGHT WRIST I PAINTED THIS PICTURE ENTIRELY WITH MY LEFT HAND."

Miss Maud, "REALLY—AH—UM—BUT WOULDN'T IT HAVE BEEN MUCH BETTER—IF YOU HAD GIVEN YOURSELF A COMPLETE REST?"

[Delight of Miss M.'s young brother, who "can't stand that Fullwig at any price."]

general favourite with all those among the public who have the opportunity afforded them of making his acquaintance?—why, his really generous disposition, and the kind instincts of the true gentleman he would have been but for his overweening, yet harmless, vanity.

Mrs. CHARLES CALVERT does her very best with Mrs. Heidelberg, but this *Alt Heidelberg* is not a patch (powder included) on Mrs. Malaprop whom she preceded by about ten years. Miss JESSIE BATEMAN is a very charming *Fanny*, a colourless character, but deliciously painted; and Miss BEATRICE FERRAR, at high pressure as *Miss Sterling*, gives an importance to a part that, as far as I am aware, has never been previously attained. Mr. LIONEL RIGNOLD's *Sterling* is a broadly-humorous, strongly-coloured portrait of a vulgar millionaire.

Mr. JOSEPH HARKER's scenery, especially that of the garden with its winding paths, is a most perfect framework to the action.

But, apart from any other consideration, the *Lord Ogleby* of Mr. CYRIL MAUDE ought to attract all playgoers, and secure for the old piece such a new success as, on its dramatic or literary merits, it could not possibly have achieved.

MARCH AND MANTALINI.

[The closing days of March were attended with furious gales, and storms of hail and rain, throughout the country.]

Oh, turbulent March! your traditional claim

This year was a fraud and a sham,

For though we believed you were playing the game,

When a month ago "in like a lion" you came—

You went out like a "demmed savage lamb."

AN optimist is a man who always makes the best of bad luck—when it is another fellow's.

LITTLE FARCES FOR THE FORCES.

V.—SOLDIERS OF "CHARACTER."

Waiting-room in barracks near Trafalgar Square. Colonels SMITH, JONES and ROBINSON in undress uniform are standing by the fire-place and chatting. All three have their eyes on the door which leads into the recruiting officer's sanctum.

Colonel Jones. I intend to ask our county Member to press the Government to place all the recruiting in the hands of a first-class servants' agency, for some of the characters brought by the recruits who have been sent to my Regiment lately have been anything but satisfactory.

Colonel Smith. Quite so. I can assure you that lads have been sent to me with recommendations on which my wife says she would not engage an under footman.

Colonel Robinson. And the airs a recruit with a first-class character gives himself! I had a letter only the other day from a boy who said that he was thinking of changing his situation, and wanted to know if I allowed every Sunday out in my Regiment and whether I gave fish for dinner.

Colonel Jones. I had a lad before me the other day, a very smart young fellow, who objected to be attested for more than twenty-four months, because he made a point of never remaining more than two years in one situation.

Colonel Robinson. And the difficulty of obtaining the wretches! I always go personally to interview whoever it is who gives the reference for any recruit whom I am thinking of taking, and I do assure you the lies that I am sometimes told, the subterfuges that are resorted to, sooner than give a really straightforward answer!

Colonel Jones. It's heartbreaking, that's what it is.

Colonel Smith. I often say to my wife that I believe we shall come to taking Chinamen as recruits before long, owing to the airs and graces the young people of the lower classes with characters now-a-days give themselves. All the recruits of one of my companies threatened the other day not to do any drill and to report me to the Secretary of State for War because I gave them Australian mutton two days running, and because they thought the table beer—which I drink myself, so please you—was thin.

Colonel Robinson. And they ask for jam with their tea, and threaten to report me to the Domestic Servants' Union if they don't get it. Tyranny, I call it!

Colonel Jones. I often say I'd sooner



Tommy (mysteriously). "I SHALL HAVE LOTS OF CAKE THIS SUMMER, ALL FOR MYSELF."

Mother. "OH! HAS AUNT PROMISED YOU SOME?"

Tommy (with withering scorn). "No. I'VE PLANTED A SEED-CAKE IN THE GARDEN!"

do all the work of my Battalion myself rather than be bothered with my fine gentlemen's requirements and complaints.

Colonel Smith. At first I stood out against taking any youth who couldn't show an excellent character from two previous situations, but I had to give up being so particular.

Colonel Robinson. I advertise that there are billiard tables in all my barrack-rooms, concerts after dinner on Saturdays, and a tape machine with the latest racing results at the Quarter Guard, but even these attractions do not bring me quite first-class recruits.

[The door opens and a Staff Sergeant appears with a paper in his hand.]

The Sergeant. Beg pardon, Sirs. We have two great big country fellows who say they've run away from unkind masters, a sailor who declares that he's

tired of the sea, five strapping lads who've never held any situation, and a brewer's man who wants to lead a reformed life.

The Colonels. Not a man with a character amongst them! The service is going to the dogs.

[Exeunt in anger.]

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Billiad. By Col. W. F. CODY, author of "The Codssey."

How is Mrs. De La Rey? By the Rt. Hon. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., author of "Lines to an Aasvogel," etc.

Glorious Beer! By the Rt. Hon. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P., author of "Salus Publici Suprema Lex."

The Beauty of Resignation. By President CASTRO, author of "Forgive Us Our Debts," and other moral tales.

THE POLITE ART: A REVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

FAITHFULLY to reproduce the style of conversation employed by our Nobility has never been an easy task for the makers of novels and "turnovers." Strangely elusive, it seems to escape crystallisation. From the many attempts to fix a type of dialogue suited for the Table or the Park we select just three examples:—

(1) There is the famous fragment, still enjoying a deserved anonymity, which runs as follows:—

"H—!" said the Countess, who had hitherto taken no part in the conversation."

This we may at once discard as contrary to popular prejudice.

(2) There are the dialogues composed by a brilliant young writer in an esteemed evening contemporary. They are instinct with studied intellectual refinement, relieved by scintillations of sparkling paradox. They seem almost too good to be true.

(3) From Mr. COSMO HAMILTON's new book, *The Danger of Innocence*, in which we have the results of a life-study of the manners of our Best Set, we quote a slight but effective passage out of a dialogue between the Duchess of SURREY and Lord ERSOM:—

"Wot O, EPPY!" she cried . . .

'Pip-pip, Dneh!' replied ERSOM."

This bears the stamp of truth. The style is easy without being too vulgar: natural and yet not profane.

Taught by these inspired instances what to accept and what to avoid, we propose to give an impression of a common or Rotten Row dialogue between two ordinary members of the Nobility, showing how, at a pinch, they can rise to the responsibilities of their station, and adapt themselves to the language expected of them by the better class of reader:—

The Earl (replacing his hat). Got 'em all on this time, what?

The Duchess (recovering from a stiffish bow). What an impossible toque! And she pads her hips, too. Can't think what induces MONTY to run her like this at Church Parade.

Earl. Must do somethin' for an honest livin', poor devil. Dessay she pays him by the hour for trottin' her out, like a Guardsman's cook.

Duchess. Talkin' of style, what do you make of these people motin' in the Park with cloth caps and all over mud?

Earl. Beastly sight, I call it. Ought to look smarter and put their fellows in livery. Been scorchin' lately?

Duchess. Runnin' down to Hardpans next week-end. Bridge party. Care to come?

Earl. Thanks. Don't mind if I do. MADGE asked me down to Sundials, but I shall chuck her. Can't stand this gardenin' rot at any price. Talks bulbs and herbaceous borders an' all that sort of truck, an' wants you to know the rotten names of things. Who's comin' to you? The GOLDSTEINS?

Duchess. Had to ask 'em because of a tip JACK wants about the *Blue Peters* combine. Woman gets on my nerves. Don't so much mind her cheatin'—you know how she squirms about on her chair when she wants it left to her—lots of 'em do that—but it's so sickenin' when she will keep on blockin' your long suit by holdin' up her high cards.

Earl. Always is a bit of a wrench with those kind of people, havin' to part. (*Dropping his voice.*) I say, BELL, see that chap hangin' round with the note-book, what? Does those Society dialogue-things in one of the evenin' prints. Shampooin' man at the *Tumtums*—bit above his place—pointed him out to me. Beastly clever an' all that.

Seems to think we talk that way ourselves—repartee an' paradox an' that. Trick of takin' an ordinary phrase an' rottin' it, don't you know. Pity to spoil his illusions. Couldn't we make an effort an' let him overhear somethin' tall. *Noblesse oblige*, what?"

Duchess (sotto voce). All right, DOLLY. Shall I give you a lead? (*Aloud, after a pause for invention.*) How exquisite the first throb of Spring, my dear ADOLPHUS. This is the acceptable time when the young man's fancy turns to thoughts of Love.

Earl (concealing the intellectual effort). In the language of sport, Love and Zero are interchangeable terms; therefore the young man's fancy undergoes, at this season, no intolerable strain. Merely to move on from Monte Carlo to Aix is not to suffer an essential development, a vital change of temperament or condition. WORDSWORTH was right about our class. The meanest cauliflower is our moral superior. It furnishes thoughts that do often lie too deep for Peers. Sometimes, my dear AMABEL, I am almost persuaded to become a vegetarian.

Duchess. And devour the object of your admiration! You find the almond-blossom a dream, and yet, my dear ADOLPHUS, you would swallow the fruit of it burnt. Even our brutal soldiery did not go so far as that with JEANNE D'ARC. They burned her, but they never actually ate her.

Earl. What did the prince of paradoxologists say? "For all men eat the thing they love." But seriously, while on the subject of Spring, I rejoice in this modern fashion of gardening as a recrudescence in the direction of Nature.

Duchess. It is certainly healthier than slumming. But the names are so much more difficult. I learn a lot of them in the books, but find it so hard to connect them with the right objects. I go up to something in a greenhouse or an alley—the Dutch kind, I mean; not the sort with *Sallies* in it—and feel like the man who said, "I know your name so well, but I can not remember your face."

Earl. Yet we owe so much to your sex for this revival. I say revival, for there was doubtless a vogue of botanising in Eden.

Duchess. True. It was EVE, you remember, who drew ADAM's attention to the smartest dessert in the garden.

Earl. And your potent influence is not confined to the introduction of novelties. Golf, cycling, Bridge, and good dining—each of these had long been a confirmed habit with our sex. It was you who made them the fashion.

Duchess. That is our gift of second sight. We re-discover the well-known. Besides, one must somehow bring the sexes together. There's our instinct for self-preservation.

Earl. A fatal instinct, my dear AMABEL. In order to bring the sexes together you must studiously keep them apart. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico.*

Duchess. Mais ce n'est pas la guerre? (Lowering her voice.) Was that all right, DOLLY? No? Well, do let's stop. I can't keep this up much longer. Gettin' a crick in my brain. Come and sample JACK's new chef.

Earl. Righto! *Teuf-teuf.*

[*Rise and exeunt, chatting easily in the aboriginal.*
O. S.

AN EXCLUSIVE HIERARCHY.—The Cavan and Leitrim Railway Company advertise in *The Cavan Weekly News* for a Station-master in the following fastidious terms:—

Must be a sound Theologian, having Divinity Testimonium . . . Applicants from the back streets, slums, or from Ballybay not attended to. None but "Upper Ten" need apply.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*Johnny:* Yes. Tan boots with a frock-coat are still permissible, but the latest thing among the Smart Set is to have them blacked.



A DESERVING OBJECT.

RIGHT HON. C. T. RITCHIE (to himself). "POOR CHAP! I WONDER IF I COULD SPARE HIM A THREEPENNY BIT?"

[“The Income-tax payer has the strongest possible claim to relief . . . The least that he is entitled to expect is a reduction of the Income-tax by threepence in the pound.”—*Times*.]

LIGHT AND LEARNING.

["It is reported from Vienna that an Austrian scientist has invented a method of obtaining light from microbes."—*Daily Press*.]

With his usual "intelligent anticipation" of events *Mr. Punch* foresees in the future some such paragraphs as the following:—

The new Microbean Installation on the Embankment is giving great satisfaction. Of the various experimental illuminants the Influenza light has been found to be the most penetrating; its only practical defect is that it makes everything appear extremely blue.

On the occasion of the fifth anniversary of the relief of Mafeking the illumination of St. George's Hospital attracted universal admiration. The entire façade of the building was outlined with Mumps and Chicken-pox in fairy-lamps, while a singularly fine effect was produced by the employment of a tubercular search-light on the roof.

The alarming failure of the Bacterial system throughout the West-End last evening is said to have been the result of a deliberate outrage. It is supposed that the miscreants must have obtained admission to the central office and placed disinfectants in the generators. The affair is under investigation.

QUEER CALLINGS.

VI.—THE RESUSCITATOR.

"Yes," observed the Resuscitator, with an air of conscious pride, "mine is a noble calling. It's easy enough to discover a thing that nobody knows anything about—radium or X-rays, or any silly sort of thing like that. But to discover things the existence of which is already well known—that is another story altogether. Yet I do it almost every week."

We hinted our craving for enlightenment.

"Well," he returned, "my business is exclusively concerned with the resuscitation of standard writers. You see everybody knows about them, but nobody reads them unless they can be galvanised into vitality. That's where I come in. I write personal paragraphs about THACKERAY, or BULWER LYTTON, or WALTER SCOTT as if I had just found them out and read them for the first time—which is sometimes actually the case. Between ourselves, I never read *The Heart of Midlothian* till last week. This is what gives my work such freshness. No ordinary critic ever thinks of telling people to read THACKERAY. He takes it for granted that they do. Now I know better. I tell him that they ought to, because he was such a big-brained, sane, splendid Englishman, and had such inside knowledge of the ways of



MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

He. "I HOPE YOU ARE BETTER TO-DAY. I THOUGHT YOU WERE NOT LOOKING WELL WHEN I WAS AT YOUR HOUSE YESTERDAY."

She. "I HAD RATHER A BAD HEADACHE; BUT IT PASSED OFF SOON AFTER YOU LEFT!"

the aristocracy—almost as great as that of HALL CAINE. Now none of your literary critics would think of saying that, would they?"

We hastened to assure him that it was extremely unlikely that they would adopt such an attitude.

"Then take SCOTT. I admit that he wasn't a classy writer, that he wasn't well up in fashionable society, but I lay great stress on his industry, and I point out that his popularity is proved by the exclamation 'Great Scott!' and so forth, and so I arouse interest in the old chap and pave the way for cheap

reprints, and introductions and notes by Mr. ANDREW LANG or Mr. EDMUND GOSSE."

"And who are your latest discoveries?"

"Well, I've had some failures lately. I tried to discover FIELDING, but it wouldn't work. However, I shall give him another chance. Just now I am introducing STEVENSON to the penny weeklies, but it's a tough job. Too fond of fine language was STEVENSON, but I intend to persevere."

We applauded his dauntless resolution, and took our leave in a transport of admiration for this great benefactor.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

[In the competition just announced by the *Times* the first prize is a scholarship of £300 per annum tenable for four years at Oxford or Cambridge.]

PETER PEEBLES copied letters,
Perched upon an office stool,
But he simply loathed his fetters
And the head-clerk's iron rule.
City! How could PETER love it
When he had a soul above it?
There were other things to covet;
He was not a plodding mule;
He had plucked Parnassus' grasses
Growing at Extension Classes,
Classes in an Evening School.

As he mourned his sad position,
PETER PEEBLES chanced to hear
Of the *Times's* competition,
And his brow began to clear.
Though the sordid name of dollar
Moved the cultured PETER's choler,
Still 'twere sweet to be a scholar
With three hundred pounds a year;
Sweet to leave the City's vices
For the banks of Cam or Isis,
Isis with its atmosphere.

Seized with sudden wild ambitions
PETER swiftly read the "ad."
As he studied the conditions
PETER's heart grew gay and glad.
Greek or Latin, mathematics,
Modern languages or statics,
No such mental acrobatics
Bored the *Times's* undergrad;
If he meant to go to college
He might still dispense with knowledge,
Knowledge which he never had.

All the facts required by PETER
Might be found in certain tomes
Which defy this modest metre
And encumber many homes;
So he spent his utmost saving
On the books which he was craving;
People thought he was behaving
Like a maniac that foams,
When they saw the waggons shooting
Cartloads at his digs in Tooting,
Tooting where the clerklet roams.

Till the night was old he tarried
O'er the volumes big and brown,
And a tome or two he carried
As he journeyed up to town.
Other men—mere clerks and drapers—
Might devour their morning papers,
Daily Mails and such-like ha'por's—
PETER looked them up and down,
And amid his soulless neighbours
Still continued at his labours,
Labours which should bring renown.

For at length the *Times* rewarded
PETER, as was only right;
His the name which they recorded
As the winner of the fight.
From the City, merry-hearted

As a cricket, he departed,
Packed his weighty tomes and started
Off to Oxford, swift as light,
And at once began to hammer
At the Greek and Latin grammar,
Grammar which he could not write.

Oft he donned his coat of sable,
Oft his evening tie he tied;
Seated at his little table
Once a quarter *Smalls* he tried.
But his pains were fruitless ever;
Howso oft he might endeavour,
Came the *Smalls* *testamur* never,
Spite of his "complete inside,"
Till he longed to copy letters
And renew those hated fetters,
Fetters which had galled his pride.

FLOREANT AMBÆ.

["A charwoman charged at Westminster with disorderly conduct said that she was only shouting 'Floreat Etona,' and the constable thought it was improper language."—*Daily Paper*.]

Mr. Punch has received two interesting letters on this subject, which he has great pleasure in laying before his readers.

St. Peter's College,
Westminster.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—While I would be the last to characterise the expression used by a certain lady in this vicinity as *improper*, I venture to submit that in the circumstances it is hardly *decent*. You, Sir, are aware that in the neighbourhood of Westminster the word "Floreat" can have but one meaning, and can apply legitimately only to the royal and ancient foundation of which I have the honour to be an *alumnus*. While, Sir, I yield to no one in my hearty respect for the royal school situated rather higher up the river, I very much fear that the lady in exalting Eton sought to taunt Westminster. I reflect that her remark synchronised with what is now the most important rowing event of the year, the University Boat Race; I reflect too that Eton took a large and honourable part in that race and Westminster no part at all; and then I reflect that in days gone by the Eton and Westminster race was what the University race is now, the event of the year, and I cannot dismiss a suspicion that the lady was ungenerously commenting on the fact that Westminster rows no longer. I think the action of the constable much to be commended, though I heartily congratulate our sometime rivals on their deserved success. Sincerely yours,
WESTMINSTER PINK.

Eton College, Windsor.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am wholly at a loss to comprehend the high-handed action of a certain constable in arresting

a lady for using the words "Floreat Etona," and further in describing them as improper language. I have not the pleasure of the lady's acquaintance, but I should like to say that she shows a very proper spirit of appreciation. I would hardly like to suggest that the officer was influenced by local feeling, but it would almost seem that a Westminster policeman could not endure the mention of Eton. I sincerely trust that he was not moved to jealousy by the reflection that Eton has been able to continue rowing, while Westminster, its old rival, has been compelled to give it up and become the sleeping partner in Third Trinity. The concurrence of the Boat Race and the arrest makes this supposition possible. I think his behaviour deserving of censure, though I cannot but say that, should Westminster ever put an eight on again, Eton would be the first to welcome the circumstance.

Sincerely yours, ETON-BLUE.

ITS SOLITARY MERIT.

["This little book is well adapted to beguile the tedium of a railway journey."—*Literary Reviews*, *passim*.]

How bitter is your parent's cup,
How sad, my little book, your case is!
I dreamed that men would pick you up
At all times, in all sorts of places.
Alas! though critics praise your style,
And hesitate to carp or cavil;—
You're only useful to beguile
The tedious hours of railway travel!

The well-nigh universal vogue
Of Mr. KIPLING they refuse you;
Never, when canteens disembody,
Shall TOMMIES scamper to peruse you;
And never shall our studious boys
Within your page be furtive dippers;—
Your function's to augment the joys
Of jaded, inexpensive trippers!

The "muddled oaf" I dreamed, O book!
The scrimmage o'er, would prove your
patron;
I thought you'd win, by ingle nook,
Approving smiles from maid and
matron;
I hoped that dons, in cloistered shade,
Would oft the merits of your tale
weigh;—
'Twas not to be—you're simply made
To ease the boredom of the railway!

Never, on summer days, shall girls,
Reclining in their hammocks, skip
you;
The jewelled hands of haughty Earls,
In moated castles, will not grip you;
I weep to think of all your bright
And flashing phrases—such as one'll
Not find elsewhere—condemned to light
The darkness of a railway tunnel!



Licensed Caddy. "CARRY YOUR CLUBS, SIR?"

Jones (who has chartered a small boy at a cheap rate). "No; I've GOT A CADDY."

Licensed Caddy. "CARRY YOUR CADDY, SIR?"

WHO IS IT?

In the *Times* there recently appeared an advertisement so naive in its self-complacency that it seems to deserve the immortality which only *Mr. Punch's* columns can confer. It ran as follows:—

YOUNG WRITER of exceptional ability, author of highly successful novels, articles, poems, &c., original thinker, would be glad to hear of additional remunerative LITERARY WORK. Terms moderate; views Liberal.

Who can it be? "Exceptional ability" at once suggests *Mr. HALL CAINE*. But then he is hardly a "Young Writer." "Highly successful poems" seems to indicate the Laureate. But then what terms could possibly be sufficiently moderate? "Original thinker" might be *Mr. BERNARD SHAW*. But in that case "Views Liberal" would be something of a litotes.

On the whole it seems best to give up the search for an answer to the riddle, or to reserve it for the long winter evenings. The *Times* might do worse than add it to the conundrums which all persons desiring a thousand pounds are now being invited to solve with the aid of the *Encyclopædia*

Britannica. Or it might be made the basis of a new parlour game, and hostesses, at their duller parties, might hand round papers containing advertisements, and give prizes for the best guesses as to the identity of the advertisers. A few specimens are subjoined:—

MIDDLE-AGED STATESMAN of positively gigantic capacity desires MORE ASSURED POSITION. Party shows disposition to shelve him. Terms moderate. Views Liberal.

YOUNG TORY, greatly admired by section of the Press, desires Cabinet appointment, preferably SECRETARYSHIP FOR WAR. First-rate writer and speaker.

ADMIRER DRAMATIST requires critic of fairness and integrity to take post on great daily paper. MUST WRITE ENGLISH.

DRAMATIC CRITIC desires head of admired dramatist on a charger. What offers?

CAPABLE ADMIRAL, good fellow but lacking in tact, requires Secretary to keep him from saying the wrong thing. Must be always at his elbow. Apply, White House.

MANUFACTURER OF ANTIQUES desires new sphere of activity. England preferred. Corots and Constables a speciality. Historic jewelry carefully simulated. Apply, Paris.

CHAIRMAN, LICENSING JUSTICES, would be glad to hear of city where licences may be decimated without arousing comment. Particulars in confidence at Colonial Office.

ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.—In an account of a lecture given at Portsmouth by a lady, on the subject of *Miss MARIE CORELLI*, the native Press says:—"The lecturer was divided into two parts." But this was not all; for we read lower down that "a vote of thanks to the lecturer brought the evening to a close." One would have supposed that the evening, as far as the lecturer was concerned, had ended with her tragic and violent disruption, and that the subsequent irony would leave her cold.

CLASSIC MOTTO FOR A BOAT-LOAD OF BAD SAILORS DURING A ROUGH CHANNEL PASSAGE (ITALIAN PRONUNCIATION).—"O si sic omnes!"

THE MOTORISTS.

You see them sitting head to head
Like pigeons on the tiles,
Whispering from breakfast-time to bed
Of motor-cars and miles.
You see them all intent, profound,
And rapt enjoyment gleaming
From phrases singular in sound
And mystical in meaning.

First they discuss the car as such,
And fill the listener's ear
With all the virtues of the clutch,
The merits of the gear:
Then one explains the reason why
His sparking plug is better,
And takes occasion to decry
The other's carburetter.

From these momentous points the word
To other things is borne,
That coats should, or should not, be
furred,

That goggles should be worn:
That some new-fashioned cap is just
The wear for doubtful weather,
And that your driving gauntlets must
Be more than dogskin leather.

About this conversational feast
Much anecdote is strown,
Stories of highways unpoliced,
And records overthrown:
When each, Imagination's aid
To grace his tale invoking,
Tells of the famous run he made
To Barnet or to Woking.

At last—with reverence be it told—
To them that favoured are
At last, the coach-house doors unrolled
Reveal the actual car.
It comes, pushed slowly forth by hand,
A process antiquated,
But one to which, I understand,
It is habituated.

Round it the motorists collect
To solemnly admire,
Upon its beauties to reflect,
And stroke its bulging tyre.
Stirred by the sight, with blame or
praise
Their busy tongues begin again,
They gaze and talk, and talk and gaze,
And then they push it in again.

So be it: but when days are fine,
When roads are dry and hard,
These pampered vehicles decline
To leave the stable-yard;
A cog is bent, a valve astray
In some obscure position,
While many, such is humour's way,
Frankly defy ignition.

One horse of old was well content
To pull us through the mud,
While yonder engines represent
A quite extensive stud.
Ten horses: yet, when all is done,
The mournful issues prove

That of them all no single one
Can be induced to move.

Sometimes, when flaws are unforeseen,
The owners puff and blow,
Twisting and tinkering the machine
In hopes to make it go;
But oftener, with a genial calm,
They greet the situation,
And seek the house their souls to balm
With further conversation.

You see them sitting head to head,
And murmuring on for hours,
Talking from breakfast-time to bed
Of different motive powers.
About dynamics, oil or steam,
My ignorance is crass,
But I should certainly esteem
Their motive power as gas.

MUNICIPAL TRADING.

(What it may come to.)

COLONEL COURTENAY stepped into the municipal motor omnibus—a halfpenny any distance—somewhat slowly, for he was getting a little stiff from rheumatism and old age, and sat down next to his friend Dr. GOODHART.

"I'm as well as I can expect to be, thank you," said he in answer to the doctor's inquiries, "especially in these hard times. I see they're going to raise the rates again."

"Impossible!" said the other; "why, what are they now? I almost lose count. I think the last were at eighty-five shillings in the pound."

"Eighty-five and ninepence," replied the Colonel, "and now they're going to add another seventeen and tenpence. They say it's to pay the interest on the loan for finishing the Municipal Music-hall and Working Men's Club."

"Very likely," said his friend, "it all comes to the same in the end. We have to pay. Talking of Clubs, do you belong to any now?"

"My dear fellow, what a question to ask! I used to belong to the Rag and several others. By Jove, when I was a subaltern I thought nothing of joining a Club. But my old father paid the rates then, and they were only about three shillings in the pound. Doesn't that sound ridiculous? How could I afford any Club now, with the Income Tax always at half-a-crown and these infernal rates more than five times the assessment of one's house? Only a working man can afford a Club. I wish I'd been a working man."

"I imagine," said the doctor, "that you worked harder than any of these fellows when you were in South Africa, and in those other old campaigns. I wish I could have a six-hours day, with a half day three times a week, and no work on Saturday. When I was able to afford that shabby little brougham I

got through my work in about nine or ten hours, not including night work, but now I'm obliged to walk, or ride in these municipal omnibuses, I can hardly get it in between breakfast and bedtime. However, there's always the Workhouse to retire to, only they do all they can to prevent a middle-class man from going there, because if the middle-class give up in despair there'll be nobody to pay the rates. By the way, did you ever get anything from the Municipal Tailoring Works? This suit came from there. Not bad for half-a-guinea, is it?"

"Of course not, because the difference comes out of the rates. But all the cloth is supplied by contract by one of the aldermen. I bought this great-coat for six-and-sixpence last autumn, and it's turned a different colour every fortnight since. Of course the cloth was dyed in the Municipal Dye Works. It's what they call a fast colour. However, it's good enough for an old soldier. It's only PERKINS, the Mayor, who can afford to cut a dash. Does he do any work for you now?"

"Not he! I've found a much better plumber than he ever was, an engineer come down in the world. The rates have crushed him. He was telling me about the new Workhouse, which has cost nearly a million."

"Why, that's as much as the new Town Hall," interrupted the Colonel.

"Oh, no! That cost a million and a half. But the Workhouse must be gorgeous. All the staircases are marble, there's oak panelling everywhere, and the best furniture from the Municipal Furnishing Stores."

"Ah, then, the chairs will break down under the inmates. I sat on a municipal chair once. All the wood is supplied by contract by one of the aldermen. What's going on here?"

"Oh, they're only tearing up the old electric tramways. They cost the town over a million, blocked all the streets for ten years, and were then given up altogether when these municipal omnibuses were started. These are run at a loss. We've had this one to ourselves all the way. However, the difference comes out of the rates, so the working man doesn't lose."

"Not he! And all the omnibuses are supplied by contract by one of the aldermen. What's that infernal noise? Is the thing going to blow up?"

"Very likely. I shall get out and walk. Good-bye, COURTENAY."

"I shall do the same, though these three-and-sixpenny boots from the Municipal Boot Works hardly keep the wet out after a few weeks, and my municipal umbrella is perfectly rotten. We're all going to the dogs as fast as we can. Good-bye."

PHENOMENAL HEROINISM!

(A Historical Fragment.)

[Under the heading "Fashionable Lady's Daring Innovation," a daily paper recently described, in half a column of wonderment, the apparition in the West End on the previous afternoon of a bonnet with dark green strings tied in a double bow slightly to the left of the chin of a lady most neatly and elegantly dressed, and still obviously and undeniably young; a tiny cluster of spring flowers adorning the "confection."]

THE Kalends of April, Anno Domini Nineteen-Hundred-and-Three, was an epoch-making date in the history of the British Empire.

At half-past three o'clock on that afternoon a rumour spread like wild-fire from end to end of the metropolis to the effect that a strange and startling spectacle of a feminine nature was to be observed in Bond Street.

In a few minutes the Tube and suburban lines were blocked with streams of hurrying and perspiring *quidnuncs*; the service of buses had to be trebled and quadrupled on all roads converging to the above-named focus of fashion; extra drafts of police were hastily telephoned for from outlying districts; and by four o'clock the crush was so immense in this particular quarter that all traffic and circulation was impossible.

Things began to look ugly, and the crowd was getting out of hand, when the new Commissioner of Police, Mr. E. RICHARD HENRY, thought it advisable to summon the military. Six Army Corps promptly arrived in as many motors, with Mr. BRODRICK at their head.

By degrees a lane was made to the centre of attraction, after the Riot Act had been read and a volley of blank charge fired.

The cause of the disturbance was then ascertained and located by a picked body, numbering some hundreds, of interviewers and photographers, and led by Mr. *Punch's* own Special Representative at the Seat of War.

It was a BUSTLE of the Early Eighties worn (slightly on the right) by a prepossessing and very self-possessed young lady of some twenty springs.

Such a heroine had not been seen since the days of GRACE DARLING, and special editions recording the progress of the affair were issued until late at night.

All Fashiondom had been rocked to its foundation. Dressmakers were aghast at the audacity of the incident, while their clients, who had just purchased what they supposed to be latest costumes, were in despair.

Further details must be looked for elsewhere, as Mr. *Punch's* young man fainted with emotion on being present at such a portentous scene.



Eccentric Old Gent (whose pet aversion is a dirty child). "Go AWAY, YOU DIRTY GIRL, AND WASH YOUR FACE!"

Indignant Youngster. "You go 'OME, YOU DIRTY OLD MAN, AND DO YER 'AIR!"

CHARIVARIA.

A NEW Field Club for ladies is announced. A feature is to be a special room for pets. We think this differentiation between the members will lead to trouble.

Mr. BRODRICK, who is all thoughtfulness for his recruits, is reported to be about to introduce a much-needed reform. In future our barracks are to have playgrounds attached to them, containing real sand, &c. Our readers will remember that similar enclosures are set aside for children in many of our public parks.

Hospitable Lisbon has been crowded with people embracing in the streets and lifting one another's scarf-pins.

Wonderful things are happening in Ireland. A new era of loyalty is being ushered in. At the Cork Agricultural Show the Kix's cattle were loudly cheered.

Since New Year's Day twenty persons have been placed on the Black List at Manchester. All were ladies.

What part of a man is the east end? "Man shot in the East End," as the papers say.

A Cambridge cycle-maker wrote to his sweetheart that he hoped Providence would find a means of separating them. His wish was granted through the agency of the local Court. The fee was just £100.

New by-laws for Bognor have put a penalty of £5 on steam-organ playing. Owners of Locomobiles in the neighbourhood are indignant.

We understand that the authors of *Wisdom While you Wait* are preparing to publish a sequel dealing with the *Times* Competition. Mr. *Punch's* young men are to be congratulated on their enterprise, seeing that the *Times*, like the Poet Laureate and the KAISER, has taken to producing its own imitations of its imitators. One recalls the historic precedent furnished by Miss CISSIE LOFTUS, when she burlesqued Miss LETTY LIND's burlesque of Miss CISSIE LOFTUS's burlesque of Miss LETTY LIND.



EASTER MANŒUVRES.

Adjutant. "YOUR ORDERS ARE THAT WHEN YOU ARE ATTACKED, CAPTAIN SLASHER, YOU ARE TO FALL BACK SLOWLY."

Capt. Slasher. "IN WHICH DIRECTION AM I TO RETIRE, SIR?"

Adjutant. "WELL, THE PROPER WAY, OF COURSE, WOULD BE OVER THAT HILL, BUT—THEY INTEND TO HAVE LUNCH BEHIND THAT FARMHOUSE IN THE VALLEY."

RHYMES OF THE EAST.

ELEGY ON AN INDIAN COMPOUND.

"Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise."

THE time-gun rolls his nerve-destroying bray;
The toiling moon rides slowly o'er the trees;
The weary diners cast their cares away,
And seek the lawn for coolness and for ease.

Now fade the lessening echoes on the night,
And melancholy silence rules the scene,
Save where the bugler sounds, with conscious might,
And thirsty THOMAS leaves the wet canteen;

Save that from yonder lines in deepest gloom
Th' ambiguous mule does of the stick* bewail,
Whose *dunder* craft forbids him to consume
His comrade's blanket, or his neighbour's tail.

Beneath those jagged tiles, that low-built roof,
(Whose inmost secret deeps let none divine!),
Each to his master's voice supremely proof,
The Aryan Brothers of our household dine.

Let not Presumption mock their joyless pile,
The cold boiled rice, in native butter greased;
Nor scorn, with rising gorge and painful smile,
The cheap but filling flapjacks of the East.

Full many a gem of highest Art-cuisine
Those grim unleavened eates would overweigh;

* The *dunder-stick*—an ingenious instrument devised to defeat this extraordinary appetite.

Full many a "dish to set before the Queen"

Would lack the substance of that poor display.

Nor you, their lords, expect of these the toil,
When o'er their minds a soft oblivion steals,
And through the long-drawn hookah's pliant coil
They soothe their senses, and digest their meals.

For Knowledge to their ears her ample store,
Rich with the latest news, does then impart,
Whose source, when known, shall chill you to the core,
And freeze the genial cockles of the heart.

For once, to long neglectfulness a prey,
Resentment led me undetected near,
To "know the reason" of this cool delay,
And teach my trusty pluralist to hear.

There to my vassals' ruminating throng,
Some total stranger, seated on a pail,
Perused, translating as he went along,
My private letters by the current Mail.

One moment, horror balked my strong intent;
Next o'er the compound wall we saw him go,
While dismal shrieks, with deprecation blent,
Deplored the pressing tribute of the toe.

The Moral.

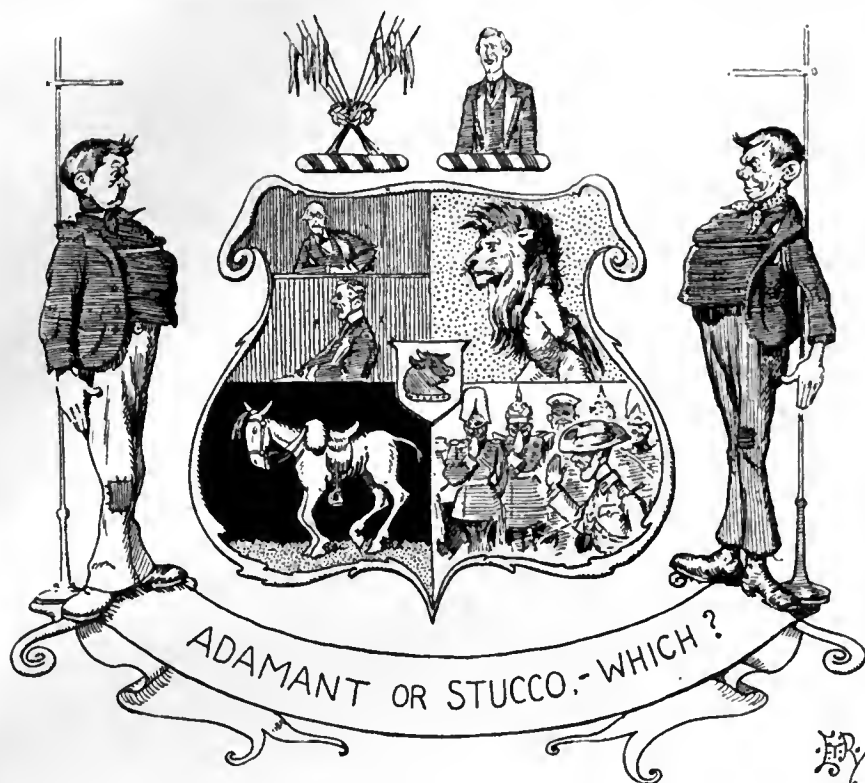
To you, fresh youths, with round, unblushing cheeks,
Some moral tag this closing verse applies;
E'en from the old the voice of Wisdom speaks—
Even the youngest are not always wise!

From Exploration's curious arts refrain,
The alluring fields of Orient lore eschew:
Lest you should learn—nor ever smile again!—
The dubious customs of the mild Hindoo. DUM-DUM.



THE INFANT HERCULES.

READY MADE COATS-(OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!



WILLIAM ST. JOHN BRODRICK, 1ST VISCOUNT RECKONER OF SLUMBOYS;
BARON SCHEMEU, OF ARMECORE.

Arms—Quarterly: 1st, under a chief premier, loyal in support, issuant therefrom at intervals perfunctory cheers resonant in isolation, the humbert of debate on a bluff proper swelling out his war-chest unduly; 2nd, a british lion regardant askance, holding in reserve a rod proper of chastisement, salted in pickle, shirty, chafy, hoping for the best or —; 3rd, an antique hungarian war-horse or remount proper, warranty shady, spavined, dicky, groggy at the knees, rushed up moribund to the front, replaced mahogany or mules; 4th, before an expert teutonic staff, plumed, padded, tight-laced all proper in pince-nez, a civilian war-minister arrayed khaki for the nonce as a General (object) of Derision; over all on an escutcheon of pretence, a demi-bull in fury, mantled purple, disilluminated in warfare, stricken in prestige, and bent erstwhile on changes drastic to the last, stumping up freely or and argent, gazing mesmerically hypnotised in fatuity at six sketchy hypothetical armecores, of the continent, dancillées in conception, anesthetically flaunted in solace. (*Supporters* not yet granted.) *Crests*: 1st, a sheaf of regulation cavalry lances imbrued gules on service in the field, wreathed in laurels, doggedly superseded, labelled *passée* in museums; 2nd, an impenetrable parliamentary target proper, case-hardened, harveyised, stubborn in surface, pounded, pommelled and slated, backed solid in concrete, invected flank-wise by a hand issuant from a cave of the fourth, sinister in design, but sejant supporterwise on the dexter side, led by an heraldic beckett or esquire urgent, gifted in debate, conjoined nightly in criticism, 1st, with a scion of talent, pallid, willowy, of the house of Cecil, clutchant twiny twisty of the wrists, 2nd, with a battle-stained junior subaltern, perky, sandy, guardant of the funds, bearing the distinction of Companion of the Vulture, skilful in réclame (*Motto*: "We are the coming 'suckle,' You are the B"). *Supporters*: Two typical "brodricks," or splay-footed recruitlets cornabois, urchins slouchant of the slums, inflatant puffy of the chest under medical inspection. *Second Motto*: Frangas non flectes—"You may break (away), but you won't bend me."

NEWSPAPER RECOLLECTIONS.

A.D. 2003.

[A popular feature of the modern newspaper is the column devoted to the recalling of anniversaries.]

This year has a melancholy interest in that it is the centenary of the terrible catastrophe which befell a portion of our Army and cast a gloom over England during the Spring of 1903. We refer of course to the sudden and

awful disappearance of two entire Army Corps. Exactly how the tragedy occurred will never be known. No one seems to have seen the ill-fated troops prior to their supposed annihilation: yet that they were living at the beginning of the year is proved by the fact that about that time the War Secretary publicly referred to the recent formation of these bodies. Many conjectures were put forth regarding the fate of the troops, but the awful mystery was

apparently never solved, and to this day we know no more of the matter than did our ancestors.

A propos of the Army an echo of the past is sounded to-day by the announcement that the War Office have decided to proceed immediately to the distribution of the remainder of the medals gained in the Boer War of 1899-1902. Descendants of heroes engaged in that campaign are requested to apply forthwith to the authorities at Pall Mall.

"Long-Bow" writes to say that he is still able to recollect seeing, when a very little boy, a domestic servant working in a kitchen. He says that "this eccentric person had the greatest contempt for the privileges of her station, and declined to join her fellow domestics in the drawing-room, preferring to spend her time with her mistress and family in the lower regions."

With reference to the recent international motor races, a correspondent reminds us that little more than half a century ago there existed people who were accustomed to make use of the public roads and highways for pedestrian purposes. Curious as it may seem, up to 1950 it was no uncommon thing to meet during an afternoon's motor ramble as many as a half-dozen persons pursuing this curious and obsolete mode of exercise. Tramps as they flew past on their second-hand machines would turn round and jeer, and facetiously offer the pedestrian "freaks" a ride to the next town. But the walking men were naturally impervious to criticism, or they would never have ventured forth without either a motor or an airship.

To-day will be celebrated throughout the land as the anniversary of the birth of HARMSON PEARSWORTH, the greatest competitionist England ever produced. Going up to college with a brilliant reputation and a *Times* scholarship, he came out senior solver in the Picture Puzzle Tripos of 1950. On leaving college, PEARSWORTH settled still further down to the study of the great subject with which his name will be for ever associated. In 1957 he won the Bank of England and contents in the *Wit-Bits* competition for recognising, from thumb-nail sketches, the names of all the flying-machine stations in Wales and the Red Sea Littoral; while the year following, in the Portraits of Eminent Gaol-birds Competition, he gained the City of London and Tooting. Before he died, PEARSWORTH had added to his prizes France, Shepherd's Bush, Ireland (which he returned after a few weeks), the White Star Line, the Hotel Cecil, and a first edition of *Temporal Power*.

PASHLEY'S OPINIONS.—No. IV.

I SHOULD like to tell the story of how I nearly got hooked up the first time when I was quite a young chap. I wasn't a marrying man in those days—not much, and, to tell you the truth, I wasn't much of a one for ladies' society. Of course I used to go about a bit to dances and things of that kind, where you have to meet girls and be polite to them and let them chaff you, but I always felt it wasn't my game.

Of course I was dressed up all right—white tie, patent leather pumps, lavender kids with black backs, and a red silk handkerchief tucked into the opening of my waistcoat in top-up style, so as to look like one of those fellows with a decoration. It gives a tone to the whole rig-out that you can't get in any other way. Young ROGERSON's handkerchief was bright yellow, but I always stuck by red as being in better taste.

But, after all, what can you do at a dance? It's all so cut and dried and conventional that a fellow never gets a chance of distinguishing himself. Everybody's pretty much like everybody else, so far as that goes. You go into the room and you see just the same faces as you saw last week, sitting round the walls like so many peaches waiting to be plucked. You can't go up to a girl as the chaps do in the books, and say, "Maiden, thy father sits revelling in the great hall with his boon companions and trusty knights; thy mother is at her orisons in an upper chamber. The portcullis is down and the moon is hidden. Beyond these castle walls are liberty and love. Wilt fly with me on the steeds that champ their bits at the gate? Or, say, shall we first, to lull their suspicions, tread a stately measure?" (I copied this out of *The Quest of the Morion*, and it seems to be the way they used to talk a good many years ago.)

If you said anything of that sort the girl would only snigger and say, "Lor', Mr. PASHLEY, how you do run on!" and her mother would put you down as dangerous. Instead of that, all a chap can say is, "May I have the pleasure of the third polka with you?" and, after it's over, "May I take you to the refreshments? Lemonade or claret cup?" and then you sit by like a fool while the girl's sipping, and you can't think what the deuce you're going to talk about next, and it's ten to one, if you do try your best, you manage to say the wrong thing. Once, I remember, I thought I'd been going pretty strong with a girl whose name I hadn't caught, and I'd just got to paying her a compliment about a dimple she had in her right cheek—it was something I'd read in a book of poetry about dimples being Cupid's weapons. I forget how it went exactly, but I know simple rhymed with dimple. Well, she blushed a bit and hung her head, so I went on to ask her if I might have the next dance too. She said, "Are you not engaged for that, Mr. PASHLEY?"

"Oh, yes," I said, "but I'll throw her over, of course. It's only an old frump, a fat old married woman, fifty, if she's a day, with great red mottled arms. What on earth a woman like that wants to be dancing for I can't conceive. Her name's CHOLLOP"—I put a lot of sarcasm into the way I pronounced it—"and she's old enough to be your mother."

"She is my mother," said the girl, looking at me like a tiger-cat; and with that she got up and left me sitting with a bit of sponge-cake in my hand. I made tracks jolly soon afterwards. However, that was the sort of thing that was always happening to me at dances. Just when I thought things were going best, I'd manage to get my foot in it and have to sing small. And there was another thing. Mother never liked my dancing. She said no doubt things were different from what they were when she was young;

but she couldn't get over her old Puritan ways, and she was sure that dancing was one of the devil's snares. She seemed pleased to see me dressed up smart, only she warned me not to be led away by social successes, and never to forget that what a man's legs did was nothing; it was what he did with his head that mattered. I took it joking, and said I was sorry I couldn't dance on my head, not being a performing dog; but, as I've said before, mother never did see a joke.

So it came about that after a time I rather gave up dancing, and took to going out to theatres and music-halls with APSLEY and his lot. And that's how I dropped in for the business I meant to tell you about. But I shall have to keep it for another time after all.

A WAR OFFICE ENQUIRY.

SIR, *Mr. Punch*, the following is true.
Peruse my story written in blank verse,
For such a tragic metre seems to me
Peculiarly adapted to the subject.
From earliest years had I been singled out
As one whose talents leaned to feats of arms,
In view of which to Sandhurst I repaired,
Whence, in the second year from my arrival,
Steeped to the eyes in military lore,
I passed with honours.

Straightway did I speed
To the War Office, all agog to learn
The date when I might look to be gazetted.
Quickly arriving, I produced my card,
And to the nearest minion thus: "Good Sir,
In me a budding KITCHENER you see,
Who, at your leisure, would be glad to learn
The date when he may look to be gazetted."
"They'll tell you," quoth the knave, "at M.S. One."
To M.S. One, whatever that might mean,
I turned my steps. And, on arriving, "Sir,
To be succinct, I pant to ascertain
The date when I may look to be gazetted."
"Ah," said the minion blandly, "I should think
Colonel O'MAUSER is the man you want.
He'll give you information on the topic.
Call, therefore, on this noted son of Mars
At Number Thirty-seven, Bayonet Buildings,
Pall Mall."

I thanked him kindly, and departed.
Colonel O'MAUSER, I regret to say,
Was out.

His servant, having heard my errand,
Genially bade me "Ask at M.S. Two."
Bracing myself together (for by now
Faint did I feel with hunger and fatigue),
I called at M.S. Two, to be directed
With some asperity to Cox's Bank,
Where, I was told, I might expect to find
Major DE FORPOINT-SEVENING's address.
He, they surmised, could tell me in a trice
The date when I might look to be gazetted.—
Shrewd man, the Major.

Cox's Bank was shut.
I tried to find him at the Foreign Office
Without success. And when a person there
Gave me instructions, which, I saw, would lead
Once more by devious routes to M.S. One,
I hailed a passing hansom, and returned,
Full of strange oaths, to my ancestral home—
And to this day, for all I've toiled and fretted,
I've no idea when I'm to be gazetted.



Old Woman (to young Lady Bountiful). "YES, MISS, NELLIE DO OROW. SHE SKIPS OUT OF 'ER SHOES IN NO TIME. 'ER FEET ARE TREMENJEUS. I SHOULD THINK A PAIR OF YOURS WOULD JUST FIT 'ER, MISS!"

C. E. Brock 1903

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

GREVILLE's study of King WILLIAM THE FOURTH leaves little to be desired, whether in sparkling point or graphic fulness. The diarist knew his sovereign intimately, and had what Lord HALSBURY would call "a sort of" contemptuous tolerance of him, contrasting with personal loathing of his predecessor on the throne. In a score of apparently casual entries GREVILLE makes our latest WILLIAM live for all time. He burns into memory his honest bluntness, his indifference to ceremonial, and his passion for after-dinner speaking, in the course of which he was even more than usually incoherent. Born to be the master of a sailing brig, accident of parentage placed him on a throne. Undaunted by this lion in the path, Mr. FITZGERALD MOLLOY has compiled two volumes in memory of *The Sailor King* (HUTCHINSON). As he justly observes, the reign, too remote for personal recollection, too recent for stately history, covers a space in national annals of which comparatively little is known. Mr. MOLLOY bridges it with pleasant chat and extracts obtained from all available sources. His literary style, more especially when he lets himself go, is appalling. Here is the opening sentence of his narrative: "Weary greyness still brooded above the world as just before dawn on June 26, 1830, GEORGE THE FOURTH passed into eternity." My Baronite hastens to say that this maudlin mixture of MACAULAY and milk punch is the result of supreme effort. Mr. MOLLOY, reversing the national practice of saving a trot for the avenue, thought he would start off well. And there you are. When he settles down to plain English he does much better. He has an eye to the picturesque, and has not been sparing of industry in picking out and stringing together choice bits from private and public records. Judiciously he avoids politics, dealing with the personal annals of courtiers, poets, writers, players, wits and women. Of the latter he devotes no less than three chapters to retelling the story of Mrs. NORTON, of whom a photogravure from a drawing by HAYTER adorns the second volume. On the other hand the Reverend EDWARD IRVING has two chapters to himself.

A Lad of the O'Friel's, by SEUMAS MACMANUS (ISBISTER), affords a delightful insight into Irish peasant life, by one who knows the Emerald Isle and her people thoroughly. After all, civilisation is less a matter of telephones and gramophones, motor-cars and "advanced women," than a high sense of the difference between right and wrong, courteous manners, and a wonderful resignation under trial. Seen in this light, the men and women depicted by Mr. MACMANUS are in advance, in point of true progress, of many who figure in the great world of wealth and fashion nearer home. What truer lady could we meet than the pure-hearted and pious *Nuala*, the heroine of this charming tale, or where could you find a young fellow with a higher sense of chivalry than *Dinny*, the hero? With many scenes of genuine pathos, *A Lad of the O'Friel's* is enlivened by touches of true Irish wit and humour. In the opinion of my Assistant Reader, therefore, this is a charming book, and one which is sure of lasting fame and popularity.

In *Overdue* (CHATTO AND WINDUS), CLARK RUSSELL gives us another of those fascinating stories of the sea, of which in these days he is "the onlie begetter." In a parenthetical passage in an early chapter he hints at the fact, sadly familiar to his personal friends, that, enchained in the grip of rheumatism, he has long been prisoner in his room. This, my Baronite tells me, happens, by one of the little ironies of life, to be situated in a town as far remote from ocean as the limits of the island permit. This makes more marvellous his power of picturing the sea in its many moods. As you read

you smell the brine, see the great green waves leaping round the ship, or watch the moon illuminating illimitable levels of glistening water. Mr. RUSSELL's word-pictures of the sea convey something of the touch of TURNER's brush, with the advantage that whilst the painter dealt with river and lagoon, the writer deals with the mightier ocean. The *Dealman* goes forth in quest of sunken treasure, but on the long voyage there is no monotony. Mr. RUSSELL always has something turning up, from a belated balloon to a convict ship. There are some stirring scenes when Staten Island is reached. These the gentle reader is invited to study from the book.

Mr. FERGUS HUME's mysterious romance, *The Jade Eye* (JOHN LONG), is so full of murders, burglaries, thefts, surprises, long explanations which leave the reader more puzzled than ever, crafty impersonations by different persons anxious for occult reasons to conceal their individuality and to play at being somebody else, that the Baron owns himself utterly baffled. It begins well, but after a while the perpetual repetition, by everyone in the story, of the words "The Jade Eye" is so irritating, that only a skipper, and he must be a master skipper too, can lightly o'ertop the bales of conversational padding and alight safely on the strong points of the story. To those who like such exercise this book is recommended by the Baron.

Out of the Past (JOHN MURRAY), by the Right Hon. Sir MOUNTSTUART E. GRANT DUFF, G.C.S.I., F.R.S., is the title of two volumes of well-written recollections that date back to the first quarter of the nineteenth century. His criticisms of men from whom he must have differed *toto cælo* seem free from any political or sectarian bias. Altogether a most interesting, as it is a most useful, book.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

APOLOGIA.

(To a Passing, not even Nodding, Acquaintance.)

I STARED at you. No doubt it was a wrong—
Maybe, ungentlemanly—thing to do,
But still I looked, and looking looked for long,
I stared at you.

Apologies, dear lady. If you knew
You must admit my case was pretty strong.
If not to look at, why have eyes so blue,
Set in a face as sweet as sweetest song?
Had you been plain it never had been true
To say that, stopping still amid the throng,
I stared at you.

THE PARTING GUEST.—It was the humorous fancy of a New Brunswick housebreaker to relieve the monotony of prison life by escaping, putting in a brisk spell of burgling at various houses in the neighbourhood, and returning, weighed down with plunder, to his cell once more, where he would hide the night's earnings under the floor. Eventually, however, he foolishly requested the warder one evening not to sit up for him, as he might be late, and this, arousing the official's suspicions, led to his detection. When it was pointed out to him by the Governor that he was giving the prison a bad name, and that, loth as he was to interfere with the pleasure of a guest, this could not go on, he agreed to forego his rambles. The Governor, charmed by his ready acquiescence, courteously offered to provide him with a latch-key, and the episode terminated.

FELICITOUS TITLE FOR A NEW FIRE-PROOF MATERIAL.—Uralite.

THE SIMPLER LIFE.

A YEAR or two ago, when I was still a bachelor, I seemed to be constantly meeting people who wanted to convert me to *The Simpler Life*. They sent me pamphlets on the subject, and directed my attention to articles upon it in the more expensive magazines.

The seed fell on good ground, and I became a convert. Many bachelors do. Indeed, the advantages of so doing are obvious. *The Simpler Life* relieves you from the necessity of wearing a frock-coat, or paying afternoon calls, or leaving cards after a dinner party. It is in fact quite an old theory of social behaviour which used to bear a less high-sounding name. It aims at abolishing snobbery and ostentation. Thus, liveried menials are prohibited by it. These I was easily induced to forego. It discourages formality of all kinds. Hence the disappearance of calls and card-leaving and similar nuisances. In fact, there are quite a number of ordinary social customs and duties on which *The Simpler Life* looks with disfavour. All these I steadfastly abjured. Indeed, had I remained a bachelor, I am inclined to think I might have achieved a certain pre-eminence as a *Simpler Liver*.

Instead of this I married.

Now the *Simpler Life* inevitably tends to make more converts among bachelors than among married men. There is something in the institution of matrimony which is essentially hostile to it. Yet when I married EVELYN it was with the fullest intention of carrying out the precepts of *The Simpler Life* with conscientious fidelity.

EVELYN herself seemed quite ready to be converted.

"It is beautiful, JOHN, quite beautiful," she would say when I expounded its tenets. "That part about not having servants in livery now. I think that is so right! Because you see, dear, we couldn't possibly afford to have them anyway, could we? So it would be much more comfortable if no one else had them either."

So we were married. The wedding was not quite as simple as I wished—there were twelve bridesmaids and three hundred presents, mostly duplicates—but EVELYN said it would please her mother, so of course I had to give way. And her going-away dress looked beautifully simple. After the wedding we went to Eastbourne for a week, before starting for Italy.

There is an obvious compatibility between Eastbourne and *The Simpler Life*. And yet it was at Eastbourne that the problem arose which ultimately led to my abandoning its precepts for ever. I remember how a vague feeling that all was not right seized upon me even at Victoria Station, when a young woman of pleasing appearance, carrying a hand-bag, met us upon the platform and buzzed round my wife officiously. But I said nothing. When, however, we alighted at Eastbourne, and the same officious female took



THE RULE OF THE ROAD: AN EASTER MONDAY EXAMPLE.

"I HOPE YOU ARE NOT HURT. BUT IT WAS ENTIRELY YOUR OWN FAULT. WHY DIDN'T YOU DRIVE ON YOUR RIGHT SIDE?"

"WHY, THAT'S JUST WHERE I WAS A-DRIVING! D'YER THINK I DON'T KNOW RIGHT FROM LEFT, MISTER HONORANCE!"

possession of my wife's wraps and began to look after the luggage, my suspicion became a certainty. My wife had brought a maid!

Now *The Simpler Life* distinctly lays it down that the multiplication of servants is a useless and harmful luxury. Under that heading lady's maids would unquestionably be included. I pointed this out to EVELYN as gently as I could. She did not appear to be impressed.

"But that's absurd, dear," she replied calmly. "PARKINS isn't *useless* at all. On the contrary, PARKINS is invaluable. I simply don't know what I should do without PARKINS. Who would look after my frocks; who would pack and unpack, if I hadn't PARKINS?"

"The *Simpler Life* says we should do these things for ourselves," I observed gravely.

"But I couldn't possibly do that, dearest," she answered. "I shouldn't know how."

"But you might try," I urged. "Do, EVELYN. Let this

be a turning point in your life. Begin to be Simpler, dearest, from to-day."

"Not to-day, JOHN," she answered firmly. "You mustn't ask me, dear. These things ought never to be done in a hurry. You are always such an impetuous darling. Do let us wait and think it over."

No man can be called "an impetuous darling" by the lady he has just married and remain unmoved. For the moment I was silenced. But I determined to return to the subject.

I did return to it—more than once. EVELYN was very sweet about it. She is wonderfully reasonable when you put things to her sensibly. But she advanced a great many arguments which I had to meet before I could make any impression.

"I'm sure you *could* pack as well as PARKINS if you were willing to try," I said confidently. "You are so clever about everything."

"I *could* of course, dearest," she agreed. "But supposing I had one of my headaches just as we were starting for somewhere? You wouldn't like me to have to pack *then*? And I have such dreadful headaches sometimes."

"If you had a headache I would pack for you," I answered bravely. "You shall teach me."

EVELYN laughed gaily.

"Why, you poor darling," she said, "you don't know how difficult it is. All the skirts have to be folded so that they won't crease, and you have to put tissue paper in all the sleeves to prevent them from being crushed. You'd never manage it."

"Try me!" I answered. "Give PARKINS notice, and when you have a headache or feel tired I'll be your maid."

So we came to an agreement. PARKINS was not to be sent away altogether. EVELYN said that would be hasty. But she was to be given a holiday, and while we were in Italy we would take no maid with us.

I am forced to admit that this arrangement somewhat interfered with my enjoyment of Italy. We moved about a great deal: Milan, Verona, Venice, Ravenna, Florence, Perugia, Assisi, various parts of the Italian lakes were visited in turn. EVELYN seemed anxious that we should see as many different places as possible during the six weeks we were away. And at each of these a vast amount of packing and unpacking had to be done. Moreover, dear EVELYN's luggage did not seem to have been very well designed for The Simpler Life. She had sixteen dresses, as far as I could make out, besides innumerable odds and ends in the way of shoes and stockings and petticoats and blouses and mysterious undergarments. And every one of these had to be unpacked and packed again at every place at which we halted.

"I can't bear living in my boxes," she declared plaintively. "I like everything arranged tidily in drawers. PARKINS always did it."

But that is, I understand, the feminine conception of travel. A man throws a few things into a bag, and when he reaches a halting-place only takes out what he wants for



SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR SPRING MILLINERY.

1. The Motor Hat (very smart).
2. The Basket (very useful).
3. The Frying Pan.
4. The Golf Hat.
5. The Gramophone.
6. The Tambourine.

the night. A woman at once proceeds to empty every trunk she possesses.

Another thing which tended to mar my complete happiness during our tour was the state of EVELYN's health. She appeared to have a quite unfair number of headaches. On arriving at an hotel for the night she seemed perfectly well, and would unpack her five large boxes with enthusiasm. But when, two days later, it was necessary to re-pack them, her health became unaccountably worse, and she would spend the morning with half-closed eyes on the sofa while I performed this task. And though her eyes were half closed they never seemed to close entirely, for she would exclaim at intervals reproachfully, "Do be careful, dear. You are crumpling that skirt dreadfully."

While we were in Italy we stayed at ten different hotels,

and during all that time EVELYN only packed once. The result was that the greater part of my days was consumed in folding skirts and putting tissue paper into sleeves.

Once I suggested that it might be possible to leave some of her trunks behind, or at least not to disturb their contents at every halting-place, but on this point she was firm.

"I couldn't do that, dear," she said in a shocked tone; "I should never be able to get the creases out of my things if I left them in my trunks. Besides, it would be slovenly."

Whatever sins may be upon my conscience I can safely assert that on my wedding tour I was *not* slovenly. But I was acting in defence of a principle, and later on EVELYN's health would improve, and she would pack and unpack for herself.

At last the honeymoon came to an end. I packed EVELYN's five trunks for the last time, and we turned our faces homewards. I was worn out with the fatigues of this kind of travel, but I felt that I had gained a moral victory, and when we sat down to dinner on the first evening after our return I ventured to point out this fact to my wife.

"Now, dear, confess," I said, "you really did do quite as well without a maid, didn't you?"

"Well, JOHN," she replied, "it was certainly better than I expected. . . . But it was very expensive!" she added thoughtfully.

"Expensive, my own?" I inquired. "No. No. It was PARKINS who would have been expensive."

"I think not, darling," she answered gently. "It was sweet of you to help me with my packing sometimes"—that was how she put it!—"but I never *could* get you to fold things properly. I have just been looking through my frocks, and they're all utterly ruined. I shall have to go to Madame BLANO for an entire outfit to-morrow."

PARKINS has returned, and EVELYN and I have given up our aspirations after The Simpler Life. Indeed, so rooted is now my distaste for packing that when I next go abroad I shall take a valet.

ST. J. H.



Proud Father (to Son, who is showing a decided leaning to the artistic). "Now, WILLIE, MY BOY, I WANT TO SEE IF YOU CAN DRAW ME, JUST AS I STAND."

Willie. "Oh, DADDY! I—I LOVE YOU TOO MUCH!"

ULTIMATE AMBITIONS.

["A telegram from Springfield states that, among influential Republicans there, it is said that President ROOSEVELT's ambition is to succeed Dr. ELIOT as President of Harvard in 1909."—*Central News.*]

It is bruited in Imperialist drawing-rooms that when Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has retired from the Premiership his paramount desire is to keep goal for Aston Villa.

It is commonly asserted in the Salons of Simla that when Lord CURZON resigns the reins of Viceregal office he hopes to be asked to succeed Prince RANJITSINGHI as Captain of the Sussex County Cricket Club.

It is generally understood among Liberal Leaguers that on laying down his present onerous duties as detached leader of the Liberal Party Lord ROSEBURY's dearest wish is to win the Derby for the third time, "owner up."

It is beginning to be whispered in motoring coteries that when he has plumbed the sensational experiences of automobilism to their uttermost depths Mr. ALFRED HARMSWORTH will apply for the post of engine-driver on the South Eastern Railway.

A strange rumour is current in fourth-floor flat-land that when, if ever, he ceases to control our phantom army Mr. BRODRICK's pet desire is to succeed General BOOTH as the head of the Salvation Army.

Advices from Malwood state that when his present occupation of cultivating his own fireside has lost its charm Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT proposes to become Liberal Prime Minister.

In an interview with a representative of the *Musical Times*, Mr. ROBERT THOM, who might be called the SANTLEY of umpires, inadvertently betrayed the secret that Mr. W. G. GRACE's darling project, on finally abandoning the

willow, is to take up the bâton of Mr. AUGUST MANNS as chief musical director of the Crystal Palace.

In the best cocoa cliques rumour is rife that Dr. BIBBLES is not without hopes, in consideration of his superb testimonials, of being asked to become Vi-editor of the leading daily journal.

It is credibly alleged behind the scenes of the Gaiety that Mr. EDMUND PAYNE, on the expiry of his present engagement, expects to be invited to understudy Sir HENRY IRVING in the part of *Dante*.

A profound sensation has been created on the Stock Exchange by the announcement that Herr JULIUS SEETH has decided to transfer his leonine responsibilities at the Hippodrome on the 1st of May to Mr. DANIEL LENO, who, unsuspected by a frivolous world, has long cherished the desire to achieve the exploits of his namesake.

OUR PUBLIC ANALYSTS.

[The *St. James's Gazette*, commenting on Sir EDGAR VINCENT's letter to the *Times* on the subject of the depression in Consols, says: "What he decided to urge was the expediency of adopting a policy which would restore the country, at as early a date as possible, to the financial level from which it had fallen. Sir EDGAR, however, makes no definite suggestions."]

WHEN Consols from their giddy height
Fall to the present parlous level,
Financiers point at England's plight,
And say it is the very devil;
That things are looking black, or blue,
Admits of hardly any question,
But as to what we ought to do
We get no definite suggestion.

"Retrench! or you will shortly burst,
Who once enjoyed the noblest credit!"
So cry our seers, in wisdom versed,
And even common men have said it:
We all confess the fatal rot
That mortifies our constitution,
But how to touch the dammed spot
Apparently defies solution.

O yes, the chartered leech's eye
Is excellent at diagnosis;
"Your pulse," he says, "is fever-high,
You need a course of cooling doses;"
But when we ask to be supplied
With stuff to stem the inflammation,
He lightly puts the case aside
As one for future consultation.

In the late war much wit was spent
In marking here and there a blunder;
Men's prescience (after each event)
Was noised about in notes of thunder;
But while "Had *we* been called in aid,
'This mess,' they urged, "had long been ended!"
Yet somehow everyone mislaid
His scheme for getting matters mended.

"Never," the Liberals all agree,
"Never, in any moulting season,
Can one recall a Ministry
So blind to facts, so deaf to reason!"
Yet when we say, "Produce your plan
To cure the country's low condition,"
They cry aloud, "Of course we can,"
But make no sort of proposition.

Best leave to Nature, if she would,
To work the poison out at leisure,
Not trust to men that never could
Compose a plain remedial measure;
Or, might we 'scape, with parting breath,
The ills that Tory flesh is heir to,
There's many an easy form of death
We'd gladly lay our bodies bare to.

Like *Hamlet* (who declined to die)
We'd let the enemy unseat us
If we were sure we could rely
Upon a permanent quietus;
We'd face the bodkin or the knife,
Or even swift electrocution,
Were we convinced the ills of life
Could just be solved by Dissolution.

O. S.

ALAS, POOR SHAKSPEARE!

THOSE persons who have a proper appreciation of unconscious humour should secure without delay a copy of the circular which is now being distributed by the London Shakspeare League.

The aim of the League is to promote the observance of April 23—St. George's Day—as an annual SHAKSPEARE festival, first in London and ultimately throughout the Empire. The programme of the forthcoming festival is full of merry items.

To-day, being the vigil or eve of the festival itself, the Folk-lore Society will hold a public meeting at Burlington House "under the auspices of" the League, and Mr. ISRAEL GOLLANCZ will deliver an address. What the League's "auspices" amount to is not very clear, but presumably the Secretary, before the lecture begins, will ascend to the roof of Burlington House and draw conclusions from the behaviour of the London sparrows. At least that seems the nearest approach to the ancient custom of taking the auspices that is possible in the metropolis.

On St. George's Day itself, after a performance of *Twelfth Night* by the Elizabethan Stage Society, with Elizabethan music by Mr. ARNOLD DOLMETSCH, there will be a public dinner at a well-known restaurant to commemorate the bard. Particulars will be furnished by Mrs. GOMME. And yet SHAKSPEARE said "What's in a name!" After the dinner a selection of SHAKSPEARE's songs will be sung, when Mr. DOLMETSCH and Mr. GOLLANCZ will sing

"Gomme undo dese yellow zands"

with electrifying effect. St. George for Merrie England!

On the 24th there will be a public meeting of the London Topographical Society, again "under the auspices of" the League. This time Mr. T. FAIRMAN ORDISH will ascend the roof. At least he will deliver the lecture. And as his style and title is "Director of the Commemoration," the sparrows also will probably fall to his share. Mr. B. GOMME (not, of course, the Begum of Bhopal) will send invitations, and Mr. T. FAIRMAN ORDISH will lecture on "SHAKSPEARE and London." What's in a name, quotha!

But this is only the beginning of the League's activities. For a naïve paragraph remarks:—

"An even more effective celebration will, it is hoped, result if the Managers of the London Theatres, and ultimately Theatrical Managers throughout the Empire, may be prevailed upon to regard as their duty the performance of Shakspearian plays on or about the first—no, no, the twenty-third—of April."

"Even more effective!" Fancy that now! as DR. IBSEN so often remarks in Mr. ARCHER's translations. But the expression strikes Mr. *Punch* as altogether too mild for the occasion. The stupefaction with which London would see the run of, say, *The Toreador* temporarily interrupted while Mr. FRED WRIGHT, Jun., stalked the boards of the Gaiety as the *Prince of Denmark* requires a more full-blooded epithet.

Lastly, it is suggested that April 23 should be made a holiday for all schools throughout the Empire, it having escaped the League's notice, apparently, that in English schools at least, April 23 falls in the holidays already.

But we have no further space to devote to the League's exhilarating proposals. One omission only strikes us as we look through the programme. Nowhere do we see the name of Mrs. GALLUP. And yet how well that name would fit in with all the others! If it were only announced that that lady would ride her hobby round the theatre of Burlington House before Mr. GOLLANCZ began his lecture, the success of to-morrow's commemoration would be assured.



“THEY ORDER THESE THINGS BETTER IN FRANCE.”

FRENCH TOURIST (to FATHER THAMES). “DIS, DONC, MON VIEUX, WHEN DOES THE NEXT BOAT START ON YOUR BEAUTIFUL RIVER?”

FATHER THAMES. “IT DOESN'T START. I AIN'T ALLOWED TO HAVE ANY BOATS.”

A POPULAR FALLACY.

[The late Miss PACE, who was Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's schoolmistress at Camberwell, "recalled JOSEPH as a shy and reserved child."—*British Weekly*.]

SOME people think success is due
To vulgar shove and push,
But let me, please, impress on you
That good wine needs no bush.
The common creed I quite deny :]
JOE CHAMBERLAIN was ever shy.

You wonder how I did the trick
And managed to become,
Like Drury Lane's immortal *Diek*,
Thrice Mayor of mighty Brum?
Some murmur, "Push!"—but I reply,
From boyhood I was ever shy.

You ask how I became M.P.,
And how contrived to get
The place of pride from which, you see,
I boss the Cabinet?
Again some whisper, "Push!"—but I
Repeat that I was ever shy.

You ask why my ambitious soul
Desires to take in charge
The British Empire, as a whole,
And rule the world at large?
Absurd to talk of push! Pray, try
To realise that I am shy.

MORE INTELLIGENT ANTICIPATION.

[According to the *Academy*, a Scotch newspaper contains the following:—"One is inclined to think that the Persian astronomer-poet OMAR KHAYYAM has been a diligent student of SHAKESPEARE and BURNS; if not, then the literary coincidences are somewhat remarkable." The writer goes on to observe that OMAR should be styled the "Persian BURNS."]

THIS fresh field in the domain of the Newer Criticism, from which we here gather a sample, clearly promises a rich harvest. Thus:—

There can be little doubt that MILTON was a keen student of MARIE CORELLI. His picture of *Satan the Hero* is only too obviously a feeble imitation of the greater writer's chief character in her novel *The Sorrows of Satan*. SHAKESPEARE, too, in *Portia's* speech "refers to the 'Force of Temporal Power.'" It is not difficult to guess what suggested the phrase.

DID HOMER read PHILLIPS? This question has been agitating the literary public for some time, and interest in the subject has been revived lately by an article in one of the Reviews, in which the writer discovers many points of resemblance between the story of PHILLIPS' *Ulysses* and that of HOMER's less memorable hero. And yet the Greek made no acknowledgment whatever of his indebtedness!

SCOTT owed much to CROCKETT. A great part of *Rob Roy*, *Old Mortality*, and other novels is strangely reminiscent of the master's work, and some



He. "No; ALL MY PICTURES ARE REJECTED."

She. "WHAT HARD LINES! ALL OF THEM? I AM SURPRISED! AND THEY HANG SO MUCH RUBBISH!"

passages seem to have been "lifted" almost entire from the pages of the Wizard of Penicuik.

One of BURNS' chief claims to fame is that he wrote *Auld Lang Syne*, and yet it seems never to have been pointed out that the refrain of the poem—"The days of Auld Lang Syne"—is not really his but the glorious IAN MACLAREN'S. Honour to whom honour is due!

It would be impossible to mention every writer who owes something to CAINE. Signs of indebtedness are everywhere. JULIUS CÆSAR surely knew Rome through CAINE's graphic description, and how often has the mighty Manxman's fine phrase "The Eternal

City" been purloined by petty literary thieves! WOLFE too, who wrote *The Burial of Sir John Moore*, has a line—"We left him alone with his glory." Where could he have derived this idea but from the great scenes in which *Storm* is left in exactly the same way, "alone with his *Glory*?" But why go on? Instances of plagiarism such as these could be multiplied indefinitely.

The next best thing to Godliness.

WANTED, by the School Board of Daviot and Dunlichity, Certificated Male Teacher for Brin Public School; salary £95 per annum with . . . an allowance of . . . £3 for cleaning.—*Glasgow Herald*.

PASHLEY'S OPINIONS.

No. V.

I MET her, that's to say I saw her, for the first time at the Union Music Hall, where she was doing turn No. 8 on the bills—"Saucy Spanish Song and Dance by INEZ SANGAZUR, from the Alcazar of Seville," that was how it figured out. I had gone there with APSLEY, who, as I said, knew his way about, and was friends with all the music-hall lot. We hadn't enjoyed ourselves much with the first seven turns—performing dogs, acrobats, a man who whistled sentimental songs on his fingers, the Sisters SUZETTI in their refined drawing-room entertainment, and three others that I've forgotten. We were waiting for No. 10, The Stupendous BUNCE, who was down for two songs, "*Tuck me up quick before Daddy comes home*," and "*Who's on the tiles with Mother-in-law?*" Everybody was singing these songs all over the place. I'd heard them on barrel-organs and from butcher-boys, and I wanted to hear the real thing from the man who'd written them. APSLEY had promised to introduce me to him some day. He said BUNCE was a first-class fellow when you got to know him—no side or anything of that sort, but of course he'd got a pretty sharp tongue, and it didn't do to try and take points off him: he was bound to get the better of you every time at that sort of game, and the best thing was not to be too forward when you met him. "Over his champagne," said APSLEY, "he's a pal—a real pal and no mistake—and it isn't every genius who's like that, I promise you." APSLEY knew several geniuses, and I took it he was sure to be right when he said a thing like that.

Well, we'd just finished with an 'encore of "*The Last Rose of Summer*" on the fingers of the whistling chap, when the chairman rapped with his hammer on the table and shouted out, "No. 8 on the programme! INEZ SANGAZUR from Seville!" and in she came. My eyes, but she was a teaser! Loads of black hair with sequins all over it, a yellow silk jacket, red and yellow silk short skirt, red silk stockings and yellow shoes, black eyes, red lips and a colour in her cheeks better than any barnmaid I've ever set eyes on. She had a tambourine in her hand, and the very first time she waved it about and looked at me I felt as if I should have to tumble off my seat. I couldn't stop staring at her. She just knocked me silly. I'd never felt like that before, but as soon as I could manage to pull myself together and think, I knew it was love. I don't know what she sang or what sort of a dance she danced, but I remember it was all beautiful—made me feel as if I'd smoked a good cigar and eaten just enough honey and drunk a go of champagne and got carnations stuck all over me. That's love, of course.

After she'd gone off I said to APSLEY, "Look here, old man, that's a tidy little bit of goods. Do you think you could introduce me?" "Of course I can," says he, and with that he went across to the chairman and said a few words to him in a whisper, grinning and pointing at me. The chairman grinned too, and before I knew what was up APSLEY had taken me round to the back and introduced me. I felt so foolish I didn't know what to say, but I tried to stutter out something about not knowing Spanish, and hoping it wouldn't make any difference.

"Spanish!" she laughed; "that's a good 'un. Why, you silly boy, I'm not Spanish. I'm a right down regular blue-blooded Cockney—ain't I, Ars?" And as she said this she picked up one of her little feet and landed APSLEY the prettiest light kick under the chin with the point of her yellow satin shoe. APSLEY wasn't a bit taken aback: he just sang out, "What ho, the bolero!" put his arm round her waist and swung her round like a

feather. I could have killed him for it. He seemed so used to it all, so well up in ladies' society, while I stood there like a calf.

The days went on and I got deeper and deeper into it. Every night I went to that old music hall. I sent her bouquets of flowers with "From an Unknown Admirer" written on a card and stuck in the middle. I was off my feed at home, couldn't face a kipper at breakfast, and had to send away the eggs and bacon untouched. At last I made up my mind. I couldn't go on pining away any longer—mother had begun to notice it—so I decided to ask her to lunch at Hampton Court on the following Sunday and propose to her afterwards. I thought we might get lost in the Maze, and I could do it there. I invited her to lunch that very evening, and she agreed at once. She thought it would be almost too jolly, she said, but in her position she had to be careful, so perhaps I wouldn't mind if she brought her chaperone. Of course I said I wouldn't. I thought I knew plenty of tricks for getting rid of chaperones.

She was to meet me at the "Greyhound": she said she preferred that to going down together from Waterloo, so at one o'clock I was there in full fig, ordered a tip-top lunch and strolled about, waiting. A few minutes afterwards someone tapped me on the shoulder. I turned round and saw—oh, yes, it was INEZ right enough, in all her Sunday best, but there was a man with her, a great big ruffian in a cloak and a slouch hat, with a pair of black moustaches and blue-black cheeks. I wasn't left long in doubt who he was.

"JOSH," she said, laughing a funny kind of laugh, "let me present my husband, Don GUZMAN SANGAZUR. He's just back from Seville, and he's dying to know you."

What was a chap to do? I had to go through the lunch somehow, but it all tasted like nettles, and it didn't make me any better to see Don GUZMAN paring his nails with a Spanish knife about a foot long. How I got home I don't know, but that little beanfeast ended my gallivanting for a long time.

TERPSICHOKEAN HYGIENE.

If you would keep in form and so your native grace enhance,
The very latest method is the matutinal dance.

The bolero your bathroom sees (and with sharp corners
mocks)

Is followed naturally by cachuchas in your socks.

If haply, when you glide downstairs with many a pirouette,
The tea's not made, you tread meanwhile an old-time minuet.

A tarantella you employ to shake your breakfast down;
With luck you get a galliard in, before you trip to town.

A hornpipe in the hall you try (though not for this 'twas
planned),

Then down the garden path you pace a stately saraband.

Once out, the keen suburban air impels a jig or reel,
By this time you will really be surprised how fit you feel).

Last, at the station, you perform some high artistic kicks,
And with a rapid cake-walk catch your train from platform six.

News of the World in Brief.

A RECORD SPRING.—Our Ditcham-on-the-Dyke correspondent telegraphs that at 10.23 A.M. on April 17 he witnessed the phenomenon of a snowbow in the sky.

FINAL TIE FOR THE FRENCH MONASTERY CUP.—Old Carthusians v. The Agnostics. Re-entrance Gate-money estimated at a million francs.

INSURRECTION ON BUSINESS PRINCIPLES.

CITY NOTES ON THE MASSACRE MARKET.

[Reuter reports Bulgarian "bonds" being sold in Macedonia—payable in gold after the liberation of the country.]

MAD Mullah Ordinaries shed a point on loss of another waterhole.

Macedonian Atrocity "B's" stiffened to 137 on rumours of a concerted rise in Albanians. Tightness of money at Constantinople (where short loans are in strong demand) may lead to general reconstruction and probable fall in pro-consuls.

Chinese Tortures Preferred cheerful. Boxer Outrage $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cents. weaker on carrying-over of two insurgents to their long account.

Investors should find the new issue of Morocco Holy War Debentures a rare nibble; output of massacres for previous six months eminently satisfactory, and Sultan of Morocco All Fours are at 6's and 7's.

Closing Prices.

Land League Explosives (£1 Debentures) 1s. 1s. 2d.
Venezuela $3\frac{1}{2}$ % Arbitration Preference (1902) ... 115 117
Philippine Punitives (Deferred Extraordinary)... 3d. $3\frac{1}{2}$ d.

TAKEN LITERALLY.

["The more learning a man has, whether he sweeps a crossing or controls a diocese, the better he will do his work. There is a country where you may see gamekeepers and shepherds going about with a copy of *Horace* in their pockets. I have myself known a railway porter who was a most accomplished astronomer."—*Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.*]

Belmont. The Servants' Hall.

Chorus of Shepherds, Gamekeepers, Ploughmen, &c., discovered reading.

Enter C.-B. carrying portmanteau, rugs, &c.

C.-B. With a thrill of purest pleasure
On this charming scene I gaze,
As I see you pass your leisure
In such meritorious ways,
Gleaning from the classic sages
All the wisdom of the ages.

Education ever blesses
One and all *me judice*,
And the more a man possesses,
All the better he will be:
Whether high or low his station,
Let him aim at education.
Will the man who sweeps the gutter
In a torn and tattered coat
Earn his daily bread and butter
Any worse if he can quote
ARISTOTLE to his cronies,
And discuss the *lectiones*?

1st Serv. Ay, yon's my sentiments.

2nd Serv.

An' mine.

All. An' mine.

C.-B. Such harmony makes glad my heart like wine.
Friends, I have just arrived. Though far I roam,
The world has no such place as home, sweet home.
I come in search of rest and recreation
Most necessary. When I reached the station
It was the hour when porter JEAMES doth scan
The heavens with his telescope, good man;
So I picked up my traps myself and came
Like this to Belmont Castle.

All. Welcome hame!

C.-B. I thank you for your greeting. Now to see
How fares the farm. Come, Jock, and show it me.



OVERHEARD AT PORTSMOUTH.

Jack. "WELL, POLLY LASS, IF IT'S TRUE AS 'OW YOU'RE GOING TO GET SPICED TO BILL, ALL I 'OPES IS THAT HE'LL STICK TO YOU THROUGH THICK AND THIN!"

Polly. "WELL, 'E OUGHT TO, JACK. 'E WORKS IN A GLUE FACTORY."

Jock. I doot 'twad no be worth your while at a'.
We haena touched it since ye gaed awa'.

C.-B. What! Haven't touched it!

Jock. Na, Sir, dinna look
Sae angry. I've been busy wi' my buik.

C.-B. The *Georgics*? Really? They are charming pages.
Allow me, Jock, to pay you double wages.
No, do not thank me. Pray, resume your toil,
For I would be the very last to spoil
So useful and so studious a habit.
I'll take my gun instead and shoot a rabbit.
Come, SANDY, any sport?

Sandy. I dinna ken,
For ilka day an' nicht I'm sittin' ben,
Wi' lexicons an' grammars owre these.

[Holds out proof sheets.]

C.-B. The what? The *Birds* of ARISTOPHANES?
You mean you're editing them, SANDY?

Sandy. Yes,
An' yon's the proofs I'm seein' through the press.

C.-B. Enchanting! Pray forgive me! I will see
Your salary is multiplied by three.

Sandy. I thank ye, Sir.

C.-B. What am I doing here?

I but disturb the studious atmosphere.
I'll back to Westminster to cure or kill
This threatened London Education Bill.
And if I cannot raise the education
Of London to the standard of this nation,
At least to all the Members I will tell
What prodigies you are. My friends, farewell!
[Shoulders portmanteau, rugs, &c., and exit.]

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

A Romance.

SINCE Earth was first created,
 Since Time began to fly,
 No friends were e'er so mated,
 So firm as JONES and I.
 Since primal Man was fashioned
 To people ice and stones,
 No pair, I ween, had ever been
 Such chums as I and JONES.

In fair and foulest weather,
 Beginning when but boys,
 We faced our woes together,
 We shared each other's joys.
 Together, sad or merry,
 We acted hand in glove,
 Until—'twas careless, very—
 I chanced to fall in love.

The lady's points to touch on,
 Her name was JULIA WHITE,
 Her lineage high, her scutcheon
 Untarnished; manners, bright;
 Complexion, soft and creamy;
 Her hair, of golden hue;
 Her eyes, in aspect, dreamy,
 In colour, greyish blue.

For her I sighed, I panted;
 I saw her in my dreams;
 I vowed, protested, ranted;
 I sent her chocolate creams.
 Until methought one morning
 I seemed to hear a voice,
 A still, small voice of warning:
 "Does JONES approve your choice?"

To JONES of my affection
 I spoke that very night.
 If he had no objection,
 I said I'd wed Miss WHITE.
 I asked him for his blessing,
 But, turning rather blue,
 He said: "It's most distressing,
 But I adore her, too."

"Then, JONES," I answered, sobbing,
 "My wooing's at an end.
 I couldn't think of robbing
 My best, my only friend.
 The notion makes me furious—
 I'd much prefer to die."
 "Perhaps you'll think it curious,"
 Said JONES, "but so should I."

Nor he nor I would falter
 In our resolve one jot.
 I bade him seek the altar,
 He vowed that he would not.
 "She's yours, old fellow. Make her
 As happy as you can."
 "Not so," said I, "you take her—
 You are the lucky man."

At length—the situation
 Had lasted now a year—
 I had an inspiration,
 Which seemed to make things clear.
 "Supposing," I suggested,
 "We ask Miss WHITE to choose?"

I should be interested
 To hear her private views.

"Perhaps she has a preference—
 I own it sounds absurd—
 But I submit, with deference,
 That she might well be heard.
 In clear, commercial diction
 The case in point we'll state,
 Disclose the cause of friction,
 And leave the rest to Fate."

We did, and on the morrow
 The postman brought us news.
 Miss WHITE expressed her sorrow
 At having to refuse.
 Of all her many reasons
 This seemed to me the pith:
 Six months before (or rather more)
 She'd married Mr. SMITH.

A FORTHCOMING SOCIETY DRAMA.

MR. PUNCH, SIR.—It is the custom, I believe, in theatrical circles, for dramatists to submit a scenario of their threatened effort to the Manager whom they have marked down as their quarry. The Manager then extracts the best ideas, hands them over to a friend to work up, and returns the scenario to its gratified author as unsuitable for production. It is with a view to avoiding this fate that I send the following notes to you instead of to the usual address. My drama is based on the following paragraph, which has appeared in some of the papers:—"SOCIETY CRAZE FOR TATTOOING.—Philadelphia Society has adopted the tattooing craze. Many young girls, the daughters of the best families, are not only being tattooed themselves, but are taking lessons so that they may ornament their friends." You notice that the craze is at present in America. Exactly. What America thinks to-day, England will think in a year or so, which will enable me to have my play ready just in time.

The hero of my drama, EMERSON P. ROCKITT, a young but rising candy manufacturer of unimpeachable morals and appearance, has fallen a victim to the charms of MAGNOLIA J. KEOGS, the daughter of an eminent pork-packer. Her beautiful form and profuse illustrations have conquered a heart previously adamant in its dealings with the tattooed sex. At the beginning of the play the course of true love appears to be running smooth. The happy pair are engaged, and the inauguration of the connubial orgies is only delayed by the non-arrival of the bride's trousseau. Unhappily, however, my hero has a rival, JASPER W. MORGAN, a rich but unscrupulous scoundrel residing in the immediate vicinity. JASPER is the proprietor of a peripatetic Dime Museum, and hopes to add MAGNOLIA to the programme as a

Tattooed Princess. He has offered her the part on several occasions, only to be indignantly repulsed, and he now determines to resort to guile. Accordingly, disguising his handwriting, he despatches an anonymous letter to EMERSON, in which he bids him, ere it be too late, to lift the curl that hangs over MAGNOLIA J. KEOGS' left temple. His reason for this singular instruction appears later.

The one flaw in EMERSON P. ROCKITT'S nature is a proneness to jealousy which is often found even in the best regulated bosoms. He lifts the curl—this will be a great scene—and starts back with a stifled groan. On the temple is tattooed a heart, and in the heart the initials S.B.P. "Farewell," he cries. "Stay," shrieks MAGNOLIA, "I can explain all." "'Tis useless," says he, "I can't wait." Off he goes, MAGNOLIA faints, and the curtain comes down on a powerful situation. End of Act One.

The rest of the play is, I am afraid, at present in a less completely thought-out condition. In Act Two, to give scope for scenic effects, I depict my hero's wanderings. I may make him go to Delhi, and work the Durbar in; or almost anywhere except Biarritz, Siberia, and the Mediterranean littoral.

But it is the last Act that will be the hardest. Briefly, what happens is this. Somehow or other EMERSON gets to find out that he has wronged MAGNOLIA. Of course, the initials on her brow are not those of a man at all. They were tattooed by her girlhood's earliest friend, SADIE B. POLKINGHORNE, of New Birmingham, Va., when they were at school together. How the hero is to find this out is at present unsettled. But he does find it out, and hurries back to Philadelphia, arriving just in time. MAGNOLIA's father is ruined, owing to somebody else having cornered pork, and MAGNOLIA is just signing the articles which bind her to become a Tattooed Princess for life in JASPER'S Dime Museum at a salary of two dollars a week, when EMERSON enters, fells JASPER to the ground, clasps MAGNOLIA in his arms, and announces (a) that all is forgiven, (b) that he proposes to lead MAGNOLIA to the nearest altar at once. JASPER, with a hideous oath (stifled), recoils in anguish, and marries the Strong Woman attached to his Dime Museum, a powerful and hot-tempered lady who can be relied upon to make him repent everything. Curtain.

That is the plot, a little ragged at present, but with some judicious overhauling capable of being developed into a drama that will astonish nations and charm crowned heads.

Yours, &c., HENRY WILLIAM-JONES.

BUDGET PROSPECTS.—An *embarras de RITCHIE'S*.



Lady (looking at new Cob). "How does he go, Patrick?"

Irish Groom. "THE VERY BEST, M'LADY! SURE IT'S ONLY NOW AND THEN HE TOUCHES THE GROUND IN ODD SPOTS."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[All letters on Natural History addressed to "Brute Creation," Punch Office, will be answered in the following week's issue. Enquirers are particularly requested not to forward the bodies of defunct beasts and birds to the office for identification.]

"**BRIXTONIAN.**"—(1) The bright yellow bird you observed in a cage at your neighbour's house was in all probability a canary. It might of course be a hedge-sparrow suffering from jaundice. (2) A piece of mutton suet hung in your back-yard will attract badgers. As you live in the centre of a large town and the badger is a retiring animal, we should recommend you to smear the suet with a little treacle. We have found this an infallible bait.

"**SPINSTER.**"—It is indeed awkward to have two cats whose colours do not harmonise. The suggestion of your friend that ink should be mixed with the white cat's milk is a happy one. But it would be far better to immerse the black cat for half an hour in a strong solution of chloride of lime (two kilometres of chloride to every gallon of water). The black cat will emerge

from this perfectly white. Care is required in the treatment, as in unskilful hands it not unfrequently kills the animal.

"**HUSBAND.**"—You wish for an amusing animal to please and pacify a fretful wife. A rattlesnake makes a charming domestic pet. Be careful to go to a reliable dealer, as the cheaper brands of rattlesnake have frequently been deprived of their fangs by unscrupulous tradesmen.

"**CITIZEN.**"—It is perhaps true, as you suggest, that the monkey you keep in your cellar is suffering from intermittent apoplexy. The occasional heaviness of head, the collapse of the limbs, and the failure of intelligence all indicate this. Consult a skilled veterinary surgeon, and you might also see if your beer casks leak.

"**LONG SPOON.**"—Your request is an unusual one. Most of our readers would be delighted to have a stork's nest on their housetops. However, if the storks will drop mutton bones on your great aunt we should advise you to cover your roof with coal tar and surround the eaves with a barbed-wire fence. A

pleasanter method would be to hire a brass band for a week. The stork is unusually susceptible to musical influences.

"**HARASSED.**"—Undoubtedly the howling of cats outside your bedroom window is a nuisance. As you say, it is illegal to poison them. We have found the following plan an excellent one—the only difficulty is that it involves the co-operation of your neighbours. It depends on the great principle that cats never howl except in company. Procure a pot of phosphorescent paint and daub all the cats in your locality with it. Whenever they meet together at night, the glare of light from the assembled company will convince them that morning has come, and they will separate and wend their way home. We have never known this plan to fail.

"**MENAGERIE-OWNER.**"—We have not yet had to deal with the problem of a moulting camel. However, as hemp seed is the best thing for a moulting canary, why not mix a little oakum with your camel's hay? Let me know how this answers.



Curate. "You're looking very well to-day, Mrs. Giles."
Chronic Grumbler. "Ah, but you ain't a-seen my inside, Sir!"

CHARIVARIA.

THE uneasiness about spurious works of art continues. But it is felt that in the case of the "*Forge of Vulcan*" (VELASQUEZ) the candour of the title disarms criticism.

In this connection the claim of the *corps de ballet* in one of our music-halls to describe itself as "The Largest Collection of Antiquities in London" is still uncontested.

MR. ANSON PHELPS STOKES has invented a floating battery which is said to be a veritable monster of destruction. He has been described as "the well-known millionaire and philanthropist."

MR. BRUCE GLASIER has declared that it is not pig-dealers who are wanted in public life, but men of political intelligence. Mr. GLASIER is retiring from the presidency of the Independent Labour Party.

From an article in *Cassell's Magazine* we learn that Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES' favourite pastime is writing plays, but that, once the play is finished, Mr. JONES' pleasure ceases. It is at this point that the audience comes in.

MR. KARL BLIND has written an article on "Afghanistan, Russia, and England," in which he offers some advice to the Government. A case of the Blind leading the Lamé.

Owing to their superior education, German lads are able to do more than English lads of the same age. A German boy of twelve has been sentenced to four years' imprisonment for robbery, incendiarism, and attempted murder of his parents.

All the men of the German Army selected to attend the KAISER on his trip to Italy stand over 6 feet 6 inches. Some Emperors would be afraid of looking small in such company: but not WILLIAM II.

A practical example of the dangers of sleeping in church has been given at Windsor. A £5 note was discovered in a collecting bag.

The best-managed Zoo in the world is said to be the one at Vienna. The Inspector, it is stated, watches over all his charges with quite paternal care. Indeed, the monkeys might almost be his own children.

A gentleman is about to write to the *Daily Mail* to say that, in crossing the Channel, he tried the plan of breathing synchronously with the rise and fall of the vessel, and actually was prostrated not more than sixteen times.

"We are succeeding," says the *New York Times*, "to the position in the affairs of the Far East which Great Britain for so long held and then in part abdicated." After this, it seems natural enough to find mention, lower down, of the "Yank-tse Valley" (*sic*).



After Gérôme's well-known picture of "Phryne before her Judges."

UNVEILING THE BUDGET.

(After Gérôme's well-known picture of "Phryne before her Judges.")

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ: THE UNVEILER . . . Right Hon. C. T. RUSSELL.
Expert No. 2.—Right Hon. Sir M. HICKS-BEACH.

THE JUDGES . . . Expert No. 1.—Right Hon. Sir W. V. HART.

Expert No. 3.—Right Hon. Lord GOSCHEN.

THE TURTLEDOVES' CHOICE.

[Anyone who has been inside a picture shop when young couples are buying engravings for their new home, will observe that, in the majority of cases, EDWIN and ANOELINA pay more attention to the size and shape of their purchases than to the subject or artistic merit of them.]

A VERY cosy little nest,
My dearest, we have made.
The furniture is of the best,
The carpets have been laid.
But ere our neighbour's wife, my pet,
In solemn grandeur calls,
I've brought you to this shop, to get
Some pictures for the walls.

That Ahna Tadema is grand,
It cannot be denied;
But we want something longer and,
Say, eighteen inches wide.
You like those ones of LEIGHTON's, too,
(How well each garment drapes!)
Ah, yes! but I'd point out to you
They're all such awkward shapes.

These "*Cattle Grazing by the Stream*"
Do not appeal to me,
But they've been measured, and they
seem
Exactly four by three.
Although your fancy leans, I know,
To types of ancient Greece,
Just think how nicely these would go
Above the mantelpiece!

Don't take it so to heart, my own,
It fills me with distress.
Let's try and find a Marcus Stone
To fit in the recess.
"*The Honeymoon*" this one is named,
I like the rustic seat,
But here's a "*Child and Monkey*"
framed
To match our bedroom suite.

And now we'll have that coloured print
(I don't know who it's by)—
My study paper's just the tint
You notice in the sky.
We shall be really settled soon,
And callers will confess,
Our purchases this afternoon
Have been a great success.

EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY
OF A SUN-ARTIST.

Sunday.—JOSEPHINE has just told me that the artistic temperament is difficult to live with. I like her to say this. I practise the new photography. I have been thinking out my next great composition, which is to be after LEIGHTON. JOSEPHINE's remark arose from my saying that hers is not a purely Greek type of countenance. It does not matter. I can dodge it. She has consented to sit. Measured her for costume.

Monday.—Purchased fifteen yards of



Miggs and Griggs, who have got away for a week-end holiday, have strayed on to the Golf Links, and have been watching the Colonel, who has been bunkered for the last ten minutes—and the language!!

Miggs. "WHAT'S HE DOING?"

Griggs. "I DUNNO. THINK HE'S TRYING TO KILL SOMETHING."

white nun's veiling and carried it home to JOSEPHINE. Read aloud to her from *Smith's Dictionary of Antiquities* the articles "*Chiton*" and "*Peplos*," and gave her a rough account of the Panathenaic Festival. She seemed to think the dress simplicity itself, and easily made. So far, so good. Went out into garden to inspect background. Porch Marcus Stone, no good for this sort of thing; neither is gate, a plain Birket Foster affair. Went into town to consult architect about having porch altered. Returning, noticed portico with Doric columns in front of police-station. The very thing!

Tuesday.—JOSEPHINE positively refuses to pose in that costume in front

of police-station. Had interview with architect about introducing a classical element into my porch. Said he would make a drawing and submit it. Thought the slow, old-fashioned art of drawing had been superseded. Disgusted, went and got a note of two pillars of police-station. Large constable unfortunately came and stood between them just at the critical moment, but I can print JOSEPHINE on the top of him.

Wednesday.—Recollected what RUSKIN says about the value of repetition in the composition of a work of art, and decided to have some water in foreground to reflect figure of JOSEPHINE. Quite a Leightonesque, *Bath of Psyche* touch, this. Don't tell JOSEPHINE, how-

ever. Busy all day digging up gravel near front door, where I mean JOSEPHINE to stand, and neatly imbedding an old tin bath. Heavy rain in the evening saved me trouble of filling it. Policeman coming as usual about midnight to try front door failed to reach it.

Thursday.—Costume completed. Spent morning drilling JOSEPHINE into Hellenic attitudes. After lunch, as she expressed a desire to rest, assisted gardener to transplant a large poplar from other side of lawn to where I want it to show between bath and police-station (or my new classical porch when completed, or as much of either or both of them as will ultimately appear when I have finished toning down JOSEPHINE's physiognomy to Pheidian proportions).

Friday.—Poplar evidently unwell. JOSEPHINE being still very awkward with her hands, went down to local theatre to try to borrow a property lyre, or something, for her to hold. Saw there a large drop-scene representing the Temple of the Winds. Considering it had been done by hand, it was not half bad. Just the background I want!

Saturday.—Six men from theatre fixed the Temple of the Winds against the front of my house. Transplanted poplar back again, as it was in a dying condition, and there were several trees on the drop-scene—fairly natural, for painting. Clouds, however, looked crude in the daylight, so blocked them out with white table-cloths, intending to insert in the space the very fine sky I got in the Isle of Wight last year. The fighting-tops of the man-of-war which appear in the last-named memorandum can be faked. Photographed JOSEPHINE in white costume, standing, with uplifted arms, on edge of bath. Presence of six men from theatre, who insisted on watching, probably accounted for her not quite happy expression. Engaged all night in blending, by processes only known to new photographers, the various details of my composition into a subtle harmony.

Sunday.—It is to be regretted that the figure of JOSEPHINE should have been lighted from the right-hand side, whilst the Isle of Wight clouds above her are lighted from the left, and so much of the drop-scene as is discernible (after the harmonizing processes already alluded to) appears to have the sun directly in front of it. But, after all, there was probably sunshine in all directions in that golden age. Good idea! Call it "The Golden Age," and confound archaeological cavillers at details of costume, &c.

My friend the architect, having somehow evaded the bath and wriggled under the Temple of the Winds, called this afternoon with his drawing. I

cannot understand why anyone in this twentieth century persists in endeavouring to express ideas by such a laborious and lengthy method. As I shall not now need the drawing, propitiated him by asking him to dinner. Afterwards, without telling him anything about it, showed him my Leighton. The Hellenizing of JOSEPHINE's features—not to mention the suppression of the large policeman and the man-of-war—had necessarily resulted in a certain silvery shadowiness throughout the whole composition. Still, he is an intelligent man, albeit given to the practice of sketching with a black-lead pencil, and I gave him credit for some appreciation of the nuances of an art in which, of course, the lead pencil has no part. It was not as if I had hurried him. He examined "The Golden Age" carefully for seven or eight minutes. "*Theodora*," he said. I must have a serious talk to JOSEPHINE on the subject of facial expression.

PICKWICK UP TO DATE.

III.—BARDELL v. PICKWICK.

The public interest in this remarkable case shows no signs of diminution, and when its hearing was resumed yesterday, for the twenty-fifth time, the Court was crowded with a brilliant and fashionable assembly. Mrs. BARDELL's costume excited general admiration; it was a *chic* creation of bombazine, tastefully trimmed with bugles and jet. Close to her sat Mrs. CLUPPINS, whose becoming attire was partially concealed by a brilliant Paisley shawl. All the smartest people may be expected to wear Paisley shawls this winter. Mr. PICKWICK entered the Court at 10:25 precisely, looking perhaps a trifle paler than usual. A well-authenticated rumour stated that he had spent the previous evening in trying a new variety of cold punch. Mr. TUPMAN was seated in the well of the Court, next to Mr. SNODGRASS, and followed the evidence with marked attention. A good deal of comment was excited by the fact that Mr. WINKLE had had his hair cut since the previous sitting.

As soon as Mr. Justice STARELEIGH had taken his seat, the examination-in-chief of Mr. JOHN CHOPPER was resumed. In answer to Mr. SKIMPIN he said that he had carried on the profession of a butcher for many years, and had frequently been called upon to supply chops to Mrs. BARDELL. He could not positively give the date of her first order. He did not deal in tomatoes, either fresh or bottled. Counsel then proceeded to draw from him the whole history of his life and that of his ancestors. Mr. SNUBBIN, K.C., objected to this evidence as irrelevant. Mr.

SKIMPIN replied that it had long been established that in cases of this kind no evidence could be irrelevant. And it was most desirable to show the entire respectability of this important witness. Mr. Justice STARELEIGH over-ruled the objection.

At the end of Mr. CHOPPER's evidence-in-chief (which lasted three hours), Mr. SNUBBIN, K.C., rose to cross-examine, taking the witness in detail through his transactions with Mrs. BARDELL. Witness did not know how many of the chops supplied were for Mr. PICKWICK's consumption. Had never heard of a chop being used as a symbol of affection, but could not swear that it might not be put to this purpose. Would not swear that Mr. PICKWICK did not always have chops on Mrs. BARDELL's birthday and the anniversary of her husband's death. Was quite sure that he knew the difference between chops and steaks. Could not say where Mrs. BARDELL procured her tomato sauce.

This sensational evidence caused the greatest excitement. At its close, Mr. BUZFUZ, K.C., said that it might be convenient to mention his programme for next day. The Court would remember that the witness SAMUEL WELLER had expressed his preference for spelling his name with a *v*. Some doubt had been cast upon the correctness of this, and, as it was desirable to have no doubt upon the matter, he proposed to call seven learned philologists to give evidence concerning it. Their evidence was likely to occupy the whole of the next sitting.

A Juror inquired when the case was likely to terminate. The fears he had expressed when sworn had proved to be well-founded. Owing to his absence, the boy who had looked after his chemist's shop had poisoned nine customers.

The Judge replied that this was a quite insignificant matter. To shorten the case would be unfair to counsel and the general public. He was bound to give it as long a run as possible, having regard to the interest taken in it.

The Court then rose for the day.

A THREEFOLD CHORD.

[T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of WALES will visit the Cookery and Food Exhibition at the Royal Albert Hall on April 24.]

DEEP in the hearts of Englishmen three fervent passions glow,—
For Food, the Royal Family, and Oratorio.

'Tis well that Royalty and Food be grouped in what we call
The "Home of Oratorio"—the Royal Albert Hall.

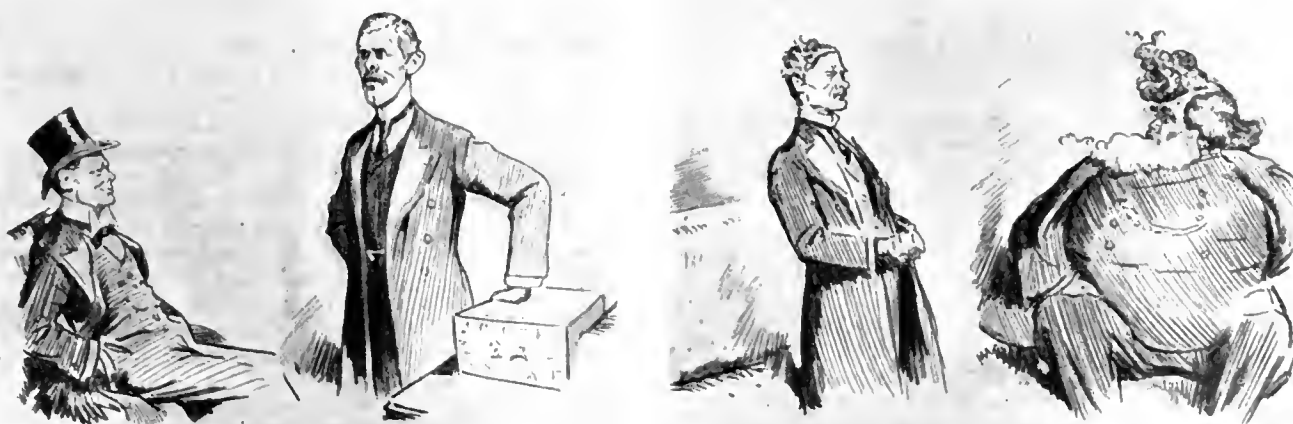
THE BITER BIT; OR, THE TURNING OF THE PARLIAMENTARY WORM.

A Suggestion for Enlivening the Proceedings of Parliament. Why should Ministers only be subjected to the ordeal of "Question-time?"



1. *Mr. Balfour.* To ask the hon. Member for King's Lynn whether he is now able to name an approximate date when he will this year introduce to the House his annual white duck trousers, and whether, in view of the very general interest felt in all quarters of the House, he will consent to lay a copy of such trousers on the table of the House and a duplicate copy in the tea-room, with a statement of the material and an approximate estimate of cost, &c., so that hon. Members may form their own opinion as to the desirability of their general adoption. Also whether the hon. Member's attention has been drawn to the growing practice of appointing to Ministerial posts, as vacancies arise, almost anyone but the right and obviously qualified person for such posts; and if any correspondence can yet be laid.

2. *Mr. Chamberlain.* To ask the hon. Member for Carmarthen District (Mr. ALFRED DAVIES) if he is prepared to agree to a return giving the age, habits, and individual eccentricities of the electors of Carmarthen who voted for the hon. Member at the last election; their reasons—if any—for so doing; and giving details of any other inhuman acts of the same description on the part of those electors, with a view to their early disfranchisement. Also whether the hon. Member can give to the House any tangible and sufficient reason why the choice of the constituency fell as and where it did. And would he kindly stand firmly on his legs while answering the question, answer it in a clear, manly voice; and at the same time refrain from giggling so far as possible.



3. *Mr. Brodrick.* To ask the hon. Member for Oldham (Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL) if his attention has been called to specific statements by members of the so-called Fourth Party in which they repudiate the idea that the Member for Oldham is their leader at all; and whether there is no disciplinary expedient available to restrain them from giving currency to statements so damaging to their cause. Also whether, in the event of an Army Debate being unexpectedly delayed, or of the hon. Member's share in it being by any misfortune postponed, he has considered the danger lest his future speeches on the Army should be published in pamphlet form before the opportunity has occurred of delivering them to an admiring Senate.

4. *Mr. Arnold Forster.* To ask the hon. Member for Gateshead (Sir WILLIAM ALLAN) if he would consent to a return giving an estimate of the extent to which the length and luxuriance of the hon. Member's hair and beard have entered into the effectiveness of his attacks on the Belleville Boiler; and whether he will consent to submit himself to the rules and requirements of the Naval Service in such matters, or whether he fears this would entail such loss of personal majesty and prestige that it would remove the last barrier that saves the nation from rushing to its doom.

POUR LES ENFANTS.

(As others see us.)

When the curtain rises, MARY, aged nine, is discovered lolling in arm-chair, c, holding large doll by the legs: ELIZABETH, aged eleven, lies flat on floor, facing audience, reading book, hair over face, face propped on hands, L.

Mary (yawning). I'm tired . . . I'm tired.

Elizabeth (still reading). What?

M. I'm ti-erd.

E. What of?

M. Everything. Dolls, lessons, Fräulein, you, everything. I wish I was grown up.

E. So do I. (Pushes back hair.) But it's no good wishing. We shan't be—not for hundreds of years.

M. I hate having to go to bed early, and never eating things I like, and having my face washed, and always being sent out of the room when they want to talk about anything. It's horrid!

[Bangs doll's head on floor, and throws it into corner, where it lies, R.

E. Yes, I know. But sometimes they forget we're there, and then—I tell you what, MOLLY, let's pretend we're grown up, just for to-night, and have long petticoats, and talk like they do. Wouldn't it be fun?

M. But we haven't got any petticoats—not long ones.

E. (getting up excitedly). Oh, yes, we have. Here's one for you. (Pulls cloth from table, letting hat and cloak, which are on it, fall to ground, and pins it round MARY.) There! Now you must have your hair up. (Fastens it up.) You must be Lady DE ROUGEOT—you know, when Mother took us there the other day, and they forgot we were there. And I'll be Miss SIMPERTON.

M. But what are you going to wear?

E. Oh, that's easy enough. Here's Mother's cloak and hat. (Puts them on, and tucks her hair into hat.) You must be having tea. This table will do, and that's the kettle-stand. (Places table and chair by arm-chair, c.) We'll have to do without cups and saucers. We must pretend all that. Now I'm going to come in. (Goes behind screen, L.) Are you ready?

M. (settling herself in arm-chair). But what am I to say?

E. (from behind screen). Oh, you might say something about there's the bell, and you hope it's not Miss SIMPERTON. You know. Like Mrs. SPOONER did when we were staying there.

M. I remember. (Takes up book, then throws it on floor as ELIZABETH says, "Ting-a-ling-a-ling.") Oh, bother! There's that wretched front-door bell

again. I know it will be that tiresome Miss SIMPERTON. She always comes when I want to read. I shall have to give her tea, I suppose.

E. (coming from behind screen). How lucky I am to find you in, dear Lady DE ROUGEOT. It's such ages since I've seen you.

M. My dear Miss SIMPERTON! A whole week! How sweet of you to come all this way to see me. I was just wishing someone would come. But I never expected you. Bring tea, JAMES.

E. Oh, please don't have tea for me, Lady DE ROUGEOT. How kind of you!—You oughtn't to have said that, MOLLY, when you know we haven't got a JAMES to bring it in.

M. Oh, it doesn't matter. We can pretend him. Besides, you must bring in servants somehow. They always talk about them.—That will do, JAMES. Put it there—no, there. And why don't you light the lamp? One lump, Miss SIMPERTON?

E. Two, please, and no cream, thank you. Don't you find servants very trying, dear Lady DE ROUGEOT?

M. (pretends to pour out tea, and then fill tea-pot from kettle, and both of them to be holding cups, and to eat and drink). Trying! My dear, I can't tell you. It's all this wretched Education. They get so above themselves in these days that really I should like to—

[Pretends to blow out lamp.

E. Oh, do let me help you.

[Both blow alternately, and at last at the same time, and then sit back in their chairs.

M. What are we going to talk about now? You ought to hold up your little finger like this, when you drink. And you know you oughtn't to drink with your mouth full.

E. Shall I if I like. Besides, they do, often, although they won't let us.

M. Yes, that's what's so unfair about them. And they often put their elbows on the table.

E. And come down late for breakfast.

M. And eat things that aren't good for them, and get digestion.

E. And talk when other people are talking. Specially about babies. Then they all talk together.—May I have another cup of tea, dear Lady DE ROUGEOT? (MARY takes cup and pours out.) Thank you so much. And how is your darling little HARRY? You haven't shown him to me, and I did so want to see him.

M. HARRY? Oh, he's up in the nursery. He's been so naughty I had to send him to bed. I'm sure I don't know how to manage him!

E. You are stupid, MOLLY. Why that's HARRY, of course.

[Pointing to doll.

M. Of course. I forgot.—HARRY! HARRY! Now where is that child? He was here just before you came in. He's sure to be up to some mischief. (Gets up and finds him.) Ah, here he is.—Only you might have known he was a she, LIBBY. I never have men-dolls. I don't like boys.—Come and sit on Mummie's lap, darling. And try to be a good boy, now.

E. How beautiful he is! So like you.

M. He might be if his nose wasn't broken.

E. Oh, yes, of course. I didn't see that. Yes, he has got his father's nose, hasn't he? May I kiss him? (Takes doll on her lap, kisses it, chucking it under chin.) Sweetest pettinkins. Abou! Abou! Ugugugugug! Pecious ickle thing. Must blow its little nose-yposey.—That's Aunt JANE, you know.

M. I know. She is silly about babies.

E. Oh, bother! It's nearly time for nurse.—Well, good-bye, dear Lady DE ROUGEOT. (Exit behind screen, and looks round it as MARY gets up.) No, wait a minute, MOLLY. (Re-enters, minus cloak and hat, pinning on newspaper, as nurse's apron.) Now, you come along, Miss MARY. Whatever 'ave you got on? Your ma's best table-cloth. Well, I never! Won't you just catch it, spoiling all 'er things! And where's Miss ELIZABETH? Up to some mischief, I'll be bound. You children will be the death of me. But I'll give you what for. Why don't you try to be 'ave like grown-up people?

[Drags MARY behind screen: sounds of smacking and sobs. Curtain.

MISSING WORDS.

It is the business of our schools to train up the young for the whole duty of citizenship. As in the future this will naturally include the daily answering of Paper Puzzles, we are glad to receive from a Schoolmaster a few proofs of the success of his efforts to prepare his boys for this vast sphere of usefulness. They were set the task of completing certain given quotations. The results are taken from the life:—

"Don't carry coals"—they will burn the fingers.

"Every cloud"—rolls by.

"Stone walls"—have ears.

"We are lost"—*—but not gone before.

"This day is called"—Christmas Day.

"The proper study of mankind"—is not difficult.

"Thus conscience doth"—and ever will do.

"A drowning man"—let him drown!

* The remark of the English soldiers at the burning of JEANNE D'ARC: "We are lost! We have burnt a saint!"

OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

In the *Tail of the Peacock* (HUTCHINSON) is the picturesque title of ISABEL SAVORY's last record of travel. It is taken from a Moorish proverb, "The earth's a peacock; Morocco is the tail of it." It is to Morocco that the Sportswoman in India has later wended her way. The scene is in part familiar hunting ground for tourists, but that makes none the less pleasant Miss SAVORY's chatty discourse. She does not lay herself out for elaborate description; she jots down impressions as if she were writing letters home, which, in capable hands, is the best fashion. For persons about to make holiday in Morocco the book will be found instructive and useful. To those who have been there it is full of pleasant memories. The text is illustrated by nearly half a hundred photographs taken on the spot. Not the least interesting is a photogravure portrait which discloses to the pleased eye the travelled author in comfortable and becoming male attire.

"Here, O Baron," writes my Occasional Assistant help-mate in the field of literature, "is a pretty book." He alludes to *The Art of Living*, by J. E. BUCKROSE (issued in a rare style of elegance by the *Gentlewoman's* offices). To live well is a duty, but to live pleasantly is an art which is only to be acquired by experience, assisted by good taste and an amiable frame of mind. The worthy *Duchess* in this book, who, without assuming male attire, is, we are sure, no other than the venerable Mentor, *alias* Minerva, who accompanied the youthful Telemachus in his renowned journey, is a world-wise guide. She, apparently, has seen life in all its phases, and, having come to the conclusion that common sense and a good digestion are pre-eminently conducive to longevity and happiness, takes the opportunity—in and out of season—to impress the same on the various characters introduced into this improving work. Furnished with such a *vade mecum*, weak-minded, indeed, must he be who fails to acquire the Art of Living.

Those who go down to the sea in ships provided by the P. and O. Company, bound for Australia, little reck of the experience of passengers on the same voyage thirty or forty years ago. Incidentally Mrs. ADA CAMBRIDGE, writing notes on *Thirty Years in Australia* (METHUEN), tells all about it. She left Plymouth in the spring of 1870, her husband (a curate with a call to a Bushland parish) having taken passage in a clipper ship of 1,150 tons, advertised to accommodate forty passengers. Seventy-seven days elapsed before they sighted Cape Otway. Three days they dawdled before landing at Melbourne. In those good old times cabin passengers were required to furnish their own berths, nothing being provided but food and such weather as happened. Fortunately Mrs. CAMBRIDGE was of the class, a beautiful but rare thing among women, who on voyage by sea or land make the best of everything. Good-tempered, plucky, resourceful, she met every emergency



Brer Rabbit. "I SUPPOSE YOU HAVEN'T SEEN SUCH A THING AS A GOLF-BALL ABOUT ANYWHERE, HAVE YOU?"

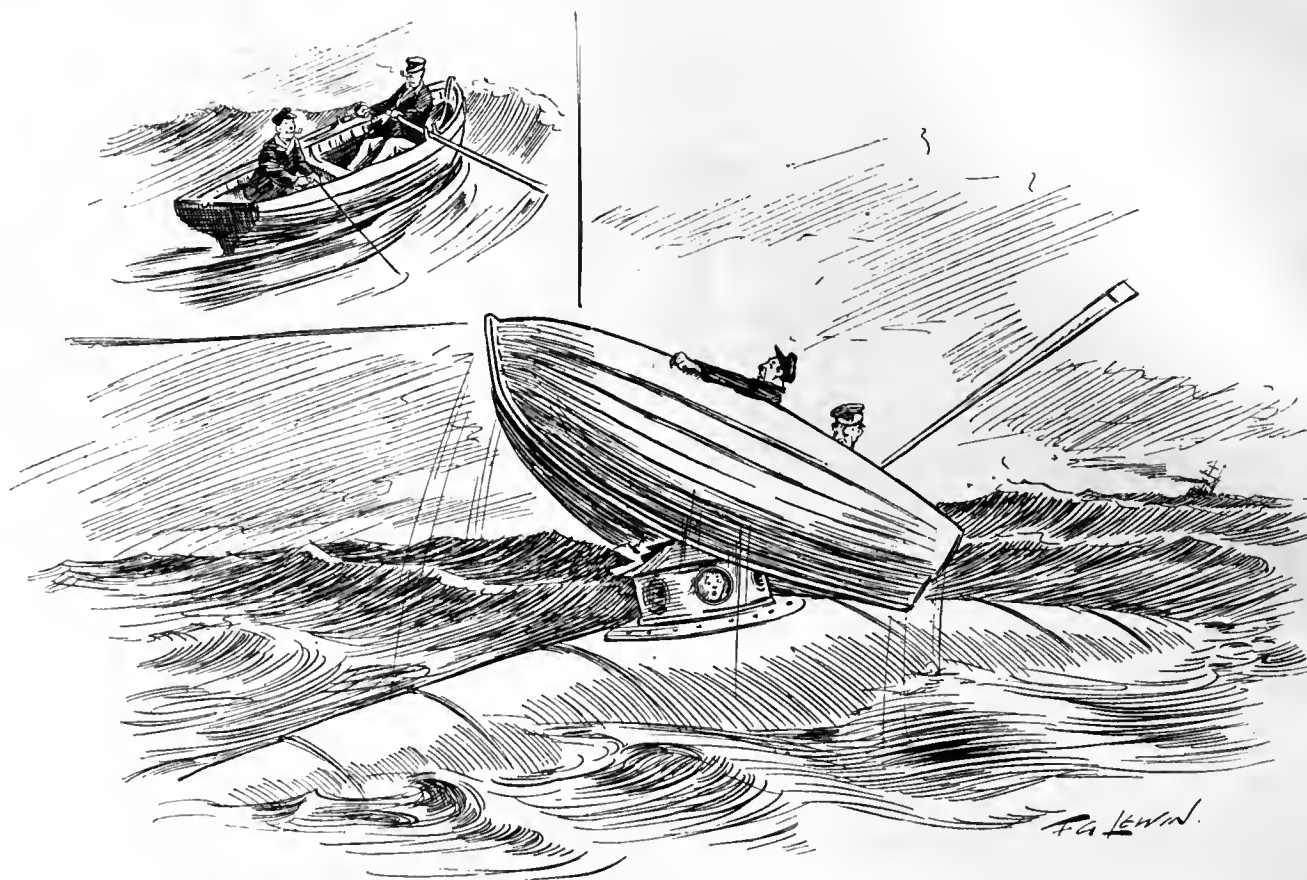
(save one) with smiling countenance. The exception was a Melbourne clergyman, a fellow-passenger to whom the newly-married couple were recommended by a friendly archdeacon. Him, perhaps, they could have stood. His wife, "a second who had been the servant of his first," was too much even for a brother clergyman and a Christian wife. Mrs. CAMBRIDGE's quick eyes see everything, and she writes charmingly. My Baronite has not read anything that more vividly pictures daily life in Australia through the growing-period of thirty years than does this unpretentious volume.

The bald statement that in no fewer than eleven out of the sixteen stories that make up FLORENCE HENNIKER's *Contrasts* (JOHN LANE) there is an example of at least one

death, either by natural or artificial processes, might lead one to imagine that the author's vein in this book was consistently morbid or melodramatic. This would be to do her a grave injustice. Actually, says my Nautical Retainer, these tales are just the expression of a very gentle and sympathetic nature. It is, of course, a fault of method or a defect of imagination to resort so often to the device of death for her climax. It gives her an air of shirking the difficulties that attend the rounding off of a tale. Yet such a story as "The Lonely House on the Moor" shows her not wanting in this desired quality of imagination. Still, for the chief part, her gift lies in the quiet observation of characters not too complex. A type like the woman in "The Butterfly" (perhaps the best story in the book) is exceptional in its admirably suggested contradictions. Since she published her last stories Mrs. HENNIKER's range of interest and her appreciation of natural environment have visibly widened. What she still needs is a little firmer concentration; and for this and other matters of technique in the handling of the short story she would be well advised to take a finishing course of MAUPASSANT.

In *The Indiscretion of Gladys*, by LUCAS CLEEVE (JOHN LONG), we have a good, plain-sailing, sensational novel that will keep the sympathetic reader thoroughly interested from the commencement to the very end. There is a handsome villain, aristocratically named *Devereux de Lisle*, of the deepest dye, who might be the hero of some forthcoming melodrama to be entitled *The Worst Man in London*. The female villain of French extraction is none the worse (even if she could be) for recalling to the experienced novel-reader *Hortense*, the foreign lady's-maid, who successfully personated *Lady Dedlock* and was run to earth by *Inspector Bucket*. It is a good plot, neatly constructed, with strong melodramatic situations and well-sustained interest. The wicked people, and, just as an exception, the persecuted lady, occasionally "hiss" at one another, which will be instantly recognised as quite the right thing to do. Here and there some slips in grammar that escaped the professional "reader" will be detected and condoned by the unprofessional.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



A HOLIDAY AT SEA.

HOW JACK AND TOM WENT FISHING THE OTHER DAY, AND CAUGHT A SUBMARINE BOAT!

"STRAIGHT FROM THE COUNTRY."

Mr. Punch, fascinated by the enterprise displayed by the Editor of the *County Gentleman* in establishing a free register for country produce, has determined to open a register of his own. The following list of entries affords gratifying evidence of the manner in which Mr. Punch's public-spirited offer has caught on:—

Produce to Sell.

Mr. C. B. Fry, Sussex County Cricket Club, Brighton, may possibly have ducks' eggs to dispose of during the summer.

Mons. WALKLEY, *Times* Office, Printing House Square, has large supply of French beans. Threepence per bunch every Friday. Also occasionally during the week.

Mr. HALL CAINE, Greeba Castle, Isle of Man, has large stock of Manx kittens. Will exchange for macaroni, polenta, or Roman candles.

The Vicar of Bray, near Maidenhead, would be glad to know of invalids who are in need of asses' milk.

Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL, House of Commons, Westminster, has an Irish bull to dispose of. What offers?

Lord ROSEBURY, the Home Farm, Mentmore, supplies fresh primroses till the end of spring.

Produce Wanted to Buy.

Mr. W. H. MALLOCK, Bachelors' Club, W., requires English Bacon, guaranteed genuine and mild-cured.

Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, Highbury, Birmingham, has a vacancy in his garden for a Crown Imperial.

Mr. ANTHONY HOPE, Reform Club, S.W., requires a kidney for breakfast every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Messrs. HAWKE AND HAWKE, 793, Chancery Lane, want pigeons. They can also do with gulls and jays.

Captain MIDDLETON, Chief Agent of the Conservative Party, will be glad to be

put into communication with some sound constitutionalist in the country from whom he may obtain eggs regularly for by-election purposes.

A VILLANELLE OF BROKEN VOWS.

WHEN I had to part from you,
I besought you, love, to wait;
And you promised to be true.

Tears you shed (ah! not a few):
I rebelled against our fate
When I had to part from you.

Eager fortune to pursue,
I would do things brave and great;
And you promised to be true.

Colder soon my raptures grew;
JOAN I loved, then ROSE, then KATE,
When I had to part from you.

While with mute reproach I view
All the swains you captivate—
(And you promised to be true!)

Ah! but give us both our due—
I was ten and you were eight
When I had to part from you,
And you promised to be true!

A FRAGMENT.

THAT is to say, I *might* have been a fragment by now, if—but I anticipate. Dining with my friend BANKS, an enthusiastic motorist, we spoke much of the Paris-Madrid race.

"I'm going to have a run over part of the track," said he; "come with me for a few miles? I'll pick you up near Bayonne, and take you as far as the Spanish frontier, say, at Irun, and you can alight there"—(curiously enough, I *did*, but not quite in the way I wanted to). "We shall have some rare fun together."

We had.

At the time appointed I journeyed out to Bayonne and awaited the passing of BANKS. A wire announced the hour of his arrival, and punctually to time a dust-covered infernal machine, accompanied by a stench of petrol strong enough to lean up against, tore down the hill to where I waited, holding my bag. I held out my hand.

"How are you, my dear fel——?"

"Jump in!" yelled the creature in mask, goggles and hairy coat, excitedly, "not a moment to spare!"

"But my bag? I——"

"Throw it away! I'm being timed over the course!"

I climbed in as though the devil had kicked me, and with a "Hooff, hooff! whirr, whizz, bang!" the machine started off as if all the Furies were in hot pursuit.

I never saw that bag again.

We tore up the hill in blinding dust, almost jolted off our seats by the violent jumpings of the motor, just missed the steam tram, flew up the next road, cannoned off the corner of the *Mairie*, whizz, brrrrr! round the turn at such a pace that the wheels skidded, knocking down a cow which had been pensively regarding us from the side of the road. Then down the succeeding hill at forty thousand miles an hour. Whirr—bang!

"What was that?" I shrieked in BANKS's ear.

"Don't know: think we boosted a donkey over those laurel bushes. Ha! that was a shave!" as we just grazed a bullock cart and floored an old woman whose *sabots* could be seen feebly waving in the air about half a mile behind us.

Bang, jolt, crash!!!

"It's all right: we've jumped it. I think it must have been a garden wall. We've apparently got a little bit off the track—dust's so blinding, really can't see whether we're on the road or——" (whop!). "Ah, that's it: we're all right now." And we crossed the ditch and regained the road with a jar which shook me to my innermost being.

As we approached Irun we caught



A LITTLE IMPERIALIST.

Brown has been reading aloud an account of experiments with primary colours in the painting of Guns, with a view to rendering them invisible at a distance. Jimmy has been much interested.

Mrs. B. "BUT, JIMMY DEAR, DO YOU KNOW WHAT THE PRIMARY COLOURS ARE?"

Jimmy (promptly). "RED, WHITE AND BLUE!"

sight of the inhabitants hastily taking refuge in trees: they evidently did not wish to get in the way. A few tufts of black and tan hair, thrown up by our front wheels, suggested that we had overtaken a foxhound without noticing it; but about this matter we could not venture beyond the region of conjecture.

Shooting across the bridge we caught a momentary glimpse of a team of bullocks—the next instant we were through the middle of them, firing one clean over into the stream below. Faster and faster we flew on until, trying to cut a corner rather too finely, we crashed into a milestone, and, as

though fired out of a gun, we claved the blue Empyrean—BANKS on one side of the car and I on the other. I described a semicircle over some tall shrubs and descended on a croquet lawn. BANKS had an opportunity of investigating the gardens opposite.

I returned to England covered with glory and diachylon plaster. I had acquired a store of useful information and a bump as big as a hen's egg on the back of my head. BANKS is not so enthusiastic about motor racing as he was. The sport has lost all its interest for me.

THE TEUTON TO HIS TURKISH SULTANA.

[The sudden revulsion, shown in the postscript of this letter, from an attitude of easy assurance must be attributed to the firmness of Mr. BALFOUR (totally unexpected after the Venezuelan amenities) in declining to allow the British Government to subsidise a Baghdad Railway under German control. The somewhat premature Orientalisation of the Teuton is here indicated by his adoption of the methods of OMAR KHAYYAM through the medium of the English version.]

WAKE! for the Eastern Sun of Promise shines
On your Commercial Baghman's bold designs;
And let us trip together, ME and YOU,
Along a Railway run on German lines.

Come, fill the Cup! Two Swallows make a Spring;
The Season urges us to take our Fling;
The British Pigeon shows a clear intent
To flutter; yea, the Bird is on the Wing.

A Stoup of Lager 'neath the Prussian Blue,
A Song of Stony Araby, and You
Somewhere beside ME on the frizzling Waste—
The Desert were a Paradise for Two.

Let not the *What-for* hold your heart in thrall,
Nor be concerned about the *Wherewithal*;
But simply lift, my Rose, your almond eyes
To read the Underwriting on the Wall.

There was the Door through which I could not see;
Long had I looked and failed to find the Key;
Then came the British Ass and leaned thereon,
And straight the Road was clear for You and ME.

Anon the Mails of Ind that move too slow
Shall be extracted from the P. & O.,
And those loquacious Vessels cry in vain
"We come by Water; like the Wind we go!"

Whether at Baghdad or at far Koweit
We manage, for the moment, to alight,
Ah! take their Cash and let their Counsel slide,
Nor heed the murmurs of the Muscovite!

They say the Bear is sore about the Head,
And means to paint Someone or Other red;
Whereat my Eagle lightly hoots *Pip-pip*,
And leaves the Lion wrestling in his stead.

So, Love, shall You and I 'gainst him conspire
To grasp the Teuton Scheme of Things entire,
To purchase for a Song the old Combine,
And reconstruct it to our Heart's Desire.

* * * * *

P.S.—The Moving Finger wrote this much,
When lo! the Vision vanished at a Touch!
Me never thought that BALFI had the nerve
Thus to elude the Potter's closing clutch.

The Potter of Potsdám with little pains
Ere now has thumbed at will those plastic Brains;
What of the new Design he had in hand?
The Pots have bolted, and the Dám remains!

O. S.

THE M. P. MILITANT.—"I was obliged," observed a constable, recently giving evidence against a violent prisoner, "to obtain the assistance of two M.P.'s before I could secure him." Enquiry on the part of the startled magistrate elicited the explanation that M.P.'s are Military Police. "Oh," said the magistrate, leaning back with an air of

relief, "I thought you meant Members of Parliament." It is a pleasant idea. The spectacle, for example, of Mr. BALFOUR, his philosophic doubt momentarily sunk, attaching himself with a prehensile grasp to the collar of a struggling desperado, while Mr. ARNOLD WHITE, with a cry of "Efficiency!" springs to his assistance, would be both grateful and comforting to the jaded sightseer. There would be no need of a Fourth Party to enliven that situation.

CLIFFORD'S INN AND AFTER.

IN the heart of London, a stone's throw from where Temple Bar would be standing if the barbarous stupidity of the last generation had not pulled it down and erected a stone griffin to block the roadway in its place, lies Clifford's Inn. The foundation dates from the fourteenth century. The buildings are of various dates. The oldest of them saw the Great Fire of London and escaped destruction. The Inn has a quaint hall in the Gothic style, and two courts, in the larger of which is a small garden with fine trees, where a wood pigeon built his nest a year or two ago.

The wood pigeon will build no more in the garden of Clifford's Inn. The Inn is to go the way of Temple Bar. The site is advertised for sale next month, and in due time a mountainous pile of offices in the worst style of modern architecture will doubtless occupy its place. Clement's Inn was a quaint and picturesque building once. The ghastly structure which has replaced it represents probably the most favourable destiny that can befall Clifford's Inn. The proceeds of the sale—a hundred thousand pounds is spoken of as a likely figure—are to be employed for the purposes of Legal Education.

It is to be hoped that this purely utilitarian attitude towards historic buildings will spread among the legal profession. For in that case Mr. *Punch* foresees some rather notable architectural developments in the Inns of Court. Clifford's Inn, the last surviving "Inn of Chancery," is to be destroyed for the sake of money its site will fetch. But other equally promising sources of revenue remain. The Gardens of the Temple, which at present are really of no practical use whatever, would make a superb site for business premises. The custom of eating dinners as an aid to the study of law is ridiculous and antiquated. Why not acknowledge the fact, pull down Middle Temple Hall, and replace it by municipal wash-houses? Fountain Court could then become a stable for omnibuses, and the Temple Church could be converted into a boiler factory. In fact there need be no limit to the scope of modern "improvements." Inns of Court are really quite absurd institutions. Why not raze them to the ground and erect model dwellings for the working classes? It would solve the housing question. Then, if you turn the Charterhouse into a railway station, the Tower into warehouses, and Westminster Hall into an Inebriates' home, something will have been done towards making London a happier and a better place.

Experto Crede.

HAVING read in the *Globe* that "much risk may be avoided (in a hansom) by the ingenious system of holding on firmly by the right hand to something," a correspondent writes to say that he has tested this advice with his silk hat. When he arrived at the accident ward of the nearest hospital with three ribs bashed in and a deep cut over the left cheek-bone, his hand still retained a firm grasp of his headpiece, both being badly dented by contact with the off hind-hoof. His next experiment will be with his watch-chain.



THE TRAP THAT FAILED.

BRITISH LION. "H'M! DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF IT! I'LL GO ROUND THE OTHER WAY."

ARCADES AMBO.

BLEST pair, though a second-rate singer
Should never essay the sublime,
Pray suffer a humble ink-slinger
To "voice" his emotion in rhyme:
For thus I may possibly show you,
O wholly unparalleled twain,
The depth of the debt that I owe you,
CORELLI and CAINE.

When gooseberries grow to gigantic
Dimensions, and Worms of the Wave,
Descried in the distant Atlantic,
Attention insistently crave;
When editors, pallid and ailing,
Forget to be bland and urbane,
You come as a solace unailing,
CORELLI and CAINE.

Whenever I'm gravelled for copy,
Whenever I'm short of a "par,"
Whenever my verses are sloppy
(And that they repeatedly are),
When foreign imbroglios tire me,
When scandals are scarce in Park
Lane,
You're always at hand to inspire me,
CORELLI and CAINE.

There are some who know nothing of
HUGGINS,
There are some who know little of
CROOKES;
But there cannot exist such a Juggins
As not to have heard of your books.
(Unless on the bench one or two are
So hopelessly dense and inane
As to ask such a question as "Who are
CORELLI and CAINE?")

The poet asserts that Apollo
His bow now and then must unbend,
And latter-day mortals must follow
That excellent rule to the end.
From cutting continual capers
Ev'n Kaisers must sometimes refrain;
But *you*'re never out of the papers,
CORELLI and CAINE.

Then, whether on Cliquot and chickens
Or plasmon and water we fare,
To the champions of SHAKESPEARE and
DICKENS

Let us throw up our caps in the air:
Let us go, like the monarch of Sheba,
In search of the ways that are sane,
And worship at Stratford and Greeba
CORELLI and CAINE.

OUR DUMB PETS.

"More than half the mischief wrought in gardens comes from draughts. If, therefore, you value your plants, do your best to prevent draught."—*Daily Mail*.]

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—On the subject of indoor draughts I flatter myself that I have already accomplished something, as I never enter a club or private house without holding up a wetted finger to determine the force and direction of the



First Tramp (to second ditto). "That's a STYLISH SORT OF DAWG YOU'RE A-WEARIN'!"

wind, and I could, if called upon, furnish meteorological charts of all the important London clubs to bald-headed members and visitors with a pre-disposition to influenza.

Although the subject of outdoor draughts has now for the first time received attention, the fact of their existence has long been known. It is within the memory of liars now living that a pioneer ranchman in the Canadian North-West habitually slept out-doors, until a careless cowboy one night left open the gate of the stockade and the poor man caught his death of cold. And now that the subject may be referred to without provoking ridicule in ignorant quarters, I may say that, owing to similar carelessness on the part of my grocer's boy, I have been kept awake more than once by the sneezing and wheezing in my vegetable garden.

I find that primroses growing in poetic proximity to river brims fre-

quently have wet feet—roots, I mean—and consequently suffer greatly from croup and sore throat.

Early violets and mountain daisies, being exposed to sudden changes of weather, suffer from influenza, and it often happens that unprotected gardens contract a chill in their vegetable marrow.

If the Vegetarian Society is all it claims to be, it will make no delay about looking into this matter. The sufferings of plants and vegetables in old and draughty gardens are terrible to think of, and is it any wonder that the trees moan in melodramas and romantic novels when the North wind is blowing? Personally I have done what I can by publicly advocating that potatoes should never be allowed to appear anywhere without their jackets, and in my vegetable garden I have been careful to shield all bald-headed cauliflowers from draughts. Yours faithfully,

HALF-BLUE (OXFORD) FOR DRAUGHTS.

VI-KINGS ESSENCE; A NORSE TRAGEDY IN A TEA-CUP.

(Condensed, with apologies, from the admirable Ibsen production at the Imperial.)

ACT FIRST.

A rocky coast on the island of Helgeland. Enter SIGURD.

SIGURD. Bluish-white is the rock—though all around it is blackest fog. Ha! I see a ray of faint light. In it will I take my stand. [He does. Enter ÖRNULF.

ÖRNULF. Give place, Viking. In this play mine is the finest part. Therefore need I more light than thou.

SIGURD. Nay, thou must even find a ray of light for thyself, outlaw!

ÖRNULF (annoyed). Dearly shalt thou aby—if thou wilt pardon so archaic an expression—that word!

[He goes for SIGURD with a sword; they fight. Enter DAGNY, SIGURD'S wife, and ÖRNULF'S six sons, who offer to join in.

ÖRNULF. Interfere not—but leave old ÖRNULF of the Fiords to enjoy himself in peace!

SIGURD (surprised). Old ÖRNULF! my father-in-law! Had we more light, this awkward mistake would not have happened!

DAGNY (glad, yet uneasy). Truly, father, unprepared were we to find thee and my six brothers turning up here.

ÖRNULF (leaves off fighting). I was ware of SIGURD from the first, and did but fight for the fun of the thing. Let us have peace. SIGURD, thou owest me a matter of three hundred pieces of silver, as moral and intellectual damages for carrying off DAGNY some five winters since. Loth am I to press thee—but if thou hast the sum about thee—

SIGURD. Settle up will I anon, for thy charge is reasonable enough, and a silken gold-fringed cloak will I throw in.

ÖRNULF. A deal will we term it. Hither have I come, a sporting old Icelandic chieftain with business instincts, to collect compensation in cash from GUNNAR, who also hath carried off HIÖRDIS, my foster daughter.

SIGURD. GUNNAR! my foster brother! Doth he then hang out here? Truly a small world it is, and this meeting of ours is the work of the long-armed Norn of Coincidence!

ÖRNULF. Without such Norns could no tragedies occur. Fain would I settle this little matter with GUNNAR peacefully and without bloodshed—but, unless his way he can see to a speedy settlement—

KÅRE (a peasant, enters and throws himself at Ö.'s feet in abject terror). Grant me protection! On my tracks is HIÖRDIS. One of GUNNAR'S house-carls have I slain, because he flouted me for a thrall.

ÖRNULF. That is the least that any gentleman could do on being flouted for a thrall. Here cometh GUNNAR. Leave this to me. I will arrange it with him. [GUNNAR comes in.

GUNNAR. What, SIGURD! my foster-brother! This is indeed an unexpected— And ÖRNULF, too! Well wot I what thou hast come about—that affair of HIÖRDIS.

ÖRNULF. Open am I to an amicable arrangement, for a good riddance in sooth was she!

GUNNAR. No wish have I to haggle, greybeard, but right willingly will I pay the damage, whatever it be.

ÖRNULF. I will but charge thee my out-of-pocket expenses. Now make thou peace with KÅRE here, or else, most reluctantly, shall I be compelled to—

GUNNAR (hastily). Quits do I call it with KÅRE at thy request. [HIÖRDIS enters with a train of House-carls.

HIÖRDIS (coldly). Quite a family party, meseems! GUNNAR, my foster-father and his six sons, DAGNY, my foster-sister, and (starts as she sees SIGURD) another old friend of mine. Well, ÖRNULF, art thou going to hand over KÅRE to GUNNAR here?

Gunnar. No need is there. Peace have I made with KÅRE in rede and deed, HIÖRDIS. [KÅRE slinks out.

HIÖRDIS (scornfully). And well I wot why—since he hath ÖRNULF to take his part! [She sneers.

Gunnar. Nay, for ÖRNULF and I are already the best of friends. I have agreed to pay him compensation for the loss of thee.

HIÖRDIS. Not so—rather must thou fight him, since he cometh in arms to demand it—or what will our neighbours say of thee?

ÖRNULF. Never, I see, wilt thou be satisfied till ructions thou hast stirred up between us!

DAGNY. Truly, HIÖRDIS, if SIGURD is content to pay up and look pleasant, surely GUNNAR—

HIÖRDIS. SIGURD did not slay the Big White Bear that, in my maidenly passion for privacy, I employed to guard my bower. GUNNAR did.

Gunnar (uncomfortably, with a glance at SIGURD). Nay, not quite so much of that White Bear, HIÖRDIS!

SIGURD. He who slew the Big White Bear when it was chained up no coward can be deemed, HIÖRDIS!

HIÖRDIS. Then must GUNNAR demand atonement from my foster-father for slaying my father JÖKUL—for a fight there is bound to be, somehow or other.

ÖRNULF. In fair fight I slew thy father—but ye women know naught of business. I will not atone.

Gunnar (undecidedly). Methinks, as HIÖRDIS'S legal representative, I am bound, to some extent, to call thee to account.

ÖRNULF. By no means. In our law a woman wedded by force, and without any compensation paid to her foster-father, hath no legal representative. Lawfully is she no better than, to quote from another Norwegian saga, a Wild Duck!

[General sensation; HIÖRDIS quivers with rage at the insult.

HIÖRDIS. Homeward will I go after being thus flouted for a Wild Duck. Now, indeed, must thou fight him, GUNNAR, or else— [She goes out in a towering passion.

Gunnar (aside to SIGURD). A little upset is the wife, but in time will she come round. Thou and I must talk things over by and by. [He goes out after HIÖRDIS with his men.

ÖRNULF. Dearly shall HIÖRDIS aby—but I forget, that expression have I used already. GUNNAR shall I assuredly have to fight after this.

SIGURD. That can I not suffer. Foster-brothers are we, and pals of old. Compensation will I pay thee for the pair of us.

ÖRNULF. Handsome is thy offer. Yet no, business is not everything—rather will I fight him and thee into the bargain. [KÅRE returns.

KÅRE. Listen; right fain am I to score off HIÖRDIS, who is threatening me. So, if thou wilt see me through, this night will I burn down GUNNAR'S hall and everyone within it. Is it a bargain?

ÖRNULF. Ashamed ought thou to be of thyself for so un-sportsmanlike a suggestion. Be off!

KÅRE (going off). Of no consequence is it, for another way know I to pay her out.

ÖRNULF (to SIGURD). Right well will it serve her. JÖKUL her father brought up his children on wolves' hearts, and one can well see that HIÖRDIS surely got her fair share of such provender! [GUNNAR comes back.

Gunnar. Things have I squared with HIÖRDIS, and just now hath a happy thought struck us. Why have family rows at all? Why not, like good chaps, come and dine quietly without ceremony? Well will we do ye, and even put ye up for the evening. What say'st thou, SIGURD?

SIGURD. Engaged am I to dine in England with King ÆTHELSTAN.

Dagny. But not for this evening. Thou wottest well that we are free to-night to dine with the GUNNARS.

Sigurd. Be it so. Well-pleased are we to accept thy kind invitation.

Gunnar. Right friendly is it spoken. ÖRNULF, old warrior, thou wilt join us?

Örnulf. Sorely hath HIÖRDIS hurt my feelings. I will think it over, and let thee know.

Gunnar. We shall expect thee, then. And now must I hasten home to put out the mead. [He goes out.]

Sigurd. DAGNY, let us return to our ship and put on apparel more befitting a quiet family dinner. [They go out.]

Thorolf (ÖRNULF's youngest son, enters). Father, is it true that thou hast fallen out with HIÖRDIS?

Örnulf. H'm—a certain coolness perhaps is there between us. Why?

Thorolf. Because thou mayst be of good cheer. KÅRE is on his way to slay HIÖRDIS' only son, little EYOLF—I should say, little EGI. Little EYOLF is in another saga.

Örnulf (with sudden resolution). Then I will fight—and I, not KÅRE, will take my revenge on her!

Thorolf. What meanest thou to do?

Örnulf. Nay, were I to tell thee, then would my best scene in the Second Act be ruined. Go thou to this Feast of theirs, and behave as politely as thou canst. (To his six other sons.) Follow me, my wolf cubs, and ye shall have blood to drink!

[ÖRNULF rushes out with his six sons, who brandish their spears in boyish delight at the prospect of a real row at last.]

Thorolf (to himself). They have all the fun, and I, as the youngest son, must sit through the stodgy family feeds.

[He goes out.]

Sigurd (enters with DAGNY, dressed for dinner). Now, wife, that we are alone, I have a secret to reveal to thee.

[He tells her how, one night, after "the horn had gone busily round," HIÖRDIS had vowed that no warrior should win her unless he slew the Big White Bear that guarded her bower, and carried her off in his arms.]

Dagny. But all this do I already know. And ever have I thought that rough was it on the Bear. For GUNNAR slew him.

Sigurd. Not GUNNAR, but I. Much courage had GUNNAR, and great love for HIÖRDIS, but a White Bear could he not abide. Wherefore I slew it for him, and, as the bower was but imperfectly lighted, HIÖRDIS never noticed that I was not GUNNAR, but gave me the ring which thou now wearest on thy arm. Better had it been, perhaps, had I handed it over to GUNNAR in case of awkward questions, but thee was I carrying off the same night, and I forgot. Still, it would be as well not to exhibit it before HIÖRDIS.

Dagny. My brave and noble warrior! But why tell me all this now?

Sigurd. Truly is it scarcely playing the game with dear old GUNNAR, but were I silent the dickens would it play with the Second Act. And after all, no woman ever yet betrayed a secret, and sure am I that, however trying may be HIÖRDIS, nought will induce thee to let forth so ill-favoured a cat from the bag, or pretty would be the kettle of fish.

Dagny. Indeed, I should never dream of alluding to the matter, unless I were absolutely driven to it!

Sigurd. Well, I have warned thee, and all reasonable precautions have I taken. Let us away, then, to the family festival; and may it go off as peacefully and happily as we could possibly expect under the circumstances.

[They away to the Feast as the Curtain falls.]

F. A.

MOTTO FOR THE LADY OF THE HOUSE.—Don't worry about trifles; make a blanc-mange.



Doctor (to Mrs. Perkins, whose husband is ill). "HAS HE HAD ANY LUCID INTERVALS?"

Mrs. Perkins (with dignity). "E'S 'AD NOTHINK EXCEPT WHAT YOU ORDERED, DOCTOR!"

OUR GIRL-ATHLETES.

(A metrical paraphrase of a recent letter by "A Berkshire Rector" to the "Times.")

SIR,—I'm not an old fogey; my share I have done
With bat, ball and oar, and my sons were playing
Like me, "young barbarians" at school ev'ry one;
But the girls to pursue the same games have begun,
So 'tis time that their father a word were saying.

It is not overstraining the truth if I state

That my daughters are sending me home despatches
That might have been written verbatim of late
By their brothers; containing the news up to date
Of athletic, not mere matrimonial, matches.

There's the same adulation of muscular skill,

Their "teams" undertake the same tours and journeys,
(N.B.—Journey-money appears in the bill),
The same technicalities reeled off at will,
And alas! the same slang to describe their tourneys.

MARY BLANK is a bowler that's "ripping," I'm told,

NELLIE DASH, too, is "ripping," with "forward" added;
The "hat trick" they all know. I had to behold
My third daughter last year standing up to be bowled
By a male "pro"—the girls were all gloved and padded!

The consequence is for our house talk to grow

Quite childish, where once intellectual leading
We gained from our girls—country homes are now "slow"
For those who were wont with their mother to sew,
Content while JANE AUSTEN supplied their reading.

Their exercise due let the maidens enjoy

By all means—to that I am no objector;
But matches are turning each girl to a boy,
And the slang that attends them but serves to annoy
Very greatly Yours truly,

A BERKSHIRE RECTOR.

DOMESTIC DRAMA.

(A Matter of Taste.)

GOOD-BYE then, MARY, if you really must?
You're sure you—? Very well then. Anyhow
I'm rather busy. No. I've got to see
A dreadful female. Worse! A governess!
For ALGY, yes. You know he's nearly eight,
And getting quite beyond—I wish I could!
I don't know how to manage him one bit.
My dear, a little demon. That's the truth
His temper's simply vile, and as for lies
You can't believe a single word he says.
His manners too! But what can one expect,
Considering the way his father—well,
You know what JACK is.

Oh, this woman? No.

I saw about her in the *Morning Post*:
She's recommended by a Lady H.,
Whoever she may be: a fraud, no doubt.
But anyhow I wrote—was that the bell?
Yes! Then you'd better go. I never keep
These sort of people waiting. Here she comes.
Adieu, ma chérie, then. Oh—How d'ye do?
Excuse me for a moment—I forgot!
That cook you spoke of. Is she very dear?
JACK's rather—only fifty? Oh dear, no:
That's not a bit too much. I'll write at once.
Oh! what about the Duchess's to-night?
Then *au revoir*. I'll come. Perhaps by then
I'll know who "Lady H." is.

Please sit down.

You'll have some tea? Well then, if you don't mind,
We'll get to business. That's to say, unless—
I'm not mistaken, am I? You—you've come—
It is about the governess's place?
I thought at first you looked—then, may I ask,—
Now are you *fond* of little boys? So glad!
Then you are sure to love my ALGERNON.
He's such a duck—a little difficult,
You know, high-spirited and all the rest,
But such a clever angel. By the way,
Were you at Girton? Oh! Not *anywhere*?
Dear me! Of course that makes a difference.
My husband's so particular. But still
It's chiefly *moral* training ALGY wants,
And *that*, no doubt—

Yes, yes, we'll come to that:

The—er—the salary, you mean. I'm sure
We shall not quarrel over that. But first
I'd better tell you what the duties are.
They're quite ridiculously light—in fact
If I could only find the time, I'd love
To do it all myself. I always think
A mother's influence so much the best
For *any* child—don't you? But, as it is,
I simply cannot manage ALGERNON,
I have so much to do.

If you don't mind,

I'd better finish what I have to say.
Your work would only be to get him up,
And see him dressed, and take him out for walks,
And mend his clothes, and read with him—in fact
Look after him until he's safe in bed.
And then, no doubt, instead of coming down,
You'd rather have your supper in your room:
So much more pleasant—yes, for everyone.
And, as for salary, my husband meant
To offer twenty pounds, but, on the whole,

I think that I may make it twenty-five!—
Then that's all settled. Silence gives consent!
But, may I ask your name? I'm so ashamed,
I've quite—I beg your pardon? Lady HOON?
Then you are Lady H.? But—oh, your friend!
I don't quite understand. Dear me, in bed?
I see. You came instead. Most kind of you!
And what am I to—will she take the place?
But *why*, if I may ask. If—not *enough*?
But—but I offered twenty-five! My cook?
Ah, yes! No doubt you—er—you overheard.
Oh, not at all. *My* fault! of course you see
How very different the cases are.
I know it isn't—yes, I quite agree,
In fact I've told my husband more than once
That Education really does come first.
But then, what *can* one do? The fact remains,
Good cooks are scarce, and governesses swarm,
And so, poor things, one *has* to pay them less,
One really has no choice! Besides—*Good-bye*!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. BATSON has garnered a series of papers appearing from time to time in various magazines, and strung them together under the title, *A Book of the Country and the Garden* (METHUEN). They form a pleasant, chatty, diary of a year running from March to February. For amateur gardeners they convey many useful hints. For those who, like my Baronite, prefer to look on whilst the gardener is at work, they are full of pleasant memories and associations. An added interest is found in the fact that the book is illustrated with a number of pretty sketches by Mr. A. C. GOULD; his father, the inimitable F. C. G., occasionally looking in and showing how the thing should be done.

The steps of *Lovey Mary* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) leading footsore little *Tommy*, land her in the Cabbage Patch, where we meet again *Mrs. Wiggs*, *Miss Hazy*, *Asia*, *Australia*, and *Europeny*. *Lovey Mary*, aged thirteen, is mistress in a Home for Children. Her motherly heart, swelling at the prospect of losing a little waif and stray she had taken to it, runs off with him and goes in search of a situation that will enable her to keep him in comfort. Their progress is hampered by *Tommy's* insistence on possessing a live duck, in place of one whose companionship he had cultured in the playground of the Home. A dollar was *Mary's* sole capital, but she spent what was necessary in the purchase of a duck, which *Tommy* conveniently carried with his arm round its neck. The Cabbage Patch thus invaded rises to its usual height of neighbourly hospitality. In *Miss ALICE HEGAN RICE's* hands it loses nothing of its residential squalor and its innate freshness of human nature. My Baronite is delighted to meet *Mrs. Wiggs* again, with her cheery way of looking out on the world. Here is a bit of her philosophy worth writing out in letters of gold and hanging up in other people's households: "The way to git cheerful is to smile when you feel bad, to think about somebody else's headache when yer own is 'most bustin', to keep on believin' the sun is a-shinin' when the clouds is thick enough to cut. Nothin' helps you to like it like thinkin' more 'bout other folks than about yerself."

Cornelius (SMITH, ELDER) is the story of the daily lives of a happy variety of living men and women. It is set alternately in a background of town and country, the latter affording *Mrs. DE LA PASTURE* opportunity for fresh display of the delicacy of her pencil and brush. The germ of the plot—an obscure country boy, son of a dairy-maid, turning out to be the heir to a peerage—is sufficiently commonplace.

Mrs. DE LA PASTURE increases the effect by the apparent ingenuousness with which she gives herself away. But it is only the art of woman. *Bien fol qui s'y fie.*

Lured on to the apparently inevitable, the trusting, slightly scornful reader is, by dramatic, unexpected stroke, laid on his back breathless with surprise. Whilst the canvas is fairly crowded with figures, each is alert with life, instinct with individuality. *Cornelius* is a fine conception, one of Nature's noblemen. Airy, fairy *Lilias* is surrounded by divers foils—her vulgar aunt, *Mrs. Morrice*, her dreamy uncle *David*, her outwardly phlegmatic sister *Anne*, and, most delightful of all, pragmatist Aunt *Phillipotte*, with whom my Baronite is intimately acquainted in social life, though it is more than probable Mrs. DE LA PASTURE never set eyes on the particular tall figure, with its crowning grace of white hair, he has in mind. *Cornelius* will distinctly advance the author's reputation, which is saying a good deal, since she wrote *Deborah o' Tod's*.

The Baron welcomes with pleasure *The Gourmet's Guide to Europe* (GRANT RICHARDS), written by Lieutenant-Colonel NEWNHAM DAVIS and ALGERNON BASTARD. They have visited and done themselves as well as possible at all the principal Restaurations in the civilised world, and, *mirabile dictu*, they are alive to tell the tale! Here, indeed, are a couple of genuine "Cook's Tourists." The "J. G." or Junior Gourmet, ALGERNON B., acting under the orders of his superior officer, seems to have been compelled to rough it occasionally, as, for instance, in Constantinople, while his sympathetic collaborateur (at a distance) was luxuriating in Paris. On another occasion, too, the "J. G." complains, humbly it is true, of a somewhat trying experience in Greece what time the physiognomy of the rather wily Major Gourmet was radiant with the oil of perfect cookery in Vienna. Yet was it necessary for the general utility of the book that while one of the two should be able of his own experience to tell you what to eat and drink and where to eat and drink it, the other should be able to inform intending travellers, equally from his own experience, what to avoid in the way of food, drink, and localities. To the one who says "Do" and to the other who says "Don't" all readers will be equally obliged; and if there be any excess of gratitude due to either it must be to the amiable "co-author." The Baron recommends all his friends to read, mark, and digest the excellent dinners given by these "co-authors," who, as genial hosts, are always entertaining.

BARON DE B.-W.



First Stable Boy (leading in Winner). "'ADN'T YOU BETTER GO AND GET YER MONEY? THE BOOKIE MIGHT BOLT."

Second Stable Boy. "OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT. HE CAN'T. I PICKED A FAT ONE WITH ONLY ONE LEG!"

MADE IN SWITZERLAND.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Daily Chronicle* of April 22 says that a Zurich firm are doing an enormous business in the sale of "cribs" and "impositions" to the ingenuous youth of all nations.

This will not do. It is one more tincture in the coffin of England's commercial supremacy. It is a most insidious form of alien immigration. We are already depending upon foreign countries for bread, meat, and other commodities of life, and now the Bohn market is taken from us.

The British Infant, at present being brought up on Swiss milk, will proceed to acquire Swiss-English as she is spoke by the enterprising Alpine hotel-keeper. The Fourth Form Boy will cease to improve his hand-writing by

laboriously transcribing the Georgics; his eye and taste will be vitiated by Genevese mis-spelling and cacography. The Freshman, having found out how to address a letter to the Continent, will be led on to patronise German lotteries and generally unsettle himself for life.

Mr. *Punch* implores SMITH Minor to resist the wiles of the Helvetian tempter. Let him join a league to oust the intruder and to patronise home products only. There are many excellent translations in the field, or rather, the purlieu of Charing Cross. There are numerous deserving professional scribes on this side of the water who will do a hundred lines for the price of a jam tart. The British crib is in danger, and the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world.



THE RULING PASSION.

Customs Official. "HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO DECLARE?"

Absent-minded Traveller (Bridge-player, just catching last word). "OH, LEAVE IT TO YOU!"

THE BUDGETS OF OTHER DAYS.

[A writer in a contemporary, after remarking that Budget speeches of late years have been quite prosaic affairs, fondly recalls the days of GLADSTONE and DISRAELI, when financial statements were fired with imagination and delivered with eloquence.]

Oh, let me praise the Budgets which
They fashioned when I was a boy;
In fire and inspiration rich,
Replete with beauty, fraught with
joy:

The mantle of Romance is cast
Over the Budgets of the past!

Ah, in those dear departed days,
The Chancellor—a soulful man—
With honeyed words and well-turned
phrase

Unravell'd his financial plan;
And when his fancy spread her wing,
Taxation seemed a blessed thing!

His eloquence, ornate and rare,
Convinced us WORDSWORTH proved his
case

What time he sang, There's naught so fair
As is the smile on Duty's face;
He even made the patriot pray
Our Customs never might decay.

Spent is the old-time fiscal fire,—
Now Chancellors their brains equip
With gifts that City folk admire
In men who deal in stock and
scrip:

Men who the force of figures teach,
Disdaining aid from those of speech!

And yet perhaps 'tis well to choose
The latter mode, though dull and
trite;

Since soaring minds are apt to lose
Their balance in some dizzy flight;
And what's a Chancellor, except
His "balance" be most nicely kept?



Henry S. Edwards. Del.

THE CHAIN OF FRIENDSHIP.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, April 21.

—When in the case of a former Bishop of Winchester question was put,

“And shall TRELAWNEY die?”

answer was made, with honest vigour that excuses slight looseness of construction of the colloquy,

“There’s thirty thousand Cornishmen
Shall know the reason why.”

This afternoon, on reassembling after Easter recess, analogous question was put in respect to the Lord High Commissioner for Scotland, “And shall Lord LEVEN die?” Regret to say answer not quite so satisfactory as in case of Sir JOHN TRELAWNEY (after all, since deceased). Scotch Members on the whole show themselves indifferent to issue. Mr. WEIR even goes so far as to affirm that the Lord High Commissioner “is paid for it.” Risk of drains not specifically mentioned in his appointment. But in the opinion of the Member for Ross and Cromarty it is included.

C.-B., with the sagacity that is the birthright of dwellers beyond the Tweed, instantly put his finger on the cause of trouble. Vote before Committee is for £40,600 on account of Royal Palaces. WHISKEY DEWAR moved reduction by £100 in order to complain of the Lord High Commissioner of the Church of Scotland, departing from custom when the General Assembly is to the fore, proposing to remove his head-quarters from Holyrood Palace to, as Mr. DEWAR put it, “the Station Hotel, of all the places in the world.” Whisper went round that this contemptuously indignant reference was based upon alleged fact that at this particular hostelry, “of all places in the world,” a certain brand of pure Scotch is unattainable.

C.-B., as hinted, put the whole business straight. “There is,” he remarked, transfixing PRINCE ARTHUR with stern glance, “something below the surface.”

Of course there was. There were the drains.

Just as on the eve of opening of Parliament the roads approaching Westminster Palace are taken up, so, the time being at hand for the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland to foregather in the capital, the Board of Works swoop down and disturb the drains at Holyrood Palace. Lord LEVEN AND MELVILLE is, truly, Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. As such, drains do not daunt him. But he is more. He is a husband and a father, and, with all respect to Mr. WEIR, is not disposed to risk his life and their happiness.



JOHN BULL'S BUDGET EXPRESSION, 1903.

Can the fact that John Bull has been looking like this the last few days be due to the
“Fourpence off the Income Tax”? We fancy so!

Case at first sight strong. But CANNY CALDWELL puts his finger on its weak point. The Lord High Commissioner declines to dwell in Holyrood Palace on account of the drains, “preferring,” as Mr. SHAW pointedly puts it, “to sleep in an adjoining public-house.”

Very good. “But,” says the Canny One, “he is going to hold his *Le-vees* in the tainted dwelling.” What is bad for one Lord High Commissioner is a hundred-fold worse for reverend gentlemen and others with wives and daughters who will attend what C. C. with increasing emphasis alludes to as “*Le-vees*.”

Being on his legs another objection illuminates his shrewd mind. Dispensing hospitality in what PRINCE ARTHUR

loftily alludes to as “the ancient residence of the Kings of Scotland,” the Lord High Commissioner is privileged privily to dispense liquor that has not paid toll to the Exchequer. For years reverend gentlemen, lights of manse fructifying remote spots of Scotia, looking in at Holyrood during the General Assembly fortnight, have sampled toddy as innocent of exise duty as if it were the potheen of a neighbouring isle. How will it be in respect of the personal account of the Lord High Commissioner taking his dram at the “of all places in the world” alluded to by Mr. DEWAR? Will he purchase it duty free, or how? CANNY CALDWELL, carefully parting the skirts of his black frock-coat, emblem of

frugal respectability, resumes his seat, feeling he had 'em there.

In vain PRINCE ARTHUR, hearing in his distant room echo of the slogan, hastens in and pleads that there is nothing in Mr. BLACK's mournful plaint that the arrangement is deliberately "designed with the purpose of stifling national sentiment in Scotland." Scotsmen weeping over an affront paid to Holyrood will not be comforted. Division insisted upon. Ministerial majority run down to parlous figure of 39.

Business done.—Sittings resumed after Easter. Government ran narrow risk of defeat.

Thursday night.—The Income Tax payer is the Needy Knife-grinder of the community. Whenever the country is in danger or difficulty Chancellor of Exchequer turns to him, claps on a penny, peradventure threepence. This of course in addition to his contribution, large in proportion as his means are liberal, to indirect taxation.

To-day, the War being really over, Chancellor of the Exchequer has a surplus. The long-suffering Income Tax payer, Issachar among his fellow citizens, meekly lifts his head and asks to be remembered in the day of comparative prosperity, as he is never forgotten in time of trouble. Last year ST. MICHAEL, putting on an extra penny, promised to take it off this year. Income Tax payer, growing bolder, asks ST. MICHAEL's successor to make it twopence. Encouraged by sound of his own voice, goes on with increasing firmness to ask for threepence, as the Needy Knife-grinder asked for sixpence.

RICHIE's reply comes to-night in thronged House listening to Budget Speech. Compare it with that snapped forth by the Friend of Humanity immortalised by CANNING,

"I give thee sixpence! I will see thee damn'd first."

Note not only the brutality of this response but the coarseness of the language in which it is conveyed. How different are words and mien of the latter-day Friend of Humanity, standing by the brass-bound box a long line of Chancellors of the Exchequer has thumped!

"I give thee threepence! I will make it fourpence."

This it is to be born with a generous heart and to have a surplus of nearly eleven millions.

Business done.—Budget brought in. Fourpence knocked off Income Tax.

Friday night.—GEORGE WYNTHAM, back from Ireland after Easter holidays, sits on Treasury Bench and thinks of coming day when he shall move second reading Land Purchase Bill. Bleak April weather prevalent elsewhere; for

him the sun shines as it rarely falls on an Irish Secretary. Seems only the other day he was howled at all over Ireland as the "smiling assassin." Now landlord and tenant vie with each other in applause. If he will only pinch a few more millions from pocket of impoverished British taxpayer he shall have a statue on College Green. Nay, he shall be canonized. Why should so-called Merrie England have monopoly of St. George? Why not "St. George for Resuscitated Ireland?"

"Pity ANDREW MARVEL is no more," said the MEMBER FOR SARK.

"Why?" I asked, though, really, have ceased to marvel at SARK's inconsequences.

"If he were still alive," he murmured, "he might string another Horatian Ode such as that with



THE HERO OF THE HOUR.

"I propose to take off fourpence."
(Mr. R-tch-e.)

which he welcomed CROMWELL's return from Ireland. Of course nothing comparable between our Chief Secretary's rule and that established by iron hand of the Protector. PRINCE ARTHUR, with his 'Don't hesitate to shoot,' came nearer the Cromwellian standard. But there are some lines in the Ode curiously appropriate to present circumstances:

And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed:
So much one man can do
That does both act and know.

Again,

He to the Commons' feet presents
A Kingdom for his first year's rents.

Ireland, you see, really brought within the Union. Perhaps, in the unavoidable absence of ANDREW MARVELL, ALFRED AUSTIN will tip us a stave."

Business done.—Compensation for Disturbance (Licensed Victuallers) Bill read a second time.

WHAT THEY SEEM TO EXPECT

(Made in Germany.)

THE German newspapers show such absurd annoyance when commenting on King EDWARD's visit to France, that one can only suppose that, in their opinion, they and their country should control everyone. Happily our country, though the heads of our soldiers are decorated with German caps, and the feats of our Ministers are capped with German decorations, has not yet sunk into complete vassalage. What the Germans apparently expect, and would certainly enjoy, is the perusal of some such items of news as these:—

The King of ENGLAND, having applied for the necessary permission, has been informed that His Majesty the KAISER is graciously pleased to allow him to visit Italy. As regards a similar application for permission to visit France, His Majesty the KAISER has caused instructions to be sent to the King of ENGLAND forbidding him to go.

The English Ministers, who have usually shown a praiseworthy respect and obedience towards the German Government, have submitted to Count von Bülow a proposal to construct a new breakwater to protect the coast of Suffolk from the inroads of the sea. The Imperial Chancellor, considering the breakwater a disrespectful menace to the fortifications of Heligoland, has given orders to the English Ministers to abandon the scheme.

Recently, in the English Parliament, a member called GIBSON BOLWES made an outrageous attack upon his Majesty the KAISER. We almost hesitate to repeat the gross insult. The misguided man actually ventured to apply the word "impetuous" to his Imperial Majesty. The wretched BOLWES was at once arrested, and, after being chained hand and foot, was thrown into a subterranean dungeon of the Tower of London. He was tried yesterday and sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment in the dungeon. His Majesty the KAISER has been graciously pleased to confer the Red Eagle upon the Lord High Chancellor as a mark of his approval.

An English Colonel has been found guilty of grave disrespect to the Fatherland. A German band was playing the *Wacht am Rhein* outside his house, and the wretched Colonel, instead of standing on his doorstep in full uniform and saluting, actually asked them to go away. The Court Martial, disregarding his absurd defence that his wife was ill, sentenced him to be degraded to the ranks and dismissed with ignominy. His Majesty the KAISER has been graciously pleased to bestow the Order *Pour le Mérite* on Mr. BRODRICK.



ENTER SPRING.



BULL AND BEAR STOCK EXCHANGE RACE.

DUDLEY JONES, BORE-HUNTER.

I.

As is now well known, my friend Mr. DUDLEY JONES perished under painful circumstances on the top of Mount Vesuvius. His passion for research induced him to lean over the edge of the crater in such a way as to upset his equipoise. When we retrieved him he was a good deal charred, and, to be brief, of very little use to anybody. One of our noblest poets speaks of a cat which was useless except to roast. In the case of DUDLEY JONES, even that poor exception would not have held good. He was done to a turn.

DUDLEY JONES was a man who devoted his best energy to the extinction of bores. With a clear-sightedness which few modern philanthropists possess, he recognised that, though Society had many enemies, none was so deadly as the bore. Burglars, indeed, JONES regarded with disapproval, and I have known him to be positively rude to a man who confessed in the course of conversation to being a forger. But his real foes were the bores, and all that one man could do to eliminate that noxious tribe, that did DUDLEY JONES do with all his might.

Of all his cases none seems to me so fraught with importance as the adventure of the Unwelcome Guest. It was, as JONES remarked at intervals of ten minutes, a black business. This guest—but I will begin at the beginning.

We were standing at the window of our sitting-room in Grocer Square on the morning of June 8, 189—, when a new burgham swept clean up to our door. We heard the bell ring, and footsteps ascending the stairs.

There was a knock.

"Come in," said JONES; and our visitor entered.

"My name is Miss PETTIGREW," she observed, by way of breaking the ice.

"Please take a seat," said JONES in his smooth professional accents. "This is my friend WUDDUS. I generally allow him to remain during my consultations. You see, he makes himself useful in a lot of little ways, taking notes and so on. And then if we

turned him out, he would only listen at the keyhole. You follow me, I trust? WUDDUS, go and lie down on the mat. Now, Miss PETTIGREW, if you please."

"Mine," began Miss PETTIGREW, "is a very painful case."

"They all are," said JONES.

"I was recommended to come to you by a Mrs. EDWARD NOODLE. She said that you had helped her husband in a great crisis."

"WUDDUS," said JONES, who to all appearances was half asleep, "fetch my scrapbook."

The press-cutting relating to Mr. EDWARD NOODLE was sandwiched between a statement that Mr. BALFOUR never eats doughnuts, and a short essay on the treatment of thrush in infants.

"Ah," said JONES, "I remember the case now. It was out of my usual line, being simply a case of theft. Mr. NOODLE was wrongfully accused of purloining a needle."

"I remember," I said eagerly. "The case for the prosecution was that NEDDY NOODLE nipped his neighbour's needle."

"WUDDUS," said JONES coldly, "be quiet. Yes, Miss PETTIGREW?"

"I will state my case as briefly as possible, Mr. JONES. Until two months ago my father and I lived alone, and were as happy as could possibly be. Then my uncle, Mr. STANLEY PETTIGREW, came to stay. Since that day we have not known what happiness is. He is driving us to distraction. He will talk so."

"Stories?"

"Yes. Chiefly tales of travel. Oh, Mr. JONES, it is terrible."

JONES's face grew cold and set.

"Then the man is a bore?" he said.

"A dreadful bore."

"I will look into this matter, Miss PETTIGREW. One last question. In the case of your father's demise—this is purely hypothetical—a considerable quantity of his property would, I suppose, go to Mr. STANLEY PETTIGREW?"

"More than half."

"Thank you. That, I think, is all this morning. Good-day, Miss PETTIGREW."

And our visitor, with a bright smile—at me, I always maintain, though JONES declares it was at him—left the room.

"Well, JONES," I said encouragingly, "what do you make of it?"

"I never form theories, as you are perfectly well aware," he replied curtly.

"Pass me my bagpipes."

I passed him his bagpipes and vanished.

It was late when I returned.

I found JONES lying on the floor with his head in a coal-scuttle.

"Well, WUDDUS," he said, "so you've come back?"

"My dear JONES, how——?"

"Tush, I saw you come in."

"Of course," I said. "How simple it seems when you explain it! But what about this business of Miss PETTIGREW's?"

"Just so. A black business, WUDDUS. One of the blackest I have ever handled. The man STANLEY PETTIGREW is making a very deliberate and systematic attempt to bore his unfortunate relative to death!"

I stared at him in silent horror.

* * * * *

Two days afterwards JONES told me that he had made all the arrangements. We were to go down to Pettigrew Court by the midnight mail. I asked, Why the midnight mail? Why not wait and go comfortably next day? JONES, with some scorn, replied that if he could not begin a case by springing into the midnight mail, he preferred not to undertake that case. I was silenced.

"I am to go down as a friend of the family," said he, "and you are going as a footman."

"Thanks," I said.

"Don't mention it," said JONES.

"You see, you have got to come in some capacity, for I must have a reporter on the spot, and as a bore is always at his worst at meal-times you will be more useful in the way of taking notes if you come as a footman. You follow me, WUDDUS?"

"But even now I don't quite see. How do you propose to treat the case?"

"I shall simply outbore this PETTIGREW. I shall cap all his stories with duller ones. Bring your note-book."

"Stay, JONES," I said. "It seems to me—correct me if I am wrong—that in the exhilaration of the moment you have allowed a small point to escape you."

"I beg your pardon, WUDDUS?" His face was pale with fury.

"A very small point," I said hurriedly.

"Simply this, in fact. If you begin outboring STANLEY, surely an incidental effect of your action will be to accelerate the destruction of your suffering host."

"True," said JONES thoughtfully.

"True. I had not thought of that. It is at such moments, WUDDUS, that a suspicion steals across my mind that you are not such a fool as you undoubtedly look." I bowed.

"I must make arrangements with Mr. PETTIGREW. Until I have finished with brother STANLEY he must keep to his room. Let him make some excuse. Perhaps you can suggest one?"

I suggested Asiatic cholera. JONES made a note of it.

On the following night, precisely at twelve o'clock, we sprang into the midnight mail.

(To be continued.)

MR. PUNCH'S SKETCHY INTERVIEWS.

XV.—MR. H. G. WELLS.

MR. WELLS'S residence, which is known as Spade House—Lord ROSEBERY having laid the foundation stone—stands on an eminence at Sandgate



"Mermaids, which are common objects of the local shore."

overlooking the English Channel. It was built on the prophets of *Anticipations*. Mr. WELLS chose this elevated site in order that he might keep an eye on France, especially on M. JULES VERNE; and also that he might be cognisant of the approach of mermaids, which are common objects of the local shore; so much so that the Sandgate Borough Council have had to pass a law regulating their movements. At the back of Mr. WELLS'S house is a hydraulic lift, built from his own designs and at his own expense, for the easy transport of these sea ladies from the beach to the Lees.

On our pressing the electric button the door was opened by a well-trained Martian, who in answer to our question hooted politely that Mr. WELLS was out on his Aeroplane, superintending the flying drill of the Sandgate Highlanders, and was for the time being an invisible man, but that he was expected in any moment.

While he was speaking a whirring noise was heard overhead, and Mr. WELLS swooped to earth. Divesting himself of his celluloid cloak, studded with plasmon buttons, Mr. WELLS, on demanding and receiving our assurance that we belonged to the middle classes, ushered us into his sanctum. We experienced considerable difficulty in keeping our feet, owing to the curvature of the floor—Mr. WELLS adopts this system to prevent the collection of dust—but finally succeeded in anchoring

ourselves to a selenite paperweight, while our host settled himself comfortably in the cushioned seats of his Time Machine and began to talk.

"No," said he, "I am not interested in the present, nor hardly in to-morrow. It is the day after the day after to-morrow on which my wistful gaze is fixed. Ah, England will be England then when Anticipations are realities, and man is no longer in the making but made. I look forward to a not too distant day when airships will be as common as hardships now are, and all incompetent statesmen and generals will have married mermaids and disappeared for ever into a subaqueous limbo."

"Is it true, Mr. WELLS," we asked, "that you are a convert to the tabloid dietary?"

"Certainly," replied the indomitable vaticinator. "The man of the future being *ex hypothesi* toothless, lozenges become a prime necessity. It is therefore the duty of all far-sighted citizens to forestall the inevitable and conform to the exigencies of posterity. I myself subsist exclusively on a peptonised angel cake prepared from a recipe supplied me by one of my wonderful visitors."

"When then do you expect to join the choir invisible?"

"When the wings which this diet is guaranteed to produce shall have fully grown. But in the interval I have much to do. You know that I am endeavouring to negotiate an Anglo-Martian alliance?"

We had heard a rumour to that effect.

"Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is favourable to the project, but LORD LANSDOWNE and Mr. BRODRICK are at present unconvinced."



"Mr. Wells was out on his aeroplane."

Then there is my National Nursery, in which I propose to subject the limbs of the young to a process which will enable future generations to adopt a rotary means of locomotion. If a Centaur why not an Androcycele?"



"I myself subsist exclusively on a peptonised angel cake."

"Why not?" we submissively echoed.

At this point we arose, unwilling any longer to deprive our great-great-grandchildren of the results of his labours. Mr. WELLS showed us to the door, and recommending his moving staircase as an easy means of descent left us with his blessing.

We stepped on it with a light heart, and some hours afterwards came to ourselves in the surgery of a Sandgate practitioner.

Moral.—Leave WELLS alone.

TO ANY SPRING POET.

(By Any Editor.)

If I were you I really think
I'd be more sparing with my ink,
(A lull in verse is surely due!)
So when you tremble on the brink
Of lyrics—and we tremble too!—
I wouldn't slip, if I were you.

Your vernal raptures tend to bore;
Of Spring I wish to hear no more;
To PHYLLIS kindly bid adieu,
Whom you (on paper) so adore;
I would—in mercy's name I sue,—
Live and let live, if I were you!

It is reported by the *Daily Chronicle* of the 24th inst. that "Some Conservatives at Bristol expressed regret that the Income Tax reduction was 4d. instead of 3d. as anticipated." Some people are so hard to please.

PASHLEY'S OPINIONS.

No. VI.

It was about three years after the little flare-up I told you about that I went and had another go at getting spliced. I hadn't done much in what they call Cupid's Court in the meantime. Of course I don't mean to say that I hadn't had lots of chances. A fellow who's making a bit of money and can show a good coat and a decent pair of trousers, and who's got a warm man for a father—well, you know what I mean, he's pretty sure to have a pack of girls after him all the time. But I wasn't taking any, that's the cold truth. For one thing I'd had such a facer over INEZ. It was no use blinking it: she had treated me scandalously. There was I pouring out all the young affections of my heart at her feet, and she, a married woman, with a great black-haired brute of a husband in Seville, was leading me on just as if she meant to say, "Pour away, pour away; it's pretty stuff, but it won't be wasted. You can pick it all up again directly, and mine with it; and someday we'll live in a flat and keep a footman." And all the time she knew it was all my eye, the heart and the flat and the footman and all the rest of it.

But that's a woman all over. Once she gets a good-looking chap in tow she can't bear to let him go—just keeps him on a string like a kitten, and pulls him in or lets him out as it suits her fancy. I did have a month or two of the mopes when it was all over, and tried to do a bit in poetry, but it didn't seem to come natural—the rhymes were stumpers for one thing, and the lines would go and get mixed up with one another, so I pretty soon chucked that.

Well, as I say, it was about three years afterwards that I got it again badly. This time it was in my own rank of life—one try at marriage beneath you is enough for any man, you can bet your life on that. Her name was EMILY COLLINS, and she was twenty-five, just about my own age. Her father and mother lived next door but one to us. He was something in the meat-market, I never knew rightly what, but it seemed to run to money, for he had a cook at £25 a year, and kept his own cellar of wine. Besides, they had their drawing-room done up in stamped leather wallpaper, and there were varnished bamboo ornaments and fans and china plates all over it, and two or three big books with gilt-edged leaves on the table in the middle. You could see they'd been well educated and had some refinement. EMILY was a very neat parcel of silks and laces. She wasn't as tall as some I've known, but she had a first-class figure—didn't run to ombompon or anything of that sort. She'd got a nice complexion too, with a couple of moles on her right cheek, and grey eyes. It was a funny thing, but she was the dead spit of her mother, barring wrinkles. In the dark you couldn't tell t'other from which. They both sang the same songs too. I thought them pretty good at the game in those days, but I suppose, being in love, I got blinded, and so I couldn't be a good judge of music; I've heard them since, and it didn't come to much.

I don't quite remember how it all began this time. I know I didn't fall in head-first with a splash, as I did with INEZ. I hadn't got the same feeling of swimming on soda-water bubbles when I saw her; but then of course this wasn't a first passion, and that always makes a difference. But I'd thought it over quietly with myself, and I felt that if we got hitched we could run the show very comfortably. Besides, they were good people, as I've said. Old BEN COLLINS's father had been on the town council somewhere in Gloucestershire, and Mrs. COLLINS's grandfather had made a pot of money in the corn trade. Anyhow it all appeared very suitable. EMILY seemed quite agreeable. I saw her pretty well every day, and paid her lots of compliments out of a

book of etiquette and courtship that I bought for a shilling. For instance, if she said it was a fine sunny day, I'd say, "Indeed? The truth is that the brightness of your eyes has made me insensible to the beams of the god of light." EMILY laughed and said, "Don't be so silly," but I could see she liked it. The only thing was I couldn't make up my mind how I'd propose to her. I'd thought out no end of plans—going on my knees, and writing her a letter, and coming at her through her father—but none of them seemed what I wanted, so at last I decided to leave it to chance. I thought if I caught her alone some evening I'd make a plunge and get it over.

Well, one day I found out that her mother had gone off visiting, and I felt pretty sure I should find EMILY at home. I went round to their house at six o'clock—it was December and pitch dark—and walked right up to the drawing-room without waiting for the servant to announce me, and went in. There was a lamp in the room, but it was flickering, and just as I got in it gave a bit of a flare and went down. However, I'd seen enough to know she was there all right, sitting on the sofa. "No," I said, as she made a move, "don't have it lit up. I like this sort of light. I want to say something to you." The fact was, it made me feel as bold as a lion to be in the dark. So I went on: said I'd loved her ever since I set eyes on her. Would she be mine? "The cold world," I said (I got it out of *Doomed to be Mated*) "may reprove our love, but what of that? We love; is not that enough?" and with that I seized her hand and covered it with kisses.

The next moment I got a smack on the side of the face that made me see stars, a voice that wasn't EMILY's hissed at me, "You serpent!" and the lamp, which hadn't really gone out, flared up again and showed me it was Mrs. COLLINS. She was standing like a hyena by the sofa. I was out of the house in two two's, you may be sure, and we haven't been on visiting terms since. I wrote and tried to explain things—said I'd had money losses and got unhinged, but it didn't seem to be any use. It was all over between EMILY and me. I couldn't have screwed myself up a second time. She married a farmer in Essex not long afterwards.

"IS THIS A DAGGER?"

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—In the Year Book of the Church of Scotland for 1903, at page 120, is a List of Moderators of General Assembly since 1560, to which is prefixed the following note:—"Moderators still living are marked with a dagger." I have a natural desire to know in what manner these distinguished and reverend gentlemen came by the dangerous wounds referred to.

There is also the further question—how many of the Moderators now slumbering peacefully beneath the green moss of some sequestered churchyard have been done to death by the coward hand of the assassin, and why was no inquiry held?

You, Sir, dwell south of the Tweed in comparatively civilised surroundings, but on this side there would appear to be room (and danger) enough to attract the missionary enterprise of any to whom China offers too peaceful a field of operations.

Yours most admiringly,

DUGALD MACSPORRAN.

ANOTHER EUROPEAN CONCERT.—*Lloyd's Weekly News* publishes the following Reuter telegram:—"Berlin: Saturday. —The Emperor dined at the Embassy to-night. In addition to the whole staff of the Embassy the Trumpeter band of the 1st Dragoon Guards Regiment played during dinner." Surely the *chef* should have been excused.

SARDOU'S MUDDLED RAMA; OR, DANTE OF OLD DRURY.

WHATEVER Sir HENRY IRVING does, he does well and thoroughly, and whatever Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS takes in hand at Drury Lane may be depended upon as being done most effectively; witness *Ben Hur*, the last scene in which probably suggested the excellent stage management of Scene VII., *The Valley of Asphodels*, in this play of *Dante*. Sir HENRY does most loyally his very best for two French authors, SARDOU and MOREAU (whose work has been well translated by one Englishman, Mr. LAURENCE IRVING), who, most decidedly, have not succeeded, however much they may have tried, in doing *their* very best for Sir HENRY.

Let it be at once said that with the production of the piece, in respect to stage effect, it would be indeed difficult to find the slightest fault; but that Sir HENRY was at any time satisfied with this piece, as a fine play offering great dramatic opportunities, may be legitimate matter for doubt. The Prologue promises and performs well; so does the first scene in the First Act. But after this, goodbye to real drama until the Fourth Act, and during its absence, and in the absence of anything resembling a connected, well-developed plot, we must be contented with wonderfully effective spectacle. "Down, down to Hell, and say I sent thee thither," say SARDOU and MOREAU; and here, where the spectacle is at its strongest, as it was with *Ulysses* in Hades at His Majesty's, the dramatic action is at its weakest.

The Fourth Act offers a great chance to a clever actor like Mr. WILLIAM MOLLISON, who, as *Cardinal Colonna*, makes the most of it. But where is *Dante* in this? Simply an impressive figure, as would be Death, or Fate, appearing to the doomed sinner in a "Morality" like *Everyman*; but, dramatically, the doomed and dying sinner has a long way the best of it. This, *Moreau-ver*, is but an approach to SHAKESPEARE'S thrilling scene of the death of *Cardinal Beaufort*, à la mode de SARDOU. But for Sir HENRY IRVING'S art, the part of *Dante* in this scene, would go for absolutely nothing. The only relief to the sombre character of the piece is to be found in the comic Convent episode, where the unconventional nuns quarrel like the fish-fags in *Madame Angot*. This causes the audience some merriment, but it is unworthy of SARDOU, who seems to have relied upon imaginary revelations of conventual life as supplied by certain disreputable works of fiction long since exposed and condemned.

The unexampled popularity of Sir HENRY IRVING carries the piece, which was on the first night received with the greatest enthusiasm, and his brief address at the finish was welcomed, as he himself had been on his entrance, with the very heartiest applause. Drury Lane was a wonderful sight on Thursday night, and there was but one feeling evidenced in that vast and thoroughly representative audience, and that was expressive of the sincere desire that the "biggest success" might attend this new venture of the greatest and most popular actor of our time.

Of the other players, where there was so little for each one to do, it is difficult to say more than that every one of them did "their level best;" that Miss LENA ASHWELL, doubling the parts of *Pia* the mother, and *Gemma* the daughter, was powerful and sympathetic, though honestly, through no fault of hers, to distinguish one from t'other, both being the same person, was no easy task; that Miss LAURA BURT as *Helen of Swabia* acted a difficult scene with great dramatic force; that Miss NORA LANCASTER, as *The Spirit of Beatrice*, delivered her speech with excellent effect; and that Miss LILIAN ELDEE touched the audience as *Francesca*. The Florentine ladies were charming, one and all, and Miss WALLIS awoke the compassion of the audience by having to play so odious a part as that of an Abbess according to the fantastic imagination of the authors.



SHAKESPEARE ILLUSTRATED.

"THE GLASS OF FASHION AND THE MOULD OF FORM."—*Hamlet*, iii. 1.

Mr. GERALD LAWRENCE was a handsome and manly *Bernardino*; and Mr. LUGG was a truculent ecclesiastic as *Archbishop of Pisa*. Had Mr. WILLIAM FARREN, JUNIOR, enjoyed the pre-historic disadvantage of having witnessed the performance of one Mr. FENTON, of the Strand Theatre, as the *Grand Inquisitor* in a burlesque of *L'Africaine*, he might have got more humour into the character, and more fun out of it, than at present he has succeeded in doing. Messrs. SARDOU and MOREAU should enliven the part with a song and dance.

The piece, as played on the first night, went without a single hitch; the incidental music by M. XAVIER LEROUX, though, as Mr. Toots might have said, "of no consequence," yet served its purpose, and was well rendered.

The little book that accompanies the programme, containing some "explanatory notes by an Italian Student," is very well done, and carefully indicates to the reader where the dramatists are in accord with historical fact and where they are relying on their own not very striking powers of invention.

To sum up, though *Dante* as a play is not to be mentioned in the same breath with *Faust*, and though as a part for Sir HENRY DANTÉ is not within measurable distance of *Becket*, yet that it will draw all London to the Lane is a certainty, due only remotely to the French authors, then to the admirable support given by Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS and his assistants, but, above all, to the absolutely unique popularity of Sir HENRY IRVING.

LOVE'S LABOUR NOT LOST.

[The writer of the following lines, while giving further publicity to a painful rumour regarding the business-like measures adopted by modern women as a protection against breaches of promise, is loth to attach unquestioning credence to these allegations. He will be happy to receive a few confidences on the subject from persons qualified to speak.]

TIME was, before the Age of Tin,
Ere Woman took to Bridge or Euchre,
When it was deemed a deadly sin
To sully Love with thoughts of Lucre;
When cheeks retained the blushful hue
Which one associates with peaches,
And Eros, open as the blue,
Had never heard of legal breaches.

The god, as now, was gravel-blind,
And moved in most uneven courses;
Men changed the thing they called their
mind,

They loved and rode away on horses;
But in those times, which I will term
The Lion-browsing-with-the-Lamb
Age,

Our women scorned to play the worm
That turns and makes a claim for
damage.

When men like Theseus, growing tired,
Deftly marooned their tearful ladies,
These wed elsewhere or just expired,
Looking for better luck in Hades;
When Paris went (the heartless brute),
And scuttled like a common coney,
We do not hear of any suit
Brought by the derelict CEnone.

Not yet the compromising pen
Confirmed advances, lightly spoken,
Which could not rise against you when
Your faith was subsequently broken;
The living voice conveyed your sense,
And, if it came to strained relations,
There was no written evidence
To prove your amorous protestations.

Or if the maiden's heart was hot
To have her lover's pledge recorded

In less elusive ways than what
The tablets of her soul afforded—
Or if the gallant felt a call
To advertise his plighted tryst, he
Chalked up the facts along a wall,
Or nicked on larches "Γῆ καλλίστη."

Turning to later days we find
That in the course of Love's excursions
Such charmers as were left behind
Made nothing by these base desertions;
Thus when the soldier went on trek,
Having betrayed the miller's daughter,
Apparently no sort of cheque
Reached her address at Allan Water.

Gone are the good old rules; and now
The times (in WALKLEY's phrase)
mutantur;

Our girls in every lover's vow
Detect the possible Levanter;
Each careless fragment you indite,
The simplest ode, the merest sonnet—
They keep it tight in black and white,
And clap a business-label on it.

The tuft of hair you ill could spare,
Designed to grace your lady's locket—
The hints of wealth that she should
share—

Each has its pigeon-hole or docket;
And when you wrote in fearless style
"Dear heart, my love is strong. Just
try me!"

She stuck your statement on a file!
O Tempora! O Labor limæ!

O. S.

VIVE L'ANGLETERRE!

Un café du Boulevard. M. DURAND et M. DUPONT assis. M. DUBOIS arrive, marchant à l'anglaise, très raide et très correct.

Dubois. Allô!

Durand. Eh bien, mon cher, vous n'êtes pas au téléphone.

Dubois. All right! Ce n'est pas le cri du téléphone, c'est le "bonjour" anglais.

Dupont. Ah ça! Vous êtes comme tout le monde.

Durand. Mettez-vous là. Qu'est-ce que vous prenez? Un vermouth?

Dubois. Razaire not! Un thé. Mais non, c'est pour les femmes. *I tak a ouisky-soda.*

Dupont. Vous êtes épatant, mon cher.

Durand. On dirait un Anglais.

Dubois. Aoh yess! Le cousin de ma belle-sœur a épousé une Irlandaise. Comme ça je suis à moitié anglais. Pour le moment j'adore tout ce qui est anglais.

Dupont. Et vous parlez anglais?

Dubois. Naturellement. Et tous les jours je lis le *Times*.

Dupont. Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça?

Dubois. Ah bah, mon cher! On voit très bien que vous n'êtes pas dans le mouvement. En province on ne sait rien. Je vais vous le montrer. *Quaitaire, bring to me ze Times.*

Dupont. Saprستي, il parle anglais couramment!

Durand. Moi je l'ai appris au collège. Mais DUBOIS est beaucoup plus fort. Il va changer de nom et s'appeler Mistaire VOOD.

Dubois. Pardon, ce nom se prononce Ou-oudd. Ah, voilà le *Times*. C'est un magnifique journal.

Dupont. C'est énorme. Et vous savez lire tout ça?

Dubois. Parbleu, quelquefois un mot m'échappe.

Dupont. C'est à n'y pas croire.

Durand. C'est très chic.

Dupont. Et vous savez chanter le *God save*, et crier "Vive le Roi!" en anglais?

Dubois. Mieux que ça. Je crie "Ipipoura!" lorsque je vois passer le Roi d'Angleterre.

Dupont. C'est épatant. Et vous portez un chapeau anglais, un complet anglais, un parapluie anglais. Il vous faut seulement les favoris roux—

Dubois. Mon Dieu, les provinces sont toujours cinquante ans en arrière! Vous parlez de l'Anglais de GAVARNI. L'Anglais d'aujourd'hui porte toujours une moustache blonde, comme moi.

Durand. Oui, c'est le dernier cri.

Dubois. *I say, you fellose*, je vais vous quitter. Je vais au tub.

Durand et Dupont (*ensemble*). Un tub, à cinq heures de l'après-midi? C'est insensé!

Dubois. Ah non, *old shaps*, pas un bain froid. Je veux dire le Métro. On appelle ça à Londres le "*tubby tub*." En effet je rentre. *I go to my ome, souet ome, to my missus.*

Durand. Chez votre maîtresse? Aoh shocking!

Dubois. Mais vous ne comprenez pas un seul mot d'anglais. *Missus*, ça veut dire ma femme, ma femme légitime. C'est un mot des plus *smarts*. Ouell, *I am off. Good-bye!* [Il sort.]

Durand. Au revoir! Eh bien, mon cher, que dites-vous de marcher un peu? Où allez-vous?

Dupont. Ah, saprستي, moi je vais acheter un numéro du *Times* pour apprendre l'anglais! Je veux être dans le mouvement. Il le faut absolument. [Ils sortent.]

A Lesson to Germany.

THE KAISER, being at present interested both in Language Reform and the Baghdad Railway, should have some light thrown on these two questions by the following luminous passage in a letter sent to the *Times* by Mr. E. SASSOON, M.P.:

"It seems astounding that the Government could have entertained or coquetted with the notion, instead of courteously giving it its *coup de grâce* the moment it was mooted. At any rate the fat has not fallen into the fire, and we may now shed crocodile's tears on the none too premature jettisoning of this egregious abortion."



MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR.

RIGHT HON. G. W-NDH-M (to driver). "HERE! HI! WE STOP HERE!"

W-LL-M R-DM-ND (the car-boy). "'STOP' IS IT? DIVIL A BIT! FAITH, WE'RE ONLY JUST STARTED!"

WALKING NOTES.

It is rumoured that the shop-walkers of London have resolved on a toe-and-heel performance over the stockbrokers' course.

The theatres are now exclusively given over to "walking gentlemen," who have struck for higher salaries. Plays are now entirely in pedestrian pantomime; they no longer "run" for so many nights; there is no "fat" for actors, and prompters are starving for want of work. However, the "ghost walks" all right.

"WALKER, London," will not in future be allowed as a telegraphic address, as it is computed that there are half-a-million claimants to that title.

During the last few days there has been a run on *Walker's Dictionary*, many of the purchasers being under the impression that that useful work contains the A B C of pedestrianism.

Automatic pedometers are being put on the market. They will ring an alarm if the wearer stops at more than a stipulated number of wayside "pubs.," if his toe and heel are off the ground together, if he gets a lift on a motor or otherwise, and if he fails to reach his destination within a reasonable time.

Among the recent additions to the Zoo is the "Cat that Walked" (*Felis Kiplingensis*), which is proving as great an attraction as the late lamented Jingo.

"The Long Walk" in Windsor Park will still retain its name, the Ranger having no intention of immortalising the Stock Exchange pedestrian victor by substituting the title of "The Broad Walk."

The London educational authorities have recommended "Walking the Plank" as a gymnastic exercise in all primary schools.

"Church Parade" has been taken in hand by professional trainers, and Sunday crawling is no longer permitted.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was observed to take a walk last Friday. This is a great departure, as it is well known that the right honourable gentleman has hitherto been entirely averse from all forms of athletics.

There is no truth, however, in the rumour that the Colonial Secretary is practising the "Cake-walk." He always



A PROBLEM.

Young Lady (exhibiting her latest pet). "ISN'T HE JUST SWEET? HE'S QUITE A BABY YET, THE DEAR!"

Friend. "REALLY! HOW NICE! AND WHAT KIND OF CREATURE D'YOU EXPECT HIM TO BE WHEN HE'S FINISHED?"

takes the cake without any such needless preliminaries.

Several chiropodist kings have migrated to Park Lane.

The tread-mill has ceased to be a deterrent at His Majesty's Prisons. On the contrary, there has been such a rush on this useful training appliance, that the police authorities are at their wits' end to prevent aspirants from being taken up.

Tramps have suddenly become the darlings of Society, and no dinner-party is complete without one or more Work-

house Tourists (as they are called)—and is generally still less complete after the silver has been counted. This little peculiarity, however, is readily condoned.

THE INFERNAL QUESTION.

(Which bothers a pauper who would fain "assist at" Dante.

THE stall, since *res angustæ* press,
Must be by me ignored.
No circles, upper, "eighth," or dress,
Can my poor purse afford.

Yet, though Dame Fortune plies her rods,
Somewhere I vow I'll sit—
Shall I look down amidst the gods,
Or swelter in the Pit?

PASHLEY'S OPINIONS.

No. VII.

I've always been fond of a horse. Every Englishman is bound to be that, for all the world knows that we have more to do with horses and understand them better than any foreigner that ever stepped. Of course it isn't a thing we ought to boast about. We can't help being up in horse-flesh, seeing that we've got the best horses and more of them than anybody else. Let alone race-horses (and I should like to know how anyone's going to touch us there), you've only got to look at the amount of private carriages and cabs and buses that you find in London. There isn't another country in the world where they've got anything like as many, and the consequence is we've got more men per cent. in the population brought up to handle a horse and drive him than any of the foreign nations. It isn't their fault, of course. They're all very well for pictures and poetry and theatres and dancing, but if it comes to real sport (and sport's only another way of saying horses), they're not in it. They weren't born to the business, and they can't pick it up in after life any more than a man can learn boxing by plucking daisies in a meadow.

I don't mean to say we can all keep horses or learn to ride them. I never managed it myself, though I did try once to ride the old mare that used to take our business cart about. I was quite a little chap, and the driver put me on top of her in the stable yard one day. I hadn't gone five yards when she upped with her head and caught me full on the nose. I didn't want any more that day or any other day. I just left it there. Still, the riding itself doesn't so much matter; it's knowing what a horse is like, and what he's going to be up to that matters.

We've all got a feeling for horseflesh in our bones and the other chaps haven't, and there's an end of it. Only the other day ROGERSON was holding out against me that foreigners weren't such bad chaps after all when you got to know them, but I soon shut him up.

"Look here," I said, "did you ever see a foreigner who knew anything about horses?"

Of course he didn't—hadn't got one he could mention—so he dropped the argument and got to talking about the Education Bill.

Well, I was walking down Regent Street with ROGERSON that same day, looking into the Golconda Diamond shops. Talk of the advance of civilisation and motor cars and all that, why there's nothing can beat those sham jewels. You couldn't tell them from the real thing—not if you had a year of Sundays to do it in. The shops are gorgeous, all lit up with electric light, and a man in uniform standing outside ready to show you in; and beautiful female busts in marble, with pearl and diamond tiaras on their hair, and ruby and sapphire necklaces covering up their necks, glittering and sparkling sixteen to the dozen. It made my mouth water. I've quite made up my mind that when I lead the future Mrs. P. to the altar (if ever I do, which I'm not sure about), I shall give her a paroor of Golconda diamonds with a handful of ruby and emerald rings thrown in. She'll be as pleased as Punch, and no mortal soul will know they're not genuine.

Just as I was making up my mind about the kind of £5 Koh-i-noor I should like to have, I heard a crash in the street behind, and when I turned round I saw one of a pair of carriage horses had fallen down. There was a crowd in a second, and I was right in the front of the circle, you bet, with ROGERSON behind me. It isn't every day you're lucky enough to see a bit of an accident.

The coachman was down off his box, but he didn't seem to know what to do, except to look scared and fumble about with the straps. One dirty man with a red handkerchief

round his neck was sitting on the horse's head and shouting, and everybody else was shouting too.

"Let go 'is bearing-rein," holloed one, and "Git the other 'orse out," cried another; and half a dozen of them were all over the fallen horse, tugging at him and tumbling over one another, and all bellowing at the top of their lungs. ROGERSON kept egging me on:—

"Now then, JOSH," he said, "show 'em what you can do. I see a foreigner there who's got his eye on the job, and he'll have the horse on his legs before you can get to him if you don't look sharp. Now's your time. Go in and cut all his reins and straps. That's the real English way. Here's a knife." And with that he shoved a great clasp-knife into my hand.

Well, I don't know how it was, but the next moment I'd dashed forward, crying, "Make way! I'll have him up! Keep clear." And there I was, hacking and carving away at the brute's harness for all I was worth. I got through a lot of leather, for I was bound to do the job thoroughly. But suddenly the horse gave a heave, chucking me over into the mud, and before I knew what was up somebody came on top of me and began punching me:—

"I'll teach you to cut my 'arness, you warmin't," he shouted. "Ain't it enough to 'ave a 'orse down without a blamed cockney showin' orf and spoiling my reins and traces? Take that, you blighter."

A policeman took him off, and I found it was the coachman. I'm going to summon the ungrateful beast for assault.

CYCLING IN THE GARDEN.

A FINE overture is prophetic of a fine opera, and a good start, if not quite everything, is at least a matter for hearty congratulation. All interested in Opera at Covent Garden could not wish the Manager and the Syndicate a better prelude to the regular season than was played on Monday, April 27, with RICHARD WAGNER's *Das Rheingold*, Dr. HANS RICHTER being in the Conductor's chair.

Delightfully cool and comfortable appeared to be those "queer fish," the rotary Rhine Maidens, though, as to the cleverness of the mechanism, it will strike more than "one old hand at this sort of thing" that, after all sung and done, there's nothing like the simple wire. "*Ænea*," quite a bird in the air, could very well be reproduced as a duck in the water. But the whole scene goes swimmingly.

The ladies, FEUGE GLEISS, KNUPFER EGLI and HEITZER DEPPE, as the Spirits in the Water, sang melodiously, and Madame KIRKBY LUNN as *Erda* made the most of her one chance.

Herr VAN DYCK as *Loge, the Fire-god*, was excellent throughout; and Herr LIEBAN showed us what a *Mime* should be when considered apart from the omitted Christmas *Panto*. The very man, by name at least, for aquatic scenery is BROOKE, and his water-colouring is admirable. Dr. HANS RICHTER conducts the specially selected and augmented orchestra in a style that leaves nothing to be desired, except that the result may always be as it is to-night. The difficulty being to "go one better."

Tuesday.—Die Walküre. House first-rate and enthusiastic. Performance commenced at the mysterious hour of five. Hour and a-half allowed for dinner between first and second Acts. Mistake this, in present expert's opinion. Why? Because *post-prandial* enjoyment of entertainment largely depends on quantity and quality of the refreshment that has filled up the interval. Remember Mr. Perker's hope that the foreman of the jury empanelled for the *Bardell v. Pickwick* trial was having a good breakfast before coming into court:

"Highly important; very important, my dear Sir," replied PERKER. "A good, contented, well-breakfasted jurymen is a capital thing to get hold of."



A BROKEN MELODY.

SCENE I.—Street Singer. "I FEAR NO FOE IN SHINING AR—"

SCENE II.—Enter Policeman.

And so a well-dined audience will be immensely kind to the performance, and to its faults will shut its eyes, as a few here and there—deep thinkers these—may be seen to do. Great therefore was the delight of the well-dined with the awful storm, with VAN DYCK as *Sieg-mund*, with charming Fräulein ZIMMERMANN as *Sieglinde*. Herr BERTRAM splendid as *Wotan* with Frau LEFFLER BURCKARD, and with the dramatic *Brünnhilde*, who were all vociferously acclaimed before the curtain some four or five times, as also would have been the magnificent orchestra under the direction of the experienced Dr. RICHTER, but for the fact that they were already more or less before the curtain, though subterraneously located. Enough to say that no finer laurels can be added to the Cycle crown than those produced this last week in our Covent Garden.

AT THE NEW GALLERY.

Now that "The Arteries" of London are open to the public on payment of entrance fees, let no one who knows by sight Mr. JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER fail to visit the New Gallery, Regent Street, where is to be seen that artist's living presentment as a seated figure, rendered

by clever M. JEAN BOLDINI in deepest black with the classic white lock, not so much in evidence now as heretofore when there was less of the iron grey, looking out on the spectators as if fantastically entering into the humour of being hung here, and not in the Academy. A speaking likeness, and what good things he is saying to you! What a light in his laughing eyes!

From the Nether Lands.

THE Art critic of the *Daily Express*, describing the Guildhall Loan Collection of Dutch pictures, mentions that "PAUL POTTER and CUYP send cattle scenes." The activity of these Old Masters, down there in the Lower Regions, gives a new significance to the name of the Netherland School.

Our Dumb Friends.

"The driver having finished milking, his cow offered to take me into an adjoining room where the milk was cooled, saying that while he fetched the manager I could have a look," &c., &c. —*British Medical Journal*.

QUITE "THE COCK OF THE WALK!" — Mr. E. F. BROAD.

THE CONGO "FREE" STATE.

["The Berlin Treaty provided for the treatment of the Congo natives on humane, philanthropic, and Christian lines. When he examined the evils he found that slaves were still offered for sale, natives were subjected to diabolical tortures, and were also forbidden to gather rubber unless they brought the rubber to the State officers."—*Dr. Clifford*.]

The Congo State

Is a thriving speculation
For the happy Belgian nation.
The receipts are great,
And are growing yearly bigger.
—But I'm glad I'm not a nigger
In the Congo State.

The Congo State

Is in a prosperous condition,
And its civilising mission
Who can overrate,
Or its zeal administrative?
—But I'm glad I'm not a native
Of the Congo State!

In the Congo State

Bounteous Nature has supplied you
With some useful tribes who guide you
(Charging nil for the freight),
Where the Palm and Rubber-tree
grow
—But I'm glad I'm not a negro
In the Congo State.

VI-KINGS ESSENCE; A NORSE TRAGEDY IN A TEA-CUP.

(Condensed, with apologies, from the admirable Ibsen production at the Imperial.)

ACT SECOND.

The Feast-Room. DAGNY comes in with HIÖRDIS, who has been showing her over the house.

Hiördis. This is where we dine, dear. That circular construction of seats and desks is not a lecture-theatre, but a genuine old Viking dinner-table, specially designed for us by Head-Craftsman CRAIG. The massive Dutch-metal hoop swinging aloft is our Scandinavian Art-Chandelier.

Dagny. Right handsome is it—but wherefore containeth it not candles, HIÖRDIS?

Hiördis. Because, forsooth, we have ample store of crimson, and green, and purple light thrown on our sable hangings from the wings. That was Craftsman CRAIG's idea—the very latest thing in decorative domestic lighting.

Dagny. Goodly in sooth I ween is this High Art home-stead of thine, HIÖRDIS, and well wot I that, if content thou art not therewith, then *oughtest* thou surely so to be!

Hiördis. Quite so, dearest, but deemest thou not that—between *foster-sisters*—we might drop these archaic inversions for a while? The home is well enough in its way, but—(sighing)—only the shod eagle knoweth precisely where her talons are pinched! Like most Norwegian heroines, I find matrimony a trifle monotonous.

Dagny. I don't, but then I married SIGURD! But at least thou hast one advantage over me—thy little EGIL.

Hiördis. What's little EGIL?—only a Wild Duckling (as thy dear Papa would say), a mongrel weakling, who would probably blink if I sewed his little kirtle fast to his flesh. (With a look of cruelty) I've a good mind to try it some day!

Dagny (horried). Don't, HIÖRDIS! Don't try to talk like HEDDA GABLER, or RITA ALLMERS! They belong to *much* later sagas.

Hiördis. I know, darling—but it was all thy fault, thou dost remind me so much of THEA ELVSTED—just the same dear little simpleton—and thou hast rather irritating hair, too! Suppose we change the subject. Dost thou not enjoy going a-viking with SIGURD in gilt armour, playing the merry war-game, and seeing the red blood streaming over the white deck? It must be too *frightfully* thrilling!

Dagny. Nay, now thou art talking like that HILDA WANGEL! I never *was* a really good sailor, HIÖRDIS, and I assure thee that the mere sight of blood on a deck—!

Hiördis. I felt such a conviction that thou and SIGURD were not working out your lives harmoniously together as *real* comrades. And—strictly between ourselves—I am just a little disappointed with my GUNNAR. He has never quite recaptured the first fine careless rapture with which he tackled the Big White Bear that guarded my Bower!

Dagny. That I can well—(collects herself)—I mean—thou dost not say so!

Hiördis. No, he has never done *anything* really since. (Abruptly) I cannot think what SIGURD could possibly have seen in thee, darling—but perhaps, thou sly little witch, thou used'st sorceries of some kind to lure him on.

[Presses her wildly in her arms.]

Dagny. I! Really, HIÖRDIS! Even in a foster-sister, such excessively feline amenities—!

Hiördis. Merely my playfulness, dearest. Let us talk of something else. Thou canst have no notion how snug it is for me sitting here of an evening, listening to the Kelpie wailing in the boat-house, and the Dead Men riding to Valhal on their coal-black cock-horses hung with jangling bells. They pass close by our front-door.

Dagny (struggling to escape). Thy home seemeth indeed

most conveniently situated. (*Rushes to SIGURD, who enters with GUNNAR.*) SIGURD, let's go. I can't dine here. I really don't think HIÖRDIS can be quite right in her head.

Sigurd (gloomily). We've got to dine here now—thou hast let me in for this business!

[Enter THOROLF and other Guests, dressed for dinner in crazy quilts.]

Gunnar. Here ye all are, eh! Fancy *that*, HIÖRDIS! Sit down, and let's be jolly! (Guests sit; handmaidens serve round apples and oranges in baskets.) Now, ye see your dinner—don't shirk those green glass funnels, you fellows—strictly according to the period, I assure ye. SIGURD, my boy, the mead's with thee!

[The Guests feed; a pause.]

Hiördis. Let's play that amusing parlour game of every man naming his chief exploit—it is such fun!

Gunnar. Oh, I say, HIÖRDIS! At a family dinner like this! Mightn't it lead to—er—*ructions*?

Hiördis. What if it *does*?—art thou afraid?

Sigurd (strikes in kindly). Afraid? Good old GUNNAR afraid? What an *idea*! Tell 'em how you once sailed up the Temmis in a ten-öre "Citizen," all the way from the Cross of Chäryng to Pötni, old chap!

Hiördis. Pooh! that is a trip *any* fool can take!

Sigurd. I beg thy pardon. None can take it *now*—for no longer are the boats running.

Hiördis (baffled). H'm—well, unless thou wantest me to think that thou art jealous of GUNNAR, suppose thou tellest us thy biggest deed.

Sigurd (to himself). Spoiling is she for a row as usual! (Aloud) Well, since thou *wilt* have it: once, when I lay a-viking, there came eight huge Berseking black-beetles across my bunk; them did I confront unflinchingly and slay single-handed.

Hiördis. Good was that deed—but wast thou fully armed?

Sigurd. Fully armed—with a stout-heeled slipper.

Hiördis. Oh?—still, it was not so *bad*. Now, GUNNAR, name that which thou deemest thy bravest act.

Gunnar (unwillingly). Er—let me see. . . Oh, once, when dealing at the Bridge with King ÆTHELSTAN, seven high hearts had I, and to him did I leave it; and "no Trumps," he made it, holding four aces and three kings. ÆTHELSTAN deemed well of that deed, and said that I had done nobly, and gave me much thanks.

Hiördis. Nay, truly, GUNNAR, a deed that required even greater nerve than *that* hast thou performed, and if thou wilt not speak, thy wife *will*! SIGURD slew eight cock-roaches with a slipper—but GUNNAR came to my Bower, and settled my Big White Bear with a sardine-opener! (Enthusiastically) My—my Master Bear-Killer!

Gunnar (violently agitated). That will do! Am I never to hear the last of that infernal Bear? At a family party, too!

Hiördis (loudly). I don't care. I put it to ye all. Which is braver—SIGURD or GUNNAR?

[A tactful old gentleman in the corner declares for GUNNAR, who is unanimously voted the victor. He signals in silent agony across the table to SIGURD.]

Sigurd (smiling). Vain is it to try to get up a row between me and old GUNNAR. For him have I the greatest respect.

Hiördis. Of course if thou really *enjoyest* playing second fiddle—(with a side-glance at THOROLF). Had ÖRNULF, thy father, been here, he could have played *third*!

Thorolf (rising instantly). Then what price thy father JÖKUL, who fell before ÖRNULF?

Hiördis. Go thou home and grow a beard! Whose father leaves him behind when there's any fighting to be done, eh?

Thorolf (thoroughly provoked). A pity it is he didn't take

as much care of thee—for then mightest thou have turned out a bit better. (Hjördis starts and glares with fury.) I'm no end sorry, GUNNAR, old man—it slipped out—she does nag at a fellow so!

Hjördis (laughing). Such compliments are customary when relations meet at the feast-board.

Gunnar. It's all right, my boy. She didn't mean to be nasty! And (awkwardly) I say, look here—just to show there's no ill-feeling—here's a sword for thee.

Thorolf (taking it). Thanks awfully. I can only say that it—er—shall never be—er—drawn in—in an unworthy cause. (To himself) Rather neat and original that!

Hjördis (with a smile of provocation). Catch thee drawing it at all! Mind thou hangest it not on thy family hat-stand, for there hang base men's weapons!

Thorolf. Right thou art! There's thy Governor's battle-axe hanging there! (Chuckles.) One to me, I think!

Hjördis (vehemently). Ever art thou chipping me with the axe wherewith ÖRNULF slew JÖKUL—but he could never have done it had he not first taken six easy lessons in sorcery from the witch of Smalserhorn!

[All rise; general sensation.

Thorolf (infuriated). That's a beastly lie, and thou wottest it! Take back thy bally sword! (Flings it down.) I'm off—but, before I go, let me just tell ye this much. I happen to know that, at this precise moment, my impulsive old parent is in all probability cheerily engaged in splitting your little EGIL's nut open. Good evening!

[He goes out.

Gunnar (deeply pained). ÖRNULF splitting open our little EGIL's golden nut! Oh, HJÖRDIS! Fancy that!

Hjördis. And thou lettest THOROLF go like this! Art not thou going after him?

Gunnar (as if beside himself). I really can't help him on with his overcoat, after this!

Hjördis. But thou canst hit him over the head with thy battle-axe, canst thou not? Thus will not ÖRNULF have the laugh of us!

Gunnar (seizes an axe). No seemly manner is this for a host to see his guest off—but I suppose it has got to be done!

[Rushes out.

Daggy (whispers uneasily to SIGURD). All the evening have I had a foreboding as if some unpleasantness were at hand!

Gunnar (returns, very pale). It is all over. By the umbrella-stand did I come up with him! (Sombrely) A new doornat shall we now assuredly need, HJÖRDIS!

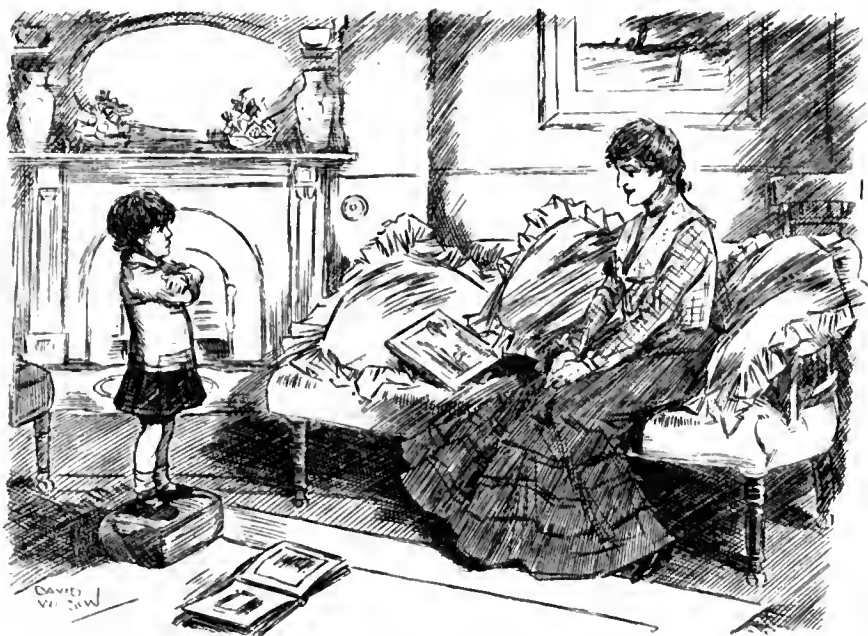
Hjördis. Rightly is he served! For what business had his father to give our little EGIL his bane?

Gunnar. That's true. And, after all, we had only one son, while ÖRNULF has still half-a-dozen left. Big ones, too. When we meet I shall put it to him in that way, and, as a fair-minded man, he will surely— [Enter a House-carl.

The House-carl (announcing). Viking ÖRNULF of the Fiords!

[Sensation.

Hjördis (indignantly). What? He has the effrontery to drop in to dinner, as if naught had happened—after doing for our little EGIL! A warm reception let him encounter!



EARLY ASPIRATIONS.

Aunt Grace. "I suppose, JIMMY, YOU'VE QUITE MADE UP YOUR MIND WHAT YOU ARE GOING TO BE WHEN YOU ARE A MAN?"

Jimmy. "YES, AUNTIE GRACE. WHEN I'M A MAN, I'LL BE EITHER"—(with great determination)—"A LION TAMER OR A TRAM CONDUCTOR!"

[Guests draw their swords, flourish axes, and roar. Old ÖRNULF enters complacently, bearing little EGIL on his shoulders. Guests drop their weapons, and look extremely foolish.

Sigurd (softly to GUNNAR). Thy foot hast thou put in it this time and no mistake, old fellow!

Gunnar (as if waking up). After all, I didn't hit THOROLF so very hard—and it was only a property axe. Still, the situation is distinctly awkward.

Örnulf (to GUNNAR, setting little EGIL down). Hast thou then no joy in what is surely a highly effective entrance? Meseems my little practical joke hath fallen but flatly . . . Will nobody make a remark?

[All the Company preserve an embarrassed silence—in which Mr. Punch's Condenser is compelled to leave them till next week, when he proposes to take a few trifling liberties with the dénouement. F. A.

Masters of Arts.

Mr. Punch has great pleasure in directing attention to an exhibition of drawings of the Durbar and other phases of Indian life by his Mr. RAVEN HILL at 148, New Bond Street. With him is associated Mr. SHELDON WILLIAMS, whose paintings form an admirable complement to Mr. RAVEN HILL's black-and-white designs. Those are rich in colour and impressionist feeling, these in humour and draughtsman-like detail. A veritable Accademia Delhi Belle Arti.

Talking of the Orient, Mr. Punch's Own Self-appointed Critic has to record the appearance of a Rising Star in the person of Mr. ARTHUR STREETON. His small but most delightful collection of English landscapes at the Ryder Gallery (No. 10 in the Street of that name) reveals an instinct for atmosphere and the play of sunlight that can only belong to a painter who is a poet at heart. As the circus-song goes at the Saturday sittings of the Savage Club—"Walk up and see the Ryders, the Ryders, the Ryders!"



AURA POPULARIS.

SCENE—Hunt Steeplechase.

THE FAVOURITE IN THE FARMERS' RACE HAVING REFUSED, A FEW OF HIS SUPPORTERS CAME TO THE RESCUE.

THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER.

[“There was undoubtedly a good deal of discontent on the part of Members with the official Parliamentary Report. It was not an uncommon experience for a Member to be made to talk nonsense, or to say exactly the opposite of what he did say.”—Lord H. Cecil in the House of Commons.]

Too long our senators have borne
The odium of unjust aspersions,
Too long you viewed with easy scorn
Their oratorical exertions!

In fact, to your untutored sense,
It almost seemed that bygone ages
Could match the modern eloquence
Contained in Mr. HANSARD'S pages.

Perhaps you regularly con
The authorised *rechauffé*, seeking
Materials for essays on
“The Decadence of Public Speaking,”

Or, should a want of culture give
Your words a frankness barely civil,
Accuse your representative
Quite openly of talking drivell.

For shame! The average M.P.'s
Remarks on London Education
Would fairly make Demosthenes
Pallid with jealous admiration.

Yet if Demosthenes, by dint
Of opportune metempsychosis,
Then read the speech in *Hansard's* print
He'd find it altered in the process!

The skilful arguments of each
M.P. are twisted and distorted,
Their most artistic flowers of speech
Are mercilessly misreported.

What, they let fall a single word
Whose wisdom anyone could question?
Who could conceive a more absurd,
A more gratuitous suggestion?

What, they, our gifted senators,
In whom our unabated trust is—
They ever mix their metaphors?—
The very thought is rank injustice!

So banish *Hansard* from your shelf,
Cancel the rashly-uttered sentence;
A night within the House itself
Will bring unqualified repentance!

AWARDS FOR GALLANTRY.

[Last week a traveller in a tramcar who had given up his seat to a lady was afterwards fined for aiding and abetting the conductor in overcrowding the car, the magistrate saying that he must pay for his chivalry.]

Extract from the “Police News” of
May 1, 1904.

At Aldwych Police Court yesterday, PETER BROWN, a sweep, was charged, under the Malicious Injury to Property Act, with unlawfully entering the artificial lake in St. James's Park, thereby causing damage to the water and killing several of the fish. Evidence was given on behalf of the prisoner to show that he had jumped into the water after a little girl who had fallen in. The Magistrate, remarking on the case, said that he had inflicted the maximum penalty allowed in such a case. Men of this kind were only too apt to seize upon some paltry excuse for obtaining liquor by false pretences. He was sorry that the law did not allow of his placing BROWN'S name on the Black List in addition to the fine inflicted.



“VISIBLE MEANS OF SUPPORT.”

RUSSIAN BEAR (to himself, as he edges away). “I DON’T MIND THE FACES HE MAKES ; BUT I CAN’T SAY I LIKE THE LOOK OF THOSE LEGS !”

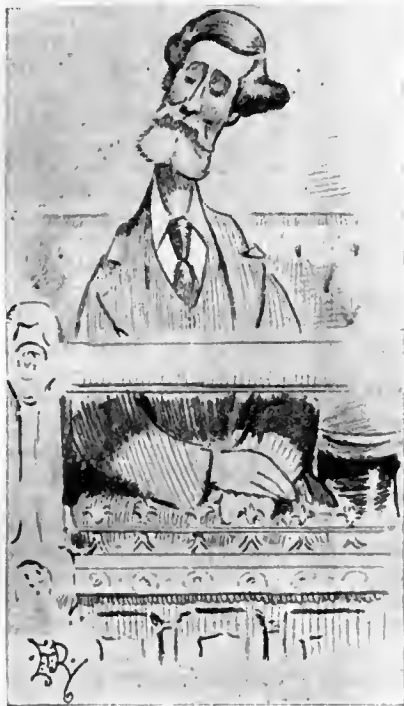
[“In any case it is certain the Ministers of the United States, Japan, and Great Britain at Peking are in possession of full instructions to support the Chinese Government in resisting any proposal from Russia which would be in contradiction to the Manchurian Convention.”
Daily Paper.]



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 27.
—By a simple device, recommended to his latest successor on the Woolsack, HENRY LORD BROUGHAM enjoyed the privilege of learning exactly what his



A STUDY IN FEROCIOUS AND BLOODTHIRSTY TYRANNY!

Lord Penrhyn's attitude in the Peers' Gallery while his ruthless barbarity, &c., &c., is being laid bare to a horrified assembly.

friends and contemporaries thought of him. Giving out that he had died in his bed, he sat up in it and read all the obituary notices of himself that flooded the papers. This afternoon, seated stiff-backed, stony-faced in Peers' Gallery, Lord PENRHYN had opportunity of glean- ing frank opinion of himself cherished by honourable Members. Everyone knew he was there; part of grim irony of situation was to affect ignorance of his presence. He heard JEMMY LOWTHER with tears in his voice describe him as a just and generous man, his one passion in life being to take to his heart the toilworn quarryman, to clothe his little ones, and soothe his wife with five o'clock Bohea. On the contrary, Brother GERALD, speaking for the Board of Trade, rather indicated than asserted that he would sooner share the mid-day meal of a Bengal tiger than approach the noble lord on the subject of conciliation. THOMAS BURT, breaking long silence amid general cheering, dismissed Lord PENRHYN with the remark—"as

an employer he is out of date." Incidentally, through a succession of speeches that with brief interval for dinner extended from three o'clock in the afternoon till the midnight hour, Lord PENRHYN, impenetrable, implacable, listening in the Gallery overlooking the scene, heard himself discussed as if he were no more sensitive than a block of his own slates hewn from the quarry at Bethesda.

On the whole a dull affair till PRINCE ARTHUR brightened it up. Canny C.-B., with obvious intent of belittling Premier's colleagues in Cabinet, extravagantly extolled CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER. So reckless was he in eulogy that he went so far as to call RITCHIE "the Good Fairy of the Ministry." Now C. T. R. has many high qualifications, varied recommendation to popular favour. But he isn't exactly the kind of person whom one in sober moments would instinctively associate with fairyland. It suited C.-B.'s game at the moment to regard him as such, and he devoted appreciable portion of his speech to figging out RITCHIE in fairy raiment and attributes. Some men would have shown themselves annoyed at this invidious preference of a colleague. PRINCE ARTHUR, on the contrary, echoed C.-B.'s sentiment.

"I thought," he said, "the right honourable gentleman, instead of denouncing the action or inaction of the Government, was proposing a toast to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. Indeed, so profoundly was I impressed by this idea that it was with the greatest difficulty I restrained myself from jumping up and leading off the refrain 'For he's a jolly good fellow.'"

This banter, almost boisterous in its humour and high spirits, shook out with laughter what was left of life in the portentous Vote of Censure. Lord PENRHYN and his workmen, the long struggle at Bethesda, with all it has meant to women and children, were forgotten. Members streamed forth chuckling into Division Lobby. Majority not quite up to mark of what might have been expected when the Opposition formally put pistol to head of the best of all Ministries. But it was considerably more than they expected, fighting under the banner of Lord PENRHYN; far more than they would have got but for this dexterous speech.

Business done.—Vote of Censure on Government negatived by 316 against 182.

Tuesday night.—The Angel of Death is over the House. You can plainly hear the rustling of his wings. Most of us remember the lively little scene of Wednesday last, when HANBURY fortuitously looked in as a friendly Member repeated the long-debated question,

whether the Board of Agriculture had been in communication with the Board of Trade on matter of excessive railway rates for agricultural produce. Brother GERALD on behalf of Board of Trade denied all knowledge of the interposition. HANBURY answered the question in the affirmative. He did not want to give away a colleague convicted of ignorance on a point affecting his Department. But the Board of Agriculture must be vindicated. Performed his part as briefly, as considerately, yet as effectively as possible, and with familiar carriage, head erect, shoulders thrown back, walked forth with long stride, none dreaming that we should see his face no more.

As PRINCE ARTHUR said in the few words of lament just uttered, the House has lost one of its most distinguished Members, the country is deprived of great administrative capacity. A desire to avoid personal considerations prevented him from adding that a not too strong Ministry has been weakened by the cutting off of one of its ablest Members. HANBURY not a brilliant man; but he was a safe man, of trained business aptitude, tireless industry, animated by predominant sense of duty. He was endowed with the nearest



"THE GOOD FAIRY OF THE MINISTRY."
(According to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.)
(Mr. R-tch-e.)

approach to the unobtrusive but price- less qualities of OLD MORALITY the present generation has known. In Opposition he curvetted perhaps a little heavily round the Treasury Bench.

He had not the keen wit nor the dramatic form of speech of his old comrade, CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES. But he shared with him possession of the art of taking pains.

When, in the haphazard fashion with which the MARKISS "strengthened" his Ministry, HANBURY was sent to the Board of Agriculture, it was sarcastically said he didn't know a turnip from a mangold wurzel. He very soon did, and by pegging away, always ready to learn, ever open to conviction, he steadily, at increased pace, acquired the confidence alike of landowner and farmer, and the reputation of being the most successful Minister of Agriculture since the Department was created. Unswerving in independence, incapable of bartering an opinion for personal advantage, never playing to the gallery, devoted heart and soul to the public business entrusted to him, he made no enemies and leaves behind a host of friends.

Business done.—Second reading of London Education Bill. SYDNEY BUXTON moving its rejection hopelessly mixes up JEROBOAM, REHOBOAM, and eke King SOLOMON. Worth a king's ransom to see J. G. TALBOT, spectacles on nose, look of ineffable pain on his face, rise to a point of order. Desired to inform the right honourable Member that JEROBOAM had no part in the threat about chastising with scorpions a people who had formerly suffered from whips. The reference was made to King SOLOMON. "Why drag in VELASQUEZ?" said JIMMY WHISTLER when enthusiastic lady greeted him with the remark, "You and VELASQUEZ are the greatest painters that ever lived." "Why drag in JEROBOAM?" was the mute entreddy pictured on J. G. T.'s mournful countenance as it turned on the champion of School Boards seated opposite.

Friday night.—Spent quiet afternoon in Library reading BRYCE's *Studies in Contemporary Biography* just issued by MACMILLAN. Deals with a score of men eminent in various fields of public life. All the essays are well done. The last, which has GLADSTONE for its theme, is the most illuminating discourse on the subject I have read among the miles of printed pages given to the world since he left it. For some years BRYCE was a colleague in the great statesman's Cabinet. In scholarship he was closely akin; moreover both were not only Scots but Scots with a strong infusion of the Celtic element. Set a Scotchman to catch a Scotchman. Possibly it is this blood kinship that enables ex-President of Board of Trade to see deeply and clearly into complex character of the devout Churchman who disestablished a Church, of the rising

hope of the Tory Party who did more than any other statesman to democratise the British Constitution.

GLADSTONE had for his friend and colleague that fascination he wove about everyone coming under his personal influence. Its effect has not been in the direction of fulsome eulogy. BRYCE's attitude is rather that of a judge summing up with almost painful impartiality a case with which he has made himself profoundly intimate. Recollections of old friendship, services and sympathies, do not prevent the judge from infusing his dissecting operation with some of the ruthless thoroughness of a post-mortem examination.

The study is luminous with remarks tempting to quotation. Whilst Mr. G. was yet with us the most superficial observer recognised the ever active conflict in his mind between Conservative tendencies and Radical impulses. As BRYCE puts it, "He was rather two men than one. Passionate and impulsive on the emotional side of his nature, he was cautious and conservative on the intellectual. Few understood the conjunction, still fewer saw how much of what was perplexing in his conduct it explained. . . . The relative strength with which the need for drastic reform or the need for watchful conservatism, as the case might be, presented itself to his mind, depended largely upon the weight his emotions cast into one or other scale, and this emotional element made it difficult to forecast his course."

This explains the Home Rule Bill, and much else in an occasionally bewildering career. The MEMBER FOR SARK, who for more than twenty years had opportunities in public life and in private relations of studying Mr. G., thought he knew him pretty well. He has found new light in this singularly shrewd appreciation.

DUDLEY JONES, BORE-HUNTER.

II.

I THINK STANLEY PETTIGREW had his suspicions from the first that all was not thoroughly above board with regard to JONES. Personally, I think it was owing to the latter's disguise. It was one of JONES's foibles never to undertake a ease without assuming a complete disguise. There was rarely any necessity for a disguise, but he always assumed one. In reply to a question of mine on the subject he had once replied that there was a sportsmanlike way of doing these things, and an unsportsmanlike way. And we had to let it go at that.

On the present occasion he appeared in a bright check suit, a "property" bald head, fringed with short scarlet

eurls (to match his tie and shirt), and a large pasteboard nose, turned up at the end and painted crimson. Add to this that he elected to speak in the high falsetto of a child of four, and it is scarcely to be wondered at that a man of STANLEY'S almost diabolical shrewdness should suspect that there was something peculiar about him. As regarded my appearance JONES never troubled very much. Except that he insisted on my wearing long yellow side-whiskers, he left my make-up very much to my own individual taste.

I shall never forget dinner on the first night after our arrival. I was standing at the sideboard, trying to draw a cork (which subsequently came out of its own accord, and broke three glasses and part of the butler), when I heard JONES ask STANLEY PETTIGREW to think of a number.

His adversary turned pale, and a gleam of suspicion appeared in his eye.

"Double it," went on JONES relentlessly. "Have you doubled it?"

"Yes," growled the baffled wretch.

"Add two. Take away the number you first thought of. Double it. Add three. Divide half the first number (minus eighteen) by four. Subtract seven. Multiply by three hundred and sixteen, and the result is the number you first thought of minus four hundred and five."

"Really?" said STANLEY PETTIGREW with assumed indifference.

"My dear JONES, how——?" I began admiringly.

JONES flashed a warning glance at me. Miss PETTIGREW saved the situation with magnificent tact.

"JOHN," she said, "you forget yourself. Leave the room."

I was therefore deprived of the pleasure of witnessing the subsequent struggles, which, to judge from the account JONES gave me in my room afterwards, must have been magnificent.

"After the fish," said JONES, "he began—as I had suspected that he would—to tell dog-stories. For once, however, he had found his match. My habit of going out at odd moments during the day to see men about dogs has rendered me peculiarly fitted to cope with that type of attack. I had it all my own way. Miss PETTIGREW, poor girl, fainted after about twenty minutes of it, and had to be carried out. I foresee that this will be a rapid affair, WUDDUS."

But it was not. On the contrary, after the first shock of meeting a powerful rival so unexpectedly, STANLEY PETTIGREW began to hold his own, and soon to have the better of it.

"I tell you what it is, WUDDUS," said JONES to me one night, after a fierce

THE BITER BIT.—No. 5.



Lord Stanley. To ask Sir H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN if he can kindly give the names of the Secretary of State for War, Colonial Secretary, and Foreign Secretary, respectively, in the next Liberal Administration; or, in the event of his being unable, for a few days, to state these definitely, whether he can contradict the report that these offices will be held by Mr. CHANNING, Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, and Mr. TOMMY LOUGH.

encounter had ended decidedly in his rival's favour, "a little more of this and I shall have to own myself defeated. He nearly put me to sleep in the third round to-night, and I was in Queer Street all the time. I never met such a bore in my life."

But it is the unexpected that happens. Three days later, STANLEY PETTIGREW came down to breakfast, looking haggard and careworn. JONES saw his opportunity.

"Talking of amusing anecdotes of children," he said (the conversation up to this point had dealt exclusively with the weather), "reminds me of a peculiarly smart thing a little nephew of mine said the other day. A bright little chap of two. It was like this—"

He concluded the anecdote, and looked across at his rival with a challenge in his eye. STANLEY PETTIGREW was silent, and apparently in pain.

JONES followed up his advantage. He told stories of adventure on Swiss mountains. A bad Switzerland bore is the deadliest type known to scientists.

JONES was a peerless Switzerland bore. His opponent's head sank onto his chest, and he grew very pale.

"And positively," concluded JONES, "old FRANZ WILHELM, the guide, you know, a true son of the mountains, assured us that if we had decided to go for a climb that day instead of staying in the smoking-room, and the rope had broken at the exact moment when we were crossing the Thingummy glacier, we should in all probability have been killed on the spot. Positively on the spot, my dear Sir. He said that we should all have been killed on the spot."

He paused. No reply came from PETTIGREW. The silence became uncanny. I hurried to his side, and placed a hand upon his heart. I felt in vain. Like a superannuated policeman, the heart was no longer on its beat. STANLEY PETTIGREW (it follows, of course) was dead.

JONES looked thoughtfully at the body, and helped himself to another egg.

"He was a bad man," he said quietly, "and he won't be missed. R.S.V.P."

A brief post-mortem examination revealed the fact that he had fallen into the pit which he had dugged for another. He had been bored to death.

"Why, JONES," said I, as we sprang into the midnight mail that was to take us back to town; "did deceased collapse in that extraordinary manner?"

"I will tell you. Listen. After our duel had been in progress some days, it was gradually borne in upon me that this STANLEY PETTIGREW must have some secret reservoir of matter to draw upon in case of need. I searched his room."

"JONES!"

"And under the bed I found a large case literally crammed with tip-books. I abstracted the books and filled the box with bricks. Deprived of his resources, he collapsed. That's all."

"But——" I began.

"If you ask any more questions, WUDDUS," said JONES, "I shall begin to suspect that you're ~~up to~~ ^{up to} ~~nothing~~ ^{nothing} ~~but~~ ^{but} ~~tricking~~ ^{tricking} ~~me~~ ^{me} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~losing~~ ^{losing} ~~your~~ ^{your} ~~money~~ ^{money} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~getting~~ ^{getting} ~~any~~ ^{any} ~~where~~ ^{where} ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~all~~ ^{all} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~time~~ ^{time} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~day~~ ^{day} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~getting~~ ^{getting} ~~any~~ ^{any} ~~where~~ ^{where} ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~all~~ ^{all} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~time~~ ^{time} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~day~~ ^{day} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~getting~~ ^{getting} ~~any~~ ^{any} ~~where~~ ^{where} ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~all~~ ^{all} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~time~~ ^{time} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~day~~ ^{day} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~getting~~ ^{getting} ~~any~~ ^{any} ~~where~~ ^{where} ~~it~~ 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THE ROYAL ACADEMY ANNUAL.

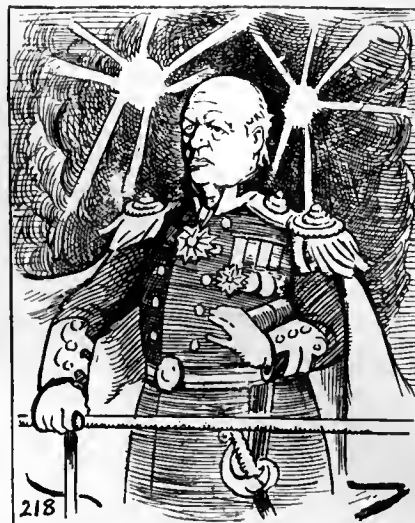
SHOWING SOME OF THE PICTURES THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING.



453.



Ringing up the Dressmaker—394 gives the reason.



A Sad Storey.



The Skirts of the Country.



Tin-Canned Man.

With PARSONS to answer for morals,
With a SARCENT who must be obeyed,
And then, to adjudicate quarrels,
A SOLOMON nobly ARAYed—
With all these inducements inviting
To way— that are quite *comme il faut*,
'Things cannot be very exciting
At the Burlington Show.

In truth, so well regulated a corps as the 1880 exhibitors now under canvas at Piccadilly ought not to give Mr. Punch's Representative much chance. Yet, as the following impressions may prove, there is matter for mirth as well as melancholy in the galleries of Academe.

15. "I have a left elbow that people come miles to see." J. J. SHANNON, A.

32. After the Dinner-Party. "I must give MARIA warning. The soup

was perfectly disgusting." CHARLES SIMS.

42. The North-West Passage. J. W. NORTH, A.

61. Re-vaccinated. "What a pity my husband was not a conscientious objector!" GEORGE W. JOY.

66. "Say is it an expiring frog,
Or is it a disheartened dog
Baying the moon amid the fog,
Is it a man, or is't a log?"
GEORGE CLAUSEN, A.

76. Teetotalism in Arcady. Sad results on the natives. T. B. KENNINGTON.

84. The Dangers of Automobilmism. Collision between Motor Phaeton and Richmond Bug. B. RICHMOND, R.A.

88. Hazz check suit, a "pretacles. ARTHUR head, fringed with short

90. "Who said Baghdad Railway?" J. WATSON NICOL.

110. Tigers botanising in a South African swamp. ARTHUR WARDLE.

118. His first Smoke. ERNEST NORMAND.

135. The Genesis of Aunt Sally. OSMAN HAMDY.

148. Portrait of Mrs. Dale-Lace. HAL HURST.

534. Portrait of Miss Love-Lace. FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.

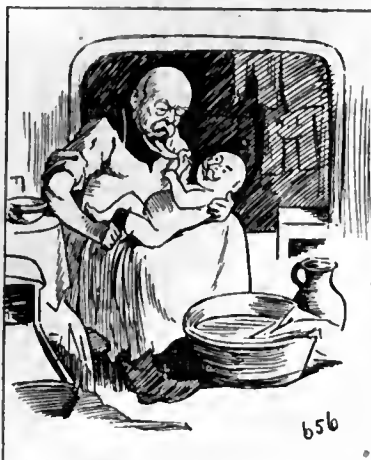
153. The Grand Trunk. G. F. WAITS, R.A.

179. Ringing up the Dressmaker. "Really these Parisian skirts show rather too much ankle!" GEORGE H. BOUGHTON, R.A.

394. "But in some respects they are certainly more convenient." ELIZABETH FORBES.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY ANNUAL.

(Continued.)



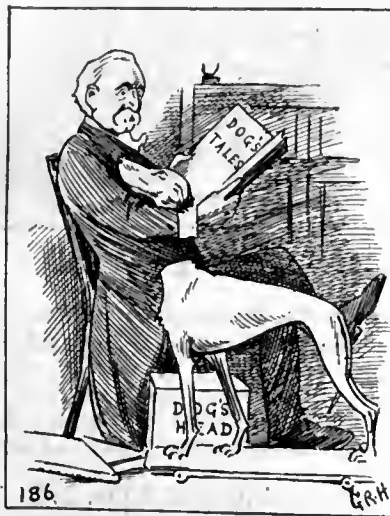
Unrecorded History.



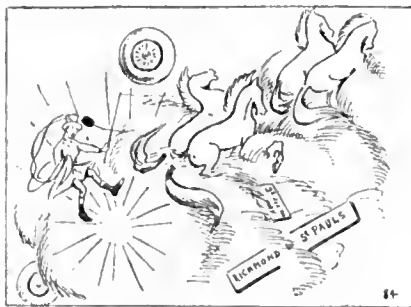
The Genesis of Aunt Sally.



The Ambidextrous Artist.



186



366

186. *The Education of our Domestic Pets.* Painful result of overpressure. BRITON RIVIERE, R.A.

201. *Sandow Exercises in the Eighteenth Century.* W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.

204. *Keeping her Hair on.* By WATERHOUSE after AIKINSIDE.

209. *Pot-pourri.* E. A. ABBEY, R.A. Obviously this can not be an Earley work.

218. *The last Phase of an old Sea-Dog.* Lord CHARLES BERESFORD at the Battle of Margate in the year 1950. CHARLES W. FURSE.

228. *Mixed Cricket; or, The Floating Wicket-Keepers.* GEORGE H. BOUGHTON, R.A.

242. *An Ox in a Cockle-shell.* W. H. BARTLETT.

247. *Venice "struck pink."* VAL PRINSEP, R.A., pinksit.

281. *Scene in Brill's Baths after the Walk to Brighton.* HENRY S. TUKE, A.

292. *More Pot-pourri.* ARTHUR HACKER, A. Observe the attitude of the Marquess of Ormonde (291) and Mr. Walter Leigh Hunt (295).

303. *Luminous Push-ball.* EUGENIE MUNK.

304. *Fire at Cannon Street Station.* ALBERT GOODWIN.

352. *The Sick Tiger.* ARTHUR WARDLE.

366. *Discovery of a new Star by Lady Huggins.* FRED. STEAD.

374. *Scene at a Convalescent Home. The disconnected Family.* N. DENHOLM DAVIS.

427. *The Worst Woman in London,* after setting fire to her father's beard, bars his escape. Hon. JOHN COLLIER.

441. *Portrait Cleverley painted by* MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN.

453. *"Most awkward hinge this: I've already lost three fingers and a thumb."* JOHN S. SARGENT, R.A.

458. *Portrait of Lord Cromer* "Excuse my left hand, but I've hurt my right by using the Baring reign so long." JOHN S. SARGENT, R.A.

459. *Mimicry in Nature.* Toadstool counterfeiting a human being. Hon. WALTER JAMES.

478. *Swelling Wisibly, or, The Approach of Mumps: a sad STOREY.*

489. *Canned Man.* The latest delicacy by ARMOUR of Chicago. PHILIP J. THORNHILL.

491. *The Ambidextrous Artist.* "If a SARGENT can caricature an Earl, why not a Major-General?" H. VON HERKOMER, R.A.

505. *Interior of an Indigo Factory.* FRED. F. FOOTTET.

656. *Unrecorded History.* The late Prince BISMARCK and the infant WILLIAM. FREDERICK W. ELWELL.

690. *The "Times" Competition in Cornwall.* WALTER LANGLEY.



IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE NUMBER OF PICTURES THE COMMITTEE HAVE BEEN UNABLE TO HANG, A SUGGESTION IS HERE MADE FOR UTILISING THE SPACE AFFORDED BY THE REFRESHMENT ROOM.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

On the "*Polar Star*" in the Arctic Sea (HUTCHINSON) is the record of an expedition that touched the most northern latitude yet reached by man returning to tell his tale. *Farthest North* is the title of NANSEN's work, a triumphant note that must be lowered in presence of the achievement of the Duke of the ABRUZZI. In simple language, suitable to entry in a diary, his Royal Highness tells from day to day how he and his gallant comrades fared. The story is supplemented by statements of Commander CAGNI, whose sledge expedition touched 86° 34', and of Doctor MOLINELLI, who made a trip in another direction. The narrative is full of graphic touches. My Baronite has not come upon one that brings more vividly to mind Arctic perils and discomfort than does a passing reference to Captain CAGNI on returning from his expedition. The Prince, sallying forth to meet the party, came upon the Captain in his tent busy "getting off his trousers which had frozen upon him." This was the result of his falling into a channel at imminent risk to life. Pages of fine writing could not create a more vivid impression of daily life in the Far North—a gentleman before he sits down to dinner getting out of his frozen trousers, possibly with the assistance of an ice axe. Three months after the *Polar Star* left Copenhagen she was nipped by the ice and abandoned. Officers and crew made themselves as comfortable as possible in huts erected on the ice to serve as bases for expeditions. The narrative is tempting for quotation. But quotations are long and Mr. Punch's "Booking-Office" is short. The thing to do is to get the book, read it and treasure it for delight in days to come. Not the least interesting feature are the illustrations taken by photograph on the spot,

beautifully reproduced. There are over two hundred, not to speak of five maps. The book is simultaneously published in Italy, France, Germany, and America. It would be impossible to exceed the style and workmanship of the English edition, the translation for which has been done by Mr. LE QUEUX.

The Adventures of Harry Revel (CASSELL & Co., Ltd.), by A. T. QUILLER-ROUCH, is a decidedly interesting story, yet somewhat puzzling. The early years of *Harry Revel* recall, in a way, those of *Oliver Twist*, flavoured with a little *Paul Dombey*. *Oliver* was, as may be remembered, to have been apprenticed to a murderous-looking sweep, one Mr. Gamfield, and *Harry Revel* actually is apprenticed to a kindly master in that line, one Mr. Trapp. *Paul* is petted by a lady of a certain age, the severe Mrs. Pipchin, and *Harry* by an amiable elderly spinster, Miss Plinlimmon. *Harry*, quite a child in every way, but a sharply observant one, tumbling down a chimney, alights—flop—on the floor of a room where is lying prone the dead body of one Mr. Rodriguez, a Jewish slop-seller. Little *Harry* in sheer terror makes a bolt of it, and escapes from imaginary consequences on to the roof. This is the commencement of his exciting adventures while avoiding pursuit. But who would accuse a mere child of such a crime? Of course there has been theft as well. But the boy knew nothing of this. However, as the story is, so you must take it or leave it, and the Baron warrants you that, be you mystified ever so much, yet will you not put down the book until, in company with little Master Revel, you have assisted at the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo. The battle-piece that forms the grand finale is far more grim than the same scene described in so dashing a style by CHARLES LEVER.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



COUNTRY CRICKET. THE WICKET QUESTION.

LITTLE SIMKINS—HAVING HAD, IN THE ABSENCE OF ONE OF HIS TEAM, TO KEEP WICKET—COMES TO THE CONCLUSION THAT THE WICKETS SHOULD CERTAINLY BE MUCH WIDER, AND A GOOD DEAL HIGHER TOO!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Dictionary of National Biography (SMITH, ELDER) is not everybody's market. The sixty-six volumes of which it is composed cost within a fraction of £50. Whence it will appear the enviable possessor requires not only a long purse but plenty of house room. To the late Mr. GEORGE SMITH, the princely publisher to whom the world is indebted for a monumental work, the completion of which involved large pecuniary sacrifices, came the happy thought of adding by way of supplement a volume summarising the illimitable facts set forth in the sixty-six volumes. Under the direction of Mr. SIDNEY LEE, who took up the task of editorship when, a third way through, Sir LESLIE STEPHEN withdrew from the arduous task, there has been compiled in a volume of 1,456 pages a priceless epitome of the Biographies set forth at more or less length in the three score tomes and six. My Baronite affirms that this one volume is for the working literary man almost equal to the value of the sixty-six. That is a paradoxical statement. But it has something more than the ordinary measure of truth contained in paradox. The book contains biographical details of over thirty thousand noteworthy inhabitants of the British Islands and the Colonies, from the earliest historical period to the date of the death of Queen VICTORIA. Even the late *Oliver Twist* (notice of whom is, by the way, omitted from an otherwise scrupulously full catalogue) could not ask for more. For those who possess the whole work

reference is given in each biographical note to the number and page of the volume containing the longer article. For ordinary research this epitome serves every purpose.

Beneath the Veil, by ADELINE SERGEANT (JOHN LONG), is a romance whereof the commencement excites curiosity which, as the plot turns upon a purely theatrical simulation of character, involving an utter improbability, is doomed to disappointment. This one incident has before now done duty effectively in farce, as in *The Ringdoves* and in *Opéra-bouffe*, only that in these two instances the lover personates the intended bridegroom, while here it is an experienced lady of thirty successfully disguising herself as her young step-sister of nineteen. The bridegroom is a sharp man of the world, and does not discover the trick! However, admit the improbability, and the story, though spun out to too great a length, will amuse most novel-readers.

Particularly useful just now are some small books entitled *Nights at the Opera*, by WAKELING DRY (The De La More Press), a name of good omen when dealing with such a watery and stormy subject as *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, while the writer's *prénom*, as intimating the unusual hour for the commencement of the Wagnerian performances, suggests the Tennysonian line as a motto—"If you're WAKELING call me early." In each little book there are pages left blank for any composition to be written down by the musical student or notes by THE BARON DE B.-W.

A WAGNER DIALOGUE.

[The metrical portion of the following scene is modelled upon Mr. ALFRED FORMAN's popular perversion of *The Nibelung's Ring*, composed, as he puts it, "in the alliterative verse of the original."]

CHARACTERS.

THE DUCHESS (who subscribes to the Opera but never goes near the "Ring.")

REGINALD (who is suffering from Rhine-water-on-the-brain, being wedded to an unflinching votary of WAGNER.)

SCENE—The DUCHESS's Drawing-room in Mayfair.

TIME—3.15 on a fine Götterdämmerung afternoon.

THE DUCHESS is seated in the act of digesting a heavy luncheon. Enter REGINALD, very haggard from compulsory assistance at the Cycle.

THE DUCHESS. But, my dear REGGIE, how pale you look! And what are you doing in evening dress at this time of day? Didn't you get to bed at all last night?

Reginald. Worn am I out!
Of afternoon watches
This makes the third!
Too soon for the season,
Ere sinketh the sun,
Falls at four precisely
The dusk of the deities.
Mightless to match
The will of my wife,
Hie I to the Hoop,
To the Waning of Walhall!

Duch. REGGIE, you are wandering. You are not yourself. Won't you ring for some brandy-and-soda?

Reg. (ringing for Footman).
Thanks. Of my throat
The drought am I fain
To drench with a nip
Of the Nothung, or Needful.

Enter Footman.

Duch. THOMAS, some brandy-and-soda, quick.

Reg. Numbed by this brew
Unshattered my nerves
Shall be by the shock.
When the virtueless villain
Smites in the small
Of his back the bigamous
Bridegroom of Brünnhild.

Duch. "Broonhilda!" Isn't she somebody in WAGNER? Of course. I understand now. Poor dear boy! How you must have suffered!

Reg. Ware as a wink
Of the Wanderer's Wall-eye,
Discovers my state
Thy keen understanding;
The gist of my rede
Aright hast thou judged.

Enter THOMAS; he pours out brandy, then adds soda till arrested by REGINALD.

Held be thy hand!
With measureless waste
Of mineral waters
Mar not the mead.

THOMAS retires with an air of not noticing anything unusual. REGINALD drinks, and at the same time addresses the DUCHESS.

So drain I the draught
With of slumber the seed
Sluicing my soul,
As soused was the wit
Of Siegfried in wassail,
Enough for my needs
Till the dolorous dark
Is spent, and a space
Of leisureless freedom
Allowed for refreshments.

Duch. Poor dear! I agree with every word you say, though of course I could not have expressed it so happily. I'm sure I appreciate really good music as much as anybody; but I can't stand sitting all that time with the lights down so that you can't see what the women are wearing in the other boxes! No wonder so many of the best people keep away. And then scrambling your dinner just anywhere and anyhow! And the daylight so bad for the complexion, like the old-fashioned Drawing-rooms in the Victorian Era! I must say I do think your wife is brave to go through it all. I suppose she gets enthusiastic and forgets everything, like people do when they catch religious mania. But you must get dreadfully bored and that, having to pretend all the time. Couldn't you find somebody else to look after her?

Reg. Like WOTAN, but vainly,
Valorous heroes
To stick in my Wal-stall
Hunted I up!
Answered me each one:
"This Cycle thou talk'st of—
Say, is it tuny
Like to the Toreador?
Or bristles it bravely
With bountiful ballets?"

"Honestly," owned I,
"Tuny it is not;
Nor yet aggressively
Doth it, I grant ye,
With ballets abound.
For such name I not
The respectable Noris,
Spinsters at sport [rope.
With the skein of their skipping—
Likewise the waterproof
Three little Rhine-maids
Loosely that watch
Over the oof
With kickless legs
Elusively skirted,
Hardly come under
The heading ye hint of."

So for ward of my wife
A substitute to win
Successless I sought.

But lo! leave thee I must;
Warns me my watch
That due is the Dusk.
Well I wot for no wight,
Not even for Royalty,
Bideth of ruthless
RICHTER the bâton.
And loth were I reaching
Late to the Ring
In the whelming night
Mistaking my stall
Unaware to elbow
A wife not my own.

Duch. (carried away by alliterative sympathy). Tell shall I THOMAS
A cab you to call?

Reg. For a Walkur to whistle
Need is there none.

[He goes out; his voice is subsequently heard behind the scenes.

Hoyotoho! Hoyotoho!
Hi! Hansom! Heiaha!
To the Hall of the Hoop!
To the Waning of Walhall!
Hahei! Hoop-la! Heiaho!
O. S.

CUCKOO!

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I hasten to announce that while walking to business this morning I heard the cuckoo's welcome note. The sound was not so faint as to be a suspicion, but was clear and distinct. "Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!" and so forth—it was repeated ten times: the hour was precisely 10 A.M. I mentioned the occurrence to one of my colleagues, a man well-versed in natural history, who was at first incredulous, but, on considering all the circumstances—date, climatic conditions, &c.—decided that it was indeed the note of the *cucullus horologicus*.

Surely, dear Sir, ten cuckoos are enough to make an English summer.

Yours truly, AUDITOR.

P.S.—Despite the definite evidence of my ears, supported by the naturalist's well-considered dictum, a spirit of incredulity appears in the following contemptible lines which were placed on my desk during the luncheon interval, and insolently addressed—

"TO AN OLD CUCKOO."

When "Summer is icumen in,"
And vernal gales blow piercing keen,
With extra blankets round the chin
We dream of seasons that have been;
While hands are chapped, and red, and sore,
We long to hear that cry once more:
"Cuckoo!"
Cuckoo! cuckoo!" which gladsome note
Hath not as yet been heard, I wot.



Bernard Partridge.

AT THE SIGN OF THE "WHEATSHEAF."

GAFFER L-WTH-R. "WHY, 'TWERE ON'Y LAST YEAR AS SQUOIRE BEACH 'E GIVE WE A SHILLIN', AN' SAID IT 'UD BE SAME EVERY YEAR, 'E DID."

GAFFER CH-PL-N. "AY! AN' NOW THIS 'ERE NEW INTERLOAFER, SQUOIRE RITCHIE, COME ALONG, AN' 'E LOP IT ORF!"



UP TO DATE.

Elsie. "MISS TIMMINS TOLD ME TO-DAY IN THE GEOGRAPHY LESSON THAT STONEHENGE WAS OVER TWO THOUSAND YEARS OLD."

Jack. "WHAT NONSENSE! WHY, IT'S ONLY 1903 NOW!"

MEMBRESSES OF PARLIAMENT.

HAVING regard to the fact that a woman has recently applied for admission as a barrister, and also to the fact that from the Bar to Parliament has come to be looked upon as a natural gradation, we need not be surprised if in a few years we find the "Parliamentary Notes" of our daily papers reading something like this:—

In the debate on the Bond Street Window Bill in the House of Peeresses yesterday the Leader of the Opposition, the Lady FURDELOUGH, in a very effective speech severely criticised the hat of the Government Leader, describing it as retrograde in the extreme. The Duchess, replying for the Government, said that the hat was absolutely the latest thing, and that if the Opposition Leader depended on something else than the cheap fashion papers for her information, she would know it. The Duchess concluded a heated tirade, in

which she characterised her opponents as "horrid things," by bursting into tears. Salts having been administered, the House rose.

We hear that Lady LENA FITZWEF, the Première, will personally introduce the great Corset Bill.

The election of Mrs. JONES, the eminent charwoman, is considered a great blow struck for democracy. The Tories are aghast, and Lady LENA, for whom Mrs. JONES chars, was very angry when she heard the result of the poll. Yesterday, when Mrs. JONES was being introduced, Lady LENA, who at the time was speaking on the Better Control of Husbands Bill, stopped suddenly, and having surveyed the new Member contemptuously for some moments, gave her a week's notice of the termination of her charring engagement.

We understand that it is proposed

during the summer months to hold Committees on the Terrace, tea and buns being served during the progress of debate.

It is rumoured in the Lobby that in view of the strained relations now existing between this country and Germany our Ambassadors at Berlin has been instructed to wear a last year's gown. It is hoped that this move will have its effect in modifying the attitude of the German Chancelloress, who has for some time been chagrined by the modish Parisian toilettes of our British Representative.

The Deceased Husband's Brother Bill was thrown out for the twenty-third time yesterday.

It is rumoured that the winner of the Stock Exchange race will give an exhibition in the Broad Walk at Oxford during the Eights.

VI-KINGS ESSENCE; A NORSE TRAGEDY IN A TEA-CUP.

(Condensed, with apologies, from the admirable Ibsen production at the Imperial.)

THE FINALE.

The Feast-Room as before: Old ÖRNULF is still waiting for an explanation.

Gunnar (pulling himself together). So thou hast found thy way back, eh, old warrior? Tell thou us what hath happened?

Örnulf. I learnt that KARE the Peasant was faring after your little EGIL. Then, with my six wolf-cubs, did I fare after KARE. Having an Icelandic relish for dramatic surprises, I carefully left everybody under the impression that I was faring to be the first to give little EGIL his bane—but (*proudly*) old ÖRNULF is too keen a sportsman to wage warfare against nippers. KARE we overtook—and never had I a more enjoyable scrimmage, and little did I deem that so arrant a cur would turn out so shrewd a fighter! All my wolf-cubs have I left behind me.

Gunnar (concerned). What? All six of 'em! Hard luck and a baleful hap is this, greybeard!

Örnulf (with well-bred indifference). Nay, of no consequence is it, since THOROLF still remains to me.

Little Egil. I want THOROLF! He promised to carve for me some little wooden warriors.

Örnulf (with growing uneasiness). So he did. By the by, where is my boy THOROLF?

Gunnar. Why—er—the fact is, there's been a bit of an accident. He—er—a battle-axe fell on him, somehow, and—

Hjördis. Let me break it to him! (*To ÖRNULF*) It was entirely THOROLF's own fault. (*Volubly*) The fact is, he distinctly told us that thou wast splitting little EGIL's head open—and thou wot'st thou *didst* serve one of my family like that already—and THOROLF had no manners whatever—he didn't seem to understand my delicate *badinage*—and his repartees were really *too* impossible—and, naturally, GUNNAR was annoyed, or else he would of course never have *dreamed* of correcting him with a battle-axe—and, well—that's how it *was*!

Örnulf (calmly). Well do I see that thou art a woman—for thou tellest a simple story in such long-winded phrases. If THOROLF is done for, he is done for—and there is an end of it!

Little Egil (whimpering). Then I shan't have my little wooden warriors!

Örnulf. Be a man, my boy. I've lost all my little wooden warriors, but as thou see'st I don't make a fuss about it. (*After little EGIL is removed by a handmaid*) I remember my manners—whatever other people may do. (*To GUNNAR*) Where saidst thou THOROLF was hit?

Gunnar (reluctantly). Behind the scenes.

Hjördis. But not behind him. In the breast—or thereabouts. Oh, thou may'st be quite sure that GUNNAR did it *beautifully*!

Örnulf. If ye will kindly excuse me, I will go out and see for myself. Trouble not yourselves to follow. Old as I am, I hope that, when I do dine out, I can still set an example of correct deportment. [*Goes out with quiet dignity.*]

Hjördis (hysterically). Ha-ha-ha! I wot this is the last time that ÖRNULF will dine under *this* roof-tree!

Dagny (shocked). For shame, Hjördis! Most unfeeling is such a remark, under the circumstances!

Gunnar (to Guests). Coffee will ye find in the adjoining apartment. [*Guests retire reluctantly.*]

Hjördis. That ÖRNULF slew my father I *might* have overlooked—but that he should allude to me as a "Wild Duck," that can I not get over! And at all events, it is clear *now* that GUNNAR is a better man than SIGURD!

Dagny. High time is it, Hjördis, that thou wert

informed that GUNNAR is no warrior at *all*—but a mere weakling!

Sigurd (aside to her). Have a care, lest thou let the cat out of the bag unawares!

Dagny (in wild indignation). No longer can I keep it in!—for too long hath she crowed over me. Hjördis, it *wasn't* GUNNAR that slew thy Big White Bear, but SIGURD! And thou gavest him a ring—and here is it on my arm—so *now*!

Hjördis (in a terrible voice). GUNNAR, is this thing true?

Gunnar (with lofty calm). It is. But—save only for a constitutional dislike to danger—no coward nor weakling am I, Hjördis!

Sigurd (cordially). That thou art not, and right ready am I to punch the head of him that sayeth otherwise!

Dagny (ungenerously). Well, Hjördis, which is *now* the braver—GUNNAR or SIGURD?

Hjördis (without a moment's hesitation). Why, SIGURD, of course! (*Embracing him.*) He is my Master Bear-Killer!

Sigurd (in confusion). I—I ought to explain that I undertook the exploit entirely to oblige dear old GUNNAR.

Hjördis. Nay, not so, but for love of me was it done—whether thou wert ware of it or not!

Sigurd (politely). If thou sayest so, then doubtless—but all that is over, now that I and DAGNY—

Hjördis (with disdain). DAGNY! Fit helpmate is *she* for a man of men like thyself! No intelligent interest doth she take in thy viking, nor loveth she the sight of blood and the merry swordgame as I do. Therefore henceforth let her and GUNNAR be out of the saga, and us twain fare forth together, as true comrades, in harness of steel.

Sigurd (deeply moved). If I could only think that thou wouldst be *quiet* in harness—but no, I cannot really entertain so unconventional a proposal.

Hjördis. Say'st thou so? Then (*turns to GUNNAR, who has been listening dejectedly*), a loving wife will I be to thee as of yore—on *one* condition: that thou slayest SIGURD here upon the spot!

Gunnar (shrinks back involuntarily). Tempt me not, Hjördis! Small heart have I to slay so old and attached a chum as he.

Hjördis. Then, SIGURD, must thou challenge GUNNAR instantly to mortal combat.

Sigurd (puzzled). But why on earth should I do *that*, Hjördis?

Hjördis. It is the ordinary Viking etiquette. Hath not GUNNAR struck down THOROLF, thy kinsman by marriage?

Sigurd. Bent art thou on egging me on to a row! So be it, then—I do challenge thee, GUNNAR. (*Aside to GUNNAR*) Fear not, for a walk-over shall this combat prove for thee.

Gunnar (affected). Once more thou ventur'st thy life for my honour! (*Aloud*) I accept the challenge.

[*Cries without; re-enter ÖRNULF, leading THOROLF, the back of whose head is plastered.*]

Gunnar. So THOROLF lives! Well I wotted that such an axe— (*To SIGURD, relieved*) Off is our encounter!

Örnulf (to GUNNAR, with mild reproach). Nicely hast thou bungled this business. For THOROLF here has gotten naught from thee but a contused wound—and not even in front!

Hjördis (disgusted). A weakling indeed art thou, GUNNAR, since thou couldst not even slay an unarmed stripling from behind!

Gunnar. No fault is it of mine. I should like to see any of you do better—with a property-axe! And after all, as things have fallen out, it is just as well as it is. (*To ÖRNULF*) Thou wilt stay and partake of supper with us?

Örnulf (stiffly). Nay, there is naught for me to do here *now*! The sooner I get THOROLF aboard and sail for Iceland the better.

Sigurd. DAGNY and I must be making a move, too—got to go on to the ÆTHELSTANS.

Hiördis (in dismay). But surely ye are not all running away so early? When there are two long Acts to come!

Örnulf. I fear we cannot stay for them. Stoutly hast thou striven, *Hiördis*, to bring about some baleful hap—but the Norns are too strong for thee, and never, I ween, wilt thou be able to bring it off.

Sigurd. No, I should give it up if I were thou—I would, really.

Hiördis (in a growing frenzy). I will not! *ÖRNULF* and *THOROLF* may depart if they will—but thou at least must stay until I have woven a bow-string from my hair, and crooned fair sorceries over it, and shot thee through the breast—for surely I can hit such a mark at five paces!

Gunnar (to himself, overjoyed). Then she does love me after all. Fancy that!

Sigurd (mystified). But why in the world shouldst thou shoot me through the breast, *Hiördis*?

Hiördis. Surely must it be obvious that, unless I shoot thee and cast myself into the sea, thou and I will never be able to ride together through the storm to Valhal on coal-black cockhorses.

Sigurd. Nay, that rede avails not, for under no circumstances could I now make one in such an excursion—(frankly) since I stayed at King *ÆTHELSTAN'S* Court I have come to disbelieve so entirely in Valhal and coal-black cockhorses.

Dagny. And he's going to give up viking, too, and settle down, *Hiördis*, and right sure am I that the audience will find a happy ending less depressing.

Hiördis. Then are they weaklings and no earnest students of the Norwegian sagas! But since it seemeth that none of ye will do aught to gratify my feminine love of excitement, I shall mayhap be enabled to survive your departure.

Örnulf. Ay, the game is over. And now aboard. Long will it be ere we forget this forthfaring!

Hiördis (perfunctorily). So glad am I to have seen thee. Do not omit to look us up the next time thou comest a-viking in our neighbourhood.

[*ÖRNULF, THOROLF, SIGURD, and DAGNY* go out, accompanied by *GUNNAR*.

Presently *GUNNAR* returns, to find *Hiördis* standing moodily apart. A silence.

Gunnar (sadly). Shall I ever bring a ray of sunlight into our joyless home, *Hiördis*?

Hiördis (indifferently). It matters not—for we are lighted artificially, from above.

Gunnar. W'm—I've been thinking that, if I were only to go sharply to work, some big thick book I might surely manage to write—or develop our little *EGIL'S* possibilities and a conscious happiness create in him. Or I



PHIL MAY
1893

AMENITIES OF THE PROFESSION.

Rising Young Dramatist. "SAW YOUR WIFE IN FRONT LAST NIGHT. WHAT DID SHE THINK OF MY NEW COMEDY?"

Brother Playwright. "OH, I THINK SHE LIKED IT. SHE TOLD ME SHE HAD A GOOD LAUGH."

R. Y. D. "AH—ER—WHEN WAS THAT?"

B. P. "DURING THE ENTRACTE. ONE OF THE ATTENDANTS DROPPED AN ICE DOWN HER NEIGHBOUR'S NECK."

might even get up some high mountain peak or other.

Hiördis (with more interest). Not mountain peaks—but towering spires! Couldst thou climb them?

Gunnar (dubiously). Mayhap—some fine day. (To himself) Fortunately, even the Midnight Sun doth not often penetrate to these parts!

Hiördis. Wouldst thou object to my keeping another Big White Bear outside my Bower?

Gunnar. In no wise—provided that the animal be properly muzzled.

Hiördis (relenting). Then shall by-gones be by-gones, and together will we sit, thou and I, through the long dark winter evenings, while the green

glass funnel goes busily round, and the merriment thrives, as we listen to the wailing of the Kelpie in the boathouse, and the jangle of the Dead Men riding past our door on their coal-black steeds to Valhal!

Gunnar (overcome by the prospect). Ah, *Hiördis*, if only it could be!

[Embraces her timidly as the Curtain falls. F. A.]

A FRANK CONFESSION.—A correspondent, writing to the Editor of the *Daily Graphic*, says: "SIR,—I enclose a photograph of the missing statue of *JAMES THE SECOND*, which I took in 1897." This explains everything.

PASHLEY'S OPINIONS.

No. VIII.

I USED often to wonder how a chap managed to have a book published. It's difficult enough to get anything you write into a newspaper. The regular fellows who do the writing there are a hungry lot, not to speak of their thirst. I've seen plenty of them in my time, men who did the accounts of fires, or the carriage accidents to peers, or the strange disappearances of magistrates, or the shocking suicide of a barrister, and it's easy enough to understand that, as they make their meat and drink out of these bits of jobs, they should be jealous of a comfortable well-dressed chap who happens to come along and gets his stuff into the paper. Of course the more he gets in the less they have to show, and the result is they band together to keep out the amateurs—at least that's the way APSLEY explained it when I asked him why he didn't let the papers have some of his writing. Well, if it's hard to get into a newspaper it must be harder still to have a book printed, with every bit of it done by yourself, and your name on the title page all to itself—at any rate that's the way I always looked at it.

I think I told you I did a bit in the poetry line when I was sweet on EMILY COLLINS, but it didn't seem to come to much, so I put it by. I did manage to finish three pieces. One was called, "To EMILY's Bag: Lines written in the Kensington High Street." It began this way:—

O EMILY, whenever I see you walk abroad
A pain goes through my heart like a pointed sword.
You walk in silk and satin and you carry a little leather bag,
And your step is as light as air and as graceful as a stag.

Then it went on to wonder what was in the bag. Was it merely a handkerchief, or a pair of gloves, or a powder puff? And it ended by my wishing I was in the bag myself, so as to be carried about by EMILY for ever. It was a pretty little thing, and ROGERSON, to whom I showed it, said there was something very original about the metre—I don't quite know what he meant, but that was what he said.

The second poem was "To Miss COLLINS on her Birthday," and the best verse in it was this one:—

We'll shout hurrah, and dress and dine,
And we'll send dull care simply galloping away,
When we feast on peaches and ices and ruby wine,
To celebrate EMILY's natal day.

There was a good swing about that, and it ought to have been set to music. Anyhow, I know the rhymes were as right as rain, and if you get the rhymes correct there's not much else to bother about. The third one was longer and more romantic. I imagined EMILY carried off by brigands in masks, with pistols and daggers, and me dashing out of a forest to rescue her, and getting stabbed to the heart by the chief brigand, but just having time to say this before I expired (you've got to expire in that kind of poem—you don't die; it's too common):—

For thy dear sake I suffer gladly.
Hear me before I expire: I love you madly.
So carry this my last message home to thy mother:—
I wish you to be happy and soon to marry another.

I started a lot more, but I suppose the inspiration had gone off, for I couldn't finish them at the time, and when matters between EMILY and me came to a standstill, owing to my mistaking her mother for her in the way I told you, I put the bundle away in a drawer and locked them up. If it hadn't been for the accident I daresay I should have finished the whole lot then and there, but perhaps it was better so. Everybody tells me that if you're a poet when you're young you're bound to go to the bad or die of consumption or heart disease. It's only the old poets that

have a chance of being respectable or going on to a good age. So it's just as well I stopped in time. You see I had only started on poetry a month or two, hadn't got far enough into the business to take up a course of dissipation or catch any serious complaint.

It all came back to me about four years ago when I was turning over some old papers. Suddenly I came upon my poems to EMILY, and they made my heart jump. She's very stout now—farmers' wives in Essex seem to run to fat—and she's got half a dozen children, but somehow you can't forget when you've once been fond of a girl. I looked them all through, and it struck me the three finished ones were jolly good—every bit as good as you see in the newspapers and magazines. So I thought to myself:—Why shouldn't I set to work and finish them off, and shove in a few more to make up a proper lot and then get them printed in a book?

Dan Te and Dan L. at Diury Lane.

(Conversation overheard at exit of Gallery after the performance.)

First Gallery Boy. IRVIN's first-rate.

Second Gallery Boy. So he is, Matey. But wot I say is it's 'ard on DAN LENO a-shuttin' of 'im up in that there tower.

First Gallery Boy (indignantly). Garn! oo're yer gettin' at? That ain't DAN LENO in that there 'ole!

Second Gallery Boy (positively). Yuss, I tell yer, 'tis. Didn't yer 'ear 'em say, "You go LENO," as if a-tellin' 'im to 'ook it and get away from that winder?

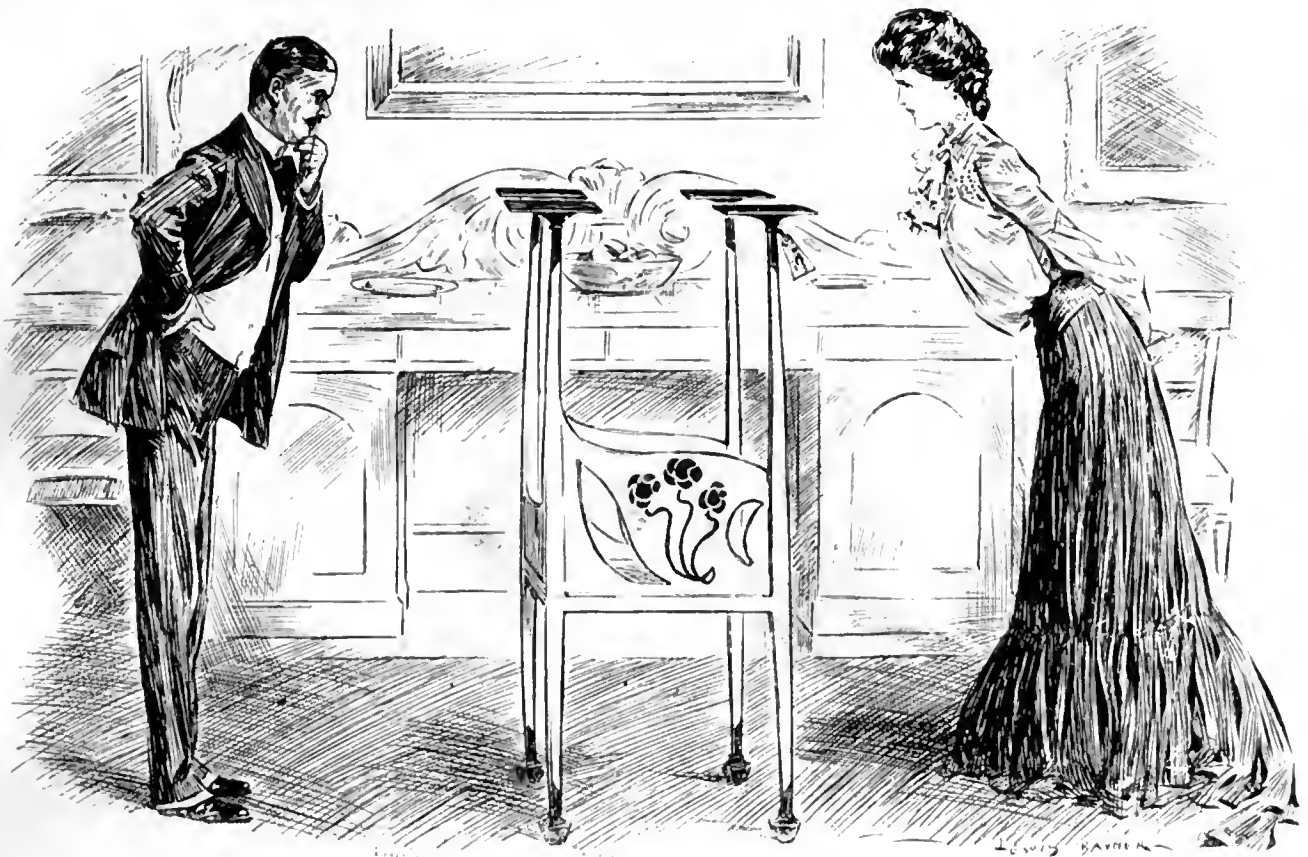
[*Exeunt severally.*]

"HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY."—This proverb is admittedly true when put into practice. It is, therefore, somewhat discouraging to read in the "City News" of the *Times* last Wednesday how "The Money Market paid off what it owed to the Bank, but was not very easy after having done so." (The italics, by the way, are ours, so we do what we like with them.) It was most upright on the part of the Money Market to pay its just debt to the dear Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, but why feel any qualms of conscience after this strictly honourable conduct? Wasn't the Market's own money used? Did it pay PAUL with what of right was PETER's? We pause for a reply—and are likely to continue pausing for some considerable time. We sincerely trust that the M. M. has by now quite recovered its conscientious equilibrium.

"PLAYING WITH FIRE."—There is a wonderful dramatic show at the Earl's Court Exhibition which goes "like a house a-fire." The opening day last week was characteristic of a Fire Brigades Exhibition as being both warm and watery, and finishing [at night with a regular downpour. The Duke of CAMBRIDGE opened the show. No *contretemps* occurred to mar the general success. Everybody expressed their burning desire for the success of the show; all were pleased, and no one was "put out."

CHEERY SUGGESTION.—A correspondent, writing to the *Author*, suggests that instead of an expensive banquet once a year to bring authors together for their own social benefit and for the advantage of the caterers, the Society of Authors, when able to afford it, should give its members an annual dinner "as a bonus." Form of invitation might be, "Come and pick a bonus with us."

PUBLICATION PROBABLE.—*The 'Tisn't of the Town*, by [the author of *The Taint of the City*].



THE DISCOMFITURE OF THE PHILISTINES.

ON BEING PRESENTED WITH ARTFUL AND CRAFTY PUZZLE BY ARTISTIC FRIEND. (QUERY—IS IT THE RIGHT WAY UP? AND, IF SO, WHAT IS IT?)

A [POST-PRANDIAL RECORD.

THE annual opening of the Royal Academy Gems-Show at Burlington House took place on Monday, the 4th, and the great artistic display of the year was ushered in as heretofore with the Grand Banquet of the Immortals, given in honour of the occasion to Royalty, to demi-gods, some divines, many notables, and a sprinkling of happy guests from the Fortunate Isles. A brilliant scene. An evening memorable, in the first place, for the clearly delivered and most interesting speeches made by the President, Sir EDWARD POYNTER, and, secondly, for the graceful reply of the Prince of WALES, whose allusion to "my dear father's" illness and providential recovery was most touching. The comic element was introduced into the entertainment by Admiral Sir JOHN FISHER, who, had not Britannia chosen him for her service in the Navy, would have made his fortune as a genuine low-comedian. Being called upon to return thanks for the Navy, the gallant Admiral had no sooner risen to the occasion than he went into action with both arms, much to the disquietude of his messmates, of whom one was the warlike Mr. BRODRICK. The commencement of the Admiral's comic soliloquy went enormously; then the breeze dropped and there was a slight lull. Finding himself, when serious, in the doldrums, he hauled taut to windward, caught a capful of the popular breeze, and getting on the right tack, sailed into port (or champagne) amid the hearty laughter, loud cheers, and lusty plaudits of all hands ashore and afloat. The President and Council, on whom falls the task of casting the speech-makers and making the character fit the toast, are to be heartily congratulated on this "naval engagement." The evening was also memorable for the speech of Dr.

JOACHIM, who spoke with the bottled-up emotion of twenty years' absence from the Dinner, reading his music—that is, his notes. And to omit nothing that emphasised this evening as specially memorable, there remains but to record the presence of Mr. JOSEF ISRAELS, the very small man but very great painter of the Dutch Marine service, whose admirable work on this occasion received the heartiest praise from the President, speaking in the name of the Royal Academicians and of all lovers of art. It is as a note of so exceptional an evening that *Mr. Punch* places this Mem. on record "in perpetual memory of the thing," although it doth appear more than a day after the Fare. For the exhibition itself it is universally admitted to be well above the average, containing certain specimens of the very best art which, briefly, it would be invidious here to particularise.

HIS LUCKY STARS!—Best wishes for his Health and Happiness. Likewise Heartiest Congratulations from *Mr. Punch* to his good friend Sir NORMAN LOCKYER, K.C.B., the astronomer, whose forthcoming marriage has been just announced. "Sir NORMAN," remarks the *Westminster*, "has been leader of more eclipse expeditions probably than any man living," and, by Venus, he is "eclipsing himself!" The Pleiades will attend as Bridesmaids.

FITNESS OF THINGS.—A guardian on the board of a lunatic asylum objected to an item in the quarter's accounts representing a glazier's bill for mending the windows. His argument was that it was quite in keeping with the nature of such establishments that the glass *should* be cracked.



ARMS OF PRECISION.

Volunteer Subaltern (as the enemy's scout continues to advance in spite of expenditure of much "blank" ammunition). "IF THAT INFERNAL YEOMAN COMES ANY NEARER, SHY STONES AT HIM, SOME OF YOU!"

PRODDING PROHIBITED!

[“Under the new régime at the Zoological Gardens, the practice of prodding certain of the animals to make them ‘show off’ will be prohibited.”—*Daily Chronicle*.]

I’ve always dearly loved to see—
Their keeper’s rod the feat abetting—
The lemur leap from tree to tree,
The ostrich gaily pirouetting;
But dash’d with gall is now my cup,
Life’s wine no longer tastes full-bodied,
Since at the Zoo they’ve posted up:
“The animals must not be prodded!”

Ne’er shall the grizzly, cowering ‘neath
The suasive stick, to dance be smitten;
Nor any lion show his teeth
To reassure me I’m a Briton;
The leopard shall not change his spots,
The tapir trip it with his mate, or
The cobra tie himself in knots,
To please the casual spectator!

The slim giraffe, stiff-neck’d and proud,
No more shall dread its playful keeper;
Nor the hyena laugh aloud,
Fearing the next prod may be deeper;
Beneath no titillating touch
Shall elephantine beasts grow nimble;
Nor shall the “slithy toves” and such
Respond, when asked to “gyre and gimble”!

But though my tears are falling free,
And threnodies I loosely scatter,
Since creatures like the chimpanzee,
Unless they choose, no more will chatter—

I’m glad to think, as from the Zoo
Clubwards my lonesome way I’m
plodding,
That I have friends—a number—who
“Show off”—without the need of
prodding!

HISTOIRE DE CHIEN.

PARIS,
Rue Neuve des Petits Chiens, 4.

MONSIEUR LE RÉDACTEUR,—C’est avec plaisir que je m’aperçois que le *Spectator* (voyez le numéro du 25 Avril par exemple) raconte continuellement des “dog-stories;” mais il ne faut pas vous imaginer que les bêtes intelligentes se trouvent uniquement de l’autre côté de la Manche. Justement, j’ai un caniche qui est de la première force quant à la sagacité. Je l’envoie tous les deux jours au débit de tabac, qui fait le coin de la rue, me chercher du “caporal.” Je lui donne parfois une pièce blanche, et il me rapporte toujours la monnaie. Maintenant, attention, s’il vous plaît! Vous savez, n’est-ce pas, que le billon étranger n’a plus cours ici en France? Eh bien, voici ce qu’a fait l’autre jour cet étonnant animal! Je l’envoie comme d’ordinaire chez le marchand de tabac. On lui offre deux sous italiens. Il refuse absolument de les prendre et se met à grommeler comme quatre. Pas moyen de le pacifier. Enfin on lui donne du bon cuivre de la

République française, et il s’en va content, la queue en l’air!

Et puis, il porte le sentiment national à un degré presque exagéré et tout-à-fait phénoménal. Rien de si patriote que ce toutou-là! Il a déjà mordu cinq Anglais, trois Américains, trois Italiens, un Espagnol et un Allemand—ce dernier excessivement gros. Mais, voici le bouquet! Voici le véritable triomphe de l’intelligence canine! Depuis que tout le monde s’apprête à applaudir avec enthousiasme la visite du roi Edouard, ce chien a entièrement renoncé à croquer les Anglais! Vive l’intelligence! Vive la diplomatie!

Il est vrai que ce phénomène a aussi mordu dans le temps quelques Français par-ci par-là, mais il y a tout lieu de croire que c’étaient des Dreyfusards—et puis le pauvre animal est myope, ce qui explique bien des choses.

Reste à immortaliser son nom dans les pages de votre délicieux journal. Il s’appelle *Jean, Auguste, Hippolyte, Achille, Cincinnate, Danton et Cerbère*.

Veuillez agréer, Monsieur, l’assurance de ma haute estime, et de ma considération la plus distinguée.

JEAN PIERRE CHAUVIN.

Exercise for Dyspeptic Millionaires.

INVENTOR of New Carriage, only one fit for South African roads, wants to meet Financier to push same.—Advt. *Financial News*.



DOGBERRY IN SOMALILAND.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

Dogberry . . . RIGHT HON. ST. J-HN BR-DR-CK.

Watchman . . . SERGEANT OF THE KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES.

DOGBERRY. "YOU SHALL COMPREHEND ALL VAGROM MEN; YOU ARE TO BID ANY MAN STAND."

WATCHMAN. "HOW IF A' WILL NOT STAND?"

DOGBERRY. "WHY, THEN, TAKE NO NOTE OF HIM, BUT LET HIM GO; AND PRESENTLY CALL THE REST OF THE WATCH TOGETHER, AND THANK GOD YOU ARE RID OF A KNAVE."

Much Ado, Act iii., Sc. 3.



Jones (the adventurous). "IT—IT'S GETTIN' ALMOST TOO D-DEEP, I FEAR, MISS HOOKEM!"

Miss Hookem. "OH, PLEASE DO GO ON! IT'LL BE THE FISH OF MY LIFE!"

Jones (who is not a champion swimmer). "M-MINE TOO!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 4.
—HENRY IRVING has lost great opportunity. Casting about for *dramatis personæ* in the Hades episode in *Dante* he forgot Mr. COGWHEEL, *né* COGHILL, Member for Stoke. A long time since the English stage has presented a scene at once so realistic and picturesque. *Dante* and *Virgil*, dropping into Hades after dinner, walk round and with garulous curiosity examine the unfamiliar scene. *Dante's* quick sight discovers an iron ring in what, to casual glance, looks like innocent plank. Pulls it up; enterprise abundantly rewarded. There pops up, Jack out of the box, a gentleman accommodated with backboard set at convenient angle. The receptacle resembles a matchbox in which there has been an accident: it is full of smoke and flame. Awkward, but evidently not dangerous, for the gentleman's clothes are not even singed.

It is in the conversation that follows

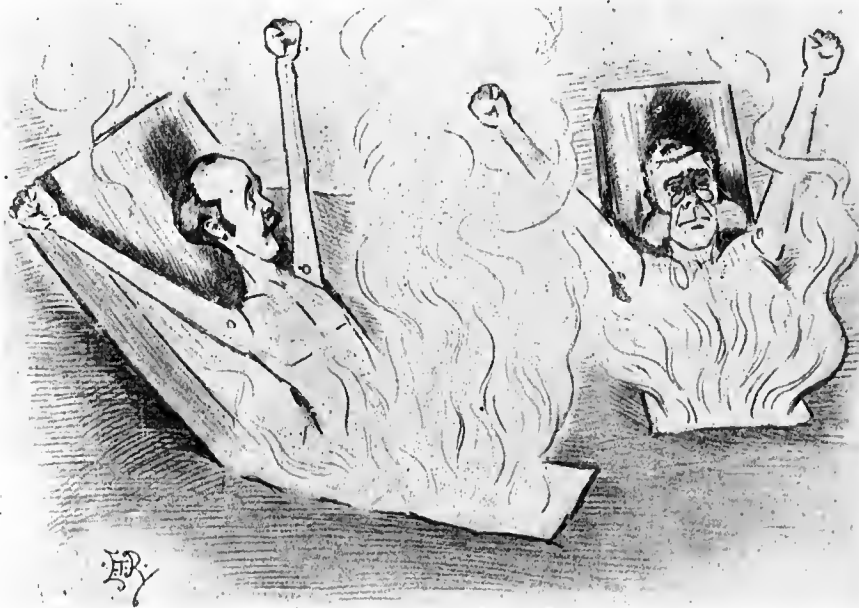
that the mind flashes back to Mr. COGWHEEL, and the fulness of IRVING's lost opportunity is realised. Asked how he feels to-day, the unsinged gentleman in the fiery matchbox, with an attitude of awful boredom, in a querulous voice grumbles discontent. Apart from the matchbox effect, he reminds one of the man at the Club we all know, for whom the beef is ever overdone, the mutton underdone, the soup cold and the coffee execrable.

That in a general way. More directly, more effectively, COGWHEEL to-night, lacking the expensive accessories provided by managerial art at Drury Lane, vividly recalls the discontented gentleman in the flaring matchbox. Second Reading of Irish Land Purchase Bill on. GEORGE WYNDHAM, with magic wand priced at twelve million sterling, with national credit pledged for another hundred million, has wrought a strange thing in Ireland. Landlord and tenant clasp hands and swear eternal brotherhood. Mercy (represented by WILLIAM O'BRIEN,) and Truth (Colonel SAUNDER-

SON by request,) have kissed each other. The only person who feels a little doubt on the matter is the British tax-payer who has to pay for the wand. He, however, is smoothed down with assurance that in addition to doing a noble, generous thing, he is, on the whole, making a good bargain. Henceforward Irishmen will dwell together in unity; the mere paying off of the police will cover considerable proportion of annual expenditure under the scheme. Leaders of Opposition "hesitate dislike," but stop short of expressing it by hostile motion.

Mr. COGWHEEL, above all weak considerations, resolves that if he stands alone he will move rejection of Bill. Sir TROUT, not to be outdone in chivalry (moreover having a speech ready), volunteers to second the amendment. Back to back they keep the bridge against the motley host of Home Rulers and Unionists, landlords and tenants, Radicals and high-toned Tories.

Mr. COGWHEEL superb; his very figure as he springs up to move amendment is suggestive of note of indignant



SCENE FROM "DANTE" AT WESTMINSTER.

"Deluded, defrauded, betrayed!"

"A condition of slow combustion fed by regret at Unionist apostasy."

(Mr. Coghlan and Sir G. C. Trout-Britton.)

exclamation! Rooted discontent expressed in every gesture, echoes in every sentence. "Deluded, defrauded, betrayed!" he cried, throwing up his arms with gesture of despair closely imitated from the action of the grumbler in the candent matchbox at Drury Lane just before the lid is dropped down, and *Dante* and *Virgil* walk off arm in arm to interview another recluse.

It was over PRINCE ARTHUR, reereant leader of a Unionist Party, that Mr. COGWHEEL's bitterest tears were shed. What was he going to do next? Mr. COGWHEEL in the confidence of the domestic circle had heard something of a Home Rule Bill to follow Land Purchase. Was there any foundation for the rumour? "I pointedly put the question to the Prime Minister," he said, revolving on his axis with foreboding creak.

PRINCE ARTHUR joined in the laughter of a ribald House. But he was evidently not altogether at ease, recovering equanimity only when, on the cue "betrayed!" the lid of the box fell on Mr. COGWHEEL, who was understood thereafter to resume a condition of slow combustion fed by regret at Unionist apostasy.

Business done.—Second Reading of Irish Land Bill moved.

Tuesday night.—Never till this moment realised how depressing were

THOMPSON'S *Seasons*. In this so-called twentieth century T., having become a Doctor of Medicine, and Member for North Monaghan, spells his name with a "p." Circumstance does not mitigate the affliction of his verse. With copy of it under his arm turned up this afternoon on resumed debate on Irish Land Bill. Understood last night that House, above all things a business assembly, recognising that work upon the Bill cannot begin till Committee stage is reached, would this afternoon pass Second Reading.

Arrangements made accordingly. But on meeting at two o'clock, PRINCE ARTHUR received notification that Dr. THOMPSON proposed to give a reading of his famous work; that LONSDALE on other side must speak for at least three quarters of an hour; that other eminent authorities, recognising that the country wanted to know what they thought of the matter, would overcome natural shyness and discourse at length. Nothing for it but to rearrange ordered business of the week, postponing conclusion of debate on Land Bill till Thursday.

House consented to the inevitable. Gave up the sitting to THOMPSON and other minor poets. On one point implacable: would not remain to listen to their incubrations. So debate, continued at full pressure through speeches by

WILLIAM O'BRIEN and EDWARD GREY, suddenly collapsed, leaving the theme to solitude and the Member for Monaghan.

This a matter of small account to a man who, according to *Dod*, has "written several pamphlets on Hygiene, Vaccination, and Medical Education. Also *The Trial of the Maguires*." Which of these pamphlets the Doctor was rattling through as he stood well out on the floor below the Gangway was not clear. One of the rules of debate peremptorily forbids a Member to read his speech. Aware of this, expecting every moment interruption and an injunction from the Chair, the Doctor, holding his portly manuscript in both hands, bowed along at a pace that defied pursuit by the sharpest ear.

Early in the performance it became clear that the first impression was erroneous. It was not *The Seasons* THOMPSON was reading. A sentence caught at the end of the first quarter of an hour hinted at Hygiene as the topic. Immediately after, an allusion to "the arm of the law" suggested Vaccination. Towards the end a certain dramatic movement, a balancing attitude on outstretched legs, as if one were considering his verdict, imposed on the now fevered imagination conviction that what the Doctor really was reading was *The Trial of the Maguires*.

To which branch of a well-known family the implicated parties were related, and what was the verdict, nobody knows. Like JOHN GILPIN on his ride to Edmonton, the further the Doctor fared the faster grew his pace.



The Young Napoleon and the Irish Sphinx.

"Have I solved it?"

(Mr. Wndh-m.)



A Brighter Light in the "Black-eyes" of Rosaleen.

(Mr. Tim H-ly's quotation amended.)

For half an hour he had been committing grievous breach of orderly debate. If the SPEAKER's inexplicable toleration lasted longer, surely some Member would rise to a point of order. He had pages more to read. The only thing was to hasten on. This he did to the full length of forty minutes, falling back exhausted in his seat amid enthusiastic cries of "Encore!" from his delighted countrymen.

Business done.—House mustered in overflowing numbers to hear debate on Second Reading of Land Purchase Bill concluded and to take part in division. Dr. THOMPSON, physician and surgeon, M.P. for North Monaghan, takes the floor, and reads interesting paper, giving full particulars of the dramatic incidents attendant on the Trial of the MACUIRES. Meanwhile Second Reading of principal Ministerial measure of Session stands over till Thursday.

Friday night.—The MEMBER FOR SARK has a fresh grievance; associates it with me, though really I have no responsibility. Telegraphing to my Berkshire address he found himself, as he believed, surcharged by one halfpenny. Amount not much, but principle everything. SARK had the words recounted and found "TOBY, M.P." charged as three.

"How's this?" he asked the trembling clerk.

"It's the 'M.P.,' Sir; order to charge it as two words."

"And how much do you charge for P.M.?"

"A halfpenny, Sir. According to the Regulations, though the letters are the same, being reversed we charge twice as much for M.P."

Truly the ways of the Telegraph Department are past finding out. SARK says that even though fourpence be

knocked off the Income Tax he can't go chucking about halfpence. Gives me notice that in future if he has to communicate with me by telegram he will address TOBY, "P.M."

"Same thing," he airily adds; "and it saves me a halfpenny."

Business done.—Debate on Trade Unionism.

HAPPY ANIMALS.

A LECTURER at a Veterinary College recently stated in all seriousness that cows might be persuaded to give better milk if their mental requirements were better looked after. What the gentleman meant is not quite clear, but if his suggestion were carried out we might find advertisements as follows:—

MEADOW FARM DAIRY.

THE BEST EDUCATED COWS IN THE DISTRICT.

Under the Special Instruction of our own Certificated Schoolmaster

APPOINTED AD HOC.

Evening Classes are held regularly, with readings from *The Reflections of Margarine*; and a chorus from Mr. BRODRICK's Musical Opera, *A whey they have in the Army*, is sung aloud during Milking, thus ensuring Good Rich Milk.

Avoid ignorant Cows.

The example would of course lead to imitations, as:—

CERTIFICATED FOWLS.

No Fowl is engaged by us unless it has passed the Third Standard. A University Extension Teacher is under a permanent engagement to supply the necessary education. Lectures are given daily on Miss ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER's works, when all Birds are expected to attend.

We guarantee all Eggs to be strictly moral and free from vice, as they are all laid under the supervision of an authority on LUBBOCK's *Pleasures of Life*. Examination Papers are set on the subject before any Bird is allowed to commence business.

Moral Training, Mental Culture.

Avoid ignorant Hens: they lay imperfect Eggs.

EDUCATED BACON.

At Lower Farm, Ditchcourt, will be found the best educated Pigs in this district.

Two meals a day and a BACON's Essay every morning.

No Pig is allowed to enter a Literary Competition.

Lectures weekly by an eminent Pro-Bore.

A passage from *The Belle of Chicago* after every meal, and a scene from *Resurrection* at bed-time.

We feed the Brains as well as the Body. The Result is Perfect Pork.

DREAMS À LA DRUMONT.

[“England will take Algeria, and CHAMBERLAIN will realise his dream of being Duke of Algeria.”—*M. Edouard Drumont in the “Libre Parole.”*]

WHEN England takes Algeria,
By force of arms or fluke,
And makes it a Siberia,
With CHAMBERLAIN as Duke:
No longer melancholic,
But full of fire and frolic,
The Radicals will rollick
Back into power and place:
When England takes Algeria,
And Joe becomes His Grace.

When Greece takes San Marino
On reformation bent,
And straight appoints DAN LENO
To be its President;
Then from the heights of Hæmus
Will Romulus and Remus
Descend with Polyphemus
In revelry insane:
When Greece takes San Marino,
And DAN begins his reign.

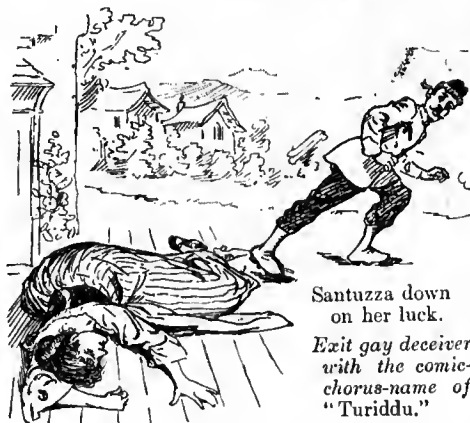
When Mona's Isle is captured
By battleships from Spain,
And when the Dons, enraptured,
Proceed to crown HALL CAINE:
O, won't the Pope feel better,
And WILHELM send a letter
Conferring on his *Vetter*
An Eagle with three necks?
When Mona's Isle is captured,
And CAINE becomes her *Ree*.

When Russia captures Delhi,
And, lopping CURZON's head,
Instals MARIE CORELLI
As Begun in his stead:
What marvellous romances,
Teeming with luscious fancies,
What weird Macabrous dances
Her pen will perpetrate:
When Delhi has CORELLI
As ruler of the State!

When China learns from Harris
In homespun tweeds to dress,
And when Lord ROSEBERY marries
The Dowager Empress:
O what felicitations,
What sumptuous oblations,
What orotund orations
From Malwood will flow in:
When ROSEBERY quits Harris
To be a Mandarin!

When Ireland is a nation,
And all the joybells ring
To hail the importation
Of DRUMONT as her King:
Then will the waves of Liffey,
No longer swart and snuffy,
Yield freely in a jiffy
Superlative ozone;
When Ireland is a nation,
And DRUMONT's on the throne.

OPERA NOTES.



Santuzza down
on her luck.

Exit gay deceiver
with the comic-
chorus-name of
"Turiddu."

grins do I not remember! "Way down upon the Swanee River, Far, far away," as *Elsa* might have sung had WAGNER been a student of the American negro minstrelsy. Herr KRAUS, as the typical German light-headed, that is, flaxen-haired hero, *Lohengrin*, appears as a robust defender of injured innocence. Herr KLÖFFER's *Heinrich der Vogler* is better in singing than in acting. Perhaps as a *Vogler* he would be perfect in whistling. Pity he has not a "Whistling Coon" song. Madame BOLSKA is a sweet *Elsa*. Herr MÜLLER, singing excellently as *Telramund*, loses not one single point of the many "penny-plain-and-twopence-coloured" chances offered by this muller-dramatic villain-with-a-vengeance. Herr MÜLLER has always with him a limited chorus of companions in crime, suggesting a reminiscence of the ancient *Muller and his Men*. Fräulein REINL's *Ortrud*, that first cousin of *Lady Macbeth* by the WAGNER side, is powerful vocally, and melodramatically. Herr KRASA as *Heerrufer*, with his four gentlemen from the Royal College of Arms, a quartette for a whist party with trumps always handy when called for, is impressive and tuneful, a compliment that could not be paid to the chorus, which on one occasion wandered far away from the beaten track, that is, the track beaten for them by Herr LOHSE, the much-suffering, and, on such an occasion, almost helpless conductor. Brilliant house: all parts as well filled as those in the Opera.

Tuesday.—Second Cycle. *Das Rheingold* in four scenes. No curtain or drop scene used, but only clouds of vapour rising from the depths beneath the stage, symbolising how easily RICHARD WAGNER, under the very dampest of sub-aqueous conditions, and on every possible occasion, "can get up the steam." So a strange thing happens. Up from the profundity of stage-depths arise clouds of steam as from a giant's laundry, or Brobdingnagian cook's shop in the East End. This may be taken symbolically to show that WAGNER's work is not intended to "dispel the vapours." On the contrary, the audience is mistified. Then WAGNER blows off steam and we have arrived at Scene Two. Perfection of scenery by Artist BROOKE, who, as the Rhine river pictures prove, is a master in water colours, while the orchestra, increased to about a hundred all told, play as one man, and that man the consummate Wagnerian Dr. RICHTER.

But—save the mark—on what puerile nursery legend nonsense is all this wealth of music spent! I say "spent" advisedly, not "wasted;" but, granting some hidden meaning which the initiated alone can grasp, is the whole of this legend of the Rhine in any way superior to one of the best of German nursery legends by the Brothers GRIMM? However, as this is to inquire too curiously, let me record that, in the Aquarium, the three "fishy characters," *Woglinde*, *Wellgunde* and *Flosshilde*, were parts that went

Monday,
May 4. — *Lohengrin*. The opening night of the regular season; Chapter the First, so to speak, of the story of Operatic life during the next three months: the prologue was given last week. How many *Lohen-*

swimmingly as portrayed and charmingly sung by Frau FEUGE GLEISS, Frau KNUFFER GLEISS, and Frau HERTZER DEPPE. Herr REISS was fearfully and wonderfully made up as the *Mime*, a kind of sub-river *Caliban*, and *Loki* (*alias Loge*) was well sung and acted by the stout hero Herr VAN DYCK. All were good. The audience (it was a crammed house) was literally in the dark, including His MAJESTY himself in the Royal box, who had no more light thrown on the mysterious plot than had his humblest subject in that packed assembly which sat, the evening through, in darkness visible. The KING had arrived only a few hours before from his triumphal continental tour, and his presence at the Opera, with the QUEEN, was most loyally and most heartily welcomed.

Wednesday.—A fine performance of grand Opera entitled *Die Walküre*, which, though its name has a pedestrian aspect, is the work of that great cyclist, RICHARD WAGNER. "O RICHARD, O mein König!" exclaim the devout Wagnerites, and this recalls the wanderer to the fact that VAN ROOY as *Wotan*, and Fräulein TERNINA as *Brünnhilde* (with the "dotlets" on the "u"), were at their very best. Like "the spirits from the vasty deep," all the artists were called, and what is more, all came before the curtain in answer to the summons repeated half a dozen times at the end of Act II. King EDWARD and Queen ALEXANDRA arrived early, as did all those who were anxious to get the benefit of what may be termed the appetising ante-prandial portion of the performance, from 5 to 6.15, returning at 7.45 for the "dessert à la WAGNER." Before dinner the house looked full; after dinner it must have felt just what it looked. And as to contented—well—an audience discontented with HANS RICHTER conducting so perfect an orchestra, would be indeed difficult to please.

Thursday.—"Operatic Bradshaw or WAGNER Cycle Time and Dinner Table Guide" informs us that the *Siegfried* train starts at 5, arrives at first station at 6.25, when an hour and twenty minutes is allowed for dinner, after which it resumes its journey at 7.45, passing through BRUCE SMITH's territory, *The Depths of the Forest*; steam up again, and on we go to the *Wood Bird's Nest*, where half an hour is permitted for refreshment (cigarettes, coffee and liqueurs), and then the passengers re-seat themselves in front of a *Wild Region in the Forest*. Thence proceeding, the wondering wanderer in the auditorium finds himself very much where he was with the Wednesday *Walküre*, in fact—"here we are again" on "the summit of the *Valkyries' Rock*" where *Brünnhilde* in "shining armour clad," fearing no foe, is fast asleep, with a helmet on her head by way of a comfortable knight-cap. The finish magnificent!

As the praise for all concerned remains the same, it need not be repeated here, but mention may be made of Frau FEUGE GLEISS as *Stimme des Waldvogels*, her singing in this mythological ornithological character being worthy of note—of WAGNER's note. Yet would not a diorama suffice, while the singers could be seated as at a concert?

Friday.—LEONCAVALLO's *Pagliacci* and MASCAGNI's *Cavalleria Rusticana*, with Mlle. STRAKOSCH as *Santuzza*. "For this relief much thanks!" To-night is memorable in present operatic annals as being the first appearance this season of Mlle. BAUERMEISTER, in the character of "little mother" *Lucia*. Next week Mlle. BAUERMEISTER may be *Cupid*, *Venus*, or one of the gay ladies in *Carmen*. There is no sign as yet of Mme. CALVÉ for either *Santuzza* or *Carmen*.

Saturday.—We have our limitations. To-night we cannot cycle, but the cycling continues without us. The record of the first two weeks is excellent. The Opera has started in first-rate style.

"THE BRAVEST DEED I EVER SAW."

THE pages of the new periodical, *V.C.*, being unable to accommodate all the answers to the Editor's appeal for details of the bravest deeds his readers ever saw or heard of, several contributors have kindly forwarded their experiences to *Mr. Punch*, who has great pleasure in reproducing them as under:—

THE BRAVE SOUSAPHONIST.

Mr. J. P. SOUSA writes that the bravest deed he ever witnessed occurred at Trombonville, Pa., in 1894. "I happened to be there," he says, "with my band on the day that twins were born to the postmaster of the town, a very popular gentleman. Nothing would do but that I should give an extra performance outside his house as a complimentary serenade to the happy mother. Accordingly we set off, the whole sixty of us, and took up our station in the roadway, the backyard, the verandah, and any other position we could manage to reach. In order to be seen by all I conducted from the summit of a haystack. We played several choice excerpts, and all was going well when the nurse came to the window with a twin on each arm. It was a fine day, and in the hope of catching more distinctly the strains of the '*Washington Post*' she opened the window and leaned out. The room was on the second floor. As she did so, one of the twins, in an ecstasy of appreciation, lurched forward and fell out of the window. Our hearts stopped beating; the melody ceased; it was the most awful moment I have ever lived through. By good fortune, immediately under the window was the player of the Sousaphone, a resourceful New Englander who had recently joined my band. His mind was made up in an instant, and while the child was still in mid air above him, he raised his instrument, and, filling his capacious cheeks, *blew it back* into the nurse's arms! That was the bravest deed I ever saw."

A DAUNTLESS DRAMATIC CRITIC.

"I have no hesitation," writes Mr. C. F. MOBERLY BELL, "in crediting our Mons. WALKLEY with the most unparalleled feat of bravery in the annals of valour. Despite the fact that Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER is a man of Herculean strength, that Mr. H. A. JONES is as



G.R.H.

THE PROFESSOR OF ANCIENT LITERATURE.

[Sir EDWARD POYNTER announced at the Academy Banquet that Mr. JOHN MORLEY has been appointed Professor of Ancient Literature at the Royal Academy.]

skilled with the rapier as with the pen, and that the chief commissioner at the Garrick Theatre measures fifty inches round the chest, Mons. WALKLEY insisted on going alone on that memorable Saturday night, and with no other weapon than a copy of *Longinus on the Sublime*. There was one awful moment when the commissioner assumed a positively homicidal attitude, but on Mons. WALKLEY solemnly chanting the words *ὕψος μεγαλοφροσύνης ἀπήχημα* the giant fell back baffled, and has since entered for our competition."

THE HEROIC CAMERA.

Mr. C. B. FRY writes:—"The scene of the bravest deed I ever witnessed was—where do you think?—a photographer's studio. I had been hard at work all day being photographed (alternating with the Rev. R. T. CAMPBELL, another Sussex celebrity), and the camera was tired out. Yet it had still work to do. There were some minutes of good daylight left, and I had not yet been taken reading Sir WILLIAM ANSON's *Principles of the English Law of Contract* as I made a catch, or delivering the peroration of my lecture on the wider wicket—two very necessary scenes. I grasped the copy of Sir WILLIAM ANSON's *magnum opus* in my hands and posed for a sharp return at mid on; but the camera refused to take the picture. The photographer compressed the india-rubber bulb, but all to no purpose.

Threats and cajoleries were alike useless. The photographer swore at it, the Rev. R. T. CAMPBELL preached at it, and I punished it unmercifully. Our efforts were useless. I cut it for two, I drove it for four, I slogged it for six; but without avail. Then the chief photographer was called, and Mr. CAMPBELL told him the story in his choicest rhetoric. He understood at once. 'Our camera is an advocate of passive resistance, and abhors the very name of Sir WILLIAM ANSON,' he said. It was true, for directly I substituted a copy of the *British Weekly* I was taken as if nothing had happened.

"Now that is what I call courage. Anyone can do a brave deed under conditions of excitement, but to be brave for an idea is finer."

AN INTREPID PONTIFF.

Mr. HALL CAINE locates the scene of the bravest deed with which he is acquainted at the Vatican. "The hero of the incident in question," he writes, "was that venerable nonagenarian, Pope LEO THE THIRTEENTH, who on the occasion of our first interview actually confessed that he had never read one of my books."

A DOUBLE-BARRELLED HERO.

Mr. SWINBURNE writes:—"Incomparably the most impavid exploit engraved on the tablets of my memory is that of THEODORE WATIS-DUNTON in assuming a second surname. As THEODORE WATTS he was already writ large on the eternal bed-roll of fame. That he should consciously handicap himself with a dissyllabic suffix argued a confidence in his sublime genius nothing short of Napoleonic. Well do I remember the night on which he decided on this momentous and epoch-making venture. I remember his exact words.

"'ALGY,' he said, 'what do you think of DUNTON?'"

"'What's DUNTON?'" I asked in a perfervid paroxysm of amphibious astonishment.

"'Ah,' he said, 'there you have it. Your unerring clairvoyance has come off as usual.' His eyes glistened, and he looked more like his portrait by ROSSETTI than he has done any time these many years.

"I argued with him, I strove with him, I fought with him to dissuade him from this perilous plunge. I urged upon him the imperative call of allitera-

tion. 'Why not,' I said, 'why not WATTS-WUNTON?' I made clear to him all the disadvantages of duplicate nomenclature. But he was adamant. Without a moan or a murmur he turned his back on his unhyphenated past, and took up the burden of his double name. He has never complained since. It was the bravest deed I ever saw."

VIVE L'ANGLETERRE.

II.

Le même café du Boulevard. M. DURAND et M. DUBOIS assis. M. DUPONT arrive, un numéro du "Times" à la main.

Durand. Ah, le voilà! Toujours occupé de ses leçons d'anglais. Quelle obsession!

Dupont. Mais c'est embêtant, mon cher. J'ai beau acheter le *Times* pour apprendre l'anglais! Figurez-vous qu'à présent on commence à écrire ce journal en français! Ce matin je m'installe tout tranquillement, le *Times* de mercredi à la main, mon dictionnaire et ma grammaire sur la table, et je trouve, pour ma leçon d'anglais, les *Impressions Parisiennes* d'ÉMILE FAGUET en français. Des phrases très drôles, de toutes petites phrases de trois mots, de deux mots, d'un seul mot même, tout à fait comme une conversation dans le Métro, où l'on se sert de petites phrases à cause du vacarme.

Durand. Parfaitement. Dans le Métro il faut crier, il faut hurler. Mais dans le *Times* on est tranquille.

Dupont. C'est peut-être le langage des impressions. Je n'en sais rien. Mais pour apprendre l'anglais qu'est-ce que je puis acheter à l'avenir?

Durand. Un journal français naturellement. *L'Intransigeant*, peut-être, deviendra tout-à-fait anglais.

Dubois. Mais le *Times* est toujours grand amateur de notre langue. Le SARCEY actuel du *Times* n'est pas anglais.

Durand. Vraiment?

Dubois. Non. Ni français non plus. Il est né probablement aux Îles de la Manche. J'ai entendu dire qu'il s'appelle WHACKLY. Il se sert d'un mélange des deux langues. C'est évidemment le patois de Jersey.

Durand. Tiens, tiens!

Dubois. Et cependant c'est un grand journal. Eh bien, mon cher DUPONT! Vous avez l'air ébahi. Qu'est-ce que vous regardez comme ça, sans mot dire?

Dupont. Ah pardon! C'était bien stupide de ma part. Mais, si je puis le demander sans indiscretion, votre superbe chapeau, votre huit-reflets anglais, où est-il donc? Votre habit, aussi, n'a pas l'air tout pimpant neuf comme à l'ordinaire. Si j'ose vous le dire—



HOLYROOD, May 12, 1903.

"Lion King-of-Arms will present Unicorn Pursuivant."

(Extract from Official Programme.)

Dubois. Ha! ha! Quel œil de commissaire de police! Mais je vais vous expliquer ça. Vous avez entendu parler premier résultat de la visite du Roi ÉDOUARD. C'est l'impôt sur le revenu à l'anglaise.

Durand. Mon Dieu, mais oui!

Dubois. Ce n'est pas la faute du roi. Il est très bon garçon, toujours souriant. Il n'a jamais l'air morne et fâché de GUILLAUME d'Allemagne. Non, c'est ROUVIER qui désire cet impôt. Et cependant ce n'est pas absolument à l'anglaise. Au lieu de perquisitions gouvernementales, l'impôt sera réglé par l'aspect du malheureux rentier. Donc j'ai ma petite idée. Je ne porterai plus des habits comme il faut. Je me mettrai en costume de vieux professeur en retraite, ou de petit rentier de province. Comme ça je ne payerai pas d'impôt du tout. J'ai commencé aujourd'hui.

Durand. Mais nous n'allons pas imiter l'Angleterre à ce point là.

Dubois. Alors, tant mieux. Je puis continuer à m'habiller en *smart gentleman*, et je ne deviendrai pas anglophobe. *A miss is as good as a mile.*

Durand. Une miss? Où est-elle? Ah, c'est une de vos amies! Quel homme! Toujours les femmes.

Dubois. Pas du tout. Je suis très sérieux. *Couite a respectable man.* Mais l'impôt anglais! Ah non, c'est trop fort! Eh bien, je m'en vais. Au revoir!

Dupont. Nous partons aussi. Au revoir! [Ils sortent.]

THE "WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC."—Wanted, a Groundman who can bowl from May for twelve weeks.—Advt. in the "Athletic News."

THE NEW HELICON.

[According to the *Glasgow Evening News*, it is calculated that 95 per cent. of the inhabitants of Paisley are poets. Mr. JOHN MOFFAT, prospective Unionist candidate for the burgh, recently inaugurated a grand lyrical contest among the bards, and the prizes have just been distributed.]

Where is the nest of singing birds
Where every infant turns his
Rondeau and sonnet? Where are herds
Of FERGUSONS and BURNSES?
Where do they string the lyre and sing
Like anything?

In Paisley.

Where is the new Mæcenas? Where
The Prince who patronises
The poets with his welcome care
And still more welcome prizes?
Ah, where is he with hand so free
Of L. S. D.?

In Paisley.

Where is the magic spot could lure
From Hippocrene's waters
From Helicon, remote, secure,
Great Jove's immortal daughters?
Where could Muse meet with fairer seat
For her retreat?

In Paisley.

Where do the gaunt black chimneys
pour
Their smoke in every weather?
Where do the mill girls most adore
The fringe and curly feather?
Where slave and moil the sons of toil
Mid grime and oil?

In Paisley.

"GOOD BOZINESS."—In the *Daily Telegraph* for Thursday last is to be found the statement that the new Anglo-French resort *Le Touquet*, associated with the memory of "Boz," has been acquired, bought, and paid for (bravo!) by the Anglo-French Syndicate. And just in the very week when our KING was being cordially greeted in Paris by President LOUBET, undoubtedly a most favourable omen for *Le Touquet*, as this advance towards us of French cordiality is a *Pas de Calais* in the right direction; so, as England does the same, the step may be described in Anglo-French (the future language of *Le Touquet*) as a "*Pas de Two*." Is Mr. JOHN WHITLEY (& Co.) anywhere about? *Je crois que "je vois Ulysse dans cette affaire."*

THE "TIMES" COMPETITION.—The *Encyclopædia Britannica* Syndicate, in an advertisement of their monumental work, asks the rhetorical question, "*Who is it by?*" A correspondent writes to enquire whether he would get full marks for this question if he made out a list of contributors and wrote underneath, *It is by they.*

"MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB."

Pictorial variations on this theme after the manner of some of our most celebrated Artists.



After G. H. Boughton, R.A.



After Marcus Stone, R.A.



After F. Goodall, R.A.



After George Clausen, A.R.A.



After Alma Tadema, R.A.



After Stanhope Forbes, A.R.A.

OPERA NOTES.

Thursday, May 14.—Merry Monarch MANCINELLI resumes orchestral sceptre and conducts *Cavalleria*. Miss CHARLOTTE WYNS, as *Santuzza*, did not justify the verb (third person present singular, of course) which forms her surname. Not the *Santuzza* wanted. *Pagliacci*, now accepted as the twin opera to *Cavalleria*, was capitally given, the *Nedda* of Fräulein FRITZI SCHEFF being excellent, while M. SALIGNAC, Signor SCOTTI, and Mr. LAURENCE REA as *Silvio*, completed a first-rate cast.

Friday, May 15.—Ovation to Conductor HANS RICHTER as usual. Herr ANTHES as *Siegfried* pre-eminently good and worthy of Fräulein REINL's fine *Brünnhilde*. As *Stimme des Waldvogels* Frau FEUGE GLEISS sang sweetly; amusing as *Mime* was Herr REISS. At this point, finding we are dropping into poetry, we give ourselves pause, and, "pause off," we resume next week, when we shall be glad to welcome *Romeo* and *Rigoletto*.

A Want Supplied?

Is another year to pass without any passenger traffic per steamboat on the river Thames? Yet the Parisians are well supplied with light steamers, "*mouches*," on the Seine. Why can they do with the river at Paris what we can't with our river in London? The only possible answer seems to be that their river traffic is managed by Seine Commissioners, while ours is governed by— At this instant "a sail in sight appears! We hail it with three cheers!" An offer, says the *Daily Express*, May 16, has been made by Mr. BICKLEY to start a Thames Steamer Service.

A Nice Distinction.

"THE official list of the strength of the Manchester Regiment, just landed at Singapore, reads:—'20 officers and 2 ladies; 4 warrant officers and 2 wives; 518 rank and file and 10 women and 12 children.'"—*Singapore Free Press*.

THE "PASSIVE RESISTANCE" MOVEMENT.

["If the former chief of the Birmingham Education League puts me in prison for refusing to pay the Education Rate, I think his days as Colonial Secretary are numbered (*Loud and continuous applause*)."]—*Extract from the "Westminster Gazette's" report of a sermon by Rev. R. J. Campbell at the mid-day "service" at the "City Temple," May 14.*

THE following further cases of conscientious but passive resistance to the law have come under *Mr. Punch's* notice :—

JAMES DEWAR ALLSOPP BURTON, describing himself as a pro-publican, was charged at the Whitefriars Police Court with sacrilegious behaviour in the Temple Church. Prisoner, it was stated, had concealed himself in the pulpit and, just before the hour of the sermon, had emerged from his hiding-place and attempted to give an electioneering address on the subject of the Non-Renewal of Licenses. Asked to explain his conduct he declared that he held conscientious views about Compensation, and had gathered from a report of one of the Rev. Mr. CAMPBELL's discourses that the pulpit was a recognised sort of hustings. Admitted that he had been at fault in not distinguishing between different kinds of Temples, City and others. Had, however, offered no effective resistance when distrained by two sidesmen and a verger.

THE MAC TAVISH, a Private in the Volunteer Company of the Bonnie Sporrans, was charged before the Waverley magistrates with being drunk and incapable and resisting the police. Prisoner pleaded guilty, but alleged that, as a matter of conscience, he had felt compelled to drink the KING's health a great number of times on the occasion of His Majesty's visit to the city of Glasgow. Glasgow had never yet been eclipsed in loyalty by Auld Reekie. At the same time the very terms of his charge—"drunk and incapable"—proved that his resistance to the police must have been merely a passive one.

Before the Flint Justices, JOHN MORMON UTAH-JONES was charged with trigamy. Prisoner explained that on the ground of hereditary scruples he objected to the principles of monogamy. As a fact, however, his own tastes had not been consulted in the matter of his marriage with either the second or the third Mrs. UTAH-JONES, both of whom had annexed him under the compulsion of bodily fear. His defiance of the law might therefore justly be described as passive. He was quite willing, if given the option of a fine under the First Offenders' Act, to allow his last two wives to be distrained.

The Rev. Dr. MANSFIELD, described as a non-conspiring leader of the Oxford P. R. Movement, was summoned before the Martyrs' Memorial Bench for refusing to pay the Education Rate. Defendant protested that, as a matter of conscience, he would sooner see any young child taught the cannibalistic tenets of the Congo Arabs than imbibing any form of Christian doctrine that differed, even immaterially, from what the defendant happened to believe. Had he been present on the occasion of his brother CAMPBELL's political manifesto at the City Temple, his applause should have helped to bring the sacred house down.

At the same Court Mr. WILLIAM JEMMY SIKES, on whom a fine had been inflicted for false declaration of Income Tax, was now further charged with the active manslaughter of the distraining officer. Prisoner, whose previous contention had been that he could not conscientiously pay Income Tax on that portion of his revenue which he had acquired by dishonest means, now asserted that he had offered active assistance, rather than resistance, to the law. On seeing the officer approach his house he had voluntarily distrained his own goods, throwing a selection of them out into the street. This selection included a hall-clock and a complete edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. The hall-clock had been suggested by the Rev. CAMPBELL as a fitting article

for sacrifice; while as for the *Encyclopædia* he had no more use for it, having finished his set of answers for the *Times* Competition; and anyhow it was a loan copy. He regretted extremely that in distraining this monumental work from out of the top-storey window he had caused the demise of the officer in question.

WHEN WE SLEEPING BEAUTIES AWAKEN.

(Lines written for a dinner of the Stage Society. With acknowledgments, for the title, to the Master.)

THERE was a time, as I am told,
Back in the dim Victorian Age,
When antic Custom, dull and cold,
Wrapped like a pall the British Stage;
And some among the best "reporters" said :—
"Dramatic Art is practically dead!"

But ere they fixed the funeral site
A race of Thinking Men arose,
Clapped on the corpse a searching light
And found her simply comatose;
(Four years ago they took this fearless line,
That is to say, in 1899).

Before the lapse of many days,
The Sleeping Beauty stirred in bed
And used the Tennysonian phrase :
"O love, thy kiss would wake the dead!"
From FREDERICK WHELEN came that clarion sound;
His was the smack that brought the lady round.

They fed her up (for she was weak
And swelled with swallowing windy puffs)
On German, Belgian, French and Greek,
On Norse and even native stuffs;
With urgent appetite the patient drank in
Essence of HAUPTMANN, HEIJERMANS and HANKIN.

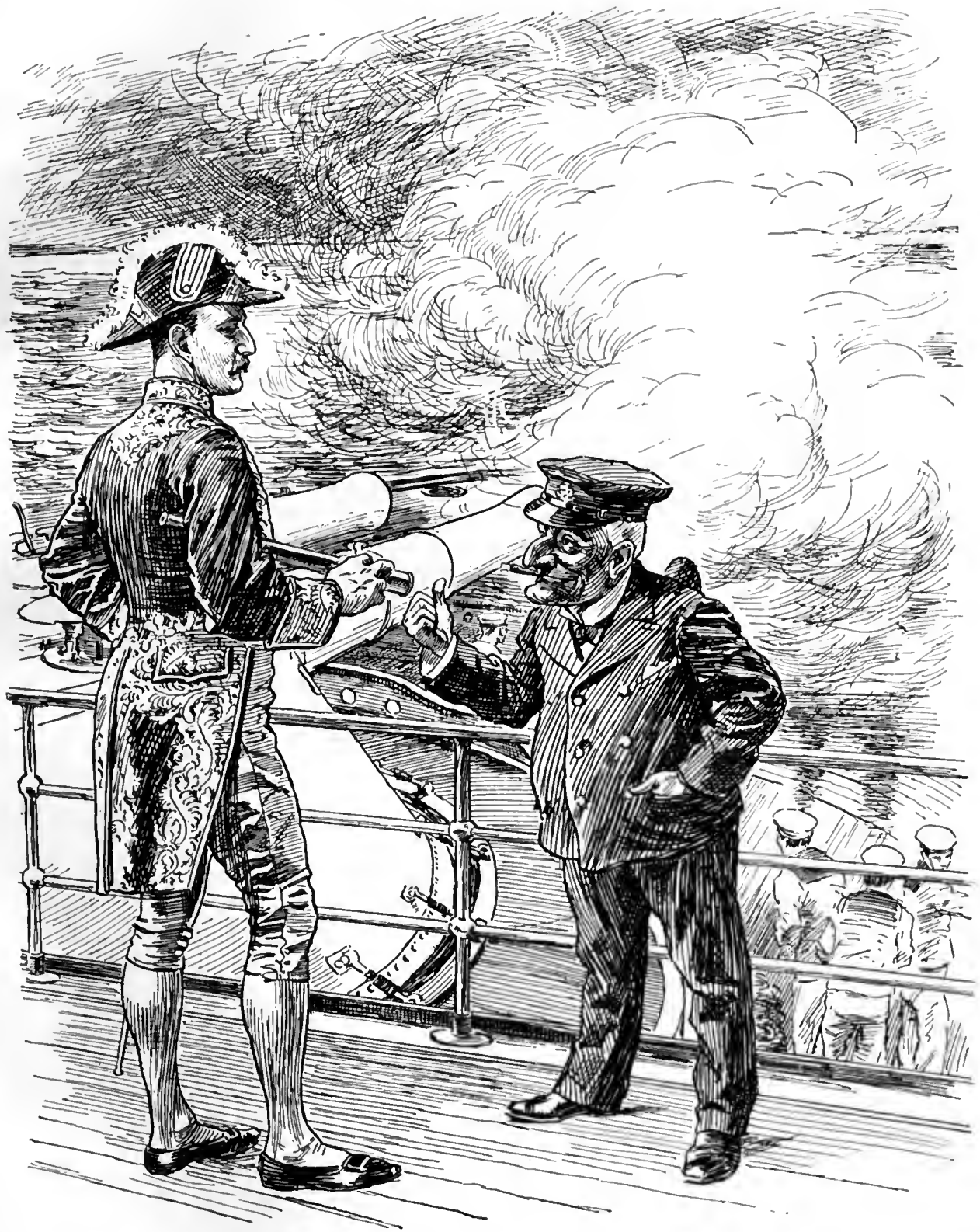
Exotic fish and local fowl,
With these they plied her generous maw—
CUREL and BARKER, cheek by jowl,
And IBSEN jostling BERNARD SHAW;
Thus, if *The Lady from the Sea* looked foreign,
For British Matrons there was Mrs. Warren.

Her moral frame expanded too
On transcendental meat and drink;
Of thoughts that ranged quite near the blue
She caught the missing MAETERLINCK;
And after meals of more than earthly manna,
Inhaled the stiffish fumes of *Monna Vanna*.

Taught, in *The Good Hope's* crib, to know
The salient signs of healthy growth,
With every second word or so
She rapped you out a ribald oath;
Showing that, should her other powers go wrong,
Her language still could "suffer and be strong."

Such is her progress, large and free,
Whose nerve, of late reduced to pulp,
I now and here propose that we
Should drink in one exhaustive gulp;
Long may her history, freed from hoary fossils,
Live in the Acts of You, her Young Apostles!
O. S.

THE DESCENT OF MAN.—"The Marquis (*sic*) DE PRACONTAL was in a short bolero and skirt of blue marine serge piped with white, chemisette in white *linon*, and *ceinture* of white leather, hat in blue *paillason*, trimmed with a garland of cornflowers."—"Fashions in France" (*Draper's Record*).



THE ONE WEAK SPOT.

MR. PUNCH. "I HEAR YOU'VE BEEN KEEN ABOUT THIS JOB. WHAT PRIZES DO YOU GIVE YOUR BEST SHOTS?"

LORD S-LB-RNE. "OH, ABOUT TWO-AND-SIXPENCE."

MR. PUNCH. "GOOD HEAVENS! HOW PRINCELY!"

AN UNAPPRECIATED GENIUS.

["The nightingales are in full song. They can be heard to perfection now east, west, north, or south of London, wherever soft caterpillars abound. . . ."]—*Westminster Gazette*.]

A Soft Caterpillar speaks:—

ONCE more the nightingale is heard
Each evening when the moon is
rising,
But don't imagine that the bird
Is merely sentimentalising;
Do not suppose it is the Rose
Who fills her liquid strains with
passion,
'Tis I who cause the nightingale
To sing in that ecstatic fashion.

The poet loves to hear her song.
Now soft and hushed, now clear and
ringing,
Nor can I deem the poet wrong
In thinking highly of her singing.
But when he takes a pen and makes
A very moving poem on it,
It is to me the poet writes
(Or ought to write) his glowing sonnet.

I watch him pouring out his soul,
The rhymes are carefully selected,
And the performance on the whole
Is quite as good as I expected.
But when with tears some maiden hears
The poet's melancholy numbers,
It is for me the maiden weeps
(Or ought to weep) before she slumbers.

I—or my half-digested corse—
Called forth the fair BIANCA'S* curses,
And I was the authentic source
Of KEATS'S misdirected verses.
The poets tell how Philomel
Still weeps for the decease of Itys,
But if the poor bird weeps at all
It must be me she really pities!

To me belongs the loud applause
That greets her voice from all the
Muses,
For I am the efficient cause
Of every blessed note she uses.
And had the poets dreamed of this,
SHELLEY and HUGO, SCOTT and SCHILLER
Would have reserved their eulogies
For the nutritious caterpillar!

* See "Bianca among the Nightingales," by
Mrs. BROWNING.

A NAME AND AN ADDRESS.

WE were rather startled on receiving a prospectus headed "'C. A. S.' Punch and Ticket Co., Ltd.," informing us that the subscription list would be closed on or before May 18. That date has passed and gone, and Mr. Punch is "not a penny the worse." Whatever the scope of the "Punch and Ticket Co." business may be, it is satisfactory to learn that "the 'C. A. S.' Punch has been

selected . . . in competition with every other Punch in the market"—the name adopted by all these machines being due to the affectionate respect with which Mr. Punch's name is everywhere regarded. We were at first inclined to ask—as did Sam Weller when he saw his venerated master's name on the back of a coach "with MOSES afore it," which Mr. Pickwick's faithful follower indignantly stigmatised as "adding insult to injury"—by whom permission had been given to use Mr. Punch's name in this connection, and with the prefix of "Mister" omitted! But on examining the list of officials in the Company we came upon the well-known name of "NEGUS"—not the swarthy warrior-king of Abyssinia, but the Company's solicitor. Nothing more appropriate than that a draft of NEGUS should convey some idea of what the punch was going to be like. *Nunc est bibendum!* That's the ticket.



Missionary (who is really a "good plucked 'un," though he doesn't look it). "OUR STATION WAS SO REMOTE THAT FOR A WHOLE YEAR MY WIFE NEVER SAW A WHITE FACE BUT MY OWN!" Sympathetic Young Woman. "OH, POOR THING!"

A BROTHER ARTIST.

["We have regularly attended the Academy now for many years, but never do we remember such a poor show of portraits; they cannot prove to be otherwise than the laughing-stock of tailors and their customers."]—*Tailor and Cutter*.]

THE Tailor leaned upon his goose,
And wiped away a tear:
"What portraits painting-men produce,"

He sobbed, "from year to year!
These fellows make their sitters smile
In suits that do not fit,
They're wrongly buttoned, and the style
Is not the thing a bit.

"Oh, Artist, I'm an artist too!
I bid you use restraint,
And only show your sitters, do,
In fitting coats of paint;
In vain you crown those errant seams
With smiles that look ethereal,
For man may be the stuff of dreams—
But dreams are not Material."

PASHLEY'S OPINIONS.

No. IX.

WELL, the notion of making up that book took hold of me so strong that I couldn't think of anything else. I used to plan it all out while I was sitting at my meals, and I kept on planning it when I went to bed, and I'd start awake in the middle of the night sometimes with new ideas for the dedication and the title-page. I wrote out quite a dozen title-pages, all different, and stuck them up on my bedroom wall to see how they looked. There was "*Poems of Passion*," and "*Songs of Sorrow and Sentiment*," and "*Drops from the Heart*," and "*A Lover's Legacy*," and "*Iron in the Soul*," and several others that I've forgotten, but at last I settled on "*Iron in the Soul*," which was CULPEPPER's suggestion. He made out it was particularly appropriate, me being an ironmonger, and when I came to look at it in that light I got to fancy it more and more until in the end I fixed it at that.

It was a great relief to get that over. Until you've arranged your title you don't seem to know quite where you are—things won't hang together, and you can't get your plans straightened out—but when the title's settled it's all plain sailing.

After that I had to think of the dedication. CULPEPPER said that ought to be in prose as a kind of variety, the rest of the book being poetry, and I took his advice. Of course it had to be aimed at EMILY, and CULPEPPER said, "Give it a heart-broken despairing kind of gloomy tone, and you're sure to be right;" so I set to work on the unhappy lay, and after no end of trouble I knocked out this:—

"To EMILY, whose name was formerly COLLINS, but she changed it (why, it is not for me to say) to PADLOW; this book, begun in youth under the guidance of her eyes, and now finished in maturity during her unavoidable absence, which represents in its pages the despair of one whom she may possibly remember but in all probability has forgotten, is, not to put too fine a point on it, dedicated by her obedient faithful servant, J. P."

The time this took me to compose was enormous. I used to go to the free library and sweat up all the dedications I could lay my hands on, and make notes of all the taking words and sentences, and then shift them about on paper and put them first in one order and then in another, and strike out bits here and put in other bits there, until I got them to suit me, and then I'd learn it all by heart and spout it to myself to see how it sounded. I believe that's the only way to get a dedication—at any rate it's the way I adopted, and I don't think I did so badly with it. There was one bit, by the way, that didn't come out of a book, and that was the "not to put too fine a point on it." I heard that years ago in a political speech, and I thought to myself at the time, "That's a pretty neat bit; I'll use that if ever I get the chance," and having the dedication to do of course I popped it in. In fact I may say those were the first words I really fixed on for certain, and I wrote the rest round them, so to speak.

All this title-page and dedication business took me a full month before I'd finished it, but at last it was all done and I tackled the poetry again. I'd got about eight unfinished pieces standing over from the time when I was sweet on EMILY COLLINS, and I thought I'd settle them first and get on with the rest afterwards. I found it a much easier job than I expected. You see when I started years ago I was only a youngster and I hadn't seen much of life, so it was no wonder things went a bit stiff, but when I took up with it this time it was quite surprising how the verse ran off. As soon as I got a pen in my hand and ran my fingers through my hair I seemed to be full of poetical ideas about

stars and angels and flowers and birds and princes and all sorts of things, and the rhymes just came tumbling over one another. For instance, I'd take up an old bit of paper on which I'd written years ago the words "A Ballad of Bow Bells," without anything else, and then I'd begin to think, and before I knew it almost, I had got half-a-dozen jolly good verses written down, beginning like this:—

Bow Bells! what can a poet say about these bells?

Well, first of all, we know their music swells;

And, secondly, wherever we go in the evening, or late at night,
We hear them tinkling cheerful and bright;

and so on to the end of the piece. I suppose that's what's called inspiration.

Of course my friends got to know about what I was doing—you can't keep a thing like that dark for long—and at first they tried to pull my leg about it. For instance, if I happened to meet PICKERING—he's in the provision department at Harrod's and fancies himself no end with the girls—he'd shout out from a long way off, "Way there, make way for TENNYSON," and then everybody would look at me and laugh. Or he'd ask me how the rhymes were coming along? Was this a good season for rhymes, and were we likely to get a plentiful crop, or had the late frost snipped them a bit, and what kind of top-dressing did I use when I bedded them out, and any amount of rot like that. However, when I said nothing in answer, but only gave him a glare and passed on, he soon saw I meant business and gave up his allusions; and when he saw my hair growing longer and longer he shut up altogether.

CULPEPPER was a real friend. He'd read a lot of stuff himself and he was always ready to advise me when I asked him. It was CULPEPPER who told me about Odes and blank verse. He said Odes were the sort of thing where you needn't trouble to count the syllables in a line or to get the rhymes in regularly, you just made your lines any length you liked, and got a rhyme in wherever you fancied it. And about blank verse he gave me a lot of good tips. It seems that you don't want any rhymes at all in blank verse. You go ahead like writing a letter, only you begin every separate line with a capital, and that makes it into blank verse. You bet after I'd taken that in I wrote a lot of odes and blank verse. They're every bit as good poetry as the other kind, and much easier in the long run.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

COLONEL HAGGARD, D.S.O. in other fields and rivers than those of war, has collected a number of his contributions to various Magazines, and Messrs. HUTCHINSON publish them in a volume (*Sporting Yarns*) enlivened by excellent sketches from the pencil of "GRIFF." The Colonel is equally at home with gun or rod. With all the world before him where to choose for shooting or fishing, he has left scarcely any quarter untried. Beginning with slaying lions in the Soudan, he lands three salmon to the ecstatic delight of a funeral party at Speyside. He hunts the moose in the backwoods of Canada. He indiscriminately catches fish and duck in Japan. He goes to Newfoundland in search of more salmon, and positively finds delight at Aden. The stories, spun off the reel, are brightly told, are full of instruction for the sportsman, and of marvel for the man who, like my Baronite, shoots not neither does he fish.

MR. ARTHUR MEE has had a happy thought in collecting the notable utterances of foremost British statesmen on the subject of England's mission in the world, and presenting them in a handy volume. *England's Mission by England's Statesmen* (GRANT RICHARDS) is a careful collection, and convenient compilation, of declarations on this matter; covering a period approaching two hundred years. Mr. MEE

was well-advised in not limiting his field of research to modern statesmen. CANNING, PITT, BURKE, CHATHAM, BROUGHAM, PEEL and MACAULAY, each has his place and his pulpit. The result is an interesting, useful volume, a school in which politicians of to-day may study with advantage, and with rich opportunity of effective quotation.

FRANK DANBY'S *Pigs in Clover* (HEINEMANN) is a powerfully-written novel, with a sprinkling of real personalities and of doings connected with the Rand that are not essential to the story. The study of character, and of those persons who have no character to be studied, is most skilful, though dealing with the weakest and seamiest side of human frailty. It would be difficult to select from the *dramatis personæ* one single pure and upright character, or indeed one that makes any pretence of an attempt at being so. The story of the heroine is so painfully absorbing that the reader is glad to reach the *dénouement*, and quits the book with a sigh of relief, not wishing to inquire further into the sequel of the tragedy.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

THE DIAMOND NECKLACE, BUT NO CASE.

Mrs. Gorrings' Necklace, the new piece at Wyndham's Theatre, is by HUBERT HENRY DAVIES, who, as SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM has informed the public, is a novice in the art of playwriting. Why Sir CHARLES gave his author away in this candidly apologetic manner it is not for us to inquire. Suffice it that he did so. But this statement of fact is no palliation of Sir CHARLES's sin of omission in not having shown so promising a dramatist how to end a piece artistically. The confidential display of the pistol to the audience in a sort of pantomimic aside, the unnecessary suicide of the nervous, cowardly young criminal, the probable happy marriage *in futuro* of the elderly Alonzo the Brave with the very youthful Imogene, such incidents as these ought not to have been allowed to endanger success at the fall of the curtain. As it is, the audience go away somewhat disappointed. Why disappointed? With the acting? Not one bit. That they are bound to applaud to the echo. With what then? Emphatically with the final scene of the play.

So much for the comedy-drama itself. Sir CHARLES, with not a quarter of the chances he had in *Mrs. Dane's Defence*, is, as *Captain Moubray*, admirable throughout; but his preaching to the weak-kneed lover in the last Act ought to have been ruthlessly excised. The experienced actor ought to have told the inexperienced author that this was all clap-trap and quite foreign to the character. The speech sounds as if it had been introduced during rehearsals just to "strengthen the part!" Be that as it may, nothing could have been better than Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM's acting; only, he has rarely had a more—artistically speaking—unsatisfactory rôle than this.

On the other hand, except in *The Tyranny of Tears*, MISS MARY MOORE has very rarely, if ever, had a part equal to this of *Mrs. Gorrings*. It is as well conceived as it is admirably acted. Genuine comedy without a single note of false sentiment. She finishes, too, at the right moment, and is consistent to the last. The character is in every way perfectly natural, this *tête de linotte*, and is heartily recognised by the audience as a triumph both for author and actress.

MISS LETTIE FAIRFAX as the younger daughter, *Vicky Jardine*, is delightful; her overpowering convulsion of laughter, and her escape from the room in an attempt to hide it, being simply perfect because so perfectly simple.

MISS MARIE ILLINGTON a little over-accentuates the peculiarities of *Mrs. Jardine*, but it is a clever performance; and MISS MABEL TERRY-LEWIS as *Isabel* has a very difficult task in differentiating between the outward expression of an unconvinced love for the unworthy hero, and a sincere



Exciseman. "HALLO, THERE! WHAT ARE THOSE BARRELS?"
Irish Carter. "EMPTY BARRELS OF STOUT, SORR!"

friendship for their "mutual friend" *Captain Moubray*. That she should entirely succeed is the highest praise.

As for Mr. ALFRED BISHOP's old dunder-headed commonplace *Captain Jardine*, so wise in his own conceits, so good-natured, so vacillating, so nervous, it is a masterpiece.

Mr. LESLIE FABER, playing melodrama in comedy, has no easy task, and acquits himself of it with much discretion. Let him obtain author's and manager's permission to cut out that pocket-pistol business. He goes off, with a good exit, and that's quite enough: no fire-arms needed.

Mr. EILEE NORWOOD is to be congratulated on his rendering of Mr. *Jernigan*, the *Detective-Inspector*, a most dangerous character when introduced seriously into any comedy where he is not given even the chance of lightening his burden with a comic touch, as has our old friend the detective in *Still Waters*, or that still more popular representative of the Secret Police Service, *Hawkshaw* in *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*.

MISS ETHEL MARRYAT contributes to the humour of the First Act as *Miss Potts*; and a more self-restrained and respectful footman than Mr. REGINALD WALTER's *Charles* could not be found in the Stage Servants' Registry Office. He will always be able to give an excellent reference to the thoroughly good character he bore when in service at *Colonel Jardine's*. The author is to be congratulated on a success; and MISS MARY MOORE on a genuine hit. The character of *Mrs. Gorrings* comes to stay, and MISS MARY MOORE's rendering of it—well—"that's for remembrance."

OUT WITH THE ZOO: A NIGHTMARE.

(Which may possibly have already disturbed the repose of the Superintendent of the Gardens.)

["The idea is that certain of the animals should be removed from Regent's Park occasionally to some spot outside the Metropolis, where they will be in more natural surroundings; that, in a word, they will have opportunities of 'recreation' which they cannot obtain in a paddock or den."—Extract from article in recent issue of the "Daily Chronicle."]

CAN'T help wondering if it's *quite* wise bringing all these Beasts out for day in the country in an ordinary excursion brake—not even *barred*! Council's notion—not *mine*. . . . Still, if anything *should* happen to go wrong, I shall be the one to be sat upon! . . .

However, bound to say Animals all behaving in most exemplary manner, so far; looking so bright and happy, too—might almost mistake them for a Sunday School Treat! . . . Only hope it will *last*!

Rather closely packed here. "All the better," says LION, "keep each other warm!" KANGAROO restless; objects to having to take PORCUPINE on her lap; LION says, "Why worry over trifles? We must all put up with *something* when we come out to enjoy ourselves!" . . . Cheery sensible chap, LION, seems to have good influence, too, over rest. . . . Useful, in case of scrimmage. . . .

LYNX seems Life and Soul of party; HYÆNA (who is sitting next to him) in fits. Don't quite like to ask what the joke is. . . . Fancy it's something to do with *Me*. . . . Can't think what induced me to come out in a *kilt*—my knees are rather exposed—perhaps *that's* what is amusing them! Must try and borrow trousers when we get to—Odd I shouldn't know where we're *going* to, exactly—but I don't. . . .

Overhear BLACK PANTHER saying it's Epping Forest; POLAR BEAR contradicts him; happens to know it's Hampstead Heath. . . . Should have thought, myself, Kew Gardens better place—more instructive, and not too many people there. . . . But daresay Secretary knows best.

TIGER extremely friendly; is passing up big bone he has brought out with him—invites me to have a gnaw at it! . . . Really, so soon after breakfast! . . . Still, he means it kindly, and it won't do to offend him: "Thank you—capital bone! So *meaty*! No, not *any* more at present, thanks, old fellow! Later on, perhaps." . . . Awkward if they've *all* brought bones—luckily, it doesn't seem to have occurred to them.

Do *wish* Police would stop these ragged children turning cartwheels all along *route*! Must be so tantalising for *Large Carnivora*! To do latter justice, they are resisting temptation nobly—but sure I can see JAGUAR's mouth beginning to water. . . . Better cover up my knees as much as possible. . . . Thank Heaven, Recreation Ground at last! . . .

Lots to amuse them *here*—"All the Fun of the Fair!" ELEPHANT, RHINOCEROS, HIPPOPOTAMUS and TAPIR waiting for us. How the deuce did *they* get down? Couldn't have *driven*! Think Secretary *might* have sent a keeper or two with them, if he didn't care about coming himself! . . .

Steam roundabout highly appreciated; PANTHER, PUMA, LEOPARD and JAGUAR all pouncing on the wooden horses—which will want fresh coats of paint and new manes and tails by the time they've done with them. . . . LYNX in high spirits, chasing HYÆNA round and round striped canvas roof. . . . One of them will be through in a minute, I *know*! Thought as much—mechanical orchestration a perfect wreck! HYÆNA not so much hurt as she *thinks*. . . .

Have lost sight of LION and TIGER for the moment. . . . Ah, *there* they are! coming out of Waxworks tent—just the sort of quiet rational entertainment I should have *expected* would

appeal to intelligent fellow like LION. Go up and ask "what they thought of Show, and which figures interested them most?"

LION says, "*none* of them up to much"; and TIGER, wiping his lips, considers Show "a regular take-in." Both condemn it on score of abominably bad taste. Tell them that they mustn't imagine *all* exhibitions open to this objection, and promise that Secretary shall send them across to Madame Tussaud's some afternoon—just to show them how refined really first-class waxworks *can* be. LION and TIGER willing to give Madame T. a trial—but evidently not sanguine about it. . . . When they *do*, it will make them open their eyes a bit! . . .

Stopped by aggrieved Proprietor of Waxworks, who complains that LION and TIGER have, between them, eaten his two best Murderers, and the more recognisable portions of *President Loubet*—insists on compensation. . . . Better send in bill to Council—absurd to expect *me* to pay! Disappointed in LION and TIGER, though—can't trust them at Madame Tussaud's after *this*! Shall have to tell them Galleries closed till further notice.

Impossible to be everywhere at once. . . . Most imprudent of HIPPOPOTAMUS to get into swing-boat at *all*—especially with CHIMPANZEE, even if he *did* promise not to pull too hard. Might have known she'd fall out—and fortunate, for *her*, that BISON happened to be passing at the time—he's come off worst! . . .

Still, no necessity for him to be so *personal* over it—why not take the rough with the smooth, when you're out for the day like this? . . .

I really *am* astonished at ELEPHANT; keeps on pestering me to let him have a donkey-ride! Such *childishness*! Says children are always having rides on *him*, and he wants to know whether it's really as pleasant as they make out.

No end of trouble convincing him that the two cases are not precisely on all fours, and even then he's sulky about it. Warn him that, if I have any *more* of his nonsense, I'll get him shipped off to America. . . . ELEPHANT penitent—reduced to tears.

BLUE-NOSED BABOON conducting Cocoa-nut Shy rather well—if only he wouldn't persist in presenting *every* competitor with a prime cigar. I have to be so particular about their diet at home—and now they're all going about munching *Regalia Britannicas*! Still, cabbages are said to be whole-some!

Can't feel as sorry as perhaps I *ought* for the elderly sportsman who has succeeded in inveigling CHEETAH to try his luck at "Prick-the-Garter." He has brought it so entirely on himself!

Called away to see OSTRICH, who has been suddenly taken unwell. She is sure it can't be anything she has *eaten*; only had a few clasp knives off a stall, a dozen hot potatoes, and about a gallon of "hokey-pokey." . . . Agree with her that country air is calculated to upset a delicate constitution, and leave her, after administering pound of pepper-mints (extra strong), feeling slightly better.

Beasts all clamouring for something to do: BROWN BEAR suggests dancing—always dances at Zoo when band plays. RHINOCEROS ready to waltz with anyone—but admits he doesn't reverse. Persuade them to wait till next year—by which time Secretary will probably have organised dancing classes.

Suggest game of some sort—to keep 'em out of mischief. Have started them at "Kiss-in-the-Ring," and lent them my pocket-handkerchief to throw. If they *do* forget to return it, so much the better! . . .

"Kiss-in-the-Ring" a complete frost! SLOTH BEAR's efforts to overtake GIRAFFE rather futile. . . . TORTOISE easily run down by GNU—but turns shy unexpectedly and retreats into shell. . . . Mortifying for GNU, no doubt,



"RATHER ABROAD."

First Intelligent Youth (after spelling out "blanquette de veau"). "I say, what's 'BLANKET'?"
Second Ditto. "SOUNDS INDIGESTIBLE. MORE SEASONABLE IF IT HAD BEEN 'SPRING MATTRESS.'"

but no reason *whatever* why he should kick her into the Shooting Gallery! HIPPOPOTAMUS declines to play any more—huffy, I think, because handkerchief not once thrown in *her* direction. . . .

Beasts all getting overtired, and inclined to be fractious. Not sorry it's time to go home—but tedious business collecting them all. Believe I've got everybody now—except WOMBAT. "Anyone seen WOMBAT?" TIGER (wiping his lips again) says when *he* last saw him he was bolting down hole. Don't wish to be uncharitable—but strongly suspect he is only telling me *half* the truth. Better not press him *now*, though—wait till he's in his cage again. . . .

Return journey likely, I'm afraid, to be distinctly rowdy. KANGAROO has—I trust not intentionally—mislaid PORCUPINE, and consoles herself on concertina, accompanied—more or less—by MANDRIL on mouth-organ. POLAR BEAR peppering inoffensive bystanders with pea-shooter! HYENA in hysterics, and URSINE HOWLER an intolerable nuisance to *any* decent neighbourhood. As for LION, should hardly have believed a pink paper feather stuck in his mane could make so much difference—he looks barely *respectable*! . . .

Have represented to them—pleasantly—that they really mustn't kick up quite such a row—for the credit of the Zoo. TIGER recommends me, savagely, to "shut my head—unless I want a thick ear." I shall say no more *just now*—but I'm determined on *one* thing. Next year TIGER stays at home!

Coachman—most respectable fellow, in Royal livery, with cockade—says, "Will I please speak to PUMA? She's clawing him down the back—and it's beginning to get on

his nerves." . . . Remonstrate with PUMA, who explains that she "wants to drive." . . . They *all* want to drive—which of course is out of the question! . . .

Appeal to LION (as they won't listen to a word *I* say) to use *his* influence. . . . LION seems to have misunderstood me. He's on the box in a jiffy! . . . Don't know *what's* become of Coachman. . . . LION driving—and a shocking bad whip he is, too! . . . Fearful pace we're going at! . . . Ah, I *knew* the horses would bolt at last! . . . We're in for a smash *now*! . . . Whew! that *was* a lurch! . . . If we aren't over at the next!—What did I *tell* you? Somebody pull TIGER and POLAR BEAR off my chest, *please*! They're stifling me, and—eh?—*what*? Where *am* I? . . . In *bed*? . . . But the brake—the Beasts? . . . Ah-h!—then they haven't carried their Reforms quite so far as *that*, after all!

F. A.

MR. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, writing in the *Nineteenth Century and After*, on the subject of CARLYLE's letters, employs the following remark:—"It was FROUDE who, in cricketing phrase, quered the pitch." A correspondent writes to say that the author has obviously confused cricket with skittles or Aunt Sally, and adds that this only confirms his previous suspicions of the incredibly flattering reports of Mr. BIRRELL's prowess in the cricket-field.

THE MISSING WORD.—The following attempt by a school-boy to complete an unfinished quotation may be added to Mr. Punch's list of a few weeks ago:—"To me the meanest flower that blows"—is the daisy.



Partner of his Joys (who has superintended the removal). "WELL, DEAR, YOU HAVEN'T SAID HOW YOU LIKE THE NEW FLAT!"

"THE BRAVEST DEED I EVER SAW."

Mr. Punch has great pleasure in printing a further instalment of contributions on this engrossing topic:—

A BELGIAN CASABIANCA.

LORD AVEBURY (SIR JOHN LUBBOCK) writes:—"I may be wrong, but my impression is that the bravest deed I ever saw occurred at St. Ives when I was staying there a few summers ago with my friend M. MAETERLINCK. We were examining a bee together. You know how these creatures sting; even with all my familiarity with their habits I still handle one nervously. M. MAETERLINCK must have noticed this, for he said without a tremor (speaking in French), 'You take the head (*la tête*), my Lord: leave the tail to me.'"

A MARTYR IN QUILLS.

THE HON. JOHN SCOTT-MONTAGU, M.P., writes:—"The bravest deed of which I am personally cognisant was perpetrated, strange as it may sound, by a hedge-

hog. This interesting animal (I regret that I am unable to give its name) was so incensed with the enthusiastic attitude in regard to speed recently taken up by the *Spectator*—of which it had been a constant reader for many years—so deeply wounded in the house of its friends, that it determined to commit suicide in a singularly dramatic way. I was driving my new 75-h.p. Panhard with my friend Mr. C. S. PETT ROLLS from Nairn to Inverness, when I observed a dark object in the roadway about two hundred yards ahead. I instantly sounded my horn—we were only travelling at about 58 miles an hour—but the object, instead of moving across the road, suddenly humped itself up and remained stock-still in the middle of the roadway. In less time than it takes to tell it there was a jolt, an explosion, and we were hurled into the ditch with a punctured tyre pierced in twenty places by the quills of the heroic hedgehog. The necessary repairs cost me £25. The deflated tyre, with the

hedgehog (stuffed by Mr. ROWLAND WARD) is now one of the most precious trophies of the Automobile Club. I have suggested the incident to Canon RAWNSLEY, as a suitable subject for a sonnet, but in the meantime send you this bald account of the most heroic exploit with which I am acquainted."

AN IMMOVABLE MINISTER.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P., writes: "On the whole I am reluctantly obliged to award the palm of bravery to Mr. BRODRICK. Any other man, in the face of the terrible fire of criticism to which I and my Party have subjected him, would have resigned long ago. But Mr. BRODRICK is immovable. It may be only 'the courage of ignorance,' to borrow a phrase from Mr. WALKLEY's friend ARISTOTLE, but it is none the less magnificent."

AN UNDAUNTED FAMILY.

MR. J. S. SARGENT, R.A., writes: "The bravest series of sitters I have ever known is the WERTHEIMER family."



A BRILLIANT DÉBUT.

CHAPERON (*the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street*). "MY DEAR, YOU'VE HAD A GREAT SUCCESS! MOST EXTRAORDINARY RUSH OF PARTNERS I EVER REMEMBER!"

MISS VAAL LOAN (*South African Heiress*). "YES, GRANNY! AND I COULD ONLY ACCEPT TWO-AND-A-QUARTER PER CENT. OF THEM!"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TUDY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 11.
—There is no marge to the human sympathies of Mr. WEIR. When last year he came back from the storied East, his very garments laden with the perfumes of Ind, his attention was naturally turned to Imperial topics. Before he set forth on his long journey, questions addressed to him by Ministers related chiefly to trawlers in Hebridean seas, to faulty bridges, and to laggard postmen in lonely byways of Ross and Cromarty. On his return he, with far-reaching vision, clearly saw the spectre of Russia in Asia, and could hardly sleep o' nights thinking about insufficient barrack accommodation at Hong Kong. No port his barque had touched at on the homeward journey that did not in turn figure in his daily catechism of the Foreign and Colonial Ministers.

Mr. JOSEPH WALTON, trembling for his laurels, regarded the travelled Scot with angered looks. What did he know about China? Could he pronounce the names of its flowing rivers, its towering hills, its mystic valleys? What about Chung-ngan-hsien? How is it with Wa-kung-shan? Where does Ping-pong-yan lift its fronded palms in air? And who reigned at Tai-tsing-chan contemporary with ELIZABETH TUDOR? Mr. WEIR was discreetly deaf when these conundrums were flung at him across the Gangway. Whether by accident or design he shortly after evacuated China, leaving Mr. WALTON in full possession.

Now, after brief divagation among the Highlands and islands of Scotland, he has broken out in a fresh place. Last Thursday, of five questions put by him to Ministers, being a fraction over one-eighth of the whole, three dealt with small-pox and vaccination; one, after a hasty glance at Mr. WALTON's fortunately empty seat, darting off to Hong Kong in quest of information with respect to cognate subject of the plague. Of twenty-two questions for which oral answer is asked to-day, Mr. WEIR has seven. One asks how many private establishments are there in Great Britain where small-pox patients are received; (2) demands the number of private establishments for the production of animal vaccine lymph; (3) drops into the question of dysentery; (4) diverges into Army canteens; (5) recurs to the plague in Hong Kong; (6 & 7) go to the dogs in connection with the use of anæsthetics during experiments.

Charm is added to this genial curiosity by a new device. When he rises to put a question irreverent Members, concluding there is as usual nothing in it, seize the opportunity for private conversation. Mr. WEIR has



"Startled the House with stentorian cry of 'Order! Order!'"

(Mr. G-l-l-w-y W-r.)

borne this indignity with patience. To-day, whilst the Minister was replying, he startled the House with stentorian cry of "Order! Order!" WALTER LONG, at the moment eagerly supplying information as to where Mr. WEIR would find a nice private establishment for retirement during a season of small-pox, so upset by this interruption that he mixed up animal vaccine lymph with anæsthetics in a manner that will



THE NEW IRISH "SHMOKE."

Irish Member. "Bedad, Moike, they're lavin' the room in dhroves! Shure if we can only kape on shmokin' thin things for a wheek or tew, they'll give us Home Rule or annything!"

require extreme caution on the part of the patient called upon to swallow the dose.

Business done.—Post Office vote carried.

Tuesday night.—Friendly relations between Irish Nationalists and Liberal Members threatened with final, irrevocable, fracture. They have to certain extent borne a test stronger than was ever applied to the fidelity of a political party. In loyalty to ancient alliance Liberals sacrificed place and power, as some believe the highest interest of the Empire. Certainly, by their fall they handed over its affairs to the custody of a party who have during their last eight years' occupation run up the normal annual expenditure, apart from War charges, from ninety-four millions to one hundred and thirty.

This been borne with almost inhuman patience. C.-B. has even gone out of his way to declare that in spite of all he is still a Home Ruler. But the end is at hand. What political ruin could not accomplish, a handful of cigars, a box or two of cigarettes, have brought about.

Ireland has taken to growing tobacco; enterprising local firms are turning out new brands. Highly recommended are the Portadown Partagas, the Flor de Dublin, the Limerick Larranaga, the Cabanas y Carlow. It would be none of our business if these gems were exclusively kept for the adornment of home. But the enterprising manufacturers, taking advantage of the patriotism of their representatives at Westminster, have engaged their services to push the trade. No Irish Member now leaves Cork or Dublin on his way to Westminster without having in his portmanteau samples of choice Irish cigars. Being supplied free he is able to dispense them with national generosity. In the railway carriage on the journey from Holyhead he hands his cigar-case round with lordly air, taking care to change carriages at the first stoppage.

That is all right. But circumstances are different in the Smoke Room of House of Commons. There he is known, and Members who have suffered are able unerringly to trace home the source of injury. When an Irish Member now enters the Smoke Room, Saxons with one accord discover urgent engagement elsewhere. In the Lobbies the movement of an Irish Member's hand towards his breast-pocket is as terrifying as if he were about to draw a loaded pistol; whereas he is with hospitable intent merely in search of his case containing choice Flor de Dundalk (1902 growth), or the milder Villar y Inniskillen.

The MEMBER FOR SARK believes this new eruption of the Irish Question



AN ESCAPE OF STEAM (NAVY ESTIMATES).

Arn-ld-F-rst-r. "Go away, you noisy creature, you've no business to come disturbing the House like this; besides, the people you want to annoy don't live here now, and we're sick of the tune!"

Sir Wm. All-n. "Get out yourself, impudence! But there, I suppose you're paid for the job!"

may have political consequences exceeding in momentous effect those counted upon in connection with the Land Purchase Bill.

Business done.—Supply liberally voted. CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER urged to encourage cultivation of Irish tobacco. General impression approves King CHARLES's dictum on the subject when prohibiting the culture of tobacco in Ireland. "The same being utterly unwholesome," His MAJESTY sentimentiously observed. As for RITCHIE, he is disconcerted by reflection on the extreme humidity of the atmosphere in Ireland. "Moisture in tobacco," he remarked, forlornly shaking his head, "is a thorny question which has always been a bone of contention."

BOYLE ROCHE would have found this hard to beat.

Friday night.—Usually supposed that scheme of Old Age Pensions, figuring largely in the election campaign of 1895,

was the invention of Don José. Not at all. Nothing, not even that, new under the sun. Mr. MURRAY has just published *Paris in '48*, a remarkable series of letters from a resident, describing the daily events of Revolution. After the *Diary of a Besieged Resident*, masterpiece of the SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, there has been nothing throwing such vivid light on Paris in time of trouble. On February 24, 1848, LOUIS PHILIPPE abdicated and fled. Nothing, according to the letter-writer, could have been nobler, more generous, or more considerate, than the conduct of the Queen. At the critical moment when disorder broke out in the streets a little show of courage in high places would have saved the throne. LOUIS PHILIPPE shut himself up in his room and safely signed his abdication. It was here the wife and mother came to the front. "The Queen," says the letter-writer, "implored her husband to

head the troops and die in the Carousel, saying, '*Je vous bénirai du haut du balcon.*' But he would not." Not even the prospect of his wife, safe up in the balcony, blessing him as he was being slaughtered in the court below, could stir the blood of the craven King.

But that's another story. Old Age Pensions came in nine days after the Republic was decreed. The old men, whom modesty did not preclude from taking the initiative, proposed to have five hundred francs a year secured to them at fifty-five years; seven hundred francs at sixty-five, and eleven hundred francs at seventy-five. "If they marry or get out of health, there is to be a scale of years adapted to either emergency." Forget how these details compare with Don José's scheme. But the coincidence is interesting. It is carried further by the fact that, the Republic established, as in the case of the Unionist majority secured in 1895, nothing more was heard of Old Age Pensions.

Business done.—Coal Mines Regulation Bill.

THE LADIES' TURN.

[*Womanhood* this month gives a serious warning to men about the evils of tight-lacing.]

My brothers, oft in days long gone,
With eloquent grimacing,
Our womenkind we've lectured on
The ill-effects of lacing.
But now it seems that we enclose
Our figures far too tightly,
And *Womanhood* in scornful prose
Belabours us politely!

Their days of wasp-like waists have fled
(Or so at least they've told us),
And, schooled upon the things we've said,

They turn about and scold us!
They tell us plainly how in men
A slender waist displeases;
And threaten us with nine or ten
Incurable diseases.

They somehow fail to realise
The motives which incite us.
They've bagged our collars, cuffs and ties,
And worn them all despite us.
Though Mrs. Grundy tore her hair,
They stuck to them unshaken;
So in revenge, to make things square,
Their corsets we have taken!

And now they frankly call us fops
And vain conceited ninnies;
Allude to us as "scented sops,"
And offer us their "pinnies"!
But we, with corsets tightly "set,"
Pass on to our perfumer—
And muse how women never yet
Possessed a sense of humour!



AT A PRACTICE GAME.

Groom, "YOUR POSEY, SIR." Young Novice (somewhat shaken by a fall). "BY JOVE, YES—SO IT IS! THOUGHT I'D FORGOTTEN SOMETHING!"

MY GUESSES.

(By an inveterate competitor.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The County Gentleman, not content with its exertions on behalf of the rural producer and the urban consumer, is offering prizes to competitors who name rightly the authors of a list of twelve extracts of poetry. The Editor remarks:—

"Competitors are strongly advised when they are uncertain of their references to GUESS the name of the Poet quoted. In the case of a tie, a good guess may win the prize. Therefore the name of some poet should be placed under every quotation."

I have taken this advice, and am returning the competing form filled in as follows:—

1.—*I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.*

I suspect a misprint here. "Honour more" should probably be "HANNAN MORE." In this case the poem was probably by Dr. JOHNSON.

2.—*For you alone I ride the ring,
For you I wear the blue.*

Judging by the second line alone, I

should say this was from a poem by C. B. FRY, celebrating his prowess in the 'Varsity sports. But the reference to the ring is confusing. Can it be a fragment of a lyric by a performer in the Jockey Act at the Hippodrome? On the whole, however, I again suspect a typographical slip. The ring should probably be "The Ring." If so, my guess is that the poem is by Dr. RICHTER in collaboration with Sir WILFRID LAWSON, who is as famous for his occasional verse as for his teetotalism.

3.—*Then felt I like a watcher of the
skies*

*When a new planet swims into his
ken.*

The matter of the first line suggests Herr FALB, the Viennese savant who provides England with rainy summers; of the second, Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR. Can they have collaborated? The idea seems so unlikely that I am tempted to guess Mr. WILLIAM WATSON.

4.—*The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.*

Guessing is again embarrassing. In the first two lines we have a strong hint of Herr FALB once more. But the two latter lines are sheer JANE OAKLEY, the poetess of the Times Agony Column. Note the "lights" as to authorship (in the manner of BACON) in the fourth word of line three. My guess therefore is Miss JANE OAKLEY.

5.—*And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.*

Obviously from a patriotic poem by a Welshman, translated by, say, Mr. ARTHUR SYMONS.

6.—*Who saw life steadily, and saw it
whole.*

I assume the full point at the end to be a misprint for a mark of interrogation. The line is really a question, possibly a conundrum. The only person who asks riddles in verse, to the best of my knowledge, is TOM SMITH, at Christmas time in crackers. This, then, is by TOM SMITH.

7.—*And they stared at the dead that
had been so valiant and true.*

GEORGE R. SIMS.

8.—*And not by eastern windows only
When daylight comes, comes in
the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how
slowly,
But westward, look! the land is
bright.*

This is clearly political. It contrasts the East and the West. The poet, whoever he is, endeavours to compliment America without offending Russia, China or Japan. I can think of no poet so likely to do this as Mr. F. E. WEATHERLY.

9.—*Other sins only speak: murder
shricks out.*

The Editor of the *Evening News*.

10.—*Await the slow departure of the
train.*

Obviously of a Kentish poet. On consulting *Who's Who* I find that Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN lives near Ashford Junction Station. My guess is therefore Mr. AUSTIN.

11.—*The incomparable pomp of eve.*

I feel convinced that "eve" should be spelt with a capital E. In this case the line is either by Madame ADAM, Sir WILLIAM EDEN, Mr. HALL CAINE, or Mr. ROBERT ABEL. I think I shall vote for Mr. HALL CAINE, as I find from *Who's Who* that he knew ROSSETTI.

12.—*If goodness lead him not, yet
weariness*

May toss him to my breast.

Another extract of a political character. I conjecture the poet to be speaking in the person of the Liberal Party. Of whom? Of Lord ROSEBERY. Who would be likely to have written such a poem? My guess is NORA CHESON, prompted by the Editor of the *Westminster Gazette*.

What will you give me, Mr. *Punch*, for my chances of winning the prize?

Yours ever,

ŒDIPUS REDIVIVUS.

VICE-VERSÂ.

["At a debate held at a certain mixed club one of the feminine orators declared that the position of woman would never be satisfactory until she was accorded the right of making proposals of marriage."—*The World*.]

DAPHNE, who in years gone by
Slighted my addresses,
Now with a regretful sigh
Her mistake confesses.

Now with late repentance fired,
Finding leap-year tarry,
DAPHNE, of conventions tired,
Urges me to marry.

Though the task was hard to learn
When I had to lose you,
Taught by you 'tis now my turn,
DAPHNE, to refuse you.



[According to the *Daily Telegraph* zebra mules have been introduced into India by the Remount Department for military purposes.]

WOULD NOT THEIR INTRODUCTION—AS ABOVE—INTO WHITEHALL LEND A NEW AND EVEN MORE QUAINLY PICTURESQUE TOUCH OF GRANDEUR TO THE SCENE?

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

XXI.—AN EDUCATIONAL COLLISION.

It is exactly mid-day, and I am at home reclining on a deck-chair on the balcony. Outside in the sun it looks hot, and the brass plate of the High Class Girls' School opposite glints dazzling to the eye. Now and then a tradesman's cart comes down the street with a subdued rattle that rises, swells and dies away, leaving me in a state of delightful rest. From the Infant Board School at the other end of the street comes the monotonous drone of young voices conspiring in the spelling of monosyllables.

A church clock, after some preliminary skirmishing, makes up its mind to strike twelve. Almost immediately the air is rent by yellings and whoopings from the other end of the street, and relieved Young England escapes in a paroxysm of joy from the attentions of an educating State. Down the Street they come, diminutive frocks and diminutive knickerbockers, kicking, yelling, fighting, laughing. Further behind, with sedate steps, walk the older girls, voluble and superior.

A very popular amusement, I observe, among the future lords of creation, is the gathering up of handfuls of dust, which, when rendered adhesive by persevering expectorations, may be scattered and trodden down on clean doorsteps with most successful results, or used with marked effect as missiles

against the persons of the smaller girls. I notice one boy in particular, but lately born a leader of men, a black-hearted ruffian of a toddler in a blue velvet suit and red cloth tam-o'-shanter, whose cheek is bulging over a gigantic sweet—stolen, I strongly suspect, from a little girl who has stopped to sob some way back in the shade of a tradesman's entrance. At his approach even the elder girls wince and shrink. As he passes opposite where I sit, he lifts a tiny fist and throws a handful of dust (prepared as described) at the window of the High Class Girls' School. Immediately there is a stampede of the knickerbockers towards the top of the street, which seems to me to speak badly for the male conscience. The last chubby leg disappears round the corner.

An interval elapses, but there is no sign from the Girls' School. Across the lower half of the window a wicker-work screen discreetly intercepts the impertinent glance (from outside, I suppose), and the sunlit pane above shows me no more than a shimmering reflection of the tree before it.

After a time a red tam-o'-shanter appears cautiously round the corner, and reconnoitres the street. The lesson of the war has not been learnt in vain. Slowly a blue velvet suit follows the red tam-o'-shanter, and the guerrilla leader appears in the open, warily working his sweet beneath a dirty cheek. Gradually the rest of the knickerbockers leave cover and follow their leader circumspectly down the street. Tam-o'-shanter gathers confidence as he advances; soon he nears the door of the Girls' School, then exults like Pyrrhus on the very threshold. With nose and extended fingers he mocks the unseen enemy. This is not enough; suddenly he stretches out his hand, seizes the bell, and a resounding peal breaks the silence of the street.

Off dash the knickerbockered column; off after them toddles Pyrrhus with distended cheek. Suddenly the dazzling brass plate flies inwards, the door bangs open, and a tall, strapping girl rushes out and gives chase up the street. From the first it is plain that Pyrrhus stands no chance. His pursuer's stride speaks of tennis, of hockey, even of the vaulting-horse. Before he has reached the pillar-box at the corner he is seized by the collar in a grip of iron. Struggling, whimpering, squalling, but still sucking the cherished sweet, he is marched back towards the scene of his triumphs. The knickerbockered column hover fearfully at a distance. On the doorstep stands a thin figure in gold pince-nez; behind her, in the hall, I can see fluffy fair and dark heads craning towards the street.

"You're a very naughty little boy,"

says the schoolmistress. "I shall see that your father gives you a good punishment. Where do you live?"

"Woo-er! I never did nothin'," squalls Pyrrhus.

"You wicked little boy!" says the schoolmistress severely. "Tell me where you live."

"Woo-er!" sobs Pyrrhus loudly.

Quite a little crowd, mostly of errand boys and children, has by this time gathered outside.

"Bring him in, KATHLEEN," says the schoolmistress. "Go back to your classrooms, girls. KATHLEEN, take him downstairs."

Pyrrhus, complaining loudly, is dragged in, and the door closes. The knickerbockered column join the crowd by the doorstep. Speculation is rife as to the dark doings within. Suddenly there is a stir among the children, and several of them hurry off to meet a stout woman coming down the street, carrying a dinner in a red-spotted pocket-handkerchief. She stops and bends down towards the children.

"What!" she cries. "Our 'ERBY?—Where?—In there?"

She strides fornidably through the group towards the doorstep, and knocks and rings loudly.

"What are they doin' to 'im?" she demanded fiercely.

"Got 'im locked up underground," volunteers a boy on a tradesman's tricycle.

"Ere, GEORGIE!" cries the woman to one of the children, "go an' fetch 'is father. Up at the buildin'. Quick!—Wait 'till I see 'em."

The door is opened by a maid-servant.

"Where's the woman of the 'ouse?" cries the stout woman, forcing her way into the doorway. At the same moment the schoolmistress appears.

"Where's my child?" screams the stout woman. "Wodder yer mean by layin' 'ands on my child?"

"You may have your little boy now," replies the schoolmistress, "and I hope you 'll——"

"Call yerself a lidy!" yells the mother. "'Ow dare yer lock up my child in a cellar?"

"Your child is in the housekeeper's room," says the schoolmistress. "KATHLEEN, you may let the boy up."

"I'll teach yer ter lock up my children in a cellar," yells the mother. "I'll summons yer fer this. I want my child!"

"Here is your child," says the schoolmistress, as Pyrrhus appears, sobbing and sucking alternately. "Now will you go away, please."

"No, I ain't a goin' ter go away!" yells the mother, seizing Pyrrhus roughly by the hand. "'Oo are you ter touch my children? You'll pay for this. Oh, yer——"

"Shut the door, MARY," says the schoolmistress. "Girls, go in at once."

"I ain't goin' ter run away from yer!" screams the mother, barring the doorway. "Oh, yer——"

At this point a man with a face covered with coaldust draws near, and addresses the schoolmistress.

"Give 'er one in the jore, Mum," he advises. "Thet's wot she wants."

"MARY! Can't you shut the door?" appeals the schoolmistress.

"Don't you let 'er tork ter you, Mum," urges Coaldust. "Give 'er one in the jore. She ain't no good."

The outraged mother takes no notice of the interruption.

"You lock my children up in the coal'ole!" she yells. "Oh, yer——"

"Go on, Mum," urges Coaldust. "You ain't afride of 'er, are yer? Or right, then—I'll 'it 'er for yer."

With a good deal of deliberation he proceeds to remove his coat.

"What are you doing!" cries the schoolmistress. "Don't dare to hit the woman!"

Coaldust pauses with one arm out of his coat.

"Well, fetch 'er 'usband," he concedes, "an' I'll 'it 'im. I don't mind 'oo I 'it. I'd as soon 'it 'er, though," he adds regretfully.

Suddenly a new voice is heard.

"'Oo's a-goin' to 'it my wife?"

A gentleman in dusty corduroys pushes his way forward.

"Are you 'er 'usband?" inquires Coaldust.

"Yes, I am," replies Brickdust. "Let 's see the man wot's goin' to 'it 'er."

Coaldust turns to the schoolmistress, still scarlet under the appalling fluency of the outraged mother's tongue.

"Woddeyer say, Mum?" he suggests.

"You an' me agenst 'im an' 'er."

For the first time the mother pauses in her philippic.

"Locked our 'ERBY in the coal'ole," she cries, turning towards her husband.

"I'll summons 'er fer this."

"You're the man that's goin' to 'it my wife," persists Brickdust menacingly.

"Let 's see yer do it."

"I'll 'it you if yer like," proposes Coaldust.

"You were goin' to 'it my wife," repeats the other, indicating his still voluble spouse with a toil-stained hand.

"'It 'er, then. There she is. 'It 'er."

Coaldust seems to find the situation a difficult one.

"Go on," urges the other in a burst of exultant generosity; "I give yer full leave to."

"Copper!" suddenly calls a voice. It is the boy on the tricycle. Coaldust and Brickdust look up apprehensively.

For a moment only the mother turns from the doorway, but in that moment the door is slammed from within.

"'Oo are you, I shud like ter know," she screams, addressing the brass door-plate. "'Oo are you ter lock up 'ard-workin' people's children in yer coal'ole!"

A policeman is advancing slowly down the street. Coaldust has wandered nonchalantly off. Brickdust hitches his dinner without a word from the hand of his screaming spouse, and lurches off down the street.

"Constable!" cries the mother, dragging the sobbing Pyrrhus towards the policeman, "I want to take out a summons!"

There is a brief colloquy; then the mother, hurling a parting sarcasm at the door-plate, departs triumphantly after the policeman, dragging Pyrrhus behind her, his tear-stained cheek still working over the distending sweet. The crowd of children follows, the errand boys reluctantly resume their errands, and the street is as it was once more, save that the shadow of the houses has crept a little further across the road. On the doorstep of the High Class Girls' School a sombre-looking individual is stuffing into the letter-box a bluish paper which I recognise, with mixed feelings, as a demand for the rates.

A MODEST WANT.

YOUNG aristocratic Gentleman, philosopher and writer, wants a SECRETARY. Must be very distinguished, well-informed, with complete philosophic, scientific, or artistic culture. Necessary to send photograph and state exact date of birth. All private papers returned. Letters only, to be addressed, &c.

Advt. from the "Times."

My wants are simple, modest, few;
I have not gone insane on
Perfection; but a thing or two
I make my *sine qua non*.
Distinction—I must have a star
Who somehow shines uniquely,
Say, with the lustre of a par
In *T. P. Sims's Weekly*.

On any subject he must start
With absolute reliance,
And be completely up in art,
Philosophy or science.
A RUSKIN, LISTER, J. S. MILL,
Or bird of some such feather
Is what I seek, or, better still,
The trio rolled together.

His features must be handsome, but
I don't insist they follow
In every point the classic ent
Of Hermes and Apollo.
That's all I stipulate, and yet
It seems the Fates deny me
My modest quest; I cannot get
The man to satisfy me.

THE PHAGOCYTE.

["It appears that the white corpuscles, or watchdogs of the human inside, which the Russian physician МЕЧНИКОВИ called Phagocytes, not only seize upon the microbes of any malignant disease, but produce a number of children called amboceptors to help them in the fray." *Daily Paper.*]

HAIL! watch-dogs, genial and alert,
Kind corpuscles arrayed in white,
Who shield me from diseases' hurt—
My Phagocyte!

Where menacing bacilli stalk,
You spring on them with deadly bite,
And their nefarious purpose baulk,
My Phagocyte!

The amboceptor's kindly brood
You raise, and arm them for the fight,
To vie in deeds of hardihood,
My Phagocyte!

When vaccination works its cures,—
When sera keep our system right,
The praise is theirs, the merit yours,
My Phagocyte!

Lest others, then, with withering bays,
The warrior's showy deeds requite,
This verse at least shall hymn your praise,
My Phagocyte!

ANOTHER "GIRL" ON THE LIST.

WHAT a nice lot of "Girls" there have been in English musical pieces since the days when *The Bohemian Girl* (a very old girl by now!) made her first appearance. And here is yet another, *The School Girl* at the Prince of Wales's. In the Georgian Edwardesian vocabulary "there is no such word as fail." If anything in a musical piece of this sort doesn't "go" on the stage, let it go off! Away with it, and substitute for it something that will catch on.

It is a wise policy, which, we should fancy, will probably be adopted in the case of *The School Girl*, whose proficiency may not quite satisfy her public examiners. The opening scene, of which the action takes place in a garden charmingly painted by HAWES CRAVEN, is quite the prettiest thing in the piece, both musically and dramatically. Of course, as showing the girls in a convent-school, it reminds us of many similar scenes, but especially of *Nitouche*. Here Miss VIOLET CAMERON, as the *Mother Superior*, has a most effective song, with chorus (there's too much chorus throughout the piece), and she sings it, as she acts the part, in quite a *Mother-Superior* style.

Miss EDNA MAY as *Lillian Leigh*, and Miss MARIE STUBBOLNE as *Cicely Marchmont*, are fair to see, sweet to hear, and lively in acting and dancing, whether it be in *The Open Stock Exchange, Paris*, or at the fancy ball held in *Edgar Verney's Studio*, a scene of merry-making that forcibly brings to mind the pleasantest memories of the First Act of *Trilby*.

Plot?—oh, a snap of the finger and thumb for the plot! The materials, found by librettists HAMILTON and POTTER, are lyrically stitched together by a TAYLER who may yet have to unpick here and there, and to let out a bit and let in a bit, in order to make it a perfect fit. Mr. LESLIE STUART's music is more remarkable for its melodious orchestration than for any great catchiness of tune. Where are the melodies of AUDRAN and PLANQUETTE, the musical humour of SULLIVAN, and the wonderfully dramatic *verve* of OFFENBACH?

As to the acting, Mr. J. A. WARDEN plays a swindling broker capably, and Mr. GILBERT PORTEOUS is amusing as his clerk. Mr. JAMES BLAKELEY is funny in an extravagant

part, and, as *Sir Ormesby St. Leger*, that genuine comedian, Mr. HUNTLEY, delights the audience in a part reminiscent of the *père prodigue* in *My Awful Dad*, who was always going about with ladies of questionable character.

As *Edgar Verney*, the lover, and of course the tenor, Mr. REGINALD SOMERVILLE does satisfactorily the little that falls to his share. We thought we had heard the last of the "Coon Song," but no, here it is again, if not as fresh as ever, yet with a fair amount of vitality.

Throughout, the stage-and-dancing management is good. A reward might be offered by Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES for some graceful action for the intelligent young maidens and young men of the chorus which should be absolutely new, a trifle sensible, and never monotonous. *En attendant, vive la bagatelle!* and may *The School Girl* be in the best form and at the head of her class!

"WHATWHATS."

"The vocabulary of science includes compound words designed to describe the combinations of two sorts of measurement: a 'foot-pound,' for instance, is the unit of energy required to raise a weight of one pound to the height of one foot. . . . If in discussing the laws of commerce it is as permissible to coin a word as in the laws of physics, the word 'whenwhat' might pass muster as an expression conveying the important commercial truth that the value of what you buy depends on the time when you buy it."—*Extract (dated May 15) from a familiar and Tremendous Series of Literary Appeals, appearing in the advertisement columns of the daily papers.*]

WE might go a few steps further with some desiderated correlatives to indicate the relationship between Commodity and Potential Purchaser, e.g.:—

"HOWWHAT" measures the ability, in "*time-shillings*," of the Man in the Back Street to produce 4/10 per week for a considerable period in order to remedy his admittedly Defective Education.

"WHEREWHAT" connotes in "*feet-rent*" the space in a Suburban Front-parlour available for bestowal of the purchase before the next Flitting-Day.

"WHYWHAT" expresses in terms of "*heat-temper*" the language of the House-mistress on receiving the new Treasure on the Door-step and comparing it with the Vanishing Prospect of a Visit to the Dress-maker.

"WHETHERWHAT" denotes in units of "*hesitation-minutes*" the positive or negative Energy of the Ordinary Opportunist in closing with a Bargain.

"WHITHERWHAT" estimates in "*mile-pence*" the distance travelled in disposing of each Instalment with a sufficiently Generous Second-hand Bookseller, and the Price obtained for the same.

"WHENCEWHAT" approximates in "*acre-puncheons*" to the extent and variety of the Advertisements employed in Booming the Article.

"WHEREUNTOWHAT" weighs in "*wisdom-waits*" *ad hoc* the *cui bono pro tempore* of a *ne plus ultra*.

A REASONABLE EXPLANATION.

["Bad temper often results from eating too much cereal food, as in the case of children. . . . The system requires very little starchy food."—*Correspondent in "Daily Mail."*]

STERN guardian, forbear to beat
Your peccant child or scholar,
Nor blame him for his temper's heat—
'Tis but the starch you made him eat
That stiffens thus his choler.

HINT TO A POPULAR MANAGERESS.—At the Imperial Theatre, under the command of Miss ELLEN TERRY, why not produce a piece in the style of the now celebrated *Everyman*? Any novelty at this theatre, under the present management, ought to be a "Mys-terry play."

OPERA NOTES.

Monday, May 18.—When WAGNER's away We GOUNOD play, and once again are "the ears of the groundlings (some of us own to being groundlings, and glory in it) tickled" by the melodious and dramatic *Roméo et Juliette*. Charming in every way, as she was last year, is Miss SUZANNE ADAMS when playing and singing the part of *Juliette Montague, née Capulet*. But, as so often happens in real life, M. SALIGNAC, as *Roméo Montague*, is not the husband, musically and professionally speaking, for so sweet a soprano. He is good, but not great: he is tuneful, but not powerful; his acting is passable for a tenor, in whom after all no one expects to see a KEMBLE, KEAN or IRVING; though why, on being banished by the Duke, *Roméo*, after a grand vocal effort, should run off the stage as the trio sing in *La Grande Duchesse*, "A petits pas, petits pas, petits, petits, petits pas," is, to his admirers, incomprehensible. True, *Roméo* has just been sentenced by the gentleman in black, that is, by the Duke, who, being formidably represented by an Earle—Mr. HAMILTON EARLE—is two single noblemen rolled into one, a fact that, perhaps, would be quite sufficient to cause M. SALIGNAC to bolt as quickly as possible.

Mlle. HEJIAN doesn't make much of her one chance as *Stephano*, "with a song." Mr. JOURNET is a severe *Frère Laurent*, but, good as he is, were not "comparisons odorous," we would express regret for the absence of M. PLANÇON. Mlle. BAUERMEISTER, inimitable as ever, sympathetic, sprightly, motherly, as that old Shakspearian *Slyboots* in petticoats, *Juliette's* naughty nurse, "which her name is" *Gertrude*, a Veronese version of *Mrs. Gamp*, *Gertrude Gamp*, with a crutch-handled stick instead of an umbrella.

With Signor MANCINELLI the Merry conducting, the orchestra, freed from the tension of wonderful Wagnerisms, played to perfection, and the chorus too seemed to be happier than usual. "A nice lot of friends" the Montagues and Capulets appear to have had. Judging from the rather queer assortment of guests, this ball may be taken to represent a party given to a lot of people whom the Capulets "felt bound to ask" for fear of offending. It is the only way of accounting for them and for their strangely provincial behaviour. But those young people who came to dance, and not merely to be "wall-flowers" and "supper-numeraries," were charming, dancing well, behaving admirably, and not doing the "Cake-Walk."

Tuesday, May 19.—WAGNER back again, but in his lighter Lohengrinning mood, and not quite so popular as he



ODDS-AND ENDS-AT EPSOM.

Neglected Bookmaker (dismally). "TEN TO ONE BAR TWO! 'ERE YOU ARE. I'LL TAKE PAWN-TICKETS, BANK-NOTES, BUTTONS, ANYTHING!"

was but a few nights since. Evidently musical public can be over-Wagnered. Attraction offered in this programme of *Lohengrin* not sufficient to draw a crush. Mr. EARLE good as *Heerrufer*, and Herr Lönse's conducting satisfactory, which term cannot be justly applied to the *Elsa* of Frau KNUTTER EGLI. The *Ortrud* of Madame KIRBY LUNN good, or rather one better than last year. *Heinrich der Vogler*, or *The Whistling 'Enry* of Herr BLASS, also good but not great, and Traitorous *Telramund*,

reminiscent of ancient twopence-coloured operatic characters, was not quite up to, or down to, the melodramatic mark, nor was he operatically "in it" with another singer in the same part whom to name here would be invidious.

Thursday.—*Faust*. Nothing noticeable except that Madame FRITZI SCHIEFF, as *Siebel*, refused encore for garden song. Madame BOLSKAA satisfactory *Marguerite*, in the absence of "Cother dear charmers." MANCINELLI conducting less merrily.

Friday, May 22.—*Die Walküre*. So much "walking" in the air (best place for it, of course) and so much "Herr" in *Die Walküre*, that 'tis quite refreshing to have as much as we can get turned on with the wind instruments in full blow on such a sultry night as is this sudden summer time, arrived unexpectedly in May. In keeping with the weather performance very fine; too fine to last, as poor Mister VAX ROOY found to his cost, becoming indisposed, we trust only temporarily, in the last Act. Another Herr was immediately found as substitute. Frau KNEFFER EGLI charming as *Sieglinde*, and the whole opera went, as *Walkyries* did, swimmingly. The KING and QUEEN have very regularly patronised the Royal Box this week.

THE BURNLEY BENEDICK.

[Reuter's correspondent at Berlin, commenting on Lord ROSEBERY's speech at Burnley, says that "the newspapers appear to think that he is canvassing for a place in a future Cabinet, with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN as Premier." The *Westminster Gazette* (Mr. SPENDER) has been at great pains to explain away "authoritatively" any superficial appearance of devotion, on the part of Lord ROSEBERY, to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's principles.]

HAD any sage, two seasons back,
Addressed me in my lonely track,
And, while my head was being-nipped,
Said, "It is really time you stopped;
Why till this rather rotten row
When you must soon a-wooing go?
Put by the thing you call a plough,
For Cupid's seal is on your brow!
Fight as you will the awful odds,
There is a scheme among the gods
For joining JOSEPHINE and you":—
I should have answered, "Tut! Go to!"

Either the climate must have changed
Or else my wits have got deranged.
I never thought to sing the grace
Embedded in that lady's face;
Or follow, like a blushing swain,
In her, or any other's, train,
Merging what I have deemed to be
A singular identity.

At times, I grant, returning home
With feet encased in sodden loam,
My heart has yearned for one to share
The weary ploughman's homely fare;
Some housewife, such as I would choose
Chiefly for her domestic views,
To bear the little local strains
That jar upon a Thinker's brains;
Who, when I came at close of day,
Might in a dim adoring way
Appreciate my labour's fruits,
And help me off with both my boots.

But ever, when my inward eye
Revolved around the marriage-tie,
I said, "I need but lift my hand,
And half the women in the land
With swift, ladylike despatch
Will seek this cligible catch!"
Frankly I never dreamed to find
One so removed above her kind
(A state that comes from having dwelt
Upon the illimitable veld)
That I must go on bended knee
And ask her what she thought of me!

I haven't actually been
And said as much to JOSEPHINE.

I merely threw a distant hint
Which looks a little bald in print;
And, since I might prefer to hedge
Rather than jump the beetling ledge,
I pause, a Primrose on the brink,
To see what other people think.
Meanwhile my head is fain to rest
Upon her broad protective breast,
My feelings toward her being tender—
Only, I'm so afraid of SPENDER! O. S.

A "JUMBLE SALE."

THE mental disturbance produced by the perusal of the three most imposing advertisements in the *Times* of May 20:—(1) Of the *Encyclopædia*; (2) Of Somebody's *Tabloids*; (3) Of an Electric Belt for producing a "New Stomach"—is represented by the following mixed results:—

THE COMPLETE WORK and the large REVOLVING BOOK—CASE go to the very seat of mischief. A great deal of avoidable suffering may have to be endured as a result of procrastination. You take but three volumes a day, and there is no need to take more.

"A SUFFERER" WRITES:—I have just finished one quantity of the Thirty-five Volumes of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. I have not been so strong on my legs or free from pain for months.

METHOD OF EMPLOYMENT:

MAY BE USED AS A REFRESHING DRINK.

You merely drop one of the volumes into your drinks three times a day. It does not alter the flavour.

MAY BE USED AS CLOTHING.

"Testimonial.—GENTLEMEN,—I have now been wearing the *Encyclopædia Britannica* about two months, and have received great benefit from its use. Yours faithfully,

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL.

The volumes are free from sugar and absolutely free from possibility of danger.

£200,000 for a NEW REVOLVING STOMACH. A simple and economical remedy.

THE SECRET OF THE WHOLE ENTERPRISE.

You have but to determine for yourself whether you, like Mr. ROCKEFELLER, are one of those who should use the *Encyclopædia*.

If you find that you have a Sluggish Liver, accompanied by dull pain in the right side, or stiffness in the joints and muscles (these symptoms are all easily recognisable), then write to:—

THE MANAGER,

The "*Times*" Publication Department.

The volumes are supplied in boxes, containing twenty-five days' treatment, at 5s.

THE ABSENTEE.

[Mr. REDMOND explains that at the Dublin Rotunda meeting, after Mrs. MAUD MACBRIDE and some other ladies left the hall, the disturbance was quickly over, and there was nothing but peace and unanimity.]

WHEN she was gone then fury fled,
And in its place came peace anon,
Harmony reigned—so REDMOND said—
When she was gone.

So, changed in nothing but her name,
Her own wild way she still goes on—
Yes, MAUD was very much the same
When she was GONNE.



NO "RESCUER" WANTED, THANK YOU!

PANTOMIME CHILD (to Mr. Br-d-r-st). "PLEASE, SIR, DO GO AWAY! I'M SO HAPPY WITH THIS NICE OLD DRAGON!"

[The Bill before Parliament ignores the real issue; it proceeds upon the assumption that a child of seven or eight suffers positive harm from work in a theatre, whereas any experience shows the very reverse to be the truth. And if for the sake of a cast-iron uniformity, this absurd interdict is put upon such employment, a large number of poor little children will be cut off

COOKLESS TOURS.

["To-day in England it would be difficult beyond the boundaries of London to find a dinner in tavern or hotel that is worth eating. Travellers hesitate to explore the British Islands because they are afraid that they will find nothing to eat save cold beef or eggs and bacon."—*Macmillan's Magazine*.]

We used to ask with injured pride,
Before the reason was suspected,
Why tourists ramble far and wide,
Yet leave our pleasant isle neglected;
At last we know the culprit's name;
Provincial cooking is to blame.

Even the patriots who own
To liking plain and homely living,
Must often in our taverns groan,
And eye the menu with misgiving;
Since stomachs long for some relief
When daily dosed with joints of beef;

While pampered foreigners refuse
The Channel trip, afraid to take on
A land whose culinary views
Are limited to eggs and bacon,
And with a thankful heart compare
Their own with our depressing fare.

Still in things evil good is found;
Henceforth no arguments persuade
us—
Though, doubtless, Anglophobes a
bound—
That hostile armies dare invade us,
For even foes must draw the line
At coming where they cannot dine.

PROGRESSIVE LIBERTY.

(In the Year of Grace, 1906.)

[The London County Council suggest by-laws to make the throwing of waste-paper into the street a punishable offence.]

JOHN HOBBS, a respectably-attired tradesman, was charged at Marlborough Street with attempted wilful distribution of waste paper in the streets.

Detective-Inspector SMITH stated that he was on duty in plain clothes in Leicester Square, and saw the prisoner pull a brown-paper bag from his pocket. Thinking his movements to be suspicious he followed him. Twice between Leicester Square and St. Martin's Church he saw the prisoner attempt to get rid of the bag by deliberately throwing it into the street. Seeing that he was watched the prisoner commenced to run, and tried to get away by cutting through side streets. He caught him outside Charing Cross, when he became very violent.

The prisoner made a statement to the effect that he had gone to the Empire that night, and had taken some oranges with him. He had not bought them to throw but to eat. It was not true that he tried to get rid of the bag—it was



DECISIVE.

Impecunious One (halting abruptly). "I BEG PARDON, SIR."

The Accosted (moring off abruptly). "GRANTED. DON'T BEG ANYTHING ELSE!"

not likely, as he had not finished all the oranges. It was also false that he had attempted to evade the officer. He was late, and wished to catch the last train at Charing Cross by a short cut. It was for the same reason that he had struggled with the officer. His wife was sitting up for him.

This being his first offence the prisoner was discharged with a caution.

At the same Court, JOHN HENRY, a meanly-built man, was charged with a similar offence. When arrested his pockets were found to be stuffed with waste paper of every description.

According to the Gaoler's statement, the accused had been ten times convicted of the same offence at this Court, all the cases occurring since 1905.

The Court missionary said that he had done all that was possible in the

case, but he was incorrigible. It appeared to be a mania with him.

The prisoner, who seemed to feel his position acutely, said that he was not responsible for his actions, and pleaded to be sent to a Home. He had done his best to fight the temptation, but it was too much for him.

The magistrate said it was impossible to take a lenient view of the case, as the offence was a serious and growing one. He would sentence the prisoner to the County Council's Wicker-work Home for Confirmed Waste Paper-Throwers, with two years' police supervision. On hearing the sentence, the prisoner, who was much affected, thanked the magistrate.

NEW DISEASE FOR SWIFT BOWLERS.—
Deliverum tremens.

“AS THE TWIG IS BENT—” ETC.

(A Domestic Dialogue.)

SCENE—*Library in the Town-house of* PETER SLACKSOLE, Esq.
(*of* SLACKSOLE AND SCRYMGEOUR, drysalters, Bishopsgate Street).

TIME—*About 7 P.M. towards the end of May.*

Mr. Slacksole (alone, to himself). I must put my foot down! I'm determined not to—(*starts as door opens and Butler enters*). Oh, ah—yes, I rang, MACROW. . . . Er—Mr. FREDERICK not in yet, I suppose?

Macrow. Been in some time back, Sir—from Lord's. (*With reflected pride*) We managed to beat Chalkshire, Sir, after all!

Mr. Slack. (without elation). Did we? Tell Mr. FREDERICK I should be glad to see him here, at once. (*To himself, after Macrow has left*) Always at this confounded cricket! He's not been near the office for days! So long as he was at college, I never said a word. No one can say I've been a harsh father to my children! How many parents would have allowed themselves to be habitually addressed as “POFFLES”? But I've always gone on the principle of encouraging them to look upon me as a friend. Still, to be wasting his time like this now—when he ought to be devoting himself heart and soul to business—no, it's really more than I can put up with! A few quiet words—when his mother isn't in the room—will—

Enter FREDERICK exuberantly.

Fred. So you've heard the result? Toppin', isn't it? I knew you'd be jolly pleased about it, POFFLES! They only wanted 60 to win—and we got 'em all out for 56! “Collapse of Chalkshire. SLACKSOLE'S Brilliant Bowling” they've got on the posters. You know the sort of bally rot those Cricket Editions go in for. Still, I must say I was rather in form. I was no sooner put on to—

Mr. Slack. (interrupting nervously). Yes, yes, I daresay. But I didn't send for you to talk about the match, precisely.

Fred. (bewildered). Not? But—POFFLES—what on earth else is there to talk about?

Mr. S. (with growing embarrassment). Something that is—er—more serious—for both of us, FREDERICK. The fact is, I—well, I'm beginning to see that I have made a mistake—a very great mistake.

Fred. (reassuringly). Well, we've all done that in our time, you know, POFFLES. (*Sits down and crosses his legs.*) Don't you mind telling me. Better get it off your chest. Two heads are better than one, eh? Chances are I can put you up to a way out of it without its coming round to the Mater.

Mr. S. (on his dignity). It is a very different matter from what you—er—seem to suppose, FREDERICK. And, before I go any further, I—I think for the future it would be better if you gave up calling me “POFFLES.”

Fred. (generously). I'm hanged if I do! I've never called you anything else since I was a kid—and you'll always be “POFFLES” to Me—*whatever* you've done! After all, it can't be anything downright—

Mr. S. (bounding in his chair). You—you persist in misunderstanding me, FREDERICK! I never—er—the only thing I reproach myself with is my indulgence to you. And I consider I have every right to complain of—of the kind of life you have chosen to lead.

Fred. (staring). The kind of—? Oh, now I see. (*Bursts out laughing.*) Someone's been pulling your innocent old leg, POFFLES! Why, I'm as steady as a church! Think it over, and ask yourself: Is it likely I should be such an ass as to risk lowering my cricket average by playing the goat?

Mr. S. I am not accusing you of—er—playing the goat. What I'm complaining of is the way you are playing cricket.

Fred. (aggrieved). Well, really, POFFLES, I shouldn't have thought you could find much fault with that! It's rather rough, when I've knocked up my sixth century already this season, and done the hat trick only this afternoon, to come home and be treated as if I'd made a brace of blobs and been slogged all over the field!

Mr. S. (at sea). I'm not objecting to cricket in moderation—say, on Saturday afternoons.

Fred. In Regent's Park, I suppose? Come, now, POFFLES, you can't seriously believe that a first-class match can be played out in a half holiday, however bad the pitch may be? You know better than that!

Mr. S. (nettled). Whatever I may not know, FREDERICK, at least I know this. All the money I've spent on having you equipped at school and college for the serious business of life seems to have been absolutely thrown away!

Fred. “Thrown away”? I do like that! Why, if I hadn't made the very best of my time at school, should I have got my Cricket Blue while I was a Fresher? You grumbled a bit at my having a professional to coach me in the holidays—but see how it's got me on! And I won the Hundred and the Quarter at the Sports last year! Upon my word, POFFLES, I don't quite see what it is you do want!

Mr. S. What I want, FREDERICK, is to see you attending more regularly to your duties at the office, and—and, once for all, I must insist on your not addressing me as “POFFLES”; it is a familiarity I can no longer permit.

Fred. Of course if you're determined to keep me at arms' length, you must please yourself. But for me to chuck up cricket, with such a career as I've got before me—why, it would be perfect skittles!

Mr. S. Believe me, my boy, you can never earn a living by cricket!

Fred. I could if I turned professional. But I suppose even you wouldn't care for me to do that!

Mr. S. I? I am trying to show you the folly of frittering away all your youth in idleness!

Fred. You'd find there's precious little “frittering” about playing forward in Rugger, and you don't get much chance to idle when you're bowling on a plumb wicket. It's jolly hard work, I can tell you!

Mr. S. That may be so, FREDERICK. But your hard work should be at the office!

Fred. It's all very well—but you've no idea what it is for a fellow who's led the open-air life I have, to be boxed up all the week in a beastly office! It knocks me up in no time. You ask the Mater if it doesn't!

Mr. S. Young SCRYMGEOUR doesn't seem to find it too much for him!

Fred. It may suit a smug like BOB SCRYMGEOUR—a rotter who never made a run in his life, and don't know the difference between Rugger and Soccer! All I know is, it don't suit me!

Mr. S. And the consequence is, FREDERICK, that he will be taken into partnership instead of you.

Fred. (loftily). He's welcome to it, for all I care! We should never pull together, you know. He's not my sort. He takes to business naturally. Now, I never shall—not my line at all!

Mr. S. You had your choice of the Army or the Bar—and you wouldn't go in for either.

Fred. Because of the bully exams. You see, after a hard day's exercise, you can't sit down and grind away at stiff subjects—you're simply bound to go to sleep over 'em! But, though I don't pretend to be keen about the office, I'm quite game to put in a day there—whenever I've got nothing else on.

Mr. S. (with bitterness). What earthly use do you imagine that would be—to us?



THE HAPPY MEDIUM.

Father. "WELL, TOMMY, I HOPE YOU FEEL A GOOD BOY THIS MORNING?"

Tommy. "NO, DADDY, NOT WELLY GOOD, AND NOT WELLY BAD. JUST COMFY!"

Fred. (with superiority). More use than you fancy, perhaps—even if I never did a stroke! You mayn't know it, but you may take this from me: Athletics count for just as much in the City as they do everywhere else. Look at the way a Blue gets on in the House! And I don't mind betting you that it's done you a lot of good already, being known as my Governor.

Mr. S. (exasperated). However it may be on the Stock Exchange, FREDERICK, drysalting is—er—not governed by such considerations. You are talking downright nonsense!

Fred. (stiffly). I'm not accustomed to being told I talk nonsense, and I think it's jolly well time I went. I've had enough of being ragged like this, when I've done nothing to deserve it! [Rises, and moves towards door.]

Mr. S. (climbing down). I—I didn't mean to "rag" you, my boy. I was merely—er—endeavouring to—

Fred. (with severity). Whether you intend it or not, you seem to me to be doing your level best to destroy all confidence between us. Up to now, I've always looked upon you as a pal rather than a father. In future I shall know better! [He opens the door.]

Mr. S. (overwhelmed with contrition). FRED! Don't leave me like that. If—if I've spoken too harshly—!

Fred. If! I can tell you *this* much. If I hadn't happened to be in a nailing good temper over winning that match,

you and I might have had a downright row—and, even as it is— (Sees Mr. S.'s face, relents, comes back, and pats him affectionately on the shoulder) No, it's all right, POFFLES, dear old boy! I'm not really angry. I know how it was. Something's gone wrong at the office, and you come home and let off steam at me! If you'd been at a Public School and 'Varsity yourself, you'd understand better what it means to have a reputation to keep up. There, there—I hope I know how to make allowances—don't let it occur again, that's all. And, I say, POFFLES, there's the dressing gong! Better hurry up, hadn't you?—unless you want to keep the Mater waiting again!

Mr. S. (to himself, as he follows FRED upstairs). After all, he's just the type of manly young Englishman that has made our country what it is! I ought to be proud of him, instead of—but he's forgiven all that—he called me "POFFLES" twice! (Aloud) And so, FRED., you bowled Chalkshire out with—er—a brace of blobs, eh? Capital! capital!

[He disappears into dressing-room as Curtain falls.]

F. A.

CECILIAN VESPER.—The "abnormal proceedings" in Grand Committee on the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill.

"IT IS THE CAUSE, IT IS THE CAUSE, MY (NETHER) SOUL!"

Othello, Act V., Sc. 2.

WHAT "cause"? It is constantly being mentioned in the *Gordian Knot*, by Mr. CLAUDE LOWTHER, at His Majesty's, but what "cause" it is Heaven only knows, for it may be fairly doubted whether the author knows anything more about it than do either actors or audience. The safest description may be borrowed from POPE and adapted to the occasion, as it is a "cause, least known, least understood," yet on it depends the supreme interest of the play. But for this mysterious "cause," *Vicomte de Selignae* (Mr. ROBERT TABER doing his strenuous best) would have remained at home with *Gabrielle Melville*, the worst woman in Paris, and probably the worst dressed, too, represented by Miss OLGA NETHERSOLE; and but for this "cause" *Selignae's* unfortunately afflicted friend the limping hunchback, *Roger Martens*, played for all the queer character is worth and more by Mr. BEERBOHM TREE, marvellously made-up, would not have inspired the gay and artful *Gabrielle* to act the part of the witch *Rapunzel* and to "let down her hair," with which, struck by a very "happy thought," he strangles her in a hair-tight embrace. "It is the cause! It is the cause!"

Now the best scene in this play (of sorts) is a decidedly original and very farcical one where an American lady, bearing the honoured Dickensian surname of *Cuttle* ("when found make a note of")—she is *Mrs. Josiah C. Van Cuttle* (Miss HELEN FERRERS),—having been asked "to oblige the company with a song," complies by singing a ditty so execrably out of tune as to drive away from the house all the guests in "most admired disorder!" The effect is immensely funny, and the audience shout with laughter. And this in a serious tragedy-drama is to be accepted as a true representation of what occurs in real life!!

Mr. LIONEL BROUGH, as a comic *Grand Duke*, without a title, reminding us of the eccentric nobleman in *La Vie Parisienne*, is excellent: never was such a *Grand Duke* out of *opéra bouffe*. It is a short part and a merry one, but the audience is grateful for the relief.

Miss OLGA NETHERSOLE makes her first appearance on the scene dressed as a kind of eccentric *Pope Joan*, wearing an ecclesiastical mitre, having come straight from the boards of some theatre (where she had been the heroine of a *première*) without staying to change her costume! Delightful! So probable, so perfectly natural! Then her long rhapsodies about nothing in particular! 'Tis all wonderful. Had this worst woman in Paris been also the most beautiful, most accomplished, as well as the wittiest and cleverest of "courtesans" (this is the politest way of putting it), and could she have been gifted with an incipient influenza just beginning to develope, *Gabrielle* might have insidiously gained the sympathies of the audience as did *La Dame aux Camélias*. But she is only a very ordinary "gay" (save the mark!) woman of a certain notoriety, whose questionable career and mysterious death might possibly have afforded some material for the eccentric *lises*, but not for the skilled professional dramatist, though of course very tempting to the confident and, undoubtedly, greatly daring amateur-playwright.

But how ever came it about that such a piece as this could have been carefully considered, accepted, seriously rehearsed and acted? One plausible theory is that Mr. LOWTHER, whose name is new to us as a writer of plays, is a powerful mesmerist, that he so dominated Miss NETHERSOLE and Mr. BEERBOHM TREE as to force them to pronounce this piece a perfect triumph of art, just as a hypnotised patient accepts the assertion of the hypnotiser that some daub, which he has been ordered to admire, is the most magnificent work of art ever produced. This theory will account for the fact. Miss NETHERSOLE thought she saw herself as a great success

in the part of *Gabrielle Melville*, which the hypnotiser impressed upon her as one that only herself, and perhaps SARAH BERNHARDT (but "why lug in" SARAH?), could play: while Mr. TREE, weary of being either handsome and self-sacrificing or handsome and villainous, jumped (always under hypnotism) at the offer of being as humplacked as *Richard the Third*, as limping as *Mephistopheles*; and triumphing over this weird physical combination by coming out as the good genius and the Avenger of Evil. Those who have seen the play will remember that a challenge is given and accepted by *Selignae*, and after this nothing further is heard of the matter! Oddly enough, had the fight taken place the remainder of the play would have had to be re-constructed. What a chance thrown away!

BACK TO HIS NATIVE STRAND.

["Sherlock Holmes" is to reappear in the "*Strand*" Magazine.]

AIR—"Archie" in the "*Torcedor*."

OIL, SHERLOCK HOLMES lay hidden more than half a dozen years.

He left his loving London in a whirl of doubts and fears.

For we thought a wicked party

Of the name of MORIARTY

Had despatched him (in a manner fit to freeze one).

They grappled on a cliff-top, on a ledge six inches wide;

We deemed his chances flimsy when he vanished o'er the side.

But the very latest news is

That he merely got some bruises.

If there is a man who's hard to kill, why he's one.

Oh SHERLOCK, SHERLOCK, he's in town again,

That prince of perspicacity, that monument of brain.

It seems he wasn't hurt at all

By tumbling down the waterfall.

That sort of thing is *fun* to SHERLOCK.

When SHERLOCK left his native Strand, such groans were seldom heard;

With sobs the Public's frame was rent: with tears its eye was blurred.

But the optimists reflected

That he might be resurrected:

It formed our only theme of conversation.

We asked each other, Would he be? and if so, How and where?

We went about our duties with a less dejected air.

And they say that a suggestion

Of a Parliamentary question

Was received with marked approval by the nation.

And SHERLOCK, SHERLOCK, he's in town again,

Sir CONAN has discovered him, and offers to explain.

The explanation may be thin,

But bless you! we don't care a pin,

If he'll but give us back our SHERLOCK.

The burglar groans and lays aside his jemmy, keys, and drill;

The enterprising murderer proceeds to make his will;

The fraud-promoting jobber

Feels convinced that those who rob err;

The felon finds no balm in his employment.

The forger and the swindler start up shrieking in their sleep;

No longer on his mother does the coster gaily leap;

The Mile-End sportsman ceases

To kick passers-by to pieces,

Or does it with diminishing enjoyment.

For SHERLOCK, SHERLOCK, he's in town again,

That prince of perspicacity, that monument of brain.

The world of crime has got the blues,

For SHERLOCK's out and after clues,

And everything's a clue to SHERLOCK.

NAVAL REFORM:

Or, When we were Boys together.

[“In future there will be no distinction drawn between the engineer officer and his executive comrade. Their ranks will be assimilated. . . . The result aimed at is, to a certain point, community of knowledge and a life-long community of sentiment. The only machinery which can produce this result is early companionship.”—*Memorandum of First Lord of the Admiralty, December, 1902.*]

TIME—A.D. 1950. *The English Fleet steaming into action. The Rear-Admiral and the Captain pacing the quarter-deck.*

The Rear-Admiral (shutting his glass with a snap of satisfaction). Full speed ahead, a flanking movement right and left, and—

Captain (triumphantly). We have them like rats in a trap.

Rear-Admiral (joyfully) whistling “The Death of Nelson”). Ha! ha! Glorious victory of the British fleet! What will Pall Mall say! (Suddenly) Send for the Chief Engineer.

Captain (hysterically). What?

[There is an intense pause.

Rear-Admiral (perspiring coldly). Ah! I forgot. (Gravely) Thank you. (To the Orderly) Ask the Engineer-Rear-Admiral if he will be good enough to give me the benefit of his specialised training.

[The Orderly goes.

Captain (gloomily). I fear—

Rear-Admiral. Pull yourself together, man. If it comes to the worst we can put the middies down below to stoke—and you can drive the engines.

Captain (brightening). Ah, yes! The New Training.

Orderly (returning). Beggin’ your pardon, Sir, but the Engineer-Rear-Admiral says as ‘ow he don’t quite agree with these ‘ere tactics of yours, and ‘e’s workin’ out ‘is own plan of battle.

Captain (hoarsely). “The result aimed at is, to a certain point, community of knowledge.”

Rear-Admiral (spluttering with rage). What in thunder are we to do?

Captain (speaking softly, with a far-away look). Do you remember old JONES and his apple-orchard? Do you remember his dog? Do you remember when he tore—

Rear-Admiral. A large hole out of my Sunday pants? Ha! ha!

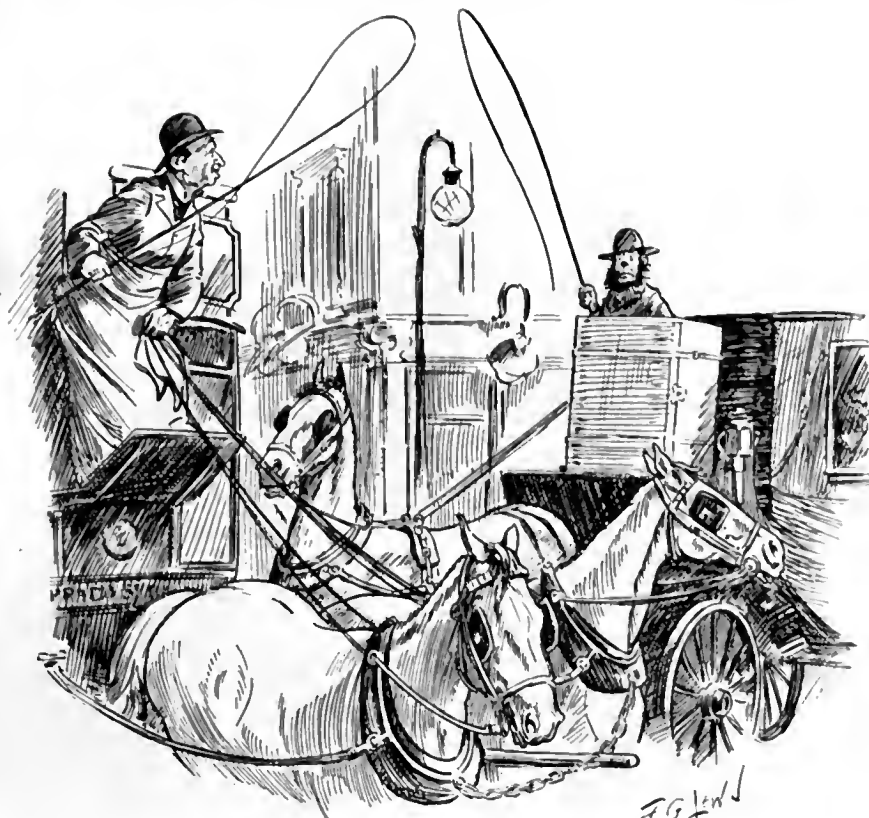
Captain. And how I spent half the night up a tree rather than face his teeth? Ha! ha!

Rear-Admiral. Why, it must be more than thirty years ago.

Captain. When we were boys together. It seems like yesterday. And old SIMPKINS—

Rear-Admiral. SIMPKINS?

Captain. Who nearly died of eating the green apples.



PASSING AMENITIES.

Groucher. “Hi! Hi! CAN’T YER LOOK OUT WHEN YER A-COMIN’?”

Omnibus. “GARN! SHUT UP, JACK-IN-THE-BOX!”

Rear-Admiral. SIMPKINS? SIMPKINS?

Captain (intensely). The Engineer-

Rear-Admiral. (There is a sudden shock, followed by an intense pause.) Good Heavens! We are going astern.

[The Engineer-Rear-Admiral appears slowly.

Rear-Admiral. SIMPKINS! We are going astern!

Engineer Rear-Admiral. I know it. You will find a much more effective movement than yours fully set out on page 43 of my latest treatise on Tactics and Evolution under Steam.

Rear-Admiral (bitterly). NELSON—

Eng.-Rear-Admiral. NELSON! Bah! He never saw a steamship.

Rear-Admiral (imploringly). SIMPKINS, the success of all my deep-laid plans rests in our going straight ahead at the foe.

Eng.-Rear-Admiral. I’m sorry I cannot agree with your strategy. I consider the best course is to go astern.

[He turns away.

Rear-Admiral. Lost! Lost!

Captain (stepping forward, with the same far-away look on his face). SIMPKINS!

Eng.-Rear-Admiral (haughtily). Sir!

Captain. Ah! The remembrance of our early companionship bursts

asunder the chains of discipline. (Laying a hand on his shoulder gently) SIMPKINS, old man, we were boys together. Many a time and oft have we cribbed from the same book. Many a time and oft have we written each other’s impositions with double-nibbed pens. Many a time and oft have we shielded our vulnerable parts with the identical exercise books.

Eng.-Rear-Admiral (softening a little). Yes—but—

Captain. SIMPKINS, old man, you remember those green apples?

Eng.-Rear-Admiral (visibly moved). Old JONES’s apples?

Captain. And when you lay in the dormitory dying, as we thought, how a bare-footed, night-shirted boy ran through the black darkness and the bitter cold to the kitchen to get the glass of salt-and-water which saved your life? SIMPKINS—

Eng.-Rear-Admiral (with tears in his eyes). Old man!

Captain. I was that boy.

Eng.-Rear-Admiral (brushing his gold-laced sleeve across his eyes). Ah! (Controlling himself with a great effort)

Full speed ahead!

*Rear-Admiral } (together). Saved!
Captain }*



ODD!

The Colonel (stopping at Irish Inn). "LOOK HERE! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?"
Boots. "BEDAD! AN' I'VE GOT JUST SUCH ANOTHER QUARE PAIR DOWN BELOW!"

TRUE P.O.-LITENESS!

["Telephone girls in Chicago have put into practice the art of polite conversation as laid down in a book of rules introduced by the new manager of the American Telegraph and Telephone Company. The book is full of formalities and elegancies."—*Civil Service Magazine*.]

SCENE I.—A London Post-Office, shortly after the official "Courteous Conversation with Customers" handbook has been issued.

First Customer. Shillingsworth of penny stamps, please.

Post-Office Clerk. Believe me, Sir, I can conceive no greater privilege than that of obeying with alacrity your least command. But before doing so in the present instance perhaps you will permit me—

First Customer (ereseendo). Twelve stamps, please! I'm in a hurry.

Post-Office Clerk (unruffled). —to felicitate you upon your favourable (so far as one may judge from a cursory glance) state of health, and to express my hope that your wife and children—presuming that those domestic bless-

ings have fallen to your lot—are no less—

First Customer (fortissimo). Look here, will you give me those stamps?

Post-Office Clerk. —fortunate than yourself in this respect. So, Sir, with this sincere expression of my good wishes, I hasten to supply you with the postage requisites you need.

[*First Customer snatches stamps, and exit.*]

Second Customer (a Lady). Would you weigh this, please? I wish to send it by parcel post.

Post-Office Clerk. With pleasure, Madam. Speaking of weights, you may not be aware that among the ancient Egyptians—

Second Customer (nervously). Yes, yes—but I have a train to catch—and if you wouldn't mind just weighing this parcel—

Post-Office Clerk. We are bound to observe the official rules, Madam, otherwise we shall get into trouble. If you will permit me, in accordance with the handbook, to tell you some facts about the ancient Egyptian weights—

[*He does so at considerable length.*]

Third Customer. I want this postal order changed.

Post-Office Clerk. Yes, Sir. May I look at the handbook for a moment? I've forgotten the exact sentence. Ah, here it is. The love of money, as Bacon eloquently points out—(Customer *expostulates with vigour*.) Well, there's no call for you to use language of that kind, when I'm giving you polite and appropriate conversation, as laid down in the rules! (To Fourth Customer.) Telegrams should be handed in over there. But if a brief account of telegraphy, ancient and modern, would interest you—

[*Fourth Customer hurriedly dissents as scene closes.*]

SCENE II.—Village Post-Office. Same date.

Farmer Giles. 'Arternoon, Mrs. Brown. Any letters for the Missus?

Mrs. Brown. 'Vore ever I tulls 'ee that, must read 'ee a girt piece o' the new book—zame as ardered. (*Reads laboriously*.) "Good-morning-Sir-or-Madam-as-the-case-may-be-how-remarkably-fine-or-wet-according-to-circumstances" (well, of 'arl the dratted foolishness!) "is-the-weather-and-I-trust-that-your-crops-or-poultry-or-livestock-to-be-varied-according-to-the-customer's-occupation-or-source-of-livelihood-are-eminently-prosperous." Oh, lawk-a-mussy me!

Farmer Giles (rushing to the door). Nayburs, nayburs! Mrs. Brown he took ravin' mad!



MEDDLESOME JOE AND THE GOOSE THAT LAYS THE GOLDEN EGGS.

THE "MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB" ARTISTIC COMPETITION.



After Rossetti.



After Dana Gibson.



After Albert Moore.



After Watteau.



After Peter Graham, R.A.



After Kate Greenaway.

A FELT WANT.

[Mr. BROADHURST recently inquired whether His Majesty's Government would take steps to provide suitable house accommodation at reasonable rents near the House of Commons for such Members of Parliament as needed it.]

Pity the poor M.P.,
Whom all the world may see,
When others are sleeping,
His vigil still keeping
Without reward or fee.

To the music of great Big Ben
His altruistic pen
Is busy forever
In hopeless endeavour
To satisfy greedy men ;

While even at night he dreams
Of cheques for local schemes,
And public improvements
And temperance movements
And cricket and football teams.

A thousand claims, in short,
Demand of him some sort
Of postal remittance,
Till only a pittance
Is left for his own support.

And when, at duty's call,
He's signed away his all,
And daily grows thinner
For want of a dinner,
Where can a poor Member
crawl?

The labouring man may flee
To the flats of the L.C.C.
But never a noddle
Will trouble to model
A home for the poor M.P.
Pity the poor M.P.
Who's got no L.S.D.
But painfully tosses
On twopenny dosses
In Lambeth Road, S.E.

A DRASTIC SYSTEM.— Since its opening, says the prospectus of a Nursing Institute, it has attended to 1018 cases, "from which no less than 274 have died. It is impossible," continues the prospectus, "to estimate the relief and comfort which have thereby been afforded."

PASHLEY'S OPINIONS.

No. X.

MANY a time, while I was putting this book of mine together, I thought to myself, "I'll chuck it; it's not good enough going on like this, keeping away from all the theatres and music-halls and scarcely ever seeing my pals at their convivial meetings. What's the use of it after all? I shall make a bit of money by it, no doubt: lots of these writing chaps simply roll in coin and manage to keep a carriage and pair on what they make, but I've got plenty of my own without that, I'll throw all my poetry away and live like a Christian again." But it was all no good. Something seemed to be whispering to me all the time, "Don't forget fame. It's fame you're working for, not cash. You'll get your name up, Josh, my boy, by the poetry you're writing. Stick to it, old pal, stick to it. You'll be glad, when you've finished it and got it printed, that you didn't scratch but came to the post like a man." That's the way I talked to myself, and it did me no end of good in keeping my spirits up.

There's another point I should like to put down. Other poets may find it useful when they start on the job as I did. It's this:—there's no manner of use in living an irregular life when you're writing rhymes. If you're accustomed to breakfast at 8.15, lunch at 1 o'clock and dine at 7, you'd best go on like that. Nobody need put in late supper just because he happens to be a poet. I tried it once or twice, but I never could write a line—not a really good line, that's to say—on the day after I'd had supper, so I jolly soon gave it up. For writing odes I always found a bottle of ginger-beer a great help—the old-fashioned sort in stone bottles, not the new-fangled stuff in glass bottles with a glass marble instead of a cork. That kind always tastes of india-rubber, and the tang of it seems to keep your thoughts from concentrating on the rhymes as they ought to.

Well, at last I got the whole finished and polished in real tip-top style, and then I set to work to look out for a publisher. That's where my troubles began. I had a notion that all you had got to do was to finish your book and you'd find no end of publishers tumbling over one another to print. That's their business, anyhow. It's what they're there for and what they make their money by, when all's said and done. But the truth is it's very different. I never met such a lot of high and mighty chaps in my life, and I went to all the big nobles one after another till I began to be fairly sick of the job. One man said he wasn't doing anything more in poetry this season; another thought that poetry was a drug in the market, and a third simply laughed when I explained what I wanted. It made me very bitter, I can tell you, and I began to understand how a fellow like BYRON got sour and gloomy in spite of being a Lord. All the same his poetry's not bad, considering he wrote so many years ago.

I went on like this for some months, and I was just on the point of caving in when I happened to hear the name of "The Academic Publishing Company." They were doing a lot of advertising in all the papers, and they'd got a long list of novels and poetry-books, and every book they published seemed to be the very best that had ever been printed. That's the firm for me, thinks I to myself, and the next day I paid them a visit. I never had such a pleasant surprise. I saw their head man, Mr. HART ABRAHAM, in his private room, and the whole business was settled in ten minutes. All I had got to do was to put down £70 as guarantee-money in case there were less than a thousand copies sold. After that I should get the money paid back and 15 per cent. on every copy in excess of that number. Besides that, I was to buy a hundred copies myself at trade price, thirteen to the dozen, and the Company

would undertake all expenses and everything. I didn't hesitate a moment. The agreement was signed before I left the room, and ABRAHAM called for a bottle of champagne to wet the bargain and drink success to the enterprise. He was a rich man, I judge. At any rate, he ran to a good deal in the shape of diamond rings and gold chains.

When I got home I began reckoning it up. It was to be a five-shilling book, and, at 15 per cent., that meant ninepence for me on every copy sold. Supposing I sold 21,000 (that seemed a reasonable figure, according to HART ABRAHAM) I should make £750, which looked like a pretty good lump sum. I went to bed that night as happy as a Duke, and dreamt I'd got presented at Court and been made Poet Laureate. For two or three months I went on correcting proofs, and then out came the blessed book. It was a great day when my hundred copies turned up. I began ladling them out to all my pals and relations, and you bet EMILY COLLINS got her copy all right on the first day.

MR. PUNCH'S POPULAR SONGS.

A BENEFACTOR to the race (who shall be nameless here) has written a little book called *Popular Songs and How to Compose them*. The result of a perusal of this work by Mr. Punch has been a soaring ambition to be a popular song writer. It seems easy, and the remuneration is reported to be fabulous. Here is No. I. of Mr. Punch's series. It may not sound very exhilarating to the casual reader, but sung with her incomparable art (and a smut on her nose) by Miss LOUIE FREEAR it would achieve enormous popularity. It is called:—

LIZ.

Oh, I live in Bowkett Villas, at number thirty-three,
I'm "general" at Mrs. SMITH'S. They're six in family.
I blacks the grates and makes the beds and cooks the
dinners, too,

And you can bet at Mrs. SMITH'S there's lots of work to do.

For it's:—

LIZ! LIZ!

I wonder where she is.

Where *can* that girl have got to?

No doubt

The hussie's gone out,

And I particularly told her *not* to!

I rises every day at six, I gets to bed by ten,
I scrubs the kitchen twice a week, the parlour now and then,
I mends the dratted children's clothes and stops the baby's
squeals,

And don't the master make a fuss unless he likes his meals!

For it's:—

LIZZIE!! LIZZIE!!

Can't you see I'm busy?

Come down stairs *this minute*!

Here's FREDDY

Says tea's not ready,

And the Master wants to begin it.

The food I gets ain't much to boast, the missus is that near!
And my young man has left me 'cos he doesn't like the beer.
From morn to night the whole year through I'm always on
the race,

And I must say that Mrs. SMITH'S is *not* an easy place!

For it's:—

LIZZIE!! LIZZIE!!

Can't you see I'm busy?

Stop that baby squalling.

LIZ!!! LIZ!!!

I wonder where she is.

Why *can't* she hear me calling?

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 18.
- With only three days allotted for Committee on the Education Bill, with seventeen pages of amendments, with

"The right hon. gentleman," he said, in the excitement of the moment promoting ANSON to the Privy Council where he does not sit, "is nothing if not technical. He gropes his way through the technicalities and husks of life like a snail without its horns."

To *Sairey Gamp* this retort came only as *l'esprit d'escalier*. Amid boisterous cheers and laughter of delighted Opposition, MIDDLEMORE rapped it forth. The late Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford wished that, since he was a snail, he had brought his shell with him, whilst an unwonted flush of indignation suffused all that was seen of WALTER LONG above the level of his shirt-collar.

Business done.—Education Bill in Committee. Edifying lesson in good manners jointly contributed by Education Minister and Member for North Birmingham.

Tuesday.—JOHN O'GORST, Time-honoured Educationist, illumined dull proceedings in Committee on Education Bill by a happy device. A dull cloudy afternoon after the manner of modern May. A single gleam of sunlight, losing its way in the gloom, found itself in House of Commons. JOHN O'GORST so managed things that as he stood below the Gangway, making things as pleasant as possible for his successor at Education Board, the unfamiliar light fell upon his head. Just enough to go round. Effect startling and brilliant. On Treasury Bench, seated in shadow, was ANSON, from time to time furtively feeling for the horns MIDDLEMORE, in his wrath, denied him. And there below the Gangway literally shone the Last of the Vice-Presidents, sole recipient of the confidences of that occult, now



Betsey Prig. "Rubbidge, Ma'am!"

Sairey Gamp. "You're a regulation poor kind of thing as finds it as much as you can do to follow your own variegated nose!"

(Sir Wm. Ans-n and Mr. M-ddl-m-re.)

Dr. MACNAMARA wound up for indefinite number of long speeches, scintillating with the first person singular, the Minister in charge of the Bill does well to cultivate brevity. But, as Sir WILLIAM ANSON discovered just now, virtue may be run to dangerous extreme. MIDDLEMORE, after a familiar fashion that does not endear him to Treasury Bench, was voicing dissatisfaction on Ministerial benches with remodelled Constitution of Education Committee. Punctuating one of his sentences there sounded distinctly through shocked House the word "Rubbish!"

'Twas the voice of the Parliamentary Secretary to the Education Board. We knew he'd complain; but this way of putting it was a little too summary in form to suit Parliamentary usages. Later ANSON explained that remark was meant for private ear of WALTER LONG. Alarmed to discover it had spread further. MIDDLEMORE, for moment speechless with rage, regarding back of head of ordinarily blameless Minister; then there flashed upon him a graphic, if not absolutely accurate simile.

This felt to be the unkindest cut of all. Bad enough to be a snail. To be deprived of the appanage of horns was as cruel as it was inconsequential.

Changing his metaphor, and still regarding the back of the head of the Minister seated below him with baleful look that made Members opposite shudder to think that, trained to surgery, he was familiar with the knife, MIDDLEMORE continued: "He speaks almost as if he were one of the deities; whereas he is only a regulation poor kind of a thing, who finds it as much as he is able to do to follow his own nose."

Not since the classic quarrel between Mrs. Gamp and Betsey Prig has there been anything to beat this. When Mrs. Prig, rising to leave the parlour, turned upon her hostess and said, "Do you know who you are talking to, Ma'am?" Mrs. Gamp would have given a noggin of gin if she had only thought of saying, in addition to "Aperiently to BETSEY PRIG," as recorded—"a regulation poor kind of thing as finds it as much as she can do to follow her own variegated nose."



JOHN O'GORST AND THE SUNBEAM.

"There below the Gangway shone the Last of the Vice-Presidents."



"Too bad of you to give me away, Durham!"

(Lord D-v-y and Lord D-rh-m.)

The Earl of Durham said Lord Davey did not mention to the House the experience he had with him on a pleasure voyage to India five months ago, when he never heard the noble Lord object to betting on the daily run of the ship. (*Laughter.*)—*Daily Telegraph.*

vanished, body, the Committee of Council of Education.

The "business" common enough on the stage. Through whatever scene, in whichever play, HENRY IRVING, for example, moves, the faithful limelight follows. So with JOHN O'GORST and the fascinated sunbeam which fond fancy imagined to be the etherealised spirit of dead and gone Committee of Council of Education. Through long Parliamentary practice the Time-honoured Educationist has acquired a little mannerism of shifting from foot to foot as he drops his pleasant sayings. This afternoon as he moved the sunlight followed, ever illumining as with a halo of immortality the bare dome of a brainy head.

In spite of EDWARD STRACHEY and his threatened motion Members on both sides hear with satisfaction of the appointment of Lord ONSLOW to the Board of Agriculture, with a seat in the Cabinet. Even the Radicals, who don't like to see a Ministerial post assigned to a Peer, admit the appropriateness of the arrangement. ONSLOW has been so many things, folk apt to forget that he is, first of all, a farmer. Among the attractions at Clandon Park is a model farm where he has long practised what he will now preach over the wider domain of Great Britain. *Festina lente* is the inevitable family motto. On slow but sure de-

scribes the movements of the fourth Earl. In succession Under-Secretary for the Colonies, Parliamentary Secretary of the Board of Trade, Governor of New Zealand, Under-Secretary for India, once more at the Colonies, now President of the Board of Agriculture, Lord ONSLOW has always done well. Combining high business capacity with a sunny nature and the blessed gift of humour, he is alike successful as an administrator and popular as a man.

Business done.—London Education Bill in Committee. TRITTON, London Member and good Ministerialist, declares "the Bill hasn't a single friend." The challenge passes unanswered; no man rises up to call it blessed. Once to-day on critical amendment majority ran down to 41. Bill will be passed all the same.

Friday night.—In anticipation of second reading of Budget Bill coming on next week a new Parliamentary Party has been formed. It is called The Tea Party, and meets at five o'clock every afternoon to arrange for defeat of Government. The leading spirits are CHAPLIN and JEMMY LOWTHER. The OVERFLOWING LOUGH volunteered to join the new faction. CHAPLIN objected to have about the new crusade any taint of the professional. "It won't do," he said, helping himself to another lump

of sugar, "to mix up City business with high politics."

"No, no," said JEMMY LOWTHER, his mouth full of buttered muffin and contradiction; "no shop."

House of Lords represented at the afternoon conference by Duke of RUTLAND; has contributed to the agitation a leaflet containing amended version of historic couplet. It now runs as follows:—

Let Wealth and Commerce, Laws and Learning
deed,*

But spare, oh spare, our five o'clocker tea.

Arrangements are being made for a procession of London charwomen, dress-makers, and other female toilers accustomed to look for afternoon refreshment in the form of wholesome non-intoxicating brew; as they pass along the streets they will sing this inspiring strain. Arranged that, as Procession traverses Pall Mall, CHAPLIN and JEMMY LOWTHER shall be discovered standing on steps of Carlton Club, a hand and arm on each other's shoulders, after manner of Bounding Brothers at circus before they begin to Bound, and, later, when recalled to receive just meed of applause. Effect of this *tableau* expected to find reflex in Cabinet further considering abolition of Corn Duty.

The Tea Party, it will be understood, have nothing to do with the reimposition of the Corn Duty. In the amendment to the Budget Bill placed on the Paper by its patriotic leader the Corn Duty is not mentioned, much less is there plea for Protection. Animated as CHAPLIN, JEMMY LOWTHER, and his Grace of RUTLAND are by desire for the cheapening of domestic comforts and necessities of the poor, they will be no parties to



* Mr. Ch-pl-n was extremely puzzled by the burst of cheering that greeted his arrival.

any movement tending to increase the price of bread. What they want is that

* Scottish, e.g.,

"For bonnie ANNIE LAURIE
I'd lay me down and dee."

the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER shall so readjust taxation as to reduce the price of tea by twopence a pound. It happens that that would mean a sacrifice of two and a-half millions sterling, the exact sum dropped by abolition of the shilling duty on corn. If in the readjustment forced upon him the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is inevitably driven to reimpose the Corn Tax, that is his affair.

"I remember," said CHAPLIN, absent-mindedly filling up the Duke's cup under the impression that it was his own, "when I entered the House of Commons thirty-four years ago hearing a story about one of GLADSTONE'S first Budgets. There was talk of reduction on the Tea Duty, on which proposal the Liberal Party was divided. There was the alternative of abolishing the Paper Duty, on the whole the safer course. Just before Mr. G. rose to expound his Budget a messenger brought from the other House a note from Lord DERRY addressed to PAM. 'What is to be the great proposal to-night?' DERRY asked. 'Is it to be Tea and Turn-out?' 'No,' PAM promptly answered; 'it is to be Paper and Stationary.'"

"The difference in the case of our Government," said JEMMY LOWTHER, helping himself to the remainder muffin, "is that it is Tea or Turn-out."

Business done.—Old Age Pensions discussed.

MR. PUNCH'S SPECIAL ARTICLES.

No. 1.—LIFE ON NOTHING A DAY.

By FELIX KNOTTS,

Ex-Amateur Ping-Pong Champion of All Surbiton.

HAVING decided that the time had arrived for me to go into training for the All Surbiton Ping-Pong championship, I settled down to a month's inexpensive feeding. In 1901 I had done it on sixpence a day, in 1902, on threepence. I decided that this year I would do it on nothing, or perish in the attempt.

My plan was to take only one meal a day, which is by far the most hygienic way, except when I had indigestion, and then I would take none.

All the crimes and retrogressions of the world being due to a meat diet, it follows that my *menu* must be wholly vegetarian or farinaceous. I therefore for my first meal walked into the country in the direction of Thames Ditton, where I had seen a mangold-wurzel "pie." I waited there until a farm hand appeared, and then, entrenching myself behind some railings, I opened my campaign by inquiring if his mother knew he was out. Following this up with some remarks about his hair and the barber's, I politely intimated that the beauty of his voice was only exceeded by the size of his feet. This last sally had the desired effect of inducing him to throw several good-sized roots in my direction, and, picking up four, I hastened home.

One of these I boiled, and thus we have

Meal No. 1 (cost, nothing; sufficient for three adults for several days)

MANGOLD À LA MISSILE,

consisting of one large mangold boiled with salt, a small quantity of which had been entrusted to me the day before by my neighbour's daughter, to be placed on the tail of a meadow-pipit, which she was anxious to add to her aviary.

My mangolds, carefully husbanded, would, I knew, last me as a stand-by till the end of the month; but I have long since discovered that variety is the spice of life. Moreover recent experiments in Russian laboratories show that the digestive juices of the pancreatic ganglion respond with greater effusion to food that one likes than to food that one doesn't. Now one of the passions of my youth is rice. I therefore walked over to Claygate, where some of

the old-fashioned customs are still in force, in time to be present at a

RUSTIC WEDDING

between the daughter of a local grocer and a Norbiton seedsman. My hopes were fully justified by the amount of rice and other cereals which were thrown at the happy pair, and I was enabled to return with a sufficient supply of that nutritious Asiatic grain concealed about my person to last me for some weeks.

Thus we have

Meal No. 2 (cost, nothing, for many persons)

RICE DE NOCES,

or, one large cupful of rice boiled, with seasoning to taste.

Here I may remark in passing that the blow to vegetarian economy dealt by the introduction of paper *confetti* is simply beyond appraisal.

Mangold-wurzels and rice, excellent though they are in their way, are apt to pall unless judiciously varied. It has long been an axiom amongst scientific dietitians that the pea, and more particularly the split pea, is the food of the future. Where the benighted and retrograde eater now clamours for a split soda, he will one day pin his faith—strange as it may sound—to the split pea. The problem then was how to obtain peas, if possible split, at my usual rates. Fortune favoured me. I chanced to be on Wimbledon platform at the precise moment when a train full of boys returning from school drew up. Happily I was wearing a pair of Dr. DAUGLISH'S patent hygienic celluloid trousers, a coat which I had borrowed forcibly from SEXXY JIM, and a Panama hat trimmed with Plasmon. The chasteness of the attire drew every eye in my direction—and not only every eye! By extreme good luck the school was armed with pea-shooters, which were at once trained upon me, and a raking fire ensued. I must admit that some of the peas hurt horribly, but in the cause of a scientific and economic *menu* I am prepared to suffer much. Moreover, the end justified the torture, for when the train had moved on and I was able to begin the harvest, I was rewarded by nearly two quarts of peas, many of them providentially split by the force of their impingement upon my person. Result:

Meal No. 3 (cost, nothing; for several people)

SPLIT PEA SOUP.

Meal No. 4 (ditto)

SPLIT PEASE PUDDING.

To continue is perhaps needless. The reader will see that I had already enough proteid in the rough to build up several constitutions beside my own at the cost of the hot water in which I did my cooking.

I might add that at the end of the month I failed to retain the Ping-Pong championship of All Surbiton.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MESSRS. METHUEN start in excellent form their Illustrated Pocket Library of plain and coloured books. In the van march the curious collocation of NIMROD'S *Memoirs of John Mylton, The Tour of Doctor Syntax, The History of Johnny Quae Genus*, and (*Que fait-il dans cette galère?*) BLAKE'S *Illustrations of the Book of Job*. They are, it will be seen, all ancient worthies of high renown. The publishers, like some of their clients, awestruck of new books, have recalled the old world into existence in order to redress the balance with the new. The charm of these little volumes, admirably printed, neatly bound, and cheaply priced, is that they are exact reproductions of old, now unattainable, editions. *The Tour of Doctor Syntax*, for example, is founded on the



"THEY'RE OFF!"

seventh edition, published in 1817 by R. ACKERMANN. The reproduction includes all ROWLANDSON'S coloured plates, a desirable possession of themselves. We have all heard of *Doctor Syntax*. How many of us have read his *Tour*? My Baronite confesses he never had an earlier chance, and seizes the present one with huge delight. To read the eight-syllabled verse in which the adventures are written is like ambling over green pastures on an easy pad. WILLIAM COMBE must have babbled in rhyme whilst he was in the nursery. Though every line scans, and each rhyme is natural and perfect, the matter is, after all, the simplest prosiest prose. But the jingle of the rhyme is soothing, and often adds point to shrewd observation and mother wit.

Nine Points of the Law (JOHN LANE), by WILFRID SCARBOROUGH JACKSON, is the work of a new humourist, who may be congratulated on a highly successful first appearance. The dilemma of his unfortunate and not over-wise bank-clerk hero—in hiding both from the police and from the burglars whose spoils he has removed under the impression that they belonged to him as treasure trove—is ludicrous to the verge of tragedy. And his difficulties increase when he flies to France with his compromising burden, for there he meets *Mr. Mavors*, his chief, with his charming daughter, and becomes their travelling companion, only to discover that his ill-gotten treasures have been stolen from *Mr. Mavors'* private residence. A capital story, told with genuinely comic *verve*, and written in excellent style.

The Haunted Major (GRANT RICHARDS), by Captain ROBERT MARSHALL, is a most amusingly eccentric story, the humour of which will be almost as much appreciated by non-golfers as by those experienced in the "Royal and ancient game." The difficulty presented by the necessarily goblinlike character of the illustrations has been cleverly met by Mr. FURNISS, but in order to thoroughly appreciate the peculiar humour that the artist has imported into his work the critic needs to be either a golfer or a ghost, just to enter into the spirit of the thing, or both, and at present the Baron has no intention of becoming either.

The Baron, in view of coming holiday time, begs to acknowledge the receipt of a really excellent *Popular Coast Guide* to the S. E. & C. R. line of country, written by W. T. PERKINS (McCORQUODALE & Co.), giving particulars and good illustrations of many places on that route, extending to the French coast, which from personal experience the Baron knows to be just the very "resorts" for a restful and invigorating sojourn. Some worrying folks complain of this and that particular resort as being a place "where there is absolutely nothing to do." But what ordinarily busy man, valuing a holiday, needs "anything to do"? He wants everything to be done for him, and after a rest to return, like the proverbial giant, refreshed, to his work and his labour, until another holiday time comes round.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

VERY STONY-HEARTED MAGISTRATES.—"The Flint Justices."



"SUMMER NEWS, SMILE TO 'T!'"

THE PILOTS' STRIKE.

[Being an awful allegory, based on Lord ROSEBERRY's suggestion that the Peers should adjourn for two or three months from the beginning of July, and keep the Bills sent up by the Lower House waiting till they, the Peers, chose to reassemble.]

It was the screw *John Bullivar*
That thrashed the summer sea;
Her cargo creaked, her timbers leaked,
Her list was one in three:
She had loaded up in the Cecily Isles,
And her Skipper was ARTHUR B.

Now ARTHUR B. he spake to his crew,
Including Bosun JOE:—
"There's many an eel has missed his meal
Where we were meant to go;
We were never to touch dry land again,
And here we are, what ho!

"Yonder the haven under the hill
Calls to the homing tar;
A few brief rolls and in she bowls
Over the harbour-bar;
And then good-bye—till the next turn comes—
To the screw *John Bullivar*.

"I see the Pilot trim his sails
To catch the evening light,
Foul luck or fair he'll land us there
Against the wharf to-night—
Us and our freight of precious bills
Lashed to the quayside tight.

"And it's oh! for the tramp by heath and moor,
And the sport by burn and beck,
For the fozzled putt and the lie in the rut
And the suit of home-spun check!"
A tear escaped from the Captain's eye,
And trickled down the deck.

The Pilot's boat came heaving-to,
And the sailors "Aloey!" cried they,
But a voice rang back from the gibing smack,
"No Pilots for you to-day!
Not if you whistled along the coast
For fifty mile each way.

"Last month they found the sun too hot
For fooling about the shore,
So they went on strike, and they'll stay belike
A matter of two months more!"
The Skipper he used a strange sea-oath
He had never employed before.

But JOE the Bosun he laughed aloud,
And "Pilots be hanged!" says he;
"Year in, year out, I've knocked about
A bit on the open sea,
And there's never a turn of wind or tide
That comes amiss to me.

"I set no store by the truck we've shipped
In this here freight," says JOE;
"I'd leave the lot to lie and rot
Down in the bilge below;
I'd out with the boats and off to land,
And let the old hulk go!"

* * * * *
How Bosun JOE he went and struck
A smart Colonial line,

And did a trip in a brand-new ship
They called the *Zollverein*,
And ended his days as Commodore—
Is another's yarn, not mine.

But this was the last of the Pilot race
That ran the harbour-bar,
That went their ways in the dull dog-days
And left *John Bullivar*
To founder at sea with ARTHUR B.
Spliced to a sinking spar. O. S.

MR. PUNCH'S SPECIAL ARTICLES.

No. II.—CHARACTER IN NAMES.

Nothing is so unalterable as the character that accompanies a Christian name. Deductions from Christian names are absolutely safe. They have all the finality of the axioms of Christian science. For instance, have you ever known an OLIVER who was not interested in lightning conductors, an ALMA who was not artistic, or a SIDNEY who did not oppose the Baconian heresy?

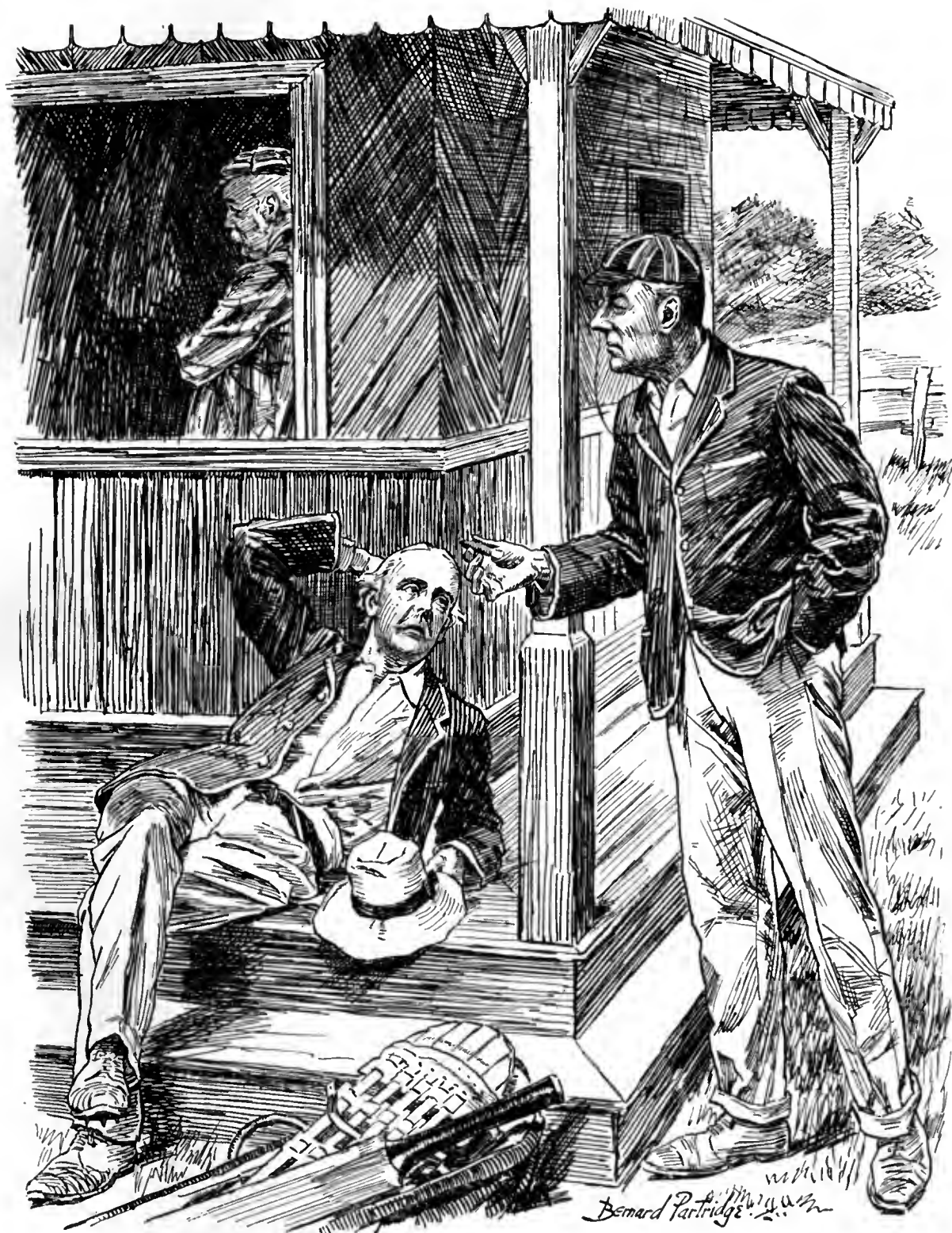
Names ending in *zw* always denote selfishness. Names ending in *thu* are to be avoided: their owners are treacherous. Beware of names beginning in *Yp*. No woman over seven feet high was ever called BIRDIE. Women named GEORGE write novels. A baby named JABEZ ELIJAH AHASUERUS, if always called by its full name, will not grow up. A cat if called BEETHOVEN is sure to indulge in moonlight sonatas.

JOSEPH is ambitious and shrewd. HUGH is opinionated and talks too much. WINSTON shares these peculiarities. LLOYD is argumentative. JESSE is bovine, and runs to side-whiskers. Show me a WILFRID and I will show you a teetotaller. ARTHUR might be less willowy. GERALD is academic. GEORGE is eloquent and epigrammatic. JOHN is sturdy and persistent. GIBSON is impertunate and impertinent. TIM is vitriolic.

Literary men, who study these things, will bear out what I say. Ask them if they ever knew an ANDREW who was not bookish, an ANTHONY who was not witty, a MARIE who was vain? They will tell you that MAURICE is romantic, JEROME facetious, MACGREGOR undersized. Produce a RUDYARD, and you will see omniscience. CONAN is interested in crime. ALGERNON composes ballads before breakfast. THEODORE is critical. WILLIAM by itself is *capable de tout*: allied to ERNEST it thunders; allied to SCHWENCK it jokes; allied to ROBERTSON it resists the payment of rates.

Nicknames are equally consistent in their connotations. A boy called "Trotters" has large feet. No boy with a snub nose was ever called "Hookey." Have you ever seen a brunette known as "Ginger"? Boys and girls who are called "Carrots" have red hair always.

PASTOR AND THE PIPE.—The Bishop of BRISTOL has publicly said that "the idea of ladies smoking is horrid." He must have been thinking of the "naughty little girl with the curl in the middle of her forrid" and a cigarette between her lips. The Bishop added that he "was glad he was no longer a young man looking after a wife." Looking after a wife! This is so indefinite that some ribald person might be tempted to ask "Whose wife?" Of course this was very far from his Reverend Lordship's meaning, but, as the distinguished Italian interpreter of SALVINI's speech explained to the *convives*, "That is what he say," or at all events that is what he is journalistically reported to have said. His Lordship must accustom himself to take a Bristol bird's-eye view round about, and he will see—but mum—their fair fingers to their lips, with cigarettes atween them.



DURING THE INTERVAL.

RIGHT HON. J. CH-MB-RL-N. "I SAY, ARTHUR, DON'T YOU THINK WE MIGHT DECLARE OUR INNINGS CLOSED NOW?"

RIGHT HON. ARTHUR B-LF-R. "OH, FIELDING'S SUCH A BORE. LET'S LOSE A FEW MORE WICKETS FIRST!"

[“It is rumoured that Mr. Chamberlain is in favour of an early dissolution.”—*Daily Paper*.]



THE DIGGINGS.

PHYLIS was very indignant. She had particularly wished to have a long morning for a certain expedition, connected, as I imagine, with millinery, but had been delayed by the eccentric behaviour of the omnibus in which she had attempted to reach the scene of action.

"It didn't go there at all," she began.

I apologised for the erring vehicle.

"Some of them don't," I said. "They aren't all meant to."

"Oh, but this was a green one," she insisted. "I know it ought to go there, because I've been in it before."

"Where did it go then?" I asked.

PHYLIS has not the bump of locality.

"I don't know where it went exactly."

It took me through all sorts of funny little streets, and finally went round and round in circles. I don't think it knew where it was going itself, and when it did get into Oxford Street at last, it was a long way beyond where I wanted to go to, and I had to walk all the way back."

"Oxford Street is up, isn't it?" I suggested. "So it wasn't the fault of the omnibus."

"But I don't see," she said, "what they want to go and dig it up for at this time of year."

"I don't think the time of year matters," I answered. "Oxford Street is so much virgin soil, always in season for the spade."

"Who is it who digs?" she asked.

"Anyone, I believe," I returned. "That is to say, anyone who can get a little bit of railing and a lantern. You put the railing down in the middle of the road and hang the lantern on it, and you can dig anywhere."

PHYLIS was sceptical of this, and suggested police interference.

"Oh, no," I assured her, "not when they see you've got your railing and your lantern. Then they know that you are authorised, and that it is their duty to protect you, and they divert the traffic into the nearest blind alley."

"Yes, they did that to my omnibus," she agreed. "But can you go and dig wherever you like at random . . . like potatoes?"

"You can really," I said. "Of course you don't say so. You say you are putting down asphalt or pulling up a tube or something. Gas, water, electricity, drains—you can dig up almost anything in London. It doesn't matter what you dig for, so long as you dig."

PHYLIS shook her head, so I continued:

"You needn't even dig unless you like. You can put your bit of railing



Gushing Young Lady (to Mr. Dunk, who has just returned from Rome). "THEY SAY, MR. DUNK, THAT WHEN ONE SETS FOOT IN ROME FOR THE FIRST TIME, ONE EXPERIENCES A PROFOUND FEELING OF AWE. THE CHAOS OF RUINED GRANDEUR, THE MAGNIFICENT ASSOCIATIONS, SEEM TOO MUCH FOR ONE TO GRASP. TELL ME, OH TELL ME, MR. DUNK, WHAT DID YOU THINK OF IT ALL?"
Mr. Dunk (deliberately, after considering awhile). "VERY NICE!"

and your lantern down and leave them. The effect will be just the same as if you had made a large hole. I believe if you went away for a week's holiday you would find your railing there when you came back, and the policeman religiously diverting the traffic into the blind alley. I am sure that some of the bits of railing that one sees about are accidental. Probably the man who put them there went away and forgot about them, and they have very likely been diverting the traffic for months without anyone being the wiser. And——"

At this point PHYLIS interrupted me.

"You exaggerate so," she said, "but I think some of it is true, and anyhow it is very silly to dig the streets up so often, and it's very expensive and very wrong."

"That may be," I conceded, "but you can't have an official joke for nothing."

"An official joke?" she murmured.

"Well, it may be unconscious," I

explained, "and it certainly isn't original, but it does at least divert the traffic."

A ROUNDEL OF JULIA JOURNEYING.

WHEN JULIA notes, with keen delight
 Divinely in her car she floats;
 She vies with swallows in their flight
 When JULIA notes.

Yet no "tempestuous petticoats"
 Half show, half hide her ankles slight,
 Upon whose grace her lover dotes;
 Ulstered and muffled like a fright
 Her hideous disguise he notes,
 And shudders at the uncouth sight
 When JULIA notes.

OUR Mournful Philosopher, after reading the recent opinions of Lord KELVIN, Professor RAY-LANKESTER and others as to the "creative power," has come to the conclusion that "the eternal problem of the universe" is--no end of a cell.

OPERA NOTES.

Saturday, May 23, and Thursday, May 28.—*Il Barbiere di Siviglia*. *Vivat* ROSSINI! Where's your Wandering WAGNER now? Here's the classic comedy set to sweetest music, not a dull minute in the whole score, with an occasional dear old-fashioned recitative or "speaking through music," just "giving us pause" between the melodies, and then "on we goes again!" The cast excellent. Performance quite up to promise. As *Rosina* Fräulein WEDEKIND was in every way charming: her high notes clear as a bell, always tuneful, but she dwells too long in these airy heights, so that her audience become as nervous as they would be when watching some new and over-bold acrobat poised a-tiptoe in air on invisible wire. Fräulein WEDEKIND, alighting safely after her wonderful aerial venture, is of course received with tumultuous applause, every one heartily congratulating the accomplished little lady on her return to *terra firma*. In the lesson scene she sang admirably "a little thing of THAUBERT'S" entitled "*Ieh muss nun einmal singen*." This was enthusiastically encored, and the encore was taken in the same spirit in which it was offered. "So 'veddy kind' of her!" says the unabashed WAGSTAFF. Signor BONCI was, in acting and appearance, very nearly a first-class *Count Almaviva* with a patent of nobility; his singing, however, leaving nothing to be desired. That clever French artist, M. GILBERT, would have contented our hearts as *Dr. Bartolo* had he not made up his face rather in imitation of the Christmas pantaloon (admittedly the very ancient original of this *genus* of character) than of the real *Dr. Bartolo*. And, by the way—this in their "ears polite"—why turn so much of this genuine comic opera into mere farcical clowning? However venerable the traditions may be, they should not be slavishly followed, as undoubtedly they are not worth preserving, save as *written stage directions*, archaically interesting. Mlle. BAUERMEISTER'S *Bertha*, a small part for a little woman but great *artiste*, of course excellent; and M. JOURNET'S *Basilio*, "funny without being vulgar," is a dish served up with over-Italianised burlesque flavouring which, as a Frenchman, M. JOURNET may deem essential for the part. He sang "*la calunnia*" as well as he acted it. Mr. HAMILTON EARLE a trifle stiff as *Fiorello*; neither he nor in this case Signor BONCI levelling themselves up to the delightful humour of that scene with the over-poweringly grateful chorus. The *Figaro* of Signor PINI CORSI is just within an ace of perfection. Could he but caper lightly to his own music, and could he, in his great song, convey the idea that he was not trying to be light-hearted and light-beeled after a heavy luncheon, there would not be one single fault to find with Signor PINI CORSI's most amusing, sly, chattering and pattering, but not capering, barber. This opera has rarely been seen to greater advantage than with its present excellent cast at Covent Garden.

Tuesday, May 26.—WAGNER with a Wengeance. Wagnerites in their thousands to hear *Tristan*. "*Tristan*," quoth Mr. WAGSTAFF, "is ever young; but unfortunately his lady—*Isolde*." WAGGY, being rebuked, subsides. Their GRACIOUS MAJESTIES present, also the Grand Duke MICHAEL. Herr LOHSE doing his best to out-Richter RICHTER. TERNINA as *Isolde* admirable, vocally and dramatically, and VAN DYCK as *Tristan* quite up to his very best form; they were recalled over and over again. Once more WAGNER Victorious, happy and glorious; but no matter, he shall not triumph long, as next Thursday comes the *Barber* with his airs.

Wednesday, May 27.—Royal Box occupied at Epsom, and for a wonder *La Favorita* is not played at the Opera. *Faust*, however, is still a favourite in the betting, or at least with the better parts of House on *Rock Sand's* fête day.

"All winners." Marguerite, Mme. BOLSKA, in good voice, and PLANCON, as *Mephistopheles*, quite the "*bon diable*." SALIGNAO good but not great as *Faust*, and SEVEILHAC strong as *Valentine*, coming out stronger than ever when getting his last chance in the "death scene." Mlle. BAUERMEISTER as *Marthe* and as usual—which sounds as if she were doubling a part,—excellent. Mme. SCHEFF a delightful *Siebel*, and MANCINELLI the Mirthful conducting in his very best form.

PASSIVE ANARCHY;

Or, MORE "PECULIAR PEOPLE."

It was St. Lubbock's Holiday, and eke the First of June—I asked myself how shall I best employ this glorious boon.

I meditated long how not to waste the precious hours; I am so conscientious that I found it taxed my pow'rs!

I do not like the strenuous life, excursions I abhor, Museums, shows, and pushing crowds I think a deadly bore.

And then there came into my ears a lingering refrain—'Twas wafted me from ev'rywhere, the nonconformist strain.

Just "passively resist," it said, whatever does not suit Your inclination, creed or purse—your right is absolute!

"How true!" I cried impulsively, "I never thought of that!"

But now to all unfair demands my answer will be pat!

I am a free-born Englishman, and may not be coerced; Of Britain's Passive Anarchists I hope to be the first!

I'll not conform to brutal law—the same which is an ass! Tax-gath'ners and police and such I hold to be "no class."

The rate-collector calls this week—I'll make him no remark, Since now I've settled what to do—assemble in Hyde Park!

There are so many things to which I'm strongly disinclined—I think I'll simply camp out there and daily speak my mind!

So, if you see a passive form reclining on the sword, 'Tis no benighted dosser-out that can no bed afford.

'Tis I, determined (till moved on) to spend this Whitsuntide In passively resisting all the laws I can't abide!

FASHIONS FOR DOGS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have just seen the sweetest thing in motor-goggles for the doggies. They fit closely to the eyes and ears, and are tied with blue ribbon. Lady MERCEDES KERR'S *Pip-pip* was wearing a pair in the Park the other day. The effect was decidedly bizarre and pleasing. Seal motor-coats for Skyes are becoming quite the rage, while I notice that for Pomeranians sable is rather fashionable.

For the forthcoming hot (we hope) weather a dainty invention comes from Paris. This is nothing less than a parasol which can be attached to your favourite's collar and so obviate any risk of sunstroke. This little article should have a ready sale, as most will wish to avoid the unhappy *contretemps* which befell the Duchess of HOUNSLOW, whose poodle fainted suddenly on Church Parade the third Sunday in June last year. I hear rumours that a patchouli respirator for our pets will shortly be put on the market, but I give this with all reserve.

FIDELIA.

THE Employment of Children Bill will, it is expected, pass through all its stages with exception of the theatre stage.

CHARIVARIA.

THE German EMPEROR continues to interest himself in the establishment of a Rotten Row in Berlin. The Social Democrats want to know why the *Siegesallee* is not sufficient.

The French Chamber of Deputies is still going strong. A M. DE DION was asked by the President to respect the dignity of the Chamber. At this a M. BINDER cried out, "Don't talk about dignity; there is no dignity in the Chamber." Thereupon a M. CHAVIÈRE got up to argue that there *was* dignity in the Chamber; and said, "M. BINDER, you are a liar and a cad."

The *Daily Mail* recently contained an important political pronouncement by Mr. LOUIS SINCLAIR, M.P. Asked for his views on the Colonial Minister's tariff proposals, Mr. SINCLAIR replied: "SIR,—MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S scheme should have most earnest consideration.—L. SINCLAIR."

It appears that Lord ROSEBURY is not actually in favour of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S Zollverein scheme, but of a similar one. Suggested motto for his Lordship:—The fence not Defiance.

It is not always easy to trace responsibility, but a contemporary published a letter last week signed, "The Author of the Ruin of Rural England."

Two orang-outangs and a chimpanzee, we learn from a cable, partook of an eight-course dinner in the New York Zoo last week. We presume this is another of the series of banquets by millionaires, of which we are constantly reading. But why do they take these quaint names?

It has been stated by the City Guardians that a pauper now costs ninepence a day. If these high prices continue we may have to dispense with the luxury altogether.

Mr. BRIDBRICK'S remark on first hearing of a recent Scandal is said to have been, "Blank it!"

It used to be said that if you scratched a Russian you found a Tartar. Even this preliminary is no longer necessary. In the attack upon the Jews at Kischineff no orthodox Russian seems to have received even a surface wound.

The Proprietors of the "*Daily News*" (discussing the Derby, in the manner of Mr. BALFOUR'S reference to the Hyde Park Demonstration). At Epsom, wasn't it?



NICE NEPHEW!

Tommy. "TALKING OF RIDDLES, UNCLE, DO YOU KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN AN APPLE AND AN ELEPHANT?"

Uncle (benignly). "No, MY LAD, I DON'T."

Tommy. "YOU'D BE A SMART CHAP TO SEND OUT TO BUY APPLES, WOULDN'T YOU?"

THE GREAT MISUNDERSTOOD.

"[Some of these men just come from England to 'hire out' with the Ontario farmers have brought with them cricket and rowing outfits, golf clubs and tennis rackets. And the farmer stares at the new hired man, and the new hired man stares at the farmer.]—*Glencoe Transcript (Ontario, Canada).*"

THE two farmers pulled up their respective teams.

"Hullo, BILL."

"'llo, SAM."

"I hear yeh've got a gentleman farmer workin' for yeh."

"Yep."

"Where did yeh get him?"

"He was shunted off down at the station t'other night. Has big mild eyes, so I thought I'd bring him home fer the children to play with."

"D'yer think yeh can keep him tame?"

"Sure I can. He eats out of my hand already."

"Yeh don't say. Is he an H-dropper or an A-flattener?"

"O, he's the real thing all right. Wears the cutest little knee panties when he goes out walking on Sundays."

"Go on. Is he the son of a belted knight or has he come from a country vicarage—the youngest of seven-teen?"

"I don't know. He hasn't uncorked yet."

"Well, have you taken him around the farm and introduced him to the cows and horses?"

"What for?"

"Why, if he's a trueborn Englishman he'll not even speak to your collie pup without first having a formal introduction."

"I ought to have known that, but I forgot. I'll see that he gets a right knockdown this afternoon."

"What's he doin' fer yeh to-day?"

"I set him to siftin' seed corn with his tennis racket."

"That's a good idea, and say, you'll find them steel-headed shiny clubs fine for keeping the coulter clean when yeh're plowin' in weeds. But I must be goin' now. Geddup!"

"So long, SAM."

"So long, BILL. Don't fail to let him see that we've imperial ideas over here, and that no one man can be the whole bloomin' empire."

"O, I'll tend to his ease, don't you fret. So long." C. A. NUCK.

Mother. Well, DOROTHY, would you like your egg poached or boiled?

Dorothy (after weighing the question). Which is the most, Mother?

THE SERVANT PROBLEM.

"No, Sir," said PETTIFER firmly, "when they bring in a law converting every town in the kingdom with more than one house in it into a garrison town, the problem of how to get and how to keep domestic servants will be solved. But not till then. No, Sir."

TUDWAY, who, I had noticed, was looking uncommonly depressed, groaned heavily.

"I too have suffered," he said bitterly. "Yet there was a time when I flattered myself that I had solved the problem. It was a book that gave me the idea. To this day I have grave doubts as to whether I ought to have read that book. You see, the *Daily Express* called it an undoubted work of genius, but then the *Daily Mail* said that it was a meretricious tissue of nonsense, which had no value either as literature or as a human document. I took what I own was rather a bold step. I read the book with a view to forming an opinion on my own account."

"TUDWAY!" said PETTIFER in a scandalised voice.

"Yes, yes, I know," went on TUDWAY hurriedly. "But, of course, I shouldn't often do that sort of thing. But I did on this occasion; and, as I was reading, a paragraph caught my eye which seemed to me to offer a complete solution of the servant difficulty. The writer (a lady) observed: 'I have gained much of my strength and gracefulness of body from scrubbing the kitchen floor, to say nothing of some fine points of philosophy. It brings a certain energy to one's body and one's brain.' Now, I don't know if you grasp the profound import of those words, but to me it was obvious. Once promulgate the idea, thought I, that the work of a domestic servant makes for beauty, and the world will become one vast Registry Office. Our servants will not ask for wages. All that they will stipulate for will be a good kitchen floor. They will not want a day out. They will beg as a privilege to be allowed to stay in and scrub. In a few years we shall be selling vacancies in our domestic staff to the highest bidders. I tell you, the thought inspired me. I gave the thing a trial. For a whole month I stuck to it in spite of acute housemaid's knee, which even now causes me no small agony. How I worked! It was a theme for a poet. And, talking of poets—er—curiously enough, I myself—. A mere impromptu fragment, you understand. Thrown off on the spur of the moment. I call it 'Culture.' It's rather good," he added modestly. And before we could stop him he had begun to read:—

"Oh, I wanted to be an Apollo,
A model of beauty and grace.
I sighed for a supple figure,
I longed for a handsome face.
I wished to be tall as a Horseguard Blue,
And broad as a large-sized door.
So I called for a duster, bought a pail,
And I scrubbed at the kitchen floor.

"I wanted to rival Plato.
I sighed for a mighty brain.
I yearned to be wiser than Bacon
(Say half as wise again).
To be rich in beautiful, wonderful thoughts,
(At present I'm rather poor);
So I tucked my sleeves up, doffed my coat,
And scrubbed at the kitchen floor."

"Well, then," I said, as he coughed preparatory to beginning the third verse, "but surely what you ought to do is to publish your photograph with the advertisement. 'Result of a month under our Treatment. The Apollo of Grace and the Plato of Wisdom. Look at Me. I tried it.' That sort of thing, you know. What some people want is some ocular proof of the merits of your system. Why don't you publish a photograph, TUDWAY?"

"The photograph you describe," replied TUDWAY, with pronounced gloom, "has already appeared in the daily papers."

"Ah! And the result?" PETTIFER's tones were not sanguine.

"I have advertised in this way daily during the last five weeks for three servants," replied TUDWAY, "and I am still short of that number by a matter of one cook and two housemaids."

THE NEW EXCELSIOR.

(By an Old Fogey.)

WHEN first our infant eyes surveyed
The wonders of the world,
With rattles or a drum we played,
In cradles closely curled;
But as we scaled the peaks of life
(With sundry halts and drops)
Ambition chose a pocket-knife,
And turned to hoops and tops.

In College days, when lordly down
The cheek began to tint,
On cinder-paths we sought renown,
And revelled in a sprint;
Or football made the pulses throb,
Or, rapturous of cricket,
We learned to smite the subtlest lob,
And take the soundest wicket.

But now, when years have dulled our fire,
And Autumn rings its knell;
When muscles seem too apt to tire,
And waists too apt to swell;
When youngsters reckon us as "past,"
And whisper ribald names,
Behold us qualified at last
For Golf, the King of Games!

QUEER CALLINGS.

VII.—THE RECTIFIER.

"How my money was made," said the Millionaire, "will not bear telling. Suffice it to say that we came over with the Lombards. But once it came into my hands I determined to apply it well, and, if possible, atone for my ancestors' sharp practice."

"And how have you gone about it?" we asked. "Free Libraries, of course?"

"No," he said. "My plans are on quite different lines. I believe in doing good not so much by conferring benefits as by removing abuses. For instance, advertisements. None of us like to see green fields habbling of pills. We grumble about it to one another, a few letters are printed in the outer sheets of papers with limited circulations, and the advertisements go on. I, on the contrary, take action. The farmers along the lines get so much a year for every pill-board that is erected in their fields. I propose to give them so much more to keep the boards out."

"And à propos of railways, I am adopting a similar method of beneficent bribery with a view of preventing innocent foreigners from confusing the names of stations with those of patent medicines. Here there is at least a reasonable prospect of success."

"But one cannot always attain one's ends. For example, I subsidised one hundred players of barrel-organs to enable them to return to their native Italy. Would you believe it, they all turned up three months later as ice-cream vendors, artists' models and operatic chorus singers. Once more I paid their passages back to the sunny south, and once more they returned, this time in the guise of wireless telegraphers."

"Then I tried to get the newspapers to combine to keep Lord ROSEBERRY's name out of their columns, feeling certain that when he ceased to be talked about he would begin to do something; but they refused my terms. A fluent ROSEBERRY is as good as a gigantic gooseberry to them all the year round, and cannot be surrendered."

"Have you any views on the subject of literature?"

"Yes. I have done my best to stem the tide of new books, but to little purpose. I offered a certain novelist who shall be nameless, £10,000 a year to settle in Siberia, but he said he preferred the Isle of Man! What is one to do?"

Mr. TREE, finding it impossible to "cut" *The Gordian Knot*, has given up the attempt, and also the play, as hopeless. "I am not ALEXANDER," he said.

GRAVE NEWS.

AN evening paper recently expressed the wish that CARLYLE could be resuscitated for half an hour, that he might express an opinion of the London Education Bill—presumably in the columns of our contemporary. By the courtesy of the Institute of Journalists (Acheron Lodge) we are in a position to make the following authoritative announcements of similar projected revivals:—

His late Majesty HENRY THE EIGHTH will in future conduct the Courtship and Marriage column of the *Woman at Home*.

We understand that Mr. GUY FAWKES is to take up the representation of the *Daily News* in the Press Gallery after the Whitsunside recess, and will give the Government a good blowing-up daily in the small hours.

Mr. JULIUS CÆSAR is to join the *Westminster Gazette* in the capacity of Army expert, and will contribute a series of articles critical of Mr. BRODRICK's Army Corps scheme.

Another interesting appointment of a similar character is that of M. NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, who is to be attached to the staff of the *Daily Mail*. M. BONAPARTE obtained his new position through the influence of his distinguished patron, Lord ROSEBERY. It is doubtful, however, whether he will long retain the berth, as the remarkable likeness between himself and his employer is likely to lead to endless confusion.

It is characteristic of modern journalistic enterprise that, upon hearing of M. BONAPARTE's appointment, the *Daily Express* Marconied to secure the Iron Duke. His Grace will represent his journal on Salisbury Plain.

We are informed that the *Times* has engaged the services of Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, and that in future the *Encyclopædia* advertisements will be written by the "eminent lexicographer."

Mr. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE will shortly take up a lucrative position on the staff of *Household Words*. The appointment is a concession to his frequently expressed desire for mental intercourse with Mr. HALL CAINE, to whom he has constantly referred as the Master.

Americans in London will be interested to learn that Mr. GEORGE WASHINGTON, in view of a well-known incident in his early career, is about to become a member of the staff of *Truth*.



He. "DID YOU NOTICE THAT WOMAN WHO JUST PASSED?"

She. "WHAT, THE ONE WITH THE DYED HAIR AND FALSE TEETH, AND NASTY READY-MADE CLOTHES ON, ALL TIED UP WITH RIBBONS AND THINGS? NO, I DIDN'T NOTICE HER PARTICULARLY."

TRIALS.

THE OUT-OF-DOORS CIGAR.

DINED at SWAGRINGTON's last week, and as soon as the ladies had left the table my host gave me a cigar. It was about as long as an umbrella, but somewhat more stoutly built. I lit it, and then noticed that SWAGRINGTON was smoking one of quite a different style of architecture. Later on I could not help thinking that SWAGRINGTON "knew something."

After five minutes' smoking he said:—

"I want you to give me your opinion of that cigar. They tell me that it is impossible to get any more of them."

I was rather glad to hear this. Felt that one of these cigars, here and there (preferably there), would amply suffice me. Puffed on in silence for a few more minutes—then I let the thing go out.

My host, unluckily, noticed it, and said:—

"You want a light."

I didn't. But being of a yielding disposition I stifled a sigh, and re-lit the cigar.

SWAGRINGTON looked at me with thoughtful mien and puckered brow.

"Do you think they want keeping?" he asked.

I thought they wanted throwing away—but I didn't say so.

I smoked a little more of that cigar, and then, pensively gazing at its still massive proportions, faintly wondered if I should, in the ordinary course of things, finish it by breakfast time next morning, or whether it would last till lunch.

Ten minutes later, I began to feel rather clammy about the brow and finger-tips, and to speculate in a far-off dreamy way, as to whether I should finish the cigar or the cigar would finish me.

My host, with a deeply anxious air, began to interrogate me again, and I wished he wouldn't. Somehow or other I felt disinclined for conversation.

"I'm afraid you don't think much of it?" he said in disappointed tones.

I replied that, on the contrary, it was occupying all my thoughts.

"Perhaps," he went on, "it is only an out-of-door cigar, after all."

I should have called it an out-of-window cigar; but from politeness I agreed with him—which is more than the cigar did with me—and soon, very silently, I myself went out-of-doors—into the night.



AFTER FEEDING-TIME.

Showman of Travelling Menagerie. "NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE COME TO THE MOST INTERESTING PART OF THE 'OLE EXHIBITION! SEVEN DIFFERENT SPECIES OF ANIMALS, IN THE SAME CAGE, DWELLIN' IN 'ARMONY. YOU COULD SEE THEM WITH THE NAKED EYE, ONLY YOU HAVE COME TOO LATE. THEY ARE ALL NOW INSIDE THE LION!"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

["ANGELA.—Thanks so much for lovely flowers. For development of the neck and chest we should advise you to consult Mrs." (name and address supplied), "who obtains that result by wonderful breathing exercises. You cannot do better than take a course."—*Specimen taken from the "Free Lance."*]

DAINTYPET.—Poor little girlie! Your pathetic letter kept me awake all night. How tragic that an incipient excrescence should at length threaten your tender tootsicum. Your proposal to operate

with your own sweet little fruit-knife sounds plucky. But is it absolutely prudent? My friend Madame CHIRO, of 906, Cornwall Street, would be so glad to offer you a consultation. She is a good woman, my dear, and the mother of a family. So many thanks for the asparagus.

ROSALIND.—You alarm me! Though, of course, it is not certain that the six small hairs shown by the magnifying glass on your upper lip will lead to further trouble, prevention is always

better than cure. No, I do not like the idea of the razor treatment. Mrs. FOLLICLE, of 69, Folly Mansions, W., is quite a safe person in these matters. The new potatoes arrived safely, thank you, and are giving every satisfaction.

DOLLY DUMPLING.—By all means write to Messrs. BOLTEM AND BRISKET (their address is 2, Tripe Court, W.C.), quoting your own and Lady A.'s experience of their Anti-Indigestive Sausage Rolls. I understand that these thoughtful people have not raised the price, although their delectable dainty is in daily demand at the Duchess of D.'s and other aristocratic tables.

ELDEST MISS BLOSSOM.—Brandy and soda in the morning is certainly stimulating in this artificial society age, but having regard to the mulberry tinting you refer to it may be venturesome to persevere with so drastic a treatment. I have consulted a mineral-water specialist, Mr. FITZSPARKLET, of 43, Gazogene Grove, N.W., and he recommends modifying the treatment for a time by the absolute elimination of the alcoholic element. I understand that his firm make quite a reasonable allowance for all empty syphons and bottles. Thanks so much for promise of brace of pheasants! But are they quite in season?

NEWS FROM THE NEAR EAST.

(By Special Agramophone.)

["In spite of the disturbed condition of the town (Agram), Count Khuen-Hedervary, the Ban of Croatia, is taking daily walks. He is preceded on these occasions by gendarmes and surrounded by detectives."—*Morning Post*, May 23.]

SAY, gentle stranger, if you can,
Who is the world's least timid man?
Is it KHELAR's intrepid Khan,
The terror of the swart Afghan,
The scourge of bleak Baluchistan,
Whose banners wave from Ispahan
To Beersheba and also Dan?
Is it the Queen of Andaman?
Or YAMAGATA of Japan?
Or ROOSEVELT the American?
Or CAINE, the autocrat of Man?
Or Mr. PERKS the Wesleyan,
Defying BALFOUR from a van?
Or SHAW the vegetarian?

No, no, there is a braver man,
Built on an ampler, finer plan,
Compared with whom these men are
A terrible Croatian, [bran,
In point of fact, Croatia's Ban
(He has a name which doesn't scan),
Who when the streets of Agram ran
With blood, in part Dalmatian,
Turned not a hair beneath his tan,
But walked as usual to his Gran'
(A splendid centenarian),
Brave fellow! followed by a clan
Of p'lice and soldiers spick and span,
Lest any should forbid the Ban.



THE RACE OF DEATH!



PASHLEY'S OPINIONS.

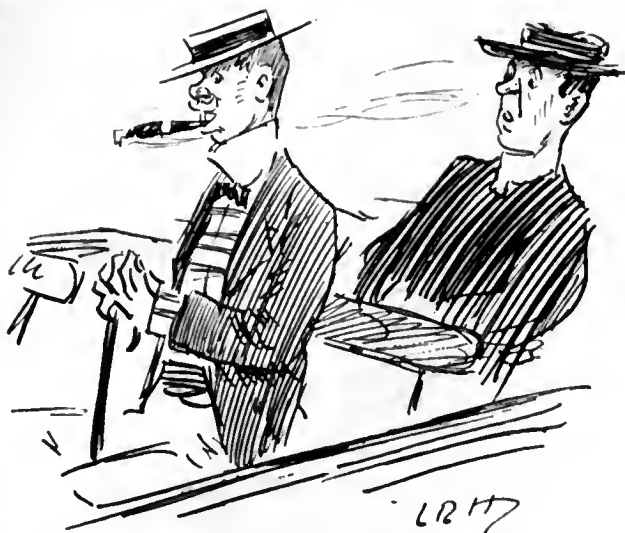
No. XI.

I MUST say the book looked very pretty. It had a light blue cover with little flames stamped all over it in gold, and in the middle of each little flame they had stuck a kind of spear. Then the title, *Iron in the Soul*, was printed right across in gold letters, and underneath it came the words I liked best, "by JOSHUA PASHLEY." When the parcel first arrived I opened it in a careless kind of way, just as if it might have been a new fender or a coal-scuttle, but when I saw these little light blue chaps all lying there so snug and tidy I couldn't help giving a jump. I took them out one after another and put them all round the room—on the table, on the mantelpiece and on the brackets—in fact, wherever there was room for a book, and then I went out of the room and began to walk upstairs. Half-way up I stopped, as if I'd suddenly recollected I'd forgotten something, and shouted for the girl. "POLLY," I said, "I've left my keys on the parlour mantelpiece. Would you mind hopping in and getting them for me?" She seemed surprised, but she went in and I waited outside. I wanted to see what kind of an effect it would have on her to find I'd written a real book. She came out in half a minute. "Well, POLLY," I said, all of a tremble with excitement, "have you got the keys?"

"Keys!" she said, "there ain't no keys. The 'ole place is littered up with a lot of silly books. There ain't no room for a key, let alone a bunch, anywhere. Shall I tidy the books away?"

"Don't you dare to touch them, girl!" said I, and with that I marched on and left her. But of course you can't expect sense from the lower orders.

Well, I took three weeks' holiday after that, but I didn't go away to Yarmouth or Margate. I stayed quiet at home, so as to be able to give up all my time to reading the reviews of the book in the papers. CULPEPPER said that all the writing fellows would want to review a book like that. Being poetry made it easier for them, and they liked it better. I ordered in all the morning papers and all the evening papers and all the weekly ones I could lay my hands on, and every day I spent hours in looking them through, but it was so much trouble wasted. I couldn't find a word about *Iron in the Soul*. One morning, however, I got a letter from "The Press Cutting Syndicate," or some such name as that, offering to send me all extracts relating to me or my book for so much money down. There was a bit enclosed from *The Tutbury Sentinel and Market Overton Advertiser* which went like this: "Among the publications of the week we notice *Iron in the Soul*, by JOSHUA PASHLEY. Mr. PASHLEY is, we believe, a new poet. The book contains fifty poems of varying degrees of merit, and is tastefully bound." Come, thinks I to myself, this looks like business, so I sent them in my two guineas and waited for more. On the following day I got a letter from EMILY, which I think I'd better copy out for you, just to



ILLUSTRATED QUOTATIONS.

(One so seldom finds an Artist who realises the poetic conception.)

"O, MY OFFENCE IS RANK, IT SMELLS TO HEAVEN."

Hamlet, Act III., Sc. 3.

show you how all the finer feelings (that's how CULPEPPER put it) get lost when you marry a farmer and live in Essex:—

"MR. PASHLEY, DEAR SIR,—Your book to hand and much obliged for the same. My husband and me we think it is a bit of impertinence for you to write about me like that. You had your chance and lost it, and I'm thankful I married a man who can keep me and my family in comfort and not one who forgets himself by scribbling as some do. If this is poetry what are we coming to next? We are enjoying fine weather and the hay looks promising. We stick to our business and others should do the same.

"Your obedient

"EMILY PADLOW."

Poor thing! I pitied her and despised her husband.

Naturally you can't know about rhymes and poetry if you're always thinking of your hay crop.

Time went on, and for a fortnight or so nothing turned up from the Syndicate. Just as I was thinking of writing to ask for my money back I got a fat roll of cuttings from them. I tore it open and read the first, and that was quite enough for me. It was from a beastly paper I'd never seen before, called the *Prospect*, and this was what it said:—

"*Iron in the Soul*, by JOSHUA PASHLEY, is without exception the most ridiculous book we have ever had the good fortune to come across. We can promise any reader of it an hour or two of rollicking fun. Not that Mr. PASHLEY is intentionally funny: he is, as a matter of fact, in grim and deadly earnest. The paradox is that, though there is no single line in the book that is not dull, there is not one that is not amusing. Listen to this, from 'An Ode to my Soul':—

'Oh Soul,

Where do you hide?

Are you really in me—in my breast

Or my head or my side,

Or in some other part of my whole

Body? I cannot say for certain, and perhaps it's best

Not to be sure

Obviously MILTON and GRAY and WORDSWORTH must hide their diminished heads. The whole book is on this exalted plane of merit."

I just gave a glance at the rest of the cuttings. They were all on the same line, and I just tore them into little bits and chucked them into the fireplace. I wrote to the Syndicate and told them not to send me any more of their rubbish, and I hinted pretty plainly that I considered they'd done me in the eye. They sent me back an impudent letter, saying they couldn't undertake to guarantee praise, and there the matter dropped. When I went to see HART ABRAHAM, the publisher, a month later, he said he'd sold three copies, and began to be afraid he was going to lose money by me. Of course he wasn't in a position to hand any of my money back, but if I cared to publish anything else on the same terms he might be able to take it into consideration. However, I'd had enough of the job. Once a poet was quite sufficient for me.

READING BETWEEN THE MARRIAGE LINES.

(By a Recent Victim.)

ONE of the first troubles to be faced by the young wife is the difficulty of getting servants. It will be found that a cook is almost indispensable. Rather than be without one, take time by the forelock and, during the engagement, try the following advertisement (one is bound to offer additional attractions nowadays):—"Wanted, at once, a Good Plain Cook. If necessary, *advertiser would be willing to make her a bridesmaid. Must be able to wear blue.*"

Or again:—"Newly married couple require Cook and Parlour Maid. *All china, glass, &c., in house new and unused and never been broken before.*"

In taking a house, remember that it is absolutely necessary to have an attic—in which to place some of the presents. It is all very well to say that they can be put in the servants' hall, but it must not be forgotten that it is now very difficult to keep servants, even under the most favourable circumstances.

You cannot be too careful in giving instructions for your house decoration. "In the dining-room I think I would like a Dado," I said one day to the paper-man. The paper-man's face turned almost white at the suggestion. "You cannot, Sir," he said in a hushed voice, "*the Dado is extinct.*" Then he explained that persons of taste have Friezes nowadays, both in summer and winter.

To avoid a rush at the end, it will be worth the bride's while to write out beforehand a large number of letters of thanks for wedding-presents. The most handy form is, "DEAR —, We both thank you so very much for your — present." When [the present arrives you can fill in [the missing word as circumstances require. On no account leave the blank.

Another happy form is, "DEAR —, Thank you so much for your charming and useful present. Please, what is it for?"

But beware of the following form, as some persons do not take it in the way in which it is meant, "DEAR —, Many thanks for your present. It is very good of you to have sent anything."

Nothing looks so solidly generous in the list of presents as the vague word, Cheque. Many mean people now send as a present a cheque for ten-and-six.

A novelty at wedding-receptions, and very *chic*, is to have in the present-room, in place of a detective, a parrot which has been trained to cry out every now and then, "Put that back! Put that back!"

Another novelty is to have a stall for the sale of duplicate articles.

The custom by which the bridegroom, on the night before the wedding, gives a farewell dinner to his bachelor friends is falling into desuetude. As a consequence one sees less frequently the announcement:—"On the — instant, by the Rev. Mr. —, assisted by the Rev. Mr. —, &c."

APOLOGETICS.

[The self-styled "HOMER of Modern Times" has just published *The Human Epic*, which he describes as "the Twelfth Epic Poem of the World," the *Georgics* being amongst the other eleven. The epoch-making work, which takes as its theme the "Life History of the Earth," is graced with an introduction which is here faithfully paraphrased.]

From babyhood my fancy's flights
Aspired to epic bays;

I diligently scorned delights,

And lived laborious days;

For though the *omne scibile*

Is difficult to know, it

Was quite the first—*me judice*—

Essential in a poet.

I studied from the break of day

Until my lamp burnt low,

And gradually grew *au fait*

In all there is to know;

I did not suffer any part

To set me at defiance,

In turn I tackled every art

And mastered every science.

This task of many years did last

Till one of even more

Began—in epic form to cast

The sum of human lore.

But now at length the end has come,

The book is penned; indeed, it

Is published at a modest sum,

And he who buys may read it.

Twelve epics now the world can boast,

And of the stately line

I scruple not to say the most

Instructive tome is mine.

And if the jaundiced critic try

A lower place to vote it,

How can he know so well as I,

Who actually wrote it?

Old Hellas had her HOMER, and

Great Britain boasts of me;

My *Human Epic* now shall stand

Where stood the *Odyssey*.

The public are so dull and dense,

Without this plain instruction

They could not grasp the facts, and

hence

My modest introduction.

AN ASTRONOMICAL TRUST.

["Professor PICKERING, the well-known astronomer of Harvard Observatory, proposes the formation of an international astronomical trust."—*Daily Paper*.]

THE cable reports regarding this latest and greatest triumph of American finance being unaccountably meagre, the public will, no doubt, be thankful for further enlightenment. The idea of an astronomical trust has been derived, beyond a doubt, from a case now before the Supreme Court of the United States. A western banker of a speculative turn of mind, being applied to for a considerable loan by an astronomer in reduced circumstances, advanced the money and accepted as security a mortgage on a comet that had been discovered by the scientist. When viewed through a powerful telescope the property seemed quite attractive, and as it was approaching our solar system at its top speed and wagging its tail in the most friendly manner there was every indication that it intended paying us a long visit. When the mortgage was foreclosed, however, it was found that the comet was travelling towards "the outer dark" as the crow flies, only inconceivably faster. The case being *sub judice* it is of course impossible to comment on its merits, further than to say that it naturally called attention to the possibility of adapting the sidereal universe to the purposes of high finance. The prospectus of the new trust presents the following attractive features:

1. The commercial exploitation of the Milky Way (with a view to superseding bacterial cow-butter and oleomargarine of doubtful chemical ancestry) on the toast and muffins of the world.

2. The management of spectacular eclipses, auroras, red sunsets, &c., by Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN, according to the most enlightened theatrical methods.

3. A proper control of the sun and moon so that people may not, like Mistress FORD, "burn daylight" without authority. Possible combination of the Standard Oil Company with stellar and solar light, together with the light that never was on sea or land.

4. The provision of proper facilities for people who wish, in EMERSON'S exquisite phrase, to "hitch their wagon to a star."

5. The provision of soft places for falling stars to light on.

It is rumoured in well-informed circles that the expenses of the initial organisation will be borne by Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE, who hopes that the Company will soon be in communication with the planet Mars. He is ambitious to present a library to the Martians, so that the red planet may be known in future as the well-read planet.

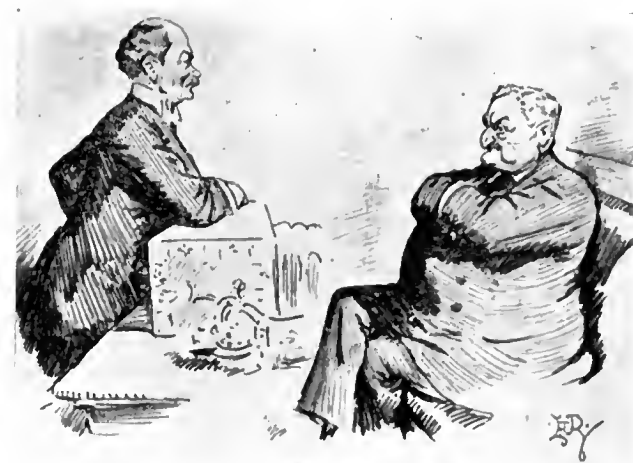
THE BITER BIT; OR, THE TURNING OF THE PARLIAMENTARY WORM.

A Suggestion for Entirening the Proceedings of Parliament. Why should Ministers only be subjected to the ordeal of "Question-time?"



6. *Mr. George Wyndham.* To ask Mr. SWIFT MACNEIL if he will kindly consent to write for the assistance of the Government a treatise in detail covering all points of order, orderly demeanour, personal dignity and restraint in a representative Irish assembly, to be entitled "Decorum in the Forum;" and to state an approximate time in which the work may be expected to be in the hands of the Government. This question must not be taken as lending any colour to the rumour that the Government have a Home Rule Bill in contemplation, but merely as yet another proof of that intelligent anticipation for which Ministers are noted.

7. *Mr. Ritchie.* To ask Mr. JOHN MORLEY (as a Trustee of the British Museum) whether it is a fact that the Museum authorities, fired by the sporting innovations of their rival in solemnity—the *Times* newspaper, have awarded a sarcophagus, a genuine tiara, and some Egyptian mummy wrappings to Mr. DUDLEY HARDY for the most striking and attractively Parisian poster-design to advertise their Bloomsbury establishment; and whether it is a fact that Mr. DAN LENO and Mr. GEORGE ROBES have been engaged at a high figure to give racy afternoon addresses on Assyrian Low-Relief and Flint Implements in the Stone Age respectively.



8. *Mr. Austen Chamberlain.* To ask the hon. Member for Carnarvon (Mr. LLOYD GEORGE) if his attention has been drawn to the continued existence, apparently in good health, of certain prominent occupants of the Front Opposition Bench of notoriously patriotic tendencies, who openly assented to operations against the King's enemies which can only be described as offensive. If he is now able to fix a time and place for the public execution of these gentlemen, and whether seats will be provided for Members of that House and their families from which to view the ceremony.

9. *Mr. Graham Murray.* To ask Mr. JOHN REDMOND what disciplinary punishments are now in force in the Irish Nationalist Party for the following offences: 1st, that of acknowledging by word or look the earthly existence of Mr. TIMOTHY HEALY and of Mr. JASPER TULLY; 2nd, of failing to preserve an expression of pained respectability and studied oblivion during the speeches of those gentlemen; 3rd, of neglecting to sit forward with every sign of animated and affectionate enthusiasm during the speeches of Irish landlords and Unionist Ministers; and whether he can state in how many cases these superhuman acts of self-repression may be expected to terminate fatally.

SOME EMOTIONS BUT NO MORAL.

Lady Angleby (mother of pretty *débutante*). Really! It's positively painful. It ought to be stopped.

Elderly Countess (with no daughters). Eh, what? Tooth hurtin'? Have it out, my dear. Or try mind healin'. It's very expensive, but SUSAN SOUTHWATER tells me——

Lady A. Oh, SUSAN! She's always got some bee in her bonnet. Though how any self-respecting bee *could*! But I wasn't talking about teeth. It's this wretched paper. Listen to this. "One of the prettiest *débutantes* I saw was Miss NORA ANGLEBY, whose mother, Lady ANGLEBY, was wearing nothing but a string of pearls——"

E. C. Have 'em up for libel, my dear. I wouldn't stand it.

Lady A. "——nothing but a string of pearls with her white frock, and looking so delightfully young. Everyone was saying that they might be sisters." Isn't it too silly?

E. C. H'm! I dunno. You do look youngish sometimes. As for the frock——don't you think it was a *leetle* too——for the part, you know?

Lady A. Oh, did you think so? It's the way they are cutting them this year for girls. But don't you think they ought to be pulled up?

E. C. The frocks, my dear, or the dressmakers, or the girls?

Lady A. No, no, the editors. I'm in this wretched rag week after week.

Mrs. Thrope (also mother of pretty *débutante*). So am I. It's a perfect scandal.

Lady A. Are you? I don't *see* your name anywhere.

Mrs. T. If you look——isn't there an account of the Hershman House Ball?

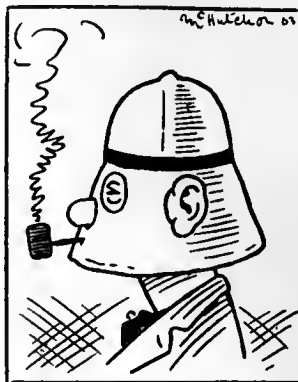
Lady A. Oh, yes, here you are. "Mrs. THROPE, who goes everywhere, was in great good looks and her well-known magenta frock." You'll have to get a new one, darling, after that. "She was chaperoning her daughter, Miss ANNE THROPE, another *débutante*, who was quite the beauty of the——" Well, really! What can it matter to anyone whether ANNE's a beauty or not, poor darling!

Mrs. T. She did look rather sweet, didn't she?

Lady A. What? Oh, ah, yes. Quite pretty, I thought. But to have it put in print like that for any DICK, TOM or HARRY to read! It does away with all the privacy of life.

E. C. Who *does* read it——besides you two?

Mrs. T. Who? The suburbs, of course. SUSAN tells me the circulation in Bayswater is perfectly enormous.



MERELY A SUGGESTION.

IN CASE PANAMA HATS ARE ALL THE RAGE AGAIN THIS SUMMER.

Of course I only get it to read *her* things.

Lady A. So do I. Not that they are worth reading. They always seem to me to be so *banale*.

Mrs. T. Yes, aren't they? And so absolutely without point.

E. C. What makes 'em print 'em, then?

Lady A. Oh, money, of course. Her money. It's the root of all her idylls. She'd pay anything they asked to get them published.

E. C. H'm! Did she tell you so?

Lady A. My dear, of course not. But I happen to——oh, do listen to this. I do think they might draw the line somewhere. It wouldn't be so bad if they would keep it select. But really! *That woman!*

E. C. Well, who is it?

Lady A. Mrs. JUDESHEIM! A whole paragraph about her and her diamonds. *Her diamonds!*

Mrs. T. Not the Bridge woman?

Lady A. Positively, my dear, though one would have thought after that last little *exposé*——

Mrs. T. Well, really! I wonder who they'll put in next!

E. C. Anyone, my dear EDITH——anyone who'll pay. That's the way it's done. SUSAN wants to dispose of her articles, and, accordin' to you, she pays, and in they go. Mrs. Whatshername has got daughters and she wants to dispose of *them*. So, she pays, and in they go. Quite simple, ain't it?

Lady A. Oh, but I'm *sure* you are wrong.

Mrs. T. I don't think you *can* be right. We haven't come to *that* yet.

E. C. You haven't, my dear, of course. You buy the paper because you——have to read SUSAN's articles. Never do myself. Hate readin' articles, specially by people I know. But that's just the difference between you two and this JUDESHEIM woman. She *likes* to see her

name in print. And then, her husband's a business man, and she knows the value of a good advertisement.

Lady A. I *can't* believe it.

E. C. Well, we'll ask SUSAN when she comes. She knows all about it. She ought to be——ah, here she is. How do, my dear?

Lady Susan Southwater (enters hurriedly). You dear people. I am so ashamed. I simply *had* to finish my article for next week, and it wouldn't come.

Lady A. We were just talking about your articles. I particularly liked that last one in to-day's paper.

Mrs. T. So did I. But I think——no, I don't like it quite as well as the one last week. That was too delightful. So witty.

Lady S. Glad you liked it. Well, are we going to cut for partners?

E. C. In a minute. But we want to ask you about this old rag of yours. Do people pay to have their names in it?

Lady S. Tradespeople? They do, of course.

E. C. No, no. Ordinary people like us.

Lady S. Oh, well——but what makes you ask?

Lady A. Well, the fact is, EDITH and I don't like the way they *will* put our names in, and we were just saying that; and then to read a paragraph about that Mrs. JUDESHEIM actually, and the whole thing seemed so vulgar, and we were wondering whether anyone really did pay.

Lady S. Oh, but my dear, of course they do, though only the Editor knows who. But if you like I'll talk to him about you two, and say that you would prefer not to have your names——

Lady A. Oh, please no, it *really* isn't worth it. No, as far as I am concerned, personally——

Mrs. T. It seems to me it would be a pity to make a fuss about it. After all, it doesn't do one any harm. So please don't trouble, darling.

Lady S. My dear, it's no trouble. I shall be seeing him this evening, anyhow. So I'll just tell him——

Lady A. I beg that you will do nothing of the kind. I particularly dislike asking favours from people of that class. Don't you think we might begin our rubber?

Lady S. Perhaps that *would* be the best solution. Unless you like to pay him *not* to put your names in. You might do that, you know—for a change.

Lady A. You don't mean to imply——

Lady S. My dear, not for worlds! Some do, and some don't. But of course you and EDITH——

E. C. Don't! Let's cut.

[They cut for partners in silence.]

OUR PARLIAMENTARY AUTHORS.

["It will be news to most people that the composing of verses is the favourite recreation of Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. The Opposition Leader, however, is modest as to his productions, and rarely permits his friends to see them."—*Evening News.*]

Mr. *Punch* has made careful investigations, and has discovered that a large number of Members devote their leisure time to authorship.

Mr. GERALD BALFOUR has published, for private circulation only, a little scientific treatise on *How Bowls damage the Green, with a new theory as to the probable bias of Bowls.*

LORD LANSLOWNE has written a pamphlet for the Geographical Society on *The Site of the Ancient City of Bagdad.* It contains a striking refutation of the old theory that the Garden of Eden was situated in that locality.

Sir JOHN GORST has in preparation a volume of poems called *Poppyland.*

We understand that it is to be dedicated to Lord Cross and the Duke of DEVONSHIRE—"two former respected chiefs, whose soothing eloquence has often seemed to the writer to partake of the influence of that soporific plant."

Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has also taken advantage of his relief from onerous Parliamentary duties to write a small volume on botany. It is to be entitled *The Last Phase of the Primrose, a Study in Vegetable Decadence.*

LORD ROSEBERY's recent visit to Naples has had unexpected fruit. It is hinted that the noble Earl will shortly read a paper before the Royal Society on *The Causation of Tides.* From observations on the tides the distinguished author has formed the theory that The Flowing Tide is attributable to the subtle influence of the planet Mars.

Mr. ARNOLD FORSTER is understood to be writing a diary (to be called *Pepys into the Future*) in imitation of a former Secretary of the Admiralty. A fragment picked up by a colleague on the Government Bench read, "Sir WILLIAM ALLAN spake in the most saucy, base language regarding the Belleville boiler, but I began our defence most acceptably and smoothly, and continued at it without any hesitation or loss. All my fellow officers did cry up my speech as the best thing they ever heard; which was pretty to observe."

In addition to the writers mentioned



QUITE A LITTLE HOLIDAY.

Cottager. "WHAT'S WRONG, BIKER? HAVE YOU HAD A SPILL?"

Biker. "OH, NO. I'M HAVING A REST!"

above, several members recreate themselves by contributing to the Press. Mr. TIMOTHY HEALY is understood to write the Court and Society Notes for the *Daily Mail*; under the pseudonym of "Nat Gubbins," Mr. SAMUEL SMITH contributes a weekly column to the *Sporting Times*; and it will be a surprise to many readers to find that the mellifluous columns signed "T. P." in the sprightly Society journal "*M.A.P.*" are from the pen of Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR. Mr. O'CONNOR's friends are of opinion that he only requires more experience to make his mark as a journalist.

AUTOMOBILELEGISLATION.

SOME statements as to the views of automobilists on motor-car legislation have recently appeared, and it is said that a Bill embodying these opinions will shortly be introduced into Parliament. There is reason to believe that the following regulations would much more accurately represent the views of the majority of automobilists:—

No person shall ride, drive, or in any other manner proceed along any public road, street, or thoroughfare whatever, except in a motor-car. Any person disobeying this regulation will be smashed, together with his vehicle, animal, or other means of conveyance. Private roads may still be used for

these purposes, provided that the rights of automobilists are in no way interfered with thereby.

No person shall walk, run, sit, lie, or in any other manner be in or on any public road, street, or thoroughfare whatever, or at the edge thereof. Any person disobeying this regulation will be cut to pieces. Field paths and footways, other than those adjoining a road, may still be used, with due regard to the rights of automobilists where such paths may approach a road-way.

Any police constable or other person, official or otherwise, endeavouring to check the progress of a motor-car, or to ascertain the names or addresses of the occupants, shall be cut to pieces, shall be dismissed from his official position, if any, and shall be fined not less than ten pounds.

Any person who, from the shelter of a house or other substantial building, shall speak or shout derisively or abusively to any automobilist,

shall be liable to imprisonment for six months with hard labour.

All country roads shall be constantly watered by motor water-carts at the expense of the ratepayers. Similarly all obstructions to rapid progress or turning of corners, such as trees, lamp-posts, pillar letter-boxes, milestones, houses, churches, farm buildings, rocks, cliffs, hills or haystacks, shall be removed at the expense of the ratepayers, or by a grant of money to be voted by Parliament if the ratepayers should become absolutely impecunious.

In return for the trifling benefit of these regulations, automobilists would be willing to make the following very important concessions:—

Any driver of a motor-car proceeding along a public thoroughfare at a greater speed than one hundred miles an hour, and thereby constituting himself a danger to other automobilists, shall, on conviction, be severely censured by the magistrates, and on a repetition of the offence, if arrested and also convicted, shall be fined a sum not exceeding half-a-crown.

No automobilist shall wilfully proceed along any public thoroughfare in such a manner as to cause danger or inconvenience to himself or the other occupants of his car, provided always that this regulation shall put no limit to speed other than that in the last paragraph.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.



OR the latest volume forming part of the Biographical Edition of the works of CHARLES DICKENS now being issued by Messrs. CHAPMAN AND HALL, containing the *Collected Papers*, all Dickensians will be specially grateful, taking us back as it does to the very earliest days of his literary career, when he was writing *Sketches of Young Gentlemen*, of *Young Couples*, starting different series, and being illustrated by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. In this same volume are included prefaces to many of his novels, his Editorial addresses, and his article, *In Memoriam*, on THACKERAY, which appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* for February, 1864. This would nowadays, I suppose, be styled "an appreciation," and it was a Dickensian appreciation of THACKERAY. The task was forced upon him, as it seems to the Baron, though of course he did his best generously and loyally, as a tribute which it would be most becoming in him to pay to the great novelist whom the public considered his rival, and as a duty which he, however reluctantly, was expected to undertake. The detached papers, that go to fill up the space that unfinished *Edwin Drood* fails to occupy, are of the greatest interest, and will doubtless be quite new to many lovers of DICKENS, as also will be the *Sketches*.

Thanks largely to *Lorna Doone*, Exmoor is as attractive to the ordinary Englishman as to the Devonian it is dear. Much has been written about the Royal forest by writers whose works are more costly and less accessible than BLACKMORE'S. Of these Mr. SNELL has availed himself in preparing *A Book of Exmoor* (METHUEN). He brings to the task addition of the indispensable local knowledge and hereditary enthusiasm, without which it would be a failure. The result is a charming and valuable work, illustrated by many photogravures taken on sweet spots in and near the Forest.

In daintily-bound volumes that will go comfortably into the jacket pocket, Messrs. NEWNES publish the two incomparable Diaries, *Pepys'* and *Evelyn's*; or should we put it, *Evelyn's* and *Pepys'*? That is a matter for individual taste. My Baronite is happy with either, not wishing to other charmer away. Thanks to the magic power of the India paper used for the printing, volumes which in the original edition were almost uncomfortably portly reproduce the whole of the matter in legible type, in size measurable by inches, and in weight by the half-ounce. *Pepys' Diary* is a reproduction of the original edition by Lord BRAYBROOKE, done at "Audley End, May 14th, 1825." It tells again how the diary, comprehending six volumes closely written in shorthand, was bequeathed by Mr. PEPYS to Magdalen College, Cambridge. Long the treasure trove lay unsuspected. Lord BRAYBROOKE's brother being appointed Master, he looked into the volumes, had their contents deciphered, and endowed the world with one of the most priceless treasures in its literature. The *Evelyn Diary*, edited by WILLIAM BRAY, first saw the light in 1818. It was written in a very small close hand, in a quarto volume containing seven hundred pages. Its story commences in 1641, and is continued to within three weeks of EVELYN's death, which is recorded on the 27th of February, 1705-6. As in the original edition, the quaint spelling of the time is preserved.

Burdett's Hospitals and Charities (The Scientific Press) is in its fourteenth year, and is, more completely than ever, the Hospital Annual it claims to be. Information about Hospitals, at home and abroad, is given with painstaking fullness, whilst a series of preliminary chapters, containing matter wholly new, reviews the chief questions pressing for

settlement in every group of the Institutions that fill the field of charity. With this volume in his possession no one desirous of distributing surplus funds in manner best calculated to benefit man or womankind can go wrong in selecting appropriate channels.

The Life of Sir George Grove (MACMILLAN) has been admirably written without fear or favour by Mr. C. L. GRAVES, and this, too, in spite of his own candid admission that, loving the man as he did, and as did everyone who had the slightest acquaintance with him, he found it impossible to "approach the task in a spirit of judicial impartiality." Mr. GRAVES is as "honest" a "chronicler" to GEORGE GROVE as was the just and generous GRIFFITH to WOLSEY. He has made excellent use of the mass of material at hand for the work, and has so adjusted the lights and shades of his picture as to bring the very man before us in his habits and manners as he lived and worked; for from beginning to end GEORGE GROVE was indefatigable, not so much working to live, though this was a necessity, but living to work and to do his very best with whatever he put his hand to. The anecdotes scattered about the book are capitally told, and we find ourselves in the best of company among most interesting personalities throughout. It is one of the very best biographies the Baron has read for many a day.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

A PASSING FANCY.

"ONLY a Nurse!" But such a pretty one,
The very kind to which to make a verse,
Demure and delicate, half rogue, half nun—
"Only a Nurse!"

And I with naught in person or in purse
By your sweet eyes am helplessly undone.
Yet those red lips were never meant to curse
My bold presumption, so, since I've begun,
Why not be mine for better (or for worse),
And nurse me ill (or well)? No more—what fun!—
Only a Nurse!

THE COMPETITION DAY BY DAY.

THE following advertisement appears in the *Athenæum*:—

TIMES' COMPETITION, Rule 10.—PROFESSIONAL READER:—
with Two University Degrees, is WILLING to RENDER ASSISTANCE.—
Write, &c., &c.

Such a lead cannot fail to produce others, such as:—

TIMES' COMPETITION. EGG QUESTION. — Provision
Merchant, thirty years in Leadenhall Market, is
prepared to assist competitors in the Egg Question.
Eggsperit knowledge.

TIMES' COMPETITION. ELECTRIC LIGHT QUESTION. —
American Millionaire, with time on his hands and
vast electrical knowledge, would like to assist competitors
in this question for a few minutes a day.—Address, Y.,
Hotel Cecil.

TIMES' COMPETITION. REST CURE.—A few vacancies
for INMATES are still open in one of the most highly
successful and well-spoken-of of these establishments.
Special wing for Competitors.

TIMES' COMPETITION. To CHIROPODISTS.—Advertiser,
a retired Chiropodist, who has since taken to literature
(author of *Life of Foote*; *A Treatise on the Corn Laws*;
Bunyan Explained, &c., &c.), is prepared once more to face
the footlights as *locum tenens* of members of his late
profession who are competing for the *Times'* prizes.—
Address, T.O.E., Boot's Library, Runcorn.



*He (dilatating on his new Motor). "Oh, YES, THE OTHER DAY WE RAN OVER THIRTY-FIVE MILES AN HOUR EASILY."
She. "REALLY! HOW NICE! DO YOU KNOW WE HEARD IT WAS OVER TWO POOR LITTLE DOGS AND A PIG!"*

A THEME WITH VARIATIONS.

"In these days the writer of fiction need never lack a plot. Let him study the columns of his daily paper, and there he will find an abundance of material ready to his hand."—*From a Weekly Review.*

No author should neglect this excellent advice, the only flaw in which is the implication that he must "study" his newspaper for the purpose. This is quite unnecessary. Simply take the first paragraph that meets your eye. For instance:—

"Lord and Lady NORBITON have left Mangel Hall, and have taken up their residence at 420, Grosvenor Place, for the season."

There is the raw material. How you will treat it depends, of course, upon the class of Magazine for which your story is intended. For the highest-class literary periodical this is the style:—

I.

As May waned to its close, NORBITON became acutely conscious of a strange impulse, hard to define, which brought with it a certain weariness of body and

mind. Mangel, it seemed, had lost its charm. And yet the gardens were daily more beautiful, the cows were doing uniformly well, the turkeys, as the bailiff reiterated with an air almost aggressive, were as likely a lot as ever he'd set eyes on. After breakfast one morning NORBITON sat in the library and considered the problem, balancing the while a paper-knife on the end of his nose. "'Tis the old world-weariness," he murmured, "the old satiety which the pagans of Rome abhorred . . . or perchance some recrudescence of the gregarious instinct . . . the longing to be part of the great living entity which peoples a city . . . a hungering for the stir and the stress of a crowd . . . and for fare less monotonous than this wretched cook can give us . . . yes, that is it. HUDSON!"—he ended his soliloquy with a cry—urgent, imperative, and yet with something of entreaty in it—"HUDSON!"

"My lord?" queried the appearing man-servant, dimly interrogative.

"Tell her ladyship that I wish to see her. And pack my things, HUDSON. We leave for London by the three o'clock train!"

For the *Fleet Street Magazine*, of course, you must be more sensational. This, or something like it, is the style:—

II.

"Take warning in time. Lord and Lady N. are go . . . Mang . . . nor Place for the season. Why?"

Fire had charred the precious scrap of paper which I held in my hand. Only with difficulty could I decipher this much; the rest had been destroyed by the flame. And yet it sufficed. To my trained intelligence the missing words were clear. Lord and Lady N. meant to leave Mangel. To leave, perhaps, that very day. And they were going—this was the most pregnant sentence of all—they were going to *Grosvenor Place*.

Why?

And then with a sudden flash of light I saw it all.

The ruby necklace was still in the Whitechapel fish-shop!

The rest, of course, you can easily develop for yourself.

(To be continued.)

LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'AFFICHE.

(Second Series.)

I.—THE RESTAURANT DE LUXE.

WHEN pessimists your soul appal,
And England, in a rude decline,
Threatens to stake her little all
Upon the desperate Zollverein—

O should you ever want to know
If still the pulse of Empire beats,
Come where the countless shekels flow,
Come where the flower of London eats!

What man of nicely-balanced wit
Would deem a nation wholly dead
That night by night consents to sit
And feed at four pound odd a head —

Not just to titillate the throat,
Not to evolve superfluous fat,
But to invite the world to note
That they can pay as much as that?

Sons of a simple strenuous race,
Their fancy takes no airy flights,
In all the crowd there's not a brace
Of conscientious sybarites.

To most the *menu's* terms are Greek;
Their orders run—"Bring on your best!"
They press a button, so to speak;
A *chef*, from Paris, does the rest.

Still wines within whose perfume sleeps
The hoarded South—they pass them by;
They like the fizzy sort that leaps
(Bubbles and price) to catch the eye.

Château Larose's ruddy bloom
May melt the cognoscente's lip,
But has it, right across the room,
An air of eighteenpence a sip?

That is the test. Your actual fare
Is but a means towards an end,
Which is to prove you do not care
One paltry fiver what you spend.

Such is our manhood, such the type
That made and keeps us what we are;
Who, then, shall say the hour is ripe
For propping up a fallen star?

Fair trade may serve some trivial need
Such as an Old Age Pension Fund,
But while we boast so brave a breed
We can't be very moribund.

And yet I feel that fiscal JOE,
By making trade a touch less free,
Might raise the standard, far too low,
Of restaurant society.

Why should the perfect millionaire
Brush feet upon the self-same mats
Or breathe at meals a common air
With struggling demi-plutocrats?

Whatever JOSEPH's aims' effect,
They should achieve this much of good—
To make our Carltons more select
By putting up the price of food!

O. S.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WITHIN the space of 476 pages the *Annual Register* (LONGMANS) deals with the history of the memorable year 1902. It is supplemented by 150 pages of smaller type, comprising a chronicle of events, a retrospect of literature, science and art for the year, and, that to which we must all come at last, an obituary. The difficult task is accomplished in the skilful, lucid manner that characterises earlier volumes of the new series. The summary of the Parliamentary Session, of which my Baronite has some personal knowledge, is a masterpiece of the art of leaving things out. This provides room for the adequate record of salient points of historical value. Other sections of the work are dealt with on the same lines and with equal success. Withal the volume, printed in comfortable type, is handy, and should be accessible in all well-appointed bookcases.

Mr. WILLIAM HEINEMANN is to be congratulated on his recently published work (of which the Baron has seen the first and third volumes out of the four announced) entitled *English Literature: An Illustrated Record*. By RICHARD GARNETT, C.B., LL.D., and EDMUND GOSSE, M.A., LL.D., who, as far as the Baron can judge from the specimens above mentioned, have executed what to them must have been a labour of love with most painstaking care. They have worked up their materials most successfully, and have reproduced them with a fine polish. The Baron has nothing but praise for the results, both as to letterpress and pictorial illustration, the "illuminations" being exceedingly well reproduced. The first volume, peculiarly interesting and entertaining, is by RICHARD GARNETT; and the third by EDMUND GOSSE, who, in the Baron's opinion, seems to have had less "collar work" than his partner (not that this simile is to be understood as suggestive of even the slightest suspicion of "hack-work") as dealing with a more popular part of the subject. The pair are a good match in double harness, whose united efforts will gaily carry along with them a large number of appreciative readers.

King Edward the Seventh and his Court (FISHER UNWIN) is a pretty comprehensive title. Mr. ESCOTT, in dealing with it, stretches far beyond its limits, bringing into a volume of little more than 300 pages, a review of the diplomatic circle, statesmen, clergy, parliamentarians, clubs, and London Society generally. Compression of space necessarily makes such a treatise a little scrappy. But Mr. ESCOTT has the gift of completing in a few sentences description of complex character. His range of personal information, like *Sam Weller's* acquaintance with London, is extensive and peculiar. To tell the truth he is so ebullient with personal information, bubbles forth such a rapid succession of names to which he tacks on reminiscence or criticism, that my Baronite is sometimes at fault in following the sequence. The work is, in short, what it purposes to be, a kaleidoscopic view of the men and women among whom the most popular of Princes of Wales grew to sovereign estate.

Love and a Cottage, by KEBLE HOWARD (GRANT RICHARDS), a story of a honeymoon, is full of humour. The idea of the restraint that the thoroughly happy and truly loving couple put upon themselves amid all their self-inflicted trials is so cleverly conveyed as to make the reader expect such an outburst at last as will wreck their Arcadian happiness. The storm, however, that seemed to threaten, passes away. There are a few refreshing showers, which leave the country all the sweeter and the prospect bright. Some of Mr. JOHN HASSALL's illustrations catch the author's spirit; but that, as a rule, they do not assist any reader who prefers to form his own ideals from the author's text, is the personal and private opinion of THE BARON DE B.-W.



“LET CURZON HOLDE WHAT CURZON HELDE.”

(The Curzon Motto.)

INDIA (to the Viceroy). “STAND NOT UPON THE ORDER OF YOUR GOING,
BUT—STAY!”

Macbeth, Act III., Sc. I—slightly altered.

COMPETITION RUMOURS.

It is not true that Mr. HERBERT SPENCER is competing for a scholarship at Girton.

A *propos* of Girton, we understand that the College is to be largely extended in order to meet the strain which is expected to be put on its accommodation when the *Times* Competition results are announced.

Dr. RICHARD GARNETT has recently been driven to purchase a peculiarly ferocious bull-dog to keep competitors at bay, owing to the Doctor's reputation for omniscient erudition and easy good nature.

Mr. LECKY, Sir ROBERT GIFFEN, and Mr. HOLT SCHOOLING, on the other hand, have sought safety in flight, and under assumed names have booked their passage for the Canary Islands.

Mr. LECKY, it is stated, is disguised as a wireless telegraphist, Sir ROBERT GIFFEN as a taxidermist, and Mr. SCHOOLING as a chauffeur with green crocodile boots.

A movement is on foot to exhibit all the successful competitors in Hyde Park, whither they will walk in procession. The meeting will be addressed by the Editors of *Answers* and *Notes and Queries*.

M. JEAN DE RESZKE'S absence from the Opera this season has been variously accounted for. We have the highest authority for asserting that it is solely and entirely due to his resolve to gain a higher prize in the Competition than his distinguished compatriot and brother artist, M. PADEREWSKI.

As it is expected that when the Competition is over there will be an enormous number of sets of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* lying idle, the Government are arranging to take them over and ship them to the West Coast of Ireland, where the inroads of the sea have been doing much damage.

ELEMER CZIMBALOMSKI, the notorious Voivode of Blombodinka, who recently assassinated the Primate of the Doukhobor Phalanstery at Widdin, has been released after three months' imprisonment in order to assist his uncle, Prince PROVDIV, the hereditary Hospodar of the Koutso-Vlachs, in the *Times* Competition. In this contest it is worth noting that Archimandrites, Khojas, Hamals and Dalai Lamas are not eligible for the Girton scholarship.

Amongst recent accessions to the ranks of competitors are the ex-Crown Princess of SAXONY, Sir THOMAS LIPTON, the Ban of CROATIA, and the Duke of DEVONSHIRE.



SHAKSPEARE ILLUSTRATED.

"THE GODS CONFOUND THEE! DOST THOU HOLD THERE STILL?"

Antony and Cleopatra, Act II., Sc. 5.

A PETTICOAT TALE.

(This ballad faithfully chronicles the experiences of Miss FLO RUSSELL, of Joplin, Missouri.)

O LISTEN, ladies, while I tell
About a winsome houri,
And what a tragedy befell
In Joplin Town, Missouri.

Fair FLORA, garbed in all her best,
Outshone the lazy lilies;
A pleasing rustle did suggest
Fair dreams of silken frillies;

A glint of lace might catch the eye,
And on her tiny tootsies,
If you were lucky, you might spy
The very sweetest bootsies.

Upon a vision so divine
The sun must needs endeavour
(Or so one would have thought) to shine
Forever and forever.

But some sly god, with naughty thought
Of charms to him forbidden,
Declared those ankles never ought
To be so closely hidden.

He caught a cloud; there came a flash;
The thunder started grumbling,
And in an instant, with a crash,
Down came the rain-drops tumbling.

What course could hapless FLORA steer?
Should all her pretty laces
Be spoilt and muddled just for fear
Of Mrs. GRUNDY's faces?

Up went the petticoats and skirt,
And Joplin saw—how shocking!—
A dainty ankle skim the dirt,
And half an inch of stocking.

A sin of such a deadly brand
Had never yet excited
The pious wrath of Grundyland,
And Joplin gazed delighted.

The youngster paused, the old man too,
And all the tide of traffic
Was spell-bound as it turned to view
A vision so seraphic.

But soon official Virtue, clad
In charm-proof suit of armour,
Laid hands upon that very bad
But fascinating charmer.

And in the twinkling of an eye
She faces judge and jury,
Who sit in solemn state to try
The maiden of Missouri.

Then had she drunk her fill of woes,
Had not an inspiration
Impelled the maiden to propose
A little demonstration.

Your jurymen are seldom steel
Against the charms of beauty,
And even judges sometimes feel
When ankles do their duty.

The triumph of the law is short
Against fair beauty pitted.
The maiden tripped across the court;
The maiden was acquitted.

PASHLEY'S OPINIONS.

No. XII.

I've often thought about foreigners, and wondered how they managed to get on. You see, if a fellow's lucky enough to get born to talking English he can shift for himself and hold up his head anywhere, but if he's got to mouth a lot of foreign gibberish all his life, where is he? I daresay it makes a bit of difference to them when they all talk alike. They have to pretend to understand one another, I suppose, and that's what makes them talk so precious quick. Everyone's afraid that if he talks slow, so as to make it more easy, the other chaps will think he's condescending to them, and then they might catch him a crack in the jaw. At any rate, that's the way I look at it, and I ought to know, for they did their best to teach me a bit of French at school. The French master wasn't such a bad sort now that I come to think of him, but we didn't set much store by him in those days. He was a sad-looking kind of man, who wore a little low-down collar with a big bow hanging out in the front of it. He had got kicked out of France in one of their Revolutions, and the only thing he could turn his hand to was giving French lessons. Somehow his collar and his cuffs were always white, and his face and hands looked clean enough, which is a surprising thing when you consider it, for of course he didn't trouble the soap-and-water department much—none of them do. When he first came we used to wait for him round corners when school was over and shout "Frogs," or "Why don't you wash?" or "Waterloo," or things like that, but he never took any notice, only smiled to himself and walked on, so at last we got tired of it and gave him a rest. He got killed afterwards fighting against the Germans. I never thought he'd have had the pluck.

Well, anyway, he didn't knock much of his French into my head, and after I left school of course I wasn't going to waste my time learning any more of that trash. I'd got the business to attend to, and that was enough for me. Besides, I always say English is good enough to rub along with anywhere. You've only got to look at the Americans to know that's true. Of course they're foreigners all right, and they've got a 'country of their own, though they did get started a bit later than most of the others; but they knew a thing or two when they settled to talk English. They had their pick of all the other lingoos, and English is what they chose. Naturally they don't talk it as well as we do—that wasn't to be expected—but they make a pretty fair showing all the same, and they've got some smart notions, even if they do spin their words out through the nose.

There was a little American girl used to sing at the Imperial a few years back, and the things she said would have made a cat laugh. It wasn't so much that she was wittier than any of us, but she had a way of snapping things out sharp and pert in the queerest kind of words you ever listened to. I shall never forget once, when I couldn't make out what she was driving at, she said to me, "I guess you've got bubbles in your think-tank to-day, Mr. PASHLEY." I thought APSLEY would have died of laughing, and I was so taken aback that I couldn't find a word to say at the moment, and when I did manage to think of something it was too late. Another time, when I was talking to her about our English way of having real Church of England parsons in all our churches, and going to church every Sunday because it was a good thing to be respectable, she gave me a funny kind of look out of the corner of her eyes, and said, "Oh, take a harp, Mr. PASHLEY; you're too good to live any way. Why, where I come from in the State of New York we darsen't go to church for fear of wolves and Red Indians. That's why we don't run the camp-meeting business as much as you. See?"

It seemed a funny thing to me, but I daresay it's all right in America. We shouldn't stand it for a day, of course, but over there I suppose they can't help themselves, not having a King or a Queen or Lords, or anything of that kind. She was a nice girl, and I own I was sorry for her, but the queer thing was she didn't want to stay in England. Not a bit of it. She just pined to be back amongst her wolves and Red Indians, and told me if it wasn't for having to make money and getting the chance of making a lot over here she'd never have come away from America. I showed her the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey, and the 'buses and the policemen and all that, but it didn't change her a bit. She liked the policemen, but she said she "guessed she'd just have to live without 'em, and any way she couldn't marry more than one of 'em, and it would be hard work choosing, for they were all as like one another as her little brother Joe's Sunday pants, so she'd conclude not to be a policeman's widow." That's the way she put it. She went back when her engagement was over, and I've never set eyes on her since.

MR. PUNCH'S SPECIAL ARTICLES.

No. III.—THE NEW TABLE FOR THE CABINET.

It is impossible to overestimate the interest attaching to the new piece of furniture in Downing Street. Hitherto the Members of the Cabinet have sat round a deal table; henceforward they will sit round mahogany, the new table being entirely made of that material. Some tables are merely veneered with the wood which purports to compose them, but this is solid.

After the tree is felled it is sawn into planks, the steam circular saw having superseded the old manual saw used in sawpits (from whence the term top-sawyer was derived) these many years. The planks are then cut to the required length for the table and joined together.

Legs must be added—four, six, eight, or more, according to taste, and round or square, also according to taste. If round they are turned upon a lathe. Castors also are usually added to facilitate the moving of the table from one part of the room to another. A table without castors, it may be added, if suddenly and violently moved on linoleum or a similar substance, will emit a roar almost indistinguishable from that of the king of beasts.

At this stage in the process begins the work of the polisher, who first reduces the surface to a perfect smoothness by means of glass paper, and afterwards applies his polish. The proficients in this craft are not invariably Frenchmen, although the term French polisher is a very common one. So beautiful a polish has been imparted to furniture that a housewife will often tell you one could see to shave in it—a vivid, but perhaps rather heightened way of putting it.

The seating capacity of a table depends very much upon its size. Some tables accommodate ten persons, some fewer, and some again more. It is customary for the purchaser to say how many persons he wishes to seat, and the furniture dealer then supplies him.

The new Cabinet table is not a small one, nor is it the largest ever made. Far from it. King ARTHUR's round table was probably far larger, being so shaped in order that every one might, if he liked, consider himself at the head or the foot. At the meetings of the Cabinet Mr. BALFOUR is of course at the head.

The room in which the table is placed, and where the famous consultations are held, is by no means an extraordinary one. It has walls, ceiling, a door and windows, and after dark is lighted by artificial light. It is not true that it is lit by radium. The table stands in the centre, and has chairs round it.



Miss Di. "OH, MRS. SNOBSON, I WAS JUST COMING OVER TO TELL YOU WE ARE GETTING UP A CLASS FOR LEARNING WOOD CARVING, AND I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO SEND YOUR DAUGHTER."

Mrs. Snobson (who is rather deaf). "GOOD CARVING? I THINK NOT. SUCH AN ACCOMPLISHMENT WOULD BE QUITE SUPERFLUOUS FOR MY DAUGHTER. OUR BUTLER ALWAYS DOES THAT KIND OF THING, DON'T YOU KNOW!"

OPERA NOTES.

June 2, *Whit Tuesday*.—Holiday time; August weather, coming as May finishes and June commences, affects house. Out-of-door preferable to indoor amusement. Hence house not very full for our old *Faust* and the new *Marguerite*, Madame BLAUVELT, a sweet singer and a pretty one, not strong (like SUSAN of that ilk) but true, an "excellent thing" in every woman, specially an operatic artiste. A trifle nervous at first—it was her *début* here—but the sweet summer-evening air of the Garden scene refreshing her, her "jewel song" was a gem, and from that moment to the end Madame BLAUVELT was charming. M. PLANÇON and Mlle. BAUERMEISTER, as *Mephisto* and *Martha*, at their best, vocally and dramatically. In the diabolic serenade PLANÇON outdid himself; audience enthusiastic. M. SEVEILHAC excellent as *Valentine*. Chorus, like good boys and girls, gave Master MANCINELLI no trouble, and orchestra played "follow my leader" in their very happiest style.

ROSSINI'S *Barbiere* on Wednesday, June 3, the hit of the season up to now. Quite a score for an old Master. WAGNER "gets a look in" on Thursday, and another on following Monday is announced with *Tannhäuser*.

NEW OPERA UP TO DATE.—*Motor-Carmen*.

DRESS REHEARSALS.

THE report that Mr. F. N. CHARRINGTON has bought Osea Island, off Essex, and will turn it into a teetotal region has fired the popular imagination. As we go to press the following rumours reach us:—

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is said to have rented the Isle of Man for experiments in Protection during the summer.

Orkney and Shetland have been secured by the Government for the purpose of trying the effects of compulsory Land Purchase and Conscription respectively.

Lancashire is to be engaged by the Automobile Club for a long-distance race, the police force being disbanded and the laws against perjury, suicide and manslaughter temporarily suspended.

It is stated that the County Council will shortly take over the management of Drury Lane Theatre for one *matinée*, during which the building will be set on fire to test the adequacy of the emergency exits.

THAT Conscience does not make Nonconformists of us all is shown in the following notice by an honest Churchman:—

REV. —, — Rectory, wants a HOUSEKEEPER.—Easy place, good wages, but very dull and lonely.—*Penrith Observer*.

THE PENNY PHYSICIAN;

Or, Medicine for the Million.

["It is probable that the climax of the automatic supply craze has been reached by the Company which is about to instal penny-in-the-slot machines, called 'Everybody's Doctor.' Each machine is to have twelve slots."—*Daily Paper.*]

No more doctors, no more bills!

Sounds delightful, does it not?

When you want to purchase pills,

Slip a penny in the slot!

Felt a twinge of gout last night?

Give up dining? That's all rot!

Number 4 will put you right,

Slip a penny in the slot!

Should you feel a touch of spleen,

Or perchance your brow is hot,

Try the nearest drug-machine,

Slip a penny in the slot!

If you feel you've dined too well,

Here's the thing to touch the spot,

Do not ring the doctor's bell—

Slip a penny in the slot!

You've a bilious headache, say,

'Tis no matter what you've got,

"That tired feeling" goes away,

When your penny's in the slot!

Just one penny,—each disease—

Here are drugs to cure all pain,

When you've finished, will you please

Kindly close the drawer again?

OUR MAGISTRATES.

["Been to Epsom?"—"Yes,"

"Saw the Oaks?"—"Yes,"

"I thought you looked like it. Very hot, was it not? You met with a lot of friends; they wanted to treat you, and you them? The result was that you got very drunk? Well, I hope you backed *Our Lassie!*"

Such was the dialogue between Mr. FORDHAM, the North London magistrate, and a prisoner charged with drunkenness.

The offender was fined 5s.—*Evening Paper.*]

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—The above conversation affords an excellent example of a practice which I should like to see become more common in our police-courts. I hold that a magistrate is too often unnecessarily brusque in his dealings with prisoners. Why should not proceedings be conducted with a minimum of unpleasantness, as in the case quoted? A visit to a police-court would then become a pleasure, and the prisoner would go away feeling that he had not wasted his morning. I venture to append a few specimen cases from my forthcoming brochure: "Affability on the Bench."

CASE ONE.

(Prisoner charged with being drunk and disorderly.)

Magistrate. Hullo, old chap, sorry to see you here.

Prisoner (gracefully). Not at all. Always a pleasure to meet you anywhere.

M. Thanks. Bit rocky last night, weren't you? What?

P. A trifle. Dinner of sorts on at the Club.

M. Quite so. Have a good time?

P. Splendid, thanks. Passable champagne, very.

M. Ah. Prefer hock myself. Well, I'm glad you enjoyed yourself. I suppose you were drunk?

P. Very.

M. And you did kick the policeman in the stomach?

P. (with pride). Rather. Jolly hard, too. [Chuckles.

M. (also chuckling). Wish I'd been there. Well, look here, you know, this sort of thing's all very well, don't you see, but, hang it, old man, don't you know, and so on. What?

P. Oh, I see your point.

M. (relieved). I knew you would be sensible about it. If you've got such a thing as half-a-crown on you, you might hand it over, will you? Thanks. So long.

P. (as he leaves the dock). Teuf-teuf.

CASE TWO.

(Prisoner charged with using profane language.)

Prisoner. I say.

Magistrate. Hullo?

P. You couldn't hurry up this case, I suppose? I want to get back to Lord's.

M. Oh, yes, that was where you were arrested, wasn't it? Middlesex and Somerset, isn't it? Rather a good match. I see SAMMY WOODS batted well.

P. 'Myes. Don't like that uppish stroke of his, though, over the bowler's head. What I say is, that that length ball of TROTT's ought to be kept on the carpet all the way. Don't you think so?

M. No, there I don't agree with you. It's a perfectly safe stroke if you lay on the wood hard enough, and SAMMY always does.

P. (making a concession). Well, perhaps you're right. (Looks at his watch) I say, do you know what time it is? They'll be starting in another quarter of an hour.

M. Why, so they will. We must hurry. What's the charge? Profane language? Any defence? I needn't ask you to keep it short.

P. (warmly). Defence! Well, rather. Why, the man at the other end ran BRAUND out when he only wanted four to complete his century. And I'm a Somerset man! What else could I do but say what I thought about it? What would you have done in my place?

M. (hastily). Discharged, discharged.

The Court will now adjourn. (To Prisoner) Wait for me in the street, will you, with a cab? I want to see the finish of that match. Shan't be two minutes. [Scene closes.

I could give you other specimens, but these will, I think, sufficiently indicate the attitude of mind I recommend to our magistrates.

Yours, &c,

HENRY WILLIAM-JONES.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

["We habitually find that crowds, and not seldom regular assemblies even, act in the mass with less intelligence than the individuals who compose them would do separately."—Prof. GABRIEL TARDE in the *International Quarterly.*]

WHEN in my pensive study I,
All undisturbed, reflect
Upon the wherefore and the why,

The cause and the effect,
My mind is singularly rich
In statesmanlike suggestions,
And dazzling is the light in which
I view all kinds of questions.

The hardest problems which in vain
Prime Ministers revolve
With aching head and baffled brain,
I in an instant solve,
And comprehend in one swift glance
The inmost complication
Of Ireland, Africa, finance,
Or London education.

What glowing eloquence is mine!

As in my chair I sit,
The fire of CANNING I combine
With all the force of PITT;
I fulmine o'er the quailing foe
With Demosthenic thunder,
Till even crushed and humbled Joe
Sits mute in fear and wonder.

But when I seek the bustling House,
A change comes o'er my soul;
I sit as silent as a mouse
Which cowers in its hole;
Gone is my oak and triple brass,
Or, if I think of rising,
The glitter of that single glass
Is simply paralysing.

I used to wonder what the cause,
And often sought to con
The deep and disconcerting laws
Of this phenomenon.

Now speaks the sage: your single man
Hath wit and wisdom; masses
Are seldom any better than
The foolish race of asses.

If Hansard nods, as is his way,

'Tis not that we are fools;

'Tis simply that we must obey

Dame Nature's rigid rules.

Then judge us kindly; it is she

Deserves the censure, whether

My colleagues twaddle, or, like me,

Are silent altogether.

PERILLA'S PUP.

For ten weeks old it was certainly a promising pup. To my thinking it even promised too much, but PERILLA said not. She argued that, if a Fox-terrier and a Dandie Dinmont are the two nicest dogs to keep, a pup that promised to be both must be superlatively desirable. I let the contention pass, for PERILLA has never thoroughly grasped the fancier's point of view, and at shows can seldom understand why a dog that sits up has not received a prize. Besides, the pup was mine, I had given it to PERILLA—why should I put her out of conceit with it? Not that I could easily have done so, for where PERILLA's heart is touched her head is—well, touched too, and in the present case she had the pup markedly on the brain.

"Fetch me *Vilikins*, ADOLPHUS," said PERILLA as I took up my morning paper.

I put the paper down and sallied out, and after a brief skirmish with a riotous mob of puppies, effected an exchange—that is to say I got *Vilikins*, and his brothers and sisters got the blacking off my boots. I carried him in.

"Did he know you?" said PERILLA, who is showing an anticipation of his dawning intelligence which I am sure is keen, and hope is accurate.

"I'm not certain," I replied, "but he will next time; he has put his mark upon me." And I tucked away the muddled wristband of my clean shirt.

"Dear little thing!" said PERILLA.

I coughed.

"Put him down and see him run over to me," said PERILLA; "he is always so delighted to get in."

"Hadn't I better shut the door first?" I asked.

"Of course," said PERILLA.

I shut the door and placed *Vilikins* upon the carpet, and he started on a tour of the room.

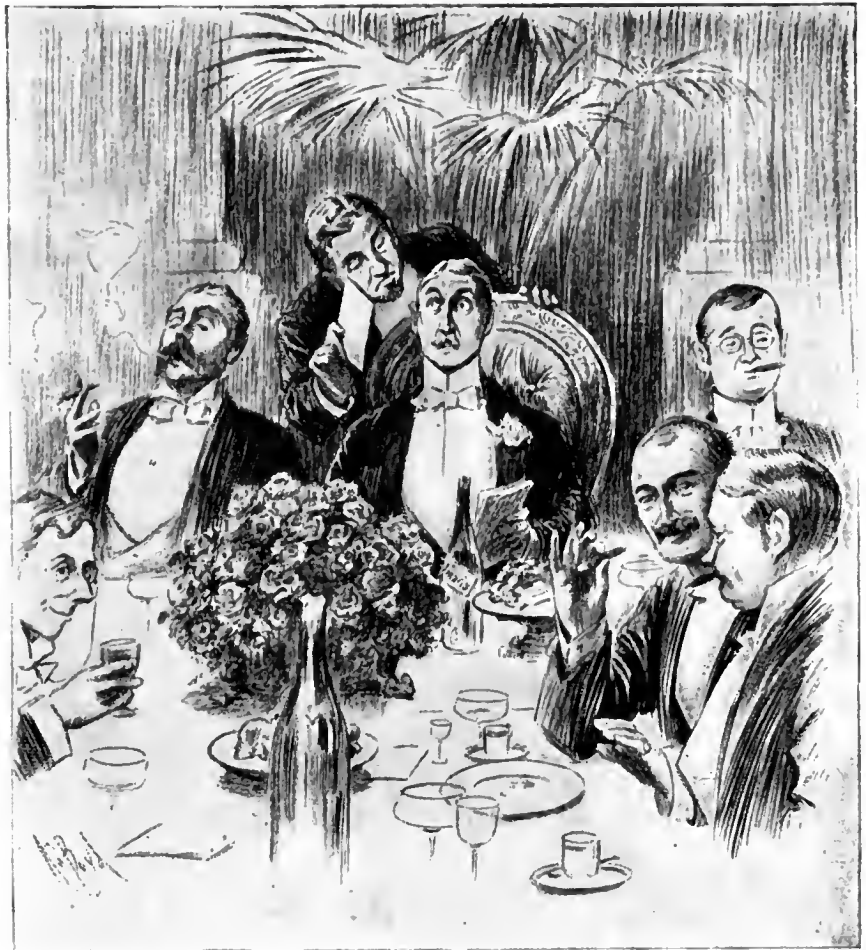
"Take up your slippers," said PERILLA, "and move the footstool, and lift the table-cloth out of his reach, and put the wastepaper basket on the chair, and don't move or of course he'll follow you, and I want you to see him run over to me to be lifted up. Tie up that blind cord, and shut the coal-box, and keep him away from the sideboard, quick, and don't make a noise or you'll attract his attention."

I did my best. I think it cannot have been bad, for before long *Vilikins* bumped against PERILLA's dress.

"I told you so," she exclaimed triumphantly; "see how he wants to come up! Dear little thing!" And *Vilikins* attained the haven of her arms.

I resumed the paper.

"I see Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has been making another speech," I said.



SYMPATHETIC.

Toast-Master (to Chairman of Public Dinner). "Would you like to propose your toast now, my lord, or should we let 'em enjoy themselves a bit longer?"

"Has he?" said PERILLA. "I suppose you couldn't get him a biscuit, ADOLPHUS, to keep him quiet?"

As this appeared to refer to *Vilikins* rather than to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, I fetched the biscuit to the former.

"Let him have the paper to eat it on," said PERILLA; "he crumbles it so."

"Wouldn't yesterday's do as well?" I asked.

"But it is in the library," said PERILLA, with a note of surprise in her voice. "He won't be long. Thanks. Isn't he perfectly sweet?"

"Perfectly is perhaps going too far," I replied, "but at any rate he is creditably so, considering that five minutes ago I saw him worrying a herring-head in the ashpit."

PERILLA gave a little scream.

"I suppose you couldn't wash him now, ADOLPHUS?" she remarked, hesitatingly.

"I'm afraid I couldn't," I answered without any hesitation at all.

"Then would you mind taking him out and putting him in his box till you can?"

"Not in the very least," said I truthfully, "but it may be some time."

I was soon back. I found a portion of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's speech missing, and the rest had a garnish of chewed biscuit which somehow altered its oratorical flavour, but after all what is a speech? At best silver: silence is gold.

"Puppies are a great pleasure," said PERILLA, leaning back with a sigh of content.

CURE FOR MOTOR-SCORCHERS (*suggested as being even more humane than the proposal of Sir R. PAYNE-GALLWEY*).—Give them Automobile Beans!

THE "Walking Waitresses" are not fast girls; they go very steadily. No followers allowed—except police.



Extract from Dolly's Correspondence:—"I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK OF OUR CLUB. EDITH MANNERS, YOU KNOW, HAS JOINED, AND SHE RATHER FANCIES HER BATTING, BUT ALTHOUGH LEAPING BACK A COUPLE OF YARDS MAY BE EXCELLENT AT PING-PONG IT IS SIMPLY DISASTROUS AT CRICKET, AND THE EXHIBITION SHE GAVE AT OUR OPENING MATCH WAS TOO AWFUL FOR WORDS. P.S.—I WAS WICKET-KEEPING."

CHARIVARIA.

WITH reference to the approaching visit of an American squadron to Kiel, instructions have been issued that the men are to be treated with every mark of cordiality, and Ensign HUESSNER has been specially requested, should he be free by then, not to kill any of the sailors who may fail to salute him.

Great popular festivities in celebration of the 200th anniversary of the founding of St. Petersburg have been held. The general public was rigorously excluded.

It has been stated in the Vienna Municipal Council that a well-known English guide-book to the Continent pictures Vienna as it was in 1850, mentioning buildings that have long since been demolished. It was resolved "that steps should be taken to correct the inaccuracies." The publishers of the guide-book take this to mean that the buildings are to be re-erected.

At Bombay an absolutely new build-

ing which stood on ground owned by the Improvement Trust, an organisation created to redress the evils of jerry-building, has suddenly collapsed. The incident is considered regrettable.

A member of the Michigan Legislature has introduced a Bill to legalise the painless slaughter of all idiots. The Bill has been referred to a Committee, by whom, it is believed, it will be thrown out. Self-preservation will always be the ruling instinct.

Potsdam is boasting of a policeman who has composed several Marches. It should not be forgotten that it is to our own policemen that we are indebted for the Frog's March.

From some recently-published census statistics we learn that there are four children of the age of ten years who are editors. Either the number is incorrectly stated or else each child edits several papers.

An attempt is to be made to inaugurate a new style of book-shop with a view to

stimulating literary interest. "One feature of the scheme will be sundry exhibitions from time to time, including exhibitions of local authors." This, we believe, has already been tried with some success in the Isle of Man.

The Walking Race epidemic continues, and we are now promised the extraordinary sight of English Waiters hurrying.

The War Office has devised a new head-jeer for our infantry.

"Learning to mount and dismount quickly is of the greatest importance to cavalry," Lord ROBERTS has declared to the Somerset Yeomanry. As a matter of fact, the chief difficulty that the Yeomanry recruit has to overcome is learning not to dismount.

The *Times* does not intend to sit down quietly under the expulsion of its correspondent from St. Petersburg. We learn that the *Encyclopædia Britannica* is to be at once translated into Russian.

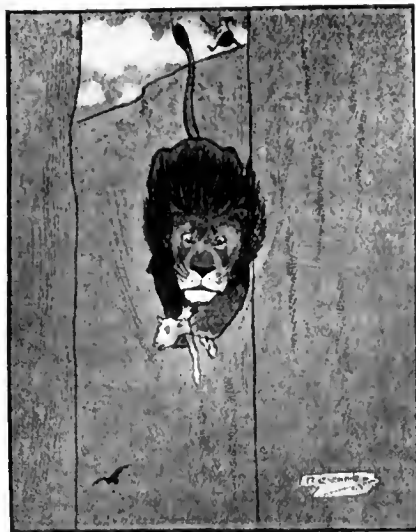


SUNKEN TREASURE.

BOATMAN B-L-F-R (to himself). "WONDER IF JOE WILL FIND ANYTHING IN THE OLD HULK."

(Hums) "FAITHFUL ABOVE HE DID HIS DUTY,
AND NOW HE'S GONE BELOW!"

"MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB."

Artistic Competition concluded.)

After J. T. Nettleship.



After Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A.



After R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A.



After Hon. John Collier.



After Staey Marks, R.A.



After Briton Riviere, R.A.

THE FLÂNEUR'S COMPLAINT.

ST. JAMES'S PARK is fair to view
 When Flora paints her buds anew,
 But fairer still when to the Mall
 Goes Woman, loveliest flower of all,
 And, freely bored, imbibes the air,
 Dight in the newest kinds of hair.
 But woe is me! for days when I
 Was Fashion's chiefest butterfly,
 When in the Park I used to crawl,
 Holding the nursemaid's heart in thrall,
 Or in the tea-shop's chaste recesses
 At Beauty's shrine pay soft addresses.
 A stove-pipe hat, well poised and sleek,
 A fresh cravat for every week,

The waistcoat redolent of Spring,
 The nicely-blended trousering—
 Such were the simple arts I wielded,
 And lo! the female bosom yielded.
 But now a sterner task than these
 Doth Fashion set her devotees,
 For lo! her latest whim entails
 A fashionable waist (in males),
 And in Society a figure
 Is now regarded as *de rigueur*.
 For weeks I've tried to do her will,
 Taxing the tailor's utmost skill.
 I caught the corset-maker's eye
 And, blushing hotly, turned to fly;
 The Turkish bath, the morning run,
 For luncheon, soda and a bun,

These too I've tried, but all in vain,
 I never shall have a waist again!
 Ah, no! a life of generous ease,
 And Fortune, all too hard to please,
 Observe their favourite succumb
 To forty inches round the tum.
 And shall a younger, slenderer race
 Uproot me from my primal place?
 Shall I come a source of mirth
 To men of less obtrusive girth?
 Rather I'll pine in solitude,
 Till Fashion shift her wayward mood;
 Rather in lonely chambers rust,
 An exile from the Upper Crust,
 And only venture in the Park
 With circumspection, after dark.

SONG OF THE TRAILER.

[The cult of the "trailer" has become very popular of late. Young men on motor bicycles may be seen whirling maidens along behind them in wicker chairs. Conversation under these circumstances must be a matter of difficulty, but romance seems to survive even the roughest of roads.]

My ALGERNON is loving,
My ALGERNON is kind,
He rides upon a motor bike
A-trailing me behind.
He is my lord and hero,
In him I fondly trust,
And let him drag my wicker chair
Through clouds of rolling dust.

On Saturdays and Sundays,
When he has time to spare,
He whirls me over hill and dale
To breathe the country air.
Of course I never tell him
(It might result in tiffs)
The smell of petrol's rather strong,
And comes to me in whiffs.

And if the road be bumpy,
Why should I mind a bit?
The course of true love seldom runs
Quite smoothly, you 'll admit.
I wouldn't worry ALGY,
For he's so very good,
But how I wish the country lanes
Could all be paved with wood!

Our loving conversation
Is limited, I fear,
For if I talk to ALGERNON
He might forget to steer.
Although a lot of matters
I'm longing to discuss,
I do not want to be upset
Beneath a tram or bus.

So, happy and contented,
I sit discreetly dumb,
And watch the landscape whirling by,
And hear the motor hum.
My ALGERNON is perfect,
Good looks he does not lack,
I love to gaze upon his face,
But chiefly see his back.

My ALGERNON is loving,
My ALGERNON is kind,
He rides upon a motor bike
A-trailing me behind.
And till the tyres are punctured,
Or till the engine bust,
I'll let him drag my wicker chair
Through clouds of rolling dust!

MANNERS FOR YOUNG BARBERS.

Do not give yourself up to the luxury of lathering in a dreamy automatic fashion. The sensation of drowsy content induced in the person being lathered is not contagious: no symptoms of it will be found among the customers waiting their turn.

It is perhaps as well when fixing the

gown around a customer's neck to see that it does not interfere with his respiration. The less room he has for breathing the more he will have for complaint.

Uphold the dignity of your profession and do not, while shaving a customer, allow yourself so to be carried away by the music of a street organ as to mark time with the razor.

Do not be servile. If a customer talks over your head smile sardonically over his, and be curt in your replies. This keeps him in his proper place.

Should you have the misfortune to snip the flesh while cutting a customer's hair, examine your scissors with anxious scrutiny. This gives the impression that whatever injury has been done has been done to them.

Exercise the habit of self-control. In winter, if your fingers are like ice, find frequent occasion to have them in contact with the customer's skin; this, either by stroking his face to find if the razor has been efficacious, or by poking the neck-cloth further into his collar.

If a customer calls in a quiet hour have him thoroughly understand that he is by way of being an intruder, and that you gratify his wants simply as a favour. Finish the paragraph you are reading, and inquire leisurely as to his desires. Also, during frequent intervals in your labours, go and gaze out of the window, or trim your own moustache in the mirror.

It is due to your self-respect that you shall not whistle during business hours. You can, however, keep up your music by blowing a hardly audible tune into a customer's neck, or over his thinly-clad scalp.

You must, of course, never be so weak as to show interest. Be always superior to the occasion, and it is well to allow your patron to see you stifling a yawn as he launches into a disquisition on the Government. This will serve to keep his enthusiasm within bounds.

Do not encourage indolence; keep your customer awake by dropping the head-rest at unexpected moments, and upon all occasions let fly with the rum-spray as if exterminating some virulent disease.

Do not forget, if called away during a "hair cut," first to comb your customer's hair well over his brow. This will leave him staring distrustfully at himself in the glass, and should prove a source of quiet amusement to the spectators. Let your motto be always "the greatest fun to the greatest number."

Do not be over-zealous. Do not, when shampooing a customer, keep striking his head upon the edge of the wash-hand basin. If solid marble

the latter may stand it, but the odds are against any ordinary customer doing so.

Do not be tempted into stropping your razor upon a customer's bald head. The razor belongs to your employer.

SECULAR PROCESSES.

(A Study in Public versus Private Enterprise.)

[On May 17, 1899, Queen VICTORIA laid the foundation stone of the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington. The lowest story is now being erected. Aldwych seems to be following this example of rapidity.]

I took a stroll the other day
From Brompton to the Strand;
Some curious things upon my way
I could not understand.

I noticed with profound surprise
The record-breaking pace
Wherewith official buildings rise,
Adorning London's face.

The coral and the stalagmite
(So wise professors tell)
Take ages ere they reach their height
With molecule and cell.

They have a most adagio growth—
I thought 'twas hard to beat,
Until I found a case of sloth
That could achieve the feat.

Four years ago—to be exact,
The date was May Sev'nteen—
I witnessed, from a crowd compact,
Our late beloved QUEEN.

She laid right well, and truly too,
A new foundation stone,
Whereon we shortly hoped to view
Tall roofs, the Nation's own.

Since then the fabric has progressed
About a brick per week;
The State-paid workman needs his rest,
To keep him fit and sleek.

At length, when months grew into years,
A course of bricks was raised;
The builders shed collective tears,
At such advance amazed.

The years passed by, and coyly rose
A scaffold-pole or two;
One day a daring hodman chose
To mount and see the view.

And so posterity remote,
If Brompton-wards they wend,
This coral-ying task will note,
And wonder when 'twill end.

And should they reach the Strand, like me,
They'll mark with civic pride
The place where "Aldwych" hopes to be,
And "Kingsway" seems to hide;

Where County Council sons of "toil"
Toy with the tools they hold,
And, loth a lasting job to spoil,
"Go easy" as of old!



A TIGHT FIT.

Chorus of Girls (to popular party on bank). "OH, DO COME WITH US, THERE'S PLENTY OF ROOM!"

THE MOTE IN HIS EYE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I feel I must write and tell you all about my trouble with ALGERNON. You know I'm rather fond of him, or *was*, until I overheard a conversation which convinced me there's no believing a man even when he has been trying to show you for weeks you are the only girl he has ever loved. He was talking to Captain SPARKS—that horrid motor friend of his. They were just outside on the verandah, and this is what he was saying:—

"Yes, I took her down to Richmond on Sunday; we had quite a good time going, but coming back, just out of Putney, she seemed to get a little noisy and refused to go an inch further. I took off her bonnet for a bit and loosened her belt, and finally got her to start again; but she'd no go in her, and I had a very slow time. CHARLIE took her out yesterday, and they had a great time by all accounts. She can

be fast enough. She wants a couple of new rings, but I really can't spend any more money on her at present. I rather want to take her out on Saturday, but the question is, how much more the hub will stand——"

Oh, dear Mr. Punch, who would have thought it! Your distracted

DOLLY.

SKY SIGNS.

["The latest news from Arizona is that a 'large projection' from the planet Mars has been observed."—*Daily Paper*.]

MARS, our telescopes we turn

Eagerly in your direction,

Trusting haply to discern

Something of your new "projection."

Is it that the halo glows

Clearly, though at such a distance,

As *your* passive martyrs pose

In a passionate resistance?

Have you racing motors, too,

Over-speeding, over-loading,

And can what we see be due
To their suddenly exploding?

Have you minor poets there,
Novelists, or men of learning,
By whose more than common flare
Your canals are set a-burning?

Since you're all well up, no doubt,
In our politics, who knows if
These may not be signs put out
To do honour to our JOSEPH?

Or, since one world seems too small
For a MORGAN'S operations,
Do adjacent planets fall
Victims to his combinations?

Would you lure (yet once again)
Venus to a fresh alliance,
And, forgetting Vulcan's chain,
Bid our prudish world defiance?

Thus, then, Mars, we persevere,
Hoping (for our own protection)
That your projects may appear,
While we study your projection.

FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY.

(A Tragedy.)

I MET him in a crowd;
As if with care 'twas weighted,
His shapely back was bowed,
His brow was corrugated.
I asked him, "Why so pale?
What grief your soul has can-
kered?"
And gleaned his painful tale
Over a friendly tankard.

"Once," the sad wight began,
"I knew not what the blues meant,
I was a genial man,
And never shirked amusement.
I shot, I rode, I rinked,
I trod the mazy measure,
My life, to be succinct,
Was one long round of pleasure.

"In those delightful days
I do not mind confessing
That, if I had a craze,
It was for faultless dressing.
One night—it serves to show
How *labor omnia vincit*—
I tied a perfect bow;
I've not been happy since it.

"I worked with watchful eye,
With fingers swift but wary,
It seemed a decent tie,
But not extraordinary.
But when at length I gazed,
To put the final clip in,
I staggered back amazed,
Ejaculating 'Rippin'!

"Oh, had I but the pen
That serves the inspired poet,
I'd try to picture then,
With proper force and glow, it.
The billowy waves of white,
The folds, the spick-and-span knot;
Were I a bard, I might—
But as it is, I cannot.

"Suffice it to observe
That on minute inspection
It showed in every curve
The hall-mark of perfection.
The sort of tie which you
When wrapped in sweetest sleep oc-
-casionally view;
A tie to mark an epoch.

"That night no peer I owned,
I carried all before me.
Society"—he moaned—
"United to adore me.
Whenever I passed by,
Men stopped their conversation,
Drank in that Perfect Tie
In silent adoration.

"Since then the striking feat
(Such dreams the ambitious male
lure)
I've striven to repeat.
Result: completest failure.

Though toiling, as I say,
As much as blood and flesh 'll,
The bows I tie to-day
Are good, but nothing special.

"So now my fellow-man
I shun, no matter who 'tis.
As far as mortal can,
I cut my social duties.
I seldom eat or rest,
I'm gloomy, haggard, mirthless.
To one who's known the best,
All other things are worthless."

HYMEN, O HYMENÆE.

"WOULD you pay ten pounds a year
to remain a bachelor?" asked PHYLLIS,
looking up from the paper.

"How do you mean?" I returned.

"Well, they're going to put a tax on
bachelors," she observed.

I roused myself and regarded her
with astonishment.

"In a place called Kansas," she con-
tinued. "I suppose that's in America,
isn't it?"

"Read it out," I suggested, and she
began:—

"A Bill has been introduced into
the Kansas State Legislature providing
for a tax on bachelors of fifty dollars a
year, and on spinsters of twenty-five
dollars a year.' It's a funny Bill," she
commented

"Very," I admitted.

"But I should think it would be
rather a good thing in some ways," she
continued. "Suppose there is a
bachelor who hasn't got fifty dollars
and a spinster who hasn't got twenty-
five—if they marry they will save
seventy-five."

She was so pleased with her logical
conclusion that I only said, "I'm glad
I don't live in Kansas."

"Oh, we shall get the law here
soon," said PHYLLIS, nodding her head
prophetically, "so you needn't be glad.
You are always saying yourself that
England is becoming Americanised.
And, besides, people want to be made
to marry. Nobody marries nowadays
till they are about eighty."

"It might be a remunerative tax," I
agreed. "I daresay one of the dis-
credited Governments will take it up.
I wouldn't pay it myself though."

"Then you'd have to marry," said
PHYLLIS.

"I wouldn't do that either," I
returned. "I would go to prison like
DR. CLIFFORD."

"Oh," said PHYLLIS.

"What would you do?" I inquired.
She hesitated.

"I shouldn't like to go to prison, and
I shouldn't like to pay the fine, and I
shouldn't like to have to marry just
anyone. I don't know what I should

do. How long would they give us to
make up our minds?"

"You'd have to decide at once," I
said. "The tax would come into force
on the day the Bill was passed."

"Would most people pay?" she asked.
"I hope most people would prefer to
resist passively," I answered.

"The prisons would be rather full,"
she suggested. "Why, if all the
unmarried people went to prison there
would not be room for them. They'd
have to build new prisons. What does
one do in prison?"

"One picks oakum and makes mail-
bags," I answered.

"They would soon pick all the
oakum, and there would be too many
mailbags," said PHYLLIS. "Wouldn't
the State find it very expensive?"

I assented.

"Then it would be glad to get rid of
them," she went on. "It would try to
marry them in the prisons and then let
them go."

"How could it do that?" I asked in
some curiosity. "You can't marry
people by force."

"But people will soon marry each
other if they have opportunities of meet-
ing," she declared.

"You don't get many opportunities
of meeting in a prison," I objected.
"The system doesn't provide for it."

"They'd alter the system then," said
PHYLLIS. "They'd have to give tea-
parties and dances, and private theatri-
cals and things."

"That would alter the system," I
agreed. "But I doubt if it could be
done."

"Then they'd have to keep all the
unmarried people in prison for ever,"
she said. "I don't think even the
State could be so silly as that. No, if
the Bill is passed it will happen as I
say, and prison will become—"

"A kind of matrimonial agency," I
suggested, as she paused for a word.

"Yes," she said. "And I shall go
there too; it will be great fun."

Mr. Punch's Proverbial Philosophy.

"WHEN the wine is in the wit is
out," as the publican said when he
ejected the humorous Black-Lister who
wanted to be shown his own photo-
graph.

A cynic is a man who is rude to one-
self. A wit is a man who is rude about
other people.

The man who waits for something to
turn up generally finds that it's his
toes.

Honesty is the best policy; but in
default of this the next best kind can
be got from a good Burglary Insur-
ance Co.

MY WIFE'S HAT.

To see the hat you do not like,
And then to go and buy it.
(Not) J. K. S.

My wife's name is BETTY—her Christian name, that is to say. BETTY, however, is something more than a mere name. She is an enigma, a problem, a paradox—in fact, all the things which novelists say the wife of your bosom is when she does something you can't quite fathom or understand.

BETTY's bee in her bonnet is her hat, a metaphor that's none the worse for being mixed. Quite regularly every spring and autumn she grows a little paler and thinner (though there is little need for her to do either). In a novel or on the stage she would become more *spirituelle*. In real life it means, not the servants (for they, alas! are nowadays all too independent, even of the seasons), but her new hat.

A wise man, of course, buys a hat, and when it is worn out or lost, or *hors de combat*, gets another. BETTY often says that we men have the best of it—she's so feminine that she hasn't even the fairness to admit that shaving (with its risk of punctures) is worse than back-hair. I constantly implore her to buy her hats on the manly principle of settling on a style that suits her, and sticking to it. That she firmly declares to be quite impossible, because the Young Persons in the Hat Shops wouldn't dream of allowing such a thing.

The result is that twice a year a great Hat Crisis occurs. I have long ceased to be of any assistance to her as a head-gear adviser. This is pleasant enough in a way, and gives me a position of greater freedom and less responsibility, but it hardly makes the biennial ordeal less formidable. BETTY always starts firmly convinced that her hat will be a dead failure, and no prophet is ever always wrong. Last spring, after three visits to Regent Street, she told me one evening that the fell deed was done. She had bought a hat, but was certain that it wouldn't suit her. I said I felt sure she was taking too gloomy a view, and that I expected it would prove to be very *chic*—I always of set purpose essay to play the part of Domestic Consoler. As we talked the bell rang, BETTY blanched, and a moment later one of the maids brought in a large box. BETTY vowed that nothing would induce her to try it on that night, but five minutes later it was on her head. I boldly said that I thought the hat would do capitally, though even I was constrained to hedge a little by admitting I had seen hats I liked better. But BETTY at once decided that her hat was not merely a failure, but unwearable. The nearest thing it reminded her of was a



ANOTHER CASE OF "FURIOUS DRIVING" AGAINST
MR. B-L-F-R.

Tambourine. Her Only Sister later corroborated the verdict, and the hat was not worn—except on our three weeks' holiday in Wales, when it didn't matter, as I was the only person who knew her. For three livelong weeks I walked, and drove, and cycled with the Tambourine. The only oasis was the Sunday morning, when another Hat was produced for church. BETTY has been very carefully brought up, and knows better than to wear on a Sunday what she has had on all the week.

I had great hopes that the Tambourine would prove to be a blessing in disguise. BETTY declared that "never again" (ominous words!) would she be silly enough to buy a hat without competent female advice. I agreed that it was not my idea of economy to pay for what you did not wear. I really had hopes that this year's Spring Hat would blow over with little, if any, commotion, especially too as My Sister had recommended a shop where the hats were "safe" and low-priced, and where no attempt would be made to "do" you into buying what didn't suit you.

One evening late in April when I got home, something electrical in the atmosphere told me that something had happened. It had. BETTY had gone to Regent Street to get some particular sort of knitting wool for her Mother. She had come back without the wool, but all in a moment of time *she had bought a hat!* She had seen one in a window that looked all right; she thought she remembered that it was My Sister's shop, and in a trice she was the proprietor of a *chapeau* (yes, it was a very Frenchy shop) for which she had paid 55s. 9d.

Over her contrition (if not over the hat) I must draw a veil. When it turned out that it was not the recommended shop, and that the shade of blue was not that of her new coat and skirt, her grief overleapt all bounds. I tendered her the 55s. 9d., and offered to burn the hat. She said that her money was my money, and that she would not be so wicked as to destroy what had cost so much. I asked her how, after the Tambourine experience, she had shipwrecked a second time. She didn't know, but it was the most awful thing that she had ever done. I begged her to take a less heightened view of the situation; she replied that it soon wouldn't be safe for her to go out alone. And as a fact BETTY now never leaves the house unless I go with her. As we pass a hat-shop, I clutch her firmly by the arm and drag her past. It's a difficult situation. A hat a day would not ruin me, but it is getting on BETTY's nerves, and I am not sure that the servants really believe that she's writing an article on Hats for an American magazine. You see, BETTY's only form of literary effort so far has been a daily letter to the Only Sister.

All I can say is, that if anyone has a safe and simple cure for the malady, I shall be more than grateful. A houseful of unworn Tambourines is not exactly restful after a hard day in the City.

A BALLAD OF MIXED
METAPHORS.

[The *Daily News* speaks of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S new policy as an attempt "to break down the open door." The following temperate and closely-reasoned communication, which has just reached Mr. *Punch*, looks as if it must have come from the same quarter.]

THE scoundrelly Apostate braves

Our righteous wrath once more.

He bids his crowd of dupes and braves

Break down the open door.

To crush him, ere the slavish herds

Obey the base behest,

Calm, reasonable, well-weighed words

Are, we maintain, the best.

The breakfast-tables of the land

Shall trumpet the alarm.

The shadow of Protection's brand

Shall nerve the People's arm.

Lest England's hard-won loaf at last

Be stifled in the bud,

We'll nail our platform to the mast,

And seal it with our blood.

To his position foul and base

We'll tie him firmly down,

Resolved to hurl him from his place

Of honour and renown.

A crushing weight his record stains,

His buttress'd name shall fade,

Who launched a bait to bind in chains

The life-blood of our trade.

A SHORT VACATION VISIT.

WITH a few days to spare at Whitsuntide—just from Thursday afternoon till Tuesday morning—where shall the working scribbler seek rest and refreshment—and, we would add, change, but our experience of a vacation tells us that there is very little change to be got out of any sum, no matter what the amount, when there's a question of thoroughly enjoying a holiday.

Paris? Paris be it: *soit*. All preparations made, when a sudden change in the temperature caused us to shudder at the idea of walking about a hot and dusty town in the topper and frock of highly civilised life, and of having to face the necessity of lugging about that extra *impedimentum*—a hat-box. Besides, *tout le monde* will be leaving Paris for the seaside: the theatres will be closing, and were they all open, who would choose stuffy French theatre on a “lovely night of June” with August temperature?

Where then? Is there one place we have not visited for ever so long? There is. Not for over fifteen years have we set foot in Brighton. Hardly credible: yet so it is. Fancy Brighton being a novelty to a Londoner! Delightful. And to what Hotel? After taking the advice, at the Garrick Club, of two eminent King's Counsel thoroughly conversant with the subject, we decided on selecting, as our head-quarters, the Hotel Métropole. The thanks of our travelling party are due to the aforesaid legal advisers, as, with considerable experience of all sorts and sizes of hotels here and abroad, we may safely affirm that this same Brighton Métropole, if only it be always as we found it, is uncommonly “hard to beat,” go where you will. As to prices—well, of course you have to pay, but if you get your money's worth, and something over, in real comfort, and general excellence in every department, there is no cause to grumble, especially as, on reference, we find that the tariff compares favourably with that of such hotels, English and foreign, as may have, perhaps, a greater temporary vogue.

But we write as if we had only just discovered THACKERAY'S “good Doctor Brighton.” Well—to us it is new, absolutely new. What is there in London, or Paris, unobtainable at Brighton? We doubt if there be anything that cannot be had, for money, on the King's Parade. No sending to town for it. Then as a sea-side resort, here is bathing to any extent: fishing, sailing and rowing: penny trams up to the race-course, but none disfiguring the sea front as at some other marine resorts we could mention. The visitor, like the Lady of Banbury Cross, can “have music wherever he goes,” and that not of the cheap out-of-tune wandering-minstrel order, but good music performed by choice orchestras, all civil and some military, whereof Mr. W. J. FLEET'S band, performing daily and nightly, to our great content, at the Métropole, is one of the very best. We confess to enthusiasm over the evening concerts in this conservatory, the *Conservatoire*, where the music is in full bloom after dinner from nine till ten-thirty. What healthfully early hours! quite appropriate for visitors who, like true musicians, wish to keep excellent time.

For those who affectionate “trips” at sea, there is the *Brighton Queen*, which will take you for a comparatively small sum, at various stated times, to Southampton, to Bournemouth, to the Isle of Wight, to Boulogne, and to, as far as we know—but Boulogne happens to be as far as we do know, and we're quite content with that. An extra fare places us aloft, among “the upper ten,” where we get full value for money in the breezy freshness: and, mind you, this last Whitsuntide “breezy freshness” was a rarity only to be procured at a top price. But the *Brighton Queen*, when going the pace, has no difficulty whatever in raising the wind, even in the most sultry weather.

Then, as we became accustomed to the novelty, we “old



THE JOKE THAT FAILED.

Lubber. “I SAY, JACK, DO YOU KNOW WHY THEY'VE PAINTED THE SHIPS GREY IN TIME OF PEACE?”

Jack. “I S'POSE 'COS IT'S A NEUTRAL TINT!”

[But the other didn't laugh. He intended making that witticism himself.]

Brightonians” pointed out to each other the site of the ancient “Chain Pier,” where now the “wild waves” play; we remember Mutton's when it was the only restaurant of any note; we pass through Pool Valley, and pause before Shakespeare's—no, we mean Bacon's Hotel, looking as fresh as paint can make it; we remember dances in the Royal Pavilion, merry nights with A.D.C. Cantabs at Albion and Royal York Hotels, and revivifying plunges in the baths of Brill, still going on swimmingly; we indicate the site of Dr. Blimber's Academy—some of the boys we notice out walking much as they used to do in former Tootsian times; we note the ancient Theatre standing “where it did”; but there are nowadays other theatres on the piers, besides music-halls and Aquarium.

“Shows,” theatrical or otherwise, were not for us *en vacance*. The sea air, and plenty of it, was what we came for, and we got it to our lungs' content. *Au revoir*, Dr. Brighton! We do not grudge you the fee for excellent prescription.

“It is my belief nobody goes abroad any more. Everybody is at Brighton.” So wrote THACKERAY fifty-six years ago, when the trajet thither occupied over two hours and a half, and now the L. & S. C.'s train, from Victoria or London Bridge, does it in an hour and a quarter, express, “on time.”

ADVICE GRATIS.

THE roads which reckless motorin' 'ARRY romps on
Would be quite safe were 'ARRY HENRY THOMPSON;
For good Sir HENRY, who is hale and thriving,
Has been for many a year his motor driving,
And never yet has injured aught alive,
(*Vide* his letter to the *Times*, June 5).
From him let motorists learn: then none will lame us;
They'll go the pace: *in pace procedamus*.



OUT OF IT.

THE ELDEST MISS BLOSSOM THINKS THAT THE PART OF DOUBLE GOOSEBERRY IS RATHER MONOTONOUS.

A LINGUISTIC PROTEST.

TO MR. PUNCH: REVERED AND VENERABLE SIR,—I appeal to you, as Censor of the King's English and Patron of the Two Pins Club, to protect the British publick from a pair of alien importations which have lately made their way into the language through the dialects of so-called "automobilism" and of Parliamentary debate.

With regard to the first, the thing (to employ a vulgarism) has come to stay, and I suggest that the sooner an English name be found for the same the better. I refer to the expression *chauffeur*, which has surely given you what I hope I may without impropriety term the "hump," when perusing the police-court news and daily list of accidents in your morning journal. May I therefore propose that one or more of the following synonyms be officially adopted by way of substitution? *E.g.*:—

Road-hog.
Dog-crusher.
Hen-flattener.
Highway nightmare.
Gogglebogey.
Yokel-chaser.
Baby-scarer.
Motor-demon.
Country-scenter.

Petrolwhiffist.
Rattlesnorter.
Horsebane.
Speedmaniac.
Juggernautman.

In the other case, *viz.*, that of *Zollverein*, the need of an English equivalent is equally pressing, at any rate until the next General Election. Perhaps one out of the list annexed may serve:—

Toll-union.
Union-knell.
Cabinet-solvent.
Ministry-buster.
Joe-boomer.
Balfour-baffler.
Rad-rag.
Antifetish.
Seddon-soother.
Teuton-teazer.
Canada-balsam.
Yankee-purge.

I submit, Sir, the above to your sense of linguistick propriety, and trust that you will use your best efforts to rescue our beloved mother-tongue from foreign defilement and contamination.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your devoted and humble servant,
SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Fleet Street, at the Sign of the Cock.

SATIATED!

[It has become, says the *Court Journal*, an affectation to decline to drink champagne. There must be hundreds of very young men who make it a rule to refuse it for the sole reason that there is the suggestion of a rum-bustious "past" in so doing.]

I FEAR I cannot say with truth
I loathe the wine I loved in youth.
I still would like to feel, you know,
Its fine exhilarating glow;
But while the youngsters' pulses dance
With nectar from the grapes of France,
I sit with *ennui*-haunted soul
And play my lone ascetic rôle.

I watch with knowing glance and grim
The bubbles winking at the brim;
But, when politely asked to drink,
I, like the bubbles, simply wink,
And hint of boisterous days of yore,
When magnums perished by the score;
Of nights of revel, feast, and noise,
Such as would kill most modern boys!

Thus, having set all eyes agog
Over so desperate a dog,
Whose lusty youth's the sole defence
For ostentatious abstinence,
I prove how prodigals decline
On simple drinks like cowslip wine,
Until, at twenty-one, they drop
To lemonade and ginger-pop!

"WHERE THEY DO AGREE . . ."

A LIBERAL LEADER ADDRESSES HIS TROUPE.

"SHEEP of my heart," the shepherd cried,
"Flock that I hold in solemn charge,
And often on my fence astride

Have watched careering round at large,
Each, in obedience to his private whim,
Cropping the pasture which occurs to him—

"Now dawns at last the promised day
(Which I, with other seers, foretold),
That finds you after some delay
Consorting in the self-same fold;
Your varied past, I understand, is done,
And out of quite a number you are one.

"White sheep and black, or blent of hue,
No more you butt each other's brows;
The Leaguer ram and Home Rule ewe
Freely exchange marital vows;
The Cleric wether and the best Welsh mutton
Care for their former battles not one button.

"What magic change has on us burst
To make you, now you *do* agree,
Exhibit, wholly unrehearsed,
Such startling unanimity?
The wolves are out on one another's track!
And there's a chance to pulverise the pack.

"Gentlemen! (lest I overwork
A figure of the rural kind,
Whose country flavour tends to irk
Your non-bucolic cast of mind)
'Into the breach! into the breach!' I'll say;
Our motto—*Divide et Impera!*

"Come where ye see my white plume whirl
Above the whirling falchion's hilt!
Come where ye hear my pibroch skirl!
Come where ye mark my streaming kilt!
Come where the banner flames behind my head,
And on it printed clear—THE PEOPLE'S BREAD!

"Our business is to force a fight,
Not leave our foes the hour to choose;
This parley-space which they invite
Might modify the nation's views;
Its present attitude might grow relaxed,
It might *prefer* to have its tummy taxed!

"Quick, while the people's heart is sore
About the bigger loaf's decline;
Quick, while their dazed wits deplore
Outlandish words like *Zollverein*;
Press, while our chance is still a rosy pink,
And *don't give anybody time to think!*" O. S.

UGHT ENTHUSIASTS TO BE REGISTERED?—A lady has very nearly inflicted serious injury upon the German EMPEROR. As he was driving through a crowd at Frankfort she threw a bouquet at the imperial carriage, and, worse than that, struck the imperial helmet, and—it was a very large bouquet. The lady of course was very properly arrested. This story, coming concurrently with the almost daily rumours of prominent Polish musicians being smothered by feminine admirers in the wilder parts of America, makes Mr. Punch think that something should be done. As we are also engaged in safeguarding ourselves against the motormaniac, perhaps we might legislate for the two evils together. These things could be prevented if excessively

loyal and enthusiastic persons were required to be registered and wear a conspicuous number on their backs.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Virginia of the Rhodesians (HUTCHINSON) is obviously founded on admiring study of the works of Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING, a quatrain from whose pen serves as its motto. CYNTHIA STOCKLEY does for Rhodesia what has long been accomplished, chiefly by women, for English society in India. She evidently knows it thoroughly, and describes it with exceedingly free hand. The impression conveyed to simple minds like that of my Baronite is not wholly attractive. If the historian and commentator is to be trusted there is a decidedly unwholesome flavour in the social atmosphere of one of the latest jewels added to the lengthening train of Empire. A wife or a husband seems, as a rule, openly to belong to a domestic establishment other than that in which she or he originally set up. The hero of the book, premier because he is the most utterly scoundrel, is one *Anthony Sumarez*, of whom it is admiringly recorded, "they say he has run away with every kind of woman in his time." He very nearly ran away with *Virginia* herself. That he happened to be married added only to the piquancy of the situation. She was actually packing up over-night, just as a London lady might prepare to spend a few days with her aunt at Brighton or Eastbourne, when enter another lady who, though known to Durban society as *Mrs. Ffollett*, confessed that she was really *Mrs. Anthony Sumarez*, and would be rather hurt if *Virginia* eloped with her husband. This was not all true, her relations with the ascetic *Anthony* not having been regularised by marriage. But the lie served its purpose, creating a really dramatic scene in a sketchy book.

Under the capable editorship of Mr. E. V. LUCAS, Messrs. METHUEN are issuing what promises to be the most complete edition of *The Works of Charles and Mary Lamb* with which a grateful country has yet been dowered. Some of the chapters contain matter for the first time bound up with the better known works of the genial essayist. The first volume just issued, numbering over five hundred pages, contains all LAMB's prose, with the principal exception of the *Elia Essays*. These, with his Books for Children, his Dramatic Specimens, his Poems and Plays, and his Letters, will follow in five volumes. My Baronite knows his CHARLES LAMB pretty well. But it comes as a pleasant surprise to find he left behind materials for six handsome volumes on the scale of the one now to hand.

Anyone interested in *Lawn Tennis at Home and Abroad* will find all about it in a volume issued by Messrs. NEWNES, under the editorship of Mr. WALLIS MYERS, who counts among his contributors, H. S. MAHONY, H. S. SCRIVENER, G. W. HILLYARD, Mrs. STERRY, and other authorities on a game whose popularity has stood the test of years. The task Mr. MYERS set for himself is to present votaries of the game with knowledge, conveyed by pen and picture, of the conditions under which it is organised and contested throughout the civilised world. The value of the book is augmented by reproduction of countless photographs. Many of these being snapshots present the curious, apparently contorted, always graphic result peculiar to that process. Among the many portraits of famous players is one of the Brothers ALLEN, in the matter of personal resemblance surely the most complete coincidence seen on earth since the *Brothers Dromio* served in the households of *Antipholus of Ephesus* and *Antipholus of Syracuse*. One ALLEN is E. R., and the other C. G. Which is which my Baronite doesn't know, and doubts if C. G. does. THE BARON DE B.-W.



Bernard Partridge.

BEYOND HIS POWER.

RUSSIA (to the "Times"). "I'LL TEACH YOU TO CALL ME A BEAR! OUT YOU GO!"
TRUTH. "AH, YOU MAY EXPEL HIM, BUT YOU CAN'T GET RID OF ME!"

[On the 28th of May, Mr. BRAHAM, the *Times* Correspondent at St. Petersburg, was expelled from Russia at eight hours' notice, extended subsequently to three days, by order of General von WAHL, Assistant Minister of the Interior. "The vague charges brought by the Russian Government against our Correspondent are purely formal charges, which they do not even venture to press home against him, much less to support by any specific evidence."—*Times*, May 30.]



MORE ORNAMENTAL THAN USEFUL.

"JUST GIVE THAT BIT O' LEAD A BITE ATWEEN YER TEETH, WILL YER, MATIE?"

"AIN'T YE GOT NO TEETH OF YER OWN?"

"I OOT SOME, BUT THERE AIN'T NONE OF 'EM OPPOSITE ONE ANOTHER."

A THEME WITH VARIATIONS.

[The Theme: "Lord and Lady NORBITON have left Mangel Hall, and have taken up their residence at 420, Grosvenor Place, for the season."]

ACTING, you will remember, upon the advice of a weekly review, which counsels the young author to seek material for his stories in the newspaper, we showed in a previous number how the prosaic sentence quoted above could be utilised. We made it the basis of a tale, first for a high-class literary periodical, and then for the *Fleet Street Magazine*. But it can be treated in other ways also. For a really "smart" piece of fiction you will begin as follows:—

III.

"Broke!" ejaculated Lord NORBITON, jingling two halfpennies and a farthing in his pocket.

"Bridge?" asked his wife laconically.

"Bridge it is, DODDLES. Clean scuppered. Not a bloomin' tanner left, s'elp me. Old Lady BARBARA my partner last night again. Pink-eyed rat that she is! Hooted her under the table, too, I did; might as well have kicked the blessed poker. Wouldn't understand

the simplest signal—so here we are. What's the lay, DODDLES?"

"London," said Lady NORBITON decisively.

"Oh, rats!" protested her husband, with real feeling in his voice.

"Yes, London. Better chance there. Buck up, old pal, and don't look more like a silly shrimp than you can help. I'll go and see about getting our blooming traps put together."

And so on. This will make your readers believe that you are intimate with the very best society.

If, however, you really happen to be a Viscountess or a Marchioness, you need not take so much trouble about grammar and construction. You will send your story to the *Ladies' Kingdom*, and it will be written in this fashion:—

IV.

So then when it was beginning to get a little tiresome in the country, and which because of its dulness Lord NORBITON could not endure, Lady NORBITON felt bound to reluctantly make a move and to go to London to get into the house in Grosvenor Place they had heard of. *Caelum nonne animus*, however, as the old Greek proverb hath it,

which is more reliable than a proverb in most cases are wont to be. However, they left Mangel next day. Lord NORBITON was silent in the train; "who shall I ask to cheer him up?" thought his wife as station after station was whizzed by—a question it was hard to successfully find an answer to.

Finally, if you can't make a successful story out of the theme, turn it into a rhymed satire. You need not trouble about polishing the lines overmuch. Send it to Albemarle Street, and, with any luck, it will appear in the most massive type. This is a sample of the style required:—

V.

The tavern gossip of the *Mangel* clown Reports that NORBITON has gone to town; Ready to suffer for his country's sake (Like RODNEY, GRENVILLE, FROBISHER and DRAKE—

Immortal names!). He will endure, no doubt,

The indigestion of the diner-out, And add to dinner—so exceeds the upper

Class of so-called "Society"—a supper; What time her ladyship in Paris dress, Etc., etc.

Nothing can be easier to write!

GUY BONO ;

OR, FOR THE GOOD OF "GUY'S."

Being some account of a famous performance in aid of Guy's Hospital, given at His Majesty's Theatre, June 8.

AN appeal for assistance towards a charitable object, whatever that object may be, is never made in vain to the members of the theatrical profession. It was therefore a foregone conclusion that a performance given—emphatically "given," as not one penny would actors and actresses take for all their labours, culminating, after many previous weeks' conscientious rehearsals, in this one single night's well-nigh faultless representation—in aid of the funds for endowing in perpetuity a bed in Guy's Hospital, to be named "His Majesty's Theatre Bed," should yield an exceptional result, and that Mr. TREE, himself the donor to the fund of all the expenses of the show, should have been able to state publicly that "Guy's" would benefit, by this one night's performance, to the tune of two thousand one hundred pounds, an announcement, it is needless to add, received with the heartiest cheers. So were the last words of the "tag," admirably given by the generous Manager (he was giving everything that night, without, of course, giving himself away), in which he expressed a fervent hope for the future of the Hospital under the patronage of the King and the Presidency of H.R.H. the Prince of WALES, who, with the Princess, occupied a box on the first tier. Turning towards the Royal Box on the pit tier, Manager TREE, with graceful inclination (bows come quite naturally to a TREE), thanked the KING and QUEEN for their most gracious presence on this special occasion.

What a house it was! Two liberal benefactors had secured about half the pit for the fresh-coloured, bright-eyed hospital nurses, who were "all there" (though some had to remain at home, as the patients were not allowed out for "one night only"); but, fortunately for the susceptible males among the audience, the nurses were so deeply interested in the proceedings on the stage that the idea of "setting their caps" at anyone never for one moment entered into their heads.

The house was crowded, and had any accident happened to anyone there were Guy's doctors, Guy's surgeons, Guy's nurses, all ready to attend on the spot. One surgical operation was felt to be absolutely necessary: the first piece wanted cutting. The operation must be performed if it is again to be presented with any chance of success. Laureate ALFRED AUSTIN knows, perhaps, less of the stage, practically, than did even ALFRED the Great, Lord TENNYSON, and he knew little enough.

Handsome Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER, as *Lady Heron*, and Mr. FRED TERRY, made up quite prettily as *James the Fourth*, musical monarch of Scotland, with "harpy thoughts" and no strikingly tuneful power of expressing them; Mr. HENRY AINLEY as amatory *Donald Grey*; gentle Miss MIRIAM CLEMENTS, as the "adopted orphan," looking rather like a hospital nurse of the period—probably intended as a compliment to "our friends in front"—and Mr. OSCAR ASCHE as the robustious *Earl of Surrey*, all did their best for the author, who can scarcely be said to have done his best for them. Their efforts were acclaimed, and the one single dramatic situation was accepted with gratitude as a sample of the piece "that ought to have been."

In fact the programme consisted, first, of the piece that wasn't, and probably never would be, and, secondly, of the piece that was—decidedly successful. *The Man who Was*, fairly well dramatised by F. KINSEY PEILE from KIPLING's story, gives, in *Austin Limmason*, a part that suits Mr. TREE perfectly. His make-up was wonderful, and his acting equal to his make-up. Mr. EDMUND MAURICE's *Colonel Dirkovitch* was a

remarkably clever performance. Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER's *Millicent Durgan* was strikingly effective; and to Mr. FISHER WHITE as *Colonel Durgan*, to Mr. COOKSON as *Captain Basset Holmer*, and to Mr. DAWSON MILWARD as *Little Mildred*, the greatest praise is due. As this very stirring one-act piece is before long to form an important part of the regular evening bill at His Majesty's, it will have to be dealt with fully later on. At present it is only to be here set down that, in spite of certain weak points in the dramatisation, Mr. TREE has scored one of his most marked successes, a veritable *tour de force*.

But as it is probable that the opportunities of seeing so great a dramatic treat as the Laureate's *Flodden Field* will be rare, it is as well, for the fleeting moment, to record how there is in it a veiled ghost, a kind of *White Lady of Aenel*, or sort of tame *Castle Spectre*, impervious to the sword of *James the Fourth*, King of Scotland, who, having been warned by the ghost as to what he oughtn't to do, at once obstinately goes and does it; that there is a "Castle Interior" for the two Acts, with our good old friend "the Seneschal" complaining that he can't go out and fight (old humbug!), but must stop at home while the battle of *Flodden Field* is going on—it is, apparently, always going on—and burnish his master's armour; and how there is a charming orphan, played by Miss MIRIAM CLEMENTS, with whom a nice young man, by name of *Donald Grey*, represented in the nicest young-mannish manner possible by Mr. HENRY AINLEY, is deeply in love; how there is any amount of kissing, pressing, and hugging carried on by all the principals generally, much to the distraction of amorous swains in front of the house, perhaps too of the pretty nurses in the pit, and of coy maidens in all parts of the auditorium; and how Mr. ASCHE, as the bluff *Earl of Surrey* (Theatre and of ancient transpontine melodrama), goes out to join in the battle, and, having come safely out of the fray without the slightest scar, and free from any damage whatever to his spick-and-span new costume, cuts up rusty, rushes out of the house never to re-appear, but to send "per bearers, this side up with care," a body of convincing evidence in the form of the corpse of *James the Fourth*, still Mr. FRED TERRY, or Mr. FRED TERRY still; and how *Lady Heron*, in disgust with the failure of her attempt at pleasing *Lord Surrey* with what she had considered a really good practical joke played on the unfortunate monarch, stabs herself, and so brings down the curtain,—all these are the main incidents forming the action of a blank-verse drama which, but for the prosiness of "the cackle," might yet succeed as a fair specimen of a curtain-raiser in an evening's programme.

But the two thousand one hundred pounds clear profit for Guy's was the chief success of this night, which will be memorable in the Hospital records kept by the Patron, His Gracious Majesty the KING; by H.R.H. Prince of WALES, President; as also in the memoranda of the entire Medical and Surgical Staff, which includes such names as Sir SAMUEL WILKS, FREDERICK TAYLOR, and a list of distinguished names too numerous to be here individually mentioned, and, above all, in the accounts kept by the indefatigable H. COSMO BONSOR, Treasurer of Guy's Hospital.

Another Hospital, the London, had a real good turn done it last Thursday by their kindly MAJESTIES' visit, when Whitechapel, to quote the *Times*' report, was "as gay with flags as the dripping state of these flags permitted," and this display, the outburst of a loyalty anything but "flagging," occurred in spite of His MAJESTY's having caused it to be understood "that he would far rather see money given to the Hospital than expended in frippery of any sort."

It is due to the eminent surgeon Mr. FRIPP to explain that this was in no sense an allusion to his particular work, as he has nothing to do with the London Hospital, only with Guy's.

THE HAUNTED TRAM.

[A gentleman recently wrote to the *Daily Express* alleging that several times mysterious footsteps have been heard on the top of a South London tram at night, accompanied by the rattle of a conductor's chain and (probably, though he does not say so) a whispered request for fares. And no conductor was visible!]

GHOSTS of The Towers, The Grange, The Court,
Ghosts of the Castle Keep,
Ghosts of the finnicking, "high-life" sort
Are growing a trifle cheap.
But here is a spook of another stamp,
No thin, theatrical sham,
But a spectre who fears not dirt nor damp:
He rides on a London tram.

By the curious glance of a mortal eye
He is not seen. He's heard.
His steps go a-creeping, creeping by,
He speaks but a single word.
You may hear his feet: you may hear them plain,
For—it's odd in a ghost—they crunch.
You may hear the whirr of his rattling chain,
And the ting of his ringing punch.

The gathering shadows of night fall fast;
The lamps in the street are lit;
To the roof have the eerie footsteps passed,
Where the outside passengers sit.
To the passenger's side has the spectre paced;
For a moment he halts, they say,
Then a ring from the punch at the unseen waist,
And the footsteps pass away.

That is the tale of the haunted car;
And if on that car you ride
You won't, believe me, have journeyed far
Ere the spectre seeks your side.
Ay, all unseen by your seat he'll stand,
And (unless it's a wig) your hair
Will rise at the touch of his icy hand,
And the sound of his whispered "Fare!"

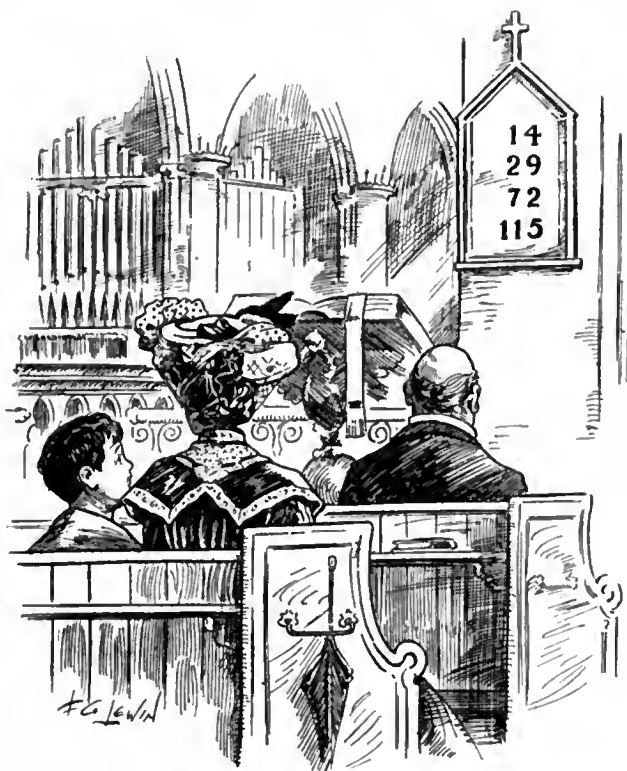
At the end of the trip, when you're getting down
(And you'll probably simply fly!)
Just give the conductor half-a-crown,
Ask who is the ghost and why.
And the man will explain with bated breath
(And point you a moral) thus:
"E's a pore young bloke wot wos crushed to death
By people as fought
As they didn't ought
For seats on a crowded bus."

OPERA NOTES.

Tuesday, June 9.—Herr VON ROOY, as *Hans Sachs*, is "about as pairfect, ye ken, as any single mon representing *Sachs* could be," says the Wee MACGREGOR, expressing the "opinion of us all." *Die Meistersinger*, though with *Sachs*-full of melody, is, it cannot be denied, a somewhat weary business considering what it is intended to be—a comic opera. *Beckmesser* is an eccentric part, and Herr GEIS does it justice in every way. Frau GLEISS is a charming *Eva*, and Frau DEPPE delightful in the small part of *Magdalene*. Prolonged applause at finish. Everybody, being called, cheerfully obeyed the summons.

Wednesday.—Miss COVENT GARDEN as *Juliette*, SALIGNAC as *Roméo*, et toute la boutique as before. Cannot well be improved upon.

Thursday.—*Première de MELBA*. House crowded. KING and QUEEN present. PUCCINI's delightful opera, *La Bohème*.



A "CALCULATING BOY."

Tommy (in audible whisper). "MUMMY, THEY'VE ADDED IT UP RIGHT FOR THE FIRST TIME!"

Prima donna never in better voice. Mme. FRITZI SCHEFF, as frisky *Musetta*, excellent. The only slip in the opera was made by *Marcello* and *Colline*, Signor SCOTTI and M. JOURNET, in attempting to carry off aforesaid frisky young lady. Hearty calls before curtain smilingly accepted. M. DUFRIE as good as ever in representing "two single gentlemen rolled into one," namely, *Benoit* the grim and *Alcindoro* the gay. Mr. BELLEW's well-trained chorus of Hulla-bellow Boys was first-rate; they thoroughly enjoyed all the fun of the fair. *Habitues* missed M. GILBERT as *Sehannard*, but were contented to accept Signor PINI CORSI as his substitute in this rôle. Meritorious MANCINELLI conducting. Mellifluous MELBA's *Mimi* better than ever.

Saturday's entertainment will be accounted for in next week's notes.

WAHL, WE NEVER!

[From the *Evening Post*, New York, June 9.—"The Russian semi-official Press now takes the cheerful view that the recent expulsion of the *Times* Correspondent from St. Petersburg was a proof of Russian friendliness!"]

The *Times* correspondent who recently received such sudden "notice to quit" St. Petersburg may adapt the old song to the occasion, and justly observe that:

"Perhaps it was well to dissemble your love,
But—why did you kick me down stairs?"

But what can you expect from the Russ in his own *urbe*?
As the immortal Dr. WATTS hath it,

"It is his nature to!"

And, this being so, General VON WAHL, Assistant Minister of the Interior, only acted "like a bear." So the trusty correspondent crosses the Tartarean border and bids "Good-night" to Russia, adding, "All's Wahl!"

RHYMES OF THE EAST.

THE IRON HAND.

["The Government of India has been pleased to sanction the infliction of a fine, &c."—*Official notification.*]

To such as read with careless eyes,
My present theme affords
But little scope for enterprise
In buttering one's lords;
"Fines," they would urge, "have always
Largely to Those that rule, [bulked
Seeing that every man They mulet
Brings something to the pool."

But ah! my friends, it isn't that;
Their proud pre-eminence
Rests on the nobler ground of flat,
Cold-blooded truculence;
Others have done the same ere now,
But only men of steel
Would have the stomach to avow
The pleasure that They feel.

Here is the Iron Hand that builds
Our realms beyond the sea;
No *suaviter in modo* gilds
Their *fortiter in re*;
Here you will find no velvet glove
Upon the fist of fear:
None of your guiding hand of Love,
None of your hogwash here!

No. From Their home amid the stars
They glower athwart the land
Inplacable, with "eye like Mars
To threaten and command";
With Them to hear is to obey
With no more questioning;
They make no bones about it—They
Are *pleased* to do this thing.

Blind to the victim's mask of woe,
Deaf to his poignant howls,
No pity stirs Their hearts, and no
Reluctance wrings Their bowls;
By prompt and ready cash alone
Their wrath shall be appeased,
Who pile it on like gods, and own,
Like men, to being pleased.

DUM-DUM.

THE PROFESSIONAL CHEERER-UP.

["Among the latest acquisitions of the Women's Exchange in New York is a worker known as the cheering-up lady."—*Daily Paper.*]

NEW YORK now possesses a clever lady, Miss SOPHIE STRY, who spends her time in passing from house to house transforming, by her bright tongue and merry magnetism, Dumpy JAMESSES into Sunny JIMS, and Dreary ELIZABETHS into Laughing BETSIES. We have ventured to imagine the course her methods might take with certain English melancholics.

WITH A DEPRESSED CRICKETER.

"Come now, my dear Sir; after all, what is a duck? One cannot make a hundred without adding two ducks to a paltry one! But *per se*? Oh, well,

per se it is, perhaps, a little discouraging, but who is free from them? Even FRY makes several every season, and the bowling must be considered. You were bowled by a clinker. It is better to make a duck against good bowling like that than a hundred against tosh. I doubt even if the KING would make a score against LOCKWOOD. Look at the symmetry of it, too—round, smooth, compact, self-contained. Compare it with a sprawling 57, say, or 94. The egg, the symbol of life!—how charming! To add one more to Nature's store of eggs—that is work, indeed. The universal mother is on your side, if your captain isn't."

[At this point the Cricketer presses a large fee into Miss SOPHIE STRY's hand and breaks away, determined never to do anything so banal as make another run.

WITH A PESSIMISTIC AUTHOR.

"And they won't read your book? Why, what could be better? To be admired by the many-headed mob; to have a bookstall circulation like the writer you have just named?—surely your heart should be dancing to have escaped such a fate. How much finer to be select, to number one's true appreciators by tens, nay, by units, than to slay thousands with SAMSON'S weapon, like Dash and Blank! I envy such rare unobtrusiveness. This is an advertising, gulping age—you stand aside, a prophet of the unique, the unpopular.

"Not reviewed! Another triumph. To keep one's name pure and unsullied by mention in the democratic sheets—that is real success. To know but to be unknown, what equals such a fate as that? To write, but to refuse to publish! How I envy you such a power! 'No,' you can say, turning the key on your MSS., 'no, there they shall lie. You might have read them, but would not; now you shall not. Thus do I take my revenge.' My dear Sir, you are superb. The attitude is worthy of TIMON. We do not know our greatest men."

[Here the Literary Man abandons all thought of suicide, and dedicates his young life to the agreeable task of denying the world the joy of reading his next romance.

WITH A DEJECTED GOLFER.

"So you're off your drive? A mere passing weakness, I assure you. Why, look at the Duke of DUFFINSHIRE! He was only 65 when he took to the game, and when he had his first lesson from BEN SAYERS he missed the ball completely six times running. Even now he often slices his drive into the teebow. They're going to put up your handicap from 2 to 4? Why, how old are you? Only 28? Why, CHARLES HUTCHINGS didn't begin to play golf till

he was over 30! Think of all the years you've got before you to pull it down. And look at the Duke of DUFFINSHIRE again! Only last month they reduced his handicap from 36 to 34. You say you lost six new Haskells at Woking in one round? Well, that was rather trying, but think of the pleasure you have given to those who found them. And, besides, you surely remember the historic case recorded in the lines:

"There was a young man of St. Ives
Who lost ten new balls in ten drives."

[Exit Depressed Golfer, in a transport of pantisocratic benevolence, firmly resolved that the next time he misses the globe he will give his caddie half-a-sovereign.

WITH A DISAPPOINTED "TIMES" COMPETITOR.

"So you set your heart on winning the £1,000 prize and failed? Well, well: there are other good things in the world besides money. Besides, if you had invested it carefully you would only have got about 2½ per cent. return, and if you had gone in for a flutter it would have been probably swallowed by some wild-cat company promoter. But don't fret about the money. Try to realise the splendid intellectual advantages you have reaped from your exertions—the mental gymnastic, the concentration, the wonderful mass of miscellaneous information you have assimilated in the course of your studies: the statistics of the oleo-margarine trade, the reason why camels have humps, the place to buy second-hand silk hats, the difference between a sprocket pinion and a carburetter, the age of Madame SARAH BERNHARDT. Think how much better equipped you are for the battle of life, and thank Heaven fasting for the altruistic enterprise of Printing House Square."

[Disappointed "Times" Competitor dries her eyes, embraces Miss STRY, and makes a note to send a Christmas-card to Mr. G. E. B-CLE.

"RETURNED WITH THANKS."

"RETURNED with thanks," and "much regret":

At such rejection who could fret?
Acceptance scarce had had more grace:
Nay, one can admiration trace,
But thinly veiled in etiquette.

Ah, little, little chansonnette!

"Not without elegance," and yet—
Just for a trifling "want of space,"
"Returned with thanks!"

To think: if one had only met
His aunt at dinner—played a "Set"
With some sweet cousin of his race,
It lacked but that to change the case:
Not then, for answer, should we get
"Returned with thanks."

RONDEAU OF FASHION.

Is "ganging" and in "piping" go
 Those ladies strictly *comme il faut*.
 In "spiderwebs" of lace they're seen,
 With "herring-bones" disposed between,
 And "stoles" are *chic, en boléro*.
 And "yokes" above have dropped below,
 And "ruffles" out, or nearly so;
Le dernier cri, a "pelerine,"
 In ganging.
 Why, why this strange variety-show
 Of frill and "flute" and furbelow?
 O dainty maids of winsome mien,
 In dimity or "*crêpe de chine*"
 Or any wear you are, you know,
 Engaging!

CHARIVARIA.

THE War Office has decided that officers may show one-eighth of an inch of white collar with the service dress. The notice of the authorities has been drawn to the delay in mounting guns in the fortifications of naval bases and defended ports, and the matter will receive attention in its proper turn.

In future, soldiers who have lost teeth on active service are to be provided with a free issue of false ones, but not until the commanding officer is satisfied that the applicant has made a thorough search on the battle-field for the missing articles.

The expenses of officers' dress are said to be constantly increasing. Perhaps that is why, to judge by recent courts-martial, so many officers appear in rags.

An international motor-car race from Moscow to St. Petersburg is to take place early in August. Every precaution will be taken for the public safety, and none but the Czar's Jewish subjects is to be allowed on the course.

It is none the less satisfactory to learn that the English protests on the subject of the recent Kischineff massacres will not be treated with contumely by the Russians. Criticising the comments in the English papers, the *Novoye Vremya* says, "Contempt is the reply of honest people to their shameful outbursts."

The *Daily Mail* is publishing a series of remarkably sane articles on Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S proposals. A note is appended drawing attention to the fact that "the articles must be understood to express the opinions of the writers, and not necessarily those of the *Daily Mail*."



"FOR THIS RELIEF—?"

"I'M SORRY TO HEAR YOUR WIFE IS SUFFERING FROM HER THROAT. I HOPE IT'S NOTHING SERIOUS?"

"NO, I DON'T THINK SO. THE DOCTOR'S FORBIDDEN HER TO TALK MUCH. IT'LL TROUBLE HER A GOOD DEAL, I EXPECT, AND SHE WON'T BE HERSELF FOR SOME TIME."

We hear that, in view of recent startling political developments, a mass meeting of the leaders of the Liberal Party will shortly be held.

France has not a high opinion of her own sailors. To ascertain whether it is possible to occupy the lower turret while firing is proceeding on the battleship *Henri IV.*, four sheep were tied up to represent the French gunners.

Last week's issue of *V. C.*, a *Journal of the Brighter Side of Life*, contained an article entitled "Hunted by Elephants."

Lamb is now in season. It is to be had cheap both from Messrs. MEIHUEN and Mr. DENT.

A Scalloway merchant, while in a sailing boat, has encountered the sea-serpent. After noting that it was about thirty feet long and had a huge flapper-like head, he made straight for land and is now a teetotaler.

At Christmas Mr. TREE will produce *The Darling of the Gods*. It is announced that he will not fill the title rôle himself. This is characteristic of one who declares he never plays to the gallery.



Mistress. "JANE! JANE! YOU MUST BE MORE CAREFUL. EACH OF THOSE TUMBLERS YOU'VE BROKEN COST HALF-A-CROWN!"
 Jane. "LAW, MUM! NOW I SHOULD 'AVE PUT 'EM AT EIGHTPENCE!"

MR. PUNCH'S SPECIAL ARTICLES.

(With acknowledgments to the "Daily Mail.")

NO. IV.—THE CULT OF THE BROWN BOOT.

No serious student of dermatology can have avoided noticing the enormous increase in the use of brown boots in the last quarter of a century. In 1879 a clubman would no more have thought of walking down Pall Mall in brown boots than of flying. But now even archdeacons frequent the Athenæum Club in that ubiquitous footwear.

Necessity is probably the mother of invention, as Lord AVEBURY has pointedly remarked, and the introduction of the brown boot is due, according to a well-known Bond Street maker, to the exigencies of a retired General, who, finding it difficult to get his boots adequately blacked at his chambers, suggested, as a solution of his embarrassment, that it might be possible to devise a form of boot in which blacking could be entirely dispensed with. The example at once provoked imitation, and now it is estimated by Dr. NICHOLSON ROBERTS in the *Bootman* that in London alone 1,250,000 pairs of tawny-coloured footwear are sold in the year.

Boots, it may not be generally known, are made from the hides of various animals, terrestrial and marine. The skin is removed after the animal has been slaughtered, not before, and is then subjected to a variety of preliminary processes of a mollifying character, of which the most important is that of tanning. Tan, or tannin, as it is more correctly called, is a substance of a friable texture and a highly pro-

nounced but hygienic odour. It is principally found in Indian tea, whence it is extracted by machinery especially designed for the purpose, and stored in tanyards. It is also occasionally used to deaden the sound of traffic and provide equestrians with a substratum calculated to minimise the wear and tear of their horses' hoofs. Dogs of certain breeds are also technically described as being "black and tan."

The process of bootmaking, of which the headquarters is at Nottingham, will be familiar to all who have attended the performances of WAGNER's opera *Die Meistersinger*. It involves the use of powerful cutting instruments, cobbler's wax, needles, thread, and other implements, and the principal terms in its somewhat extensive terminology are vamp, welt, upper leathers, and nether sole. Bootmakers, like tailors, commonly sit cross-legged at their work, and hold pronounced political views; hence the term freebooter. But it has been noted that the makers of brown boots incline to Liberal Unionism. Their patron saint is Giordano Bruno, and in theology they affect latitudinarianism.

The term "brown boots," it should be noted, is often a misnomer, as it includes shades of yellow, orange, and russet. Army men affect the latter, while stockbrokers and solicitors prefer the former.

In conclusion it may be worth while to record certain established rules, the disregard of which may have untoward consequences. Black laces do not harmonise well with brown boots, nor is it *de rigueur* to wear them with a frock-coat, or when in evening or court dress.



“FOILED !”

“Birmingham Joe,” the Highwayman, fails in his attempt on the Free Trade Coach.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 8.
—House resumed after Whitsun recess. The gathering small, proceedings in Committee, save for one incident, humdrum. In Lobbies, in Library, in Reading-room, wherever two or three Members are gathered together, there is Rumour in the midst of them. Men recognise with bated breath the imminence of crisis. Some say Government will resign before the week end; others limit that grave step to Don José. HARRY CHAPLIN, literally big with the fate of Ministries, stalks about Lobby, wearing his eye-glass with even more studiously close resemblance to manner of another Dictator. ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS, back after long absence, blacker and grimmer than ever, restlessly takes the Lobby to and fro in five strides. Mr. PATRICK O'BRIEN, elate with consciousness that the Irish Whip holds in hollow of his hand the fate of strongest Ministry of modern times, enviously watches legs of ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, wondering how he does it. As for JEMMY LOWTHER, he is making a book; from time to time retires to corner near Post Office and liberally uses the national stock of telegram forms in working out how he stands on the double event. The atmosphere is charged with electricity. Over all broods a dark cloud, which men instinctively feel may suddenly break, involving the Empire in fumes and smoke more terrible than those *Dante* nightly sniffs as he walks the stage at Drury Lane.



AN AUTHORITY ON FEEDING-BOTTLES.

"I was struck by the extreme simplicity of my hon. friend the Secretary to the Treasury."—*Sir E. Grey's Speech.*

Mr. Arthur Elliot.



QUITE SO; BUT HOW LONG WILL HE STOP THERE?

"I am quite prepared to go into any labourer's cottage and say to him, 'Now this policy, if it is carried out, will cost you so much a week more than you are paying at present for your food.'"—!!!—*Mr. Chamberlain's Speech on Preferential Tariffs.*

And it is at a time like this that WILLIAM CECIL NORTON, Member for West Newington, late Captain of the Fifth Royal Irish Lancers (recreations: skating, cycling), selects to seize a feeding-bottle pistol-wise, and hold it at the head of harried Government. It was in Committee on Civil Service Estimates. On vote for salaries and expenses of Customs Department STRACHEY moved to reduce salary of Chairman of Board of Customs by £100, with intent to coerce him into furnishing names and addresses of persons who import to this country foreign milk. ARTHUR ELLIOT, in charge of Civil Service Estimates, pleaded this was really inviting a paternal Government to go outside its legitimate sphere of influence. Cap'n TOMMY BOWLES, whose weather eye comprehends view of boundless empire without overlooking the interests of domesticity, said a few words; which, in truth, he often does.

Then up gat the gallant ex-Royal Irish Lancer, and, feeding-bottle in hand, rode down on the trembling Treasury Bench.

"In these days," he said, "when the majority of the rising generation are unfortunately bottle-fed, we are justified in asking His Majesty's Government to trace to its spring every half-

pint of foreign milk foisted on the country."

Prince ARTHUR, who had just dropped in, faintly blushed. What were feeding-bottles to him, or he to feeding-bottles, that the Member for West Newington should thus pointedly address him? The Financial Secretary to the Treasury, a married man, was more competent to deal with the subject. To him the Premier left it, withdrawing from the range of NORTON's levelled feeding-bottle with perturbed alacrity that greatly tickled Chairman of Committees. The OVERFLOWING LOUGH, of all men, coming to rescue of the Government, the feeding-bottle and the amendment were both withdrawn, and Ministerial crisis temporarily averted.

Business done.—Voting supply.

Tuesday night.—Making history to-day. The House, after its manner, instantly adapts itself to occasion. Gone is the languor of yesterday; crowded are the erstwhile empty benches; breathless the interest with which succeeding episodes are watched. A great deal has happened since ST. MICHAEL last spoke in Parliament. Then he rose from the Treasury Bench, and stood at the Table exponent of the policy of a united Cabinet. To-day he presents himself from the corner seat behind the Treasury

Bench, a historic quarter, whence, since the days of W. E. FORSTER and before, Ministers cast off by rapid rotary movement of Cabinets have found refuge.

Below him, on the Treasury Bench, PRINCE ARTHUR, reverting to a long and familiar habit, literally sprawled. Sixteen years ago, when answerable for Law and Order in Ireland, the Chief Secretary, nightly attacked from benches below Gangway opposite, was wont to lounge on Treasury Bench with ostentatious effort to appear at ease. With his long legs stretched out till they touched the Table, his hands loosely disposed in his trousers pockets, his head brought so low that it might rest on the cushioned back of the seat, he intimated to whom it might concern that if it gave them pleasure to heap abuse on the Irish Secretary, ARTHUR BALFOUR didn't mind a bit. It pleased them and didn't hurt him.

To-night he unconsciously reverts to this old manner, whilst from the back bench a former Cabinet colleague, amid jubilant cheers from the Opposition, floods with lurid light the downward path that, hand in hand with DON JOSÉ, he is treading, and holds him personally responsible for the burden of expenditure under which the nation staggers.

And where is DON JOSÉ? Last time financial policy of the Ministry was discussed on eve of Whitsun holidays, Colonial Secretary and Premier, as is their wont, sat shoulder to shoulder in smiling confidence, following and supporting each other in debate, exchanging cheery commentary as it was carried on by others. There is this afternoon plenty of room on either side of the Premier if a fond and faithful comrade yearns for his companionship. DON JOSÉ sits alone at the obscurer end of the Treasury Bench, where, in the shadow of the Speaker's chair, Under-Secretaries foregather. With folded arms, closed eyes, countenance of stony impassivity, he sits and listens as if they were talking about someone else.

To a proud spirit accustomed to command, the minutes stretching into long hours must have been the bitterest known in a life of storm and stress, for the most part victoriously overcome. DON JOSÉ has seen something like it in years gone by. Having staked his all on Home Rule, MR. GLADSTONE one night sat on the same bench in an equally crowded House, watching the Thanes flee from him, recognising that for the time at least the battle was lost.

"Had Zimri peace who slew his master?" It is DON JOSÉ's turn now. He has played a card not less momentous to national interests than was Home Rule in his old chieftain's hands. Like him, after seeming to carry all before

him, there comes a day when, suddenly, fortune turns, friends fall away, and a structure boldly designed, carefully built up, apparently ready for prosperous occupation, suddenly crumbles.

It was sharper than a serpent's tooth to sit and hear RITCHIE—him of all the



MAROONED; OR, THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

"Sharper than a serpent's tooth to sit and hear Ritchie."

Cabinet colleagues!—read a deliberately prepared, presumably unanimously endorsed, renunciation of Protection and all its *aliases*. Worse still was to hear the fierce jubilation of the shout of triumph that went up from the throng opposite, long accustomed to feel the lash of his contumely and scorn.

"All very well, TOBY mio," says the MEMBER FOR SARK, looking over my shoulder as I write; "you describe the scene at the moment fairly enough. It is quite true DON JOSÉ has suffered an unexpected, resounding, blow. They have played check to the king; but don't suppose the game is over yet. If anyone offers you odds that DON JOSÉ, at present in a minority of two in the Cabinet, has abandoned his financial scheme, or abated one jot of determination to carry it, you take him freely, and when you are roping in the money don't forget a little commission for the tipster."

Business done.—DON JOSÉ's; for the moment.

AN IDYLL.

WHEN I asked my dear EDWIN to shave

I'd never a thought of denial;

He'd been such an absolute slave,

I put his devotion on trial.

But his eye threw a sinister dart,

His features grew dogged and grave.

Still—I hardly expected to part

When I asked him to shave.

He refused, and seemed eager to jest,

Till he saw my determined expression.

A moustache, he said, suited him best,
And helped in his budding profession.
"What! like yours!" I replied with a
sneer;

He smiled when my temper grew hot,
And when I indulged in a tear
He said, "Certainly not."

'Twas enough, and I said what I felt,
Indignant and adamant-hearted,
On some of his drawbacks I dwelt—
He took up his hat and departed.
I expected him back, but in vain;
Disconsolate, haggard and white,
I wrestled each day with my pain
Till Saturday night.

Then I wrote and confessed I was
wrong,

My hand with emotion was shaking,
I prayed him to come before long

To the heart that was his and was
breaking.

Three terrible hours did I wait;

He came—and my reason was saved.

Then I saw what had made him so late—
My EDWIN had shaved.

"FIRST AID FOR THE INJURED."

WE met in Kensington High Street, and HILDA informed me that she was on her way home from an Ambulance Class that was held every week at Lady MACGREGOR'S.

"Every woman ought to know how to render First Aid to the Injured," she said, with gentle decision.

I assented warmly, and asked for particulars as to the method of procedure at these valuable gatherings.

"First, of course, we have tea," said HILDA, "and then we all go into the library and sit round the table, with the doctor at the head and the skeleton at the side."

"And can you see the skeleton from your seat?" I inquired.

"Quite as much as I want to!" replied HILDA, firmly. "We were a little late in beginning to-day," she went on, "as Mrs. DE WINTON had forgotten the time of the class, and of course we could not begin till she had had her tea."

"And what was the subject this afternoon?" I inquired.

HILDA turned reluctantly from the shop window she was contemplating.

"Fractures!" she said, importantly.

"There are eight signs and symptoms of fractures. I can only remember one—crep—crep—it sounds something like *erêpe*, because when the doctor mentioned it I remarked to GERTRUDE how strange it was that one saw so little *crêpe-de-chine* this season, when it was all the rage last year. Oh! I know—crepitus! And that," she added thoughtfully, "is the one thing you are not to try and discover



THE MOTOR AGE.

(Some little distance after Albert Dürer.)

for yourself. It is *very* important to remember this."

"And what is the treatment to be?" I ventured, much impressed.

HILDA's face assumed a pitying tenderness, beautiful to behold.

"Keep the poor dear warm and comfortable till the doctor comes!" she said, evidently quoting from a little manual she was holding in her hand. "You see it isn't likely you would be carrying splints and bandages about with you, to say nothing of the book, and it is really safer not to attempt too much! Though of course we have all learnt to bandage. We have a boy on purpose at 6d. an hour."

"Wee MacGREGOR?" I suggested.

"No," said HILDA, seriously, "RONALD wouldn't stand still long enough. We have a little fellow from the Boys' Home."

"And when is the next class held?" I asked.

"Well," said HILDA, puckering her forehead, "that is rather a difficult thing to settle. You see there is always someone away, and the best thing to do is to arrange to have the classes when as few as possible are absent. This afternoon, while we were at tea, Lady MacGREGOR had a telegram from two of the members to say that they had been kept so long at LIBERTY'S that they were positively obliged to have tea at FULLER'S, and they didn't see how they could possibly be in time, and it would be such a pity to disturb the class."

"And what about the examination?" I asked, sternly. "What will you all do when the time of reckoning comes?"

"Oh, well," explained HILDA, "if

you are absent more than once from the lectures you are not eligible for examination. There have been two lectures so far, and we have all been absent once, and I really don't see how we are to avoid being absent again. So we shall *none* of us be eligible for examination," she concluded cheerfully. "However, we shall have the *knowledge*, and that is worth more than any amount of certificates, isn't it?"

A SPLENDID PARADOX.—The *Courier* (Dundee), complaining that a recent motion was not pressed to a division, says:—"The result is that the Opposition has been unable to cement the wavering in the Government ranks by the formal cleavage which a division would have entailed."

PASHLEY'S OPINIONS.

No. XIII.

WELL, as I say, I never thought very much of foreigners, but I own I got my eyes opened a bit once. Not that I changed my opinions about them, taken all round—I never was one for changing my opinions—but I got to see that if you don't look precious sharp they can sometimes get the better of us. I suppose it is because we're so generous and open-minded, and all that kind of thing. We know we're top of the tree and bound to remain there, and so perhaps we're apt to get a bit careless, feeling that we're sure to be all right in the end when the account day comes and they strike the balances. It was this way:—We had done a bit of business in Germany, cheap goods mostly, and there was a man in Berlin we had had some dealings with. He was in a small way, I understood, but he was a good payer, and the business was easy and brought us in a good bit of money one way and another. We heard one day that this fellow was sending his son to England to study business, so as to learn the latest tips and take them back to Germany with him, and we made up our minds to give him a good reception and show him all that was to be seen.

"Of course," said ROGERSON, "he'll be only too proud to associate with Englishmen for a bit and get some decent food for breakfast and dinner, let alone a decent pipeful of tobacco. These Germans are a grubby lot mostly, and it's precious little they get to fill their bellies with when they're at home. You'll find him quite easy to deal with when you've made him understand how to behave at table."

ROGERSON knew a lot about Germans. He had been over to Flushing by steamer two or three times during his holidays.

I got my first startler when I went to the station to meet young SCHUMACHER. That was his name, though why he spelt it in that outlandish jaw-cracking way I never could make out. Anyhow, I always called him "Boots" for short. When the train came in at Charing Cross I was looking out for someone who was poor-looking and dirty, and badly turned out in the tailoring department. I went up to one chap of that kind, who was standing gazing about him in a puzzled kind of way, and I said to him, "Is your name SCHUMACHER?" He turned round on me quite savage, and said, "No, it ain't. Is yours Gingertop?" I was just thinking whether I oughtn't to push his face in for him, when the German himself came up to me and introduced himself. He wasn't a bit in the slop-shop line, or dirty or miserable looking. On the contrary, he was as tidy as you'd want a man to be, and he was a big man too, with a fine pair of shoulders and a chest like a portmanteau for size. The way he stood himself up straight, as if he'd swallowed a poker, and clicked his heels together and took off his hat when he spoke to me fairly gave me the shivers—it all looked so military and polite and fierce. Thinks I to myself, he's a bit of a toff, so I put on all the polish I knew, and I flatter myself I gave him as good as he sent in the bowing and hat-touching line, till a porter ran a truck into my legs from behind. If the German hadn't caught me I should have fallen on to the platform.

Of course that wasn't a good beginning, but there was worse to come. One thing was, he talked English pretty near as well as I did, rather slower perhaps, and not so many neat little touches about it, but it was good straight English all the same. At first, being on the polite line, I was all ready to help him out, but it didn't pay, so I chucked it. He didn't take the help, and so it was no use offering it. For instance, he said one day: "My friend PASHLEY, what above all things in this great city makes me

to marvel is when I look at you and see how beautiful your—" here he stopped for breath, and I put in the word "face," thinking he wanted to pay me a compliment; but he went on quite calm, "No, not face, though that too is beautiful in a way quite its own, which is not the classical way naturally; but I think the beautiful thing is that you, who are so great and proud, are yet so kind and so full of nobility as not to laugh at strangers."

This was a bit thick, for we had all been laughing at his way of bowing to ladies and talking to them as if they were duchesses, and I was half afraid he must have noticed it. Then there was another thing about him. You couldn't tell him anything he didn't know. The whole business was a game to him: he seemed to know it all before he started, and he gave me a tip or two about placing goods on the market that I'd never thought of before. Besides, he knew all about English history and the Tower of London, and Westminster Abbey and Richmond Hill, not forgetting the Star and Garter. In fact, he was a fair wonder.

Well, to cut a long story short, he went back to Germany after a month, and that was the end of our German business. We never did any more over there, for we found his people were underselling us everywhere. He had found out all he wanted, and then gone in and cut us out. He pushed into the Colonies too, and we couldn't keep him out. Three years afterwards he came back again a very rich man and married MABEL TAPLING, a girl ROGERSON had been sweet on for a long time. She told me, when I spoke to her about going away to a hole like Germany, that the fact was she couldn't take ROGERSON, he was so vulgar, and German men had a fine way with them that you couldn't get over. I'm not sure she wasn't right.

LINES TO AN INFANT ALIEN.

["At Birmingham, during the visit of the Wild West Show to that town, a Red Indian baby, with black hair, was born in the Indian camp. STANDING BEAR, the interpreter of the band, was the proud father, and he named the child BIRMINGHAM STANDING BEAR, out of compliment to his birthplace."—*Daily Paper*. The voice of Birmingham welcomes the youthful B. S. BEAR in the subjoined stanzas.]

INNOCENT imp of Redskin race,
Child of the raven hair,
You have been born in a lively place,
BIRMINGHAM STANDING BEAR!

BUFFALO BILL is a big, big chief—
Birmingham owns it—still
There is a lord, in her belief,
Greater than even BILL.

Though we may come in our crowds to sit
Watching the Wild West Show,
We have a West of our own, and it
Largely belongs to JOE.

Birmingham's Pride has flung the fat
Into the fire, dear child;
And it is widely whispered that
Some of *his* West is Wild!

* * * * *
BIRMINGHAM BEAR, observe the strife,
List to the loud abuse;
Do not embrace a public life;
Politics are the deuce!

Plug your opponent through the heart;
Treasure his scalp with care;
Choose, in a word, the simpler part,
BIRMINGHAM STANDING BEAR.

A POINT OF "VIEW."

[An agreement has now been arrived at between the London County Council and Sir J. WHITTAKER ELLIS by which only a single house shall be built on Sir WHITTAKER'S land opposite Richmond Hill.]

Sir ELLIS was as goode a knyghte

As e'er was sung in songe,
And what Sir ELLIS did was righte,
What others did was wronge.

Broad landes Sir ELLIS had and fayre
Where Thamys' waters flow,
And certaine of his neighbours there
Had fayre broad landes also.

But mercenary wights were these,
With lust of lucre filled,
Who scrupled not to fell their trees,
And houses vile to builde.

Up spake the goode Sir ELLIS then
In bonnie Richmonde towne—

"It is a shameful thyng that men
Should cut this timber downe.

"If you permit these trees to falle,
As soon, methinks, they wille,
You will destroy, for goode and alle,
The view from Richmonde Hille.

"For shame!" the goode knyghte cried,
"For shame!"

And laid his hande on hilt,
"Farewell to bonnie Richmonde's fame
If villas here be built."

The burgesses of Richmonde frowned
To hear him speak so bolde,
For if they bought the misereants'
ground

'Twould cost them muckle golde.

The men of Richmonde turned away
What time he made this rout,
And nothyng the goode knyghte could
say

Would draw their shekels out.

With righteous wrath Sir ELLIS burned,
With grief his heart did ahe;,
To London's Council then he turned,
And thus he sternly spake:—

"Fayre Sirs, I have a plot of ground
For red-brick villas fitte,
And I could gain full many a pound
By building upon itte.

"'Tis full in front of that greene lande
On which the goode trees falle,
And where, eftsoons, on every hande,
Shall rise up villas talle.

"'Tis yours such vandals to withstand,
And ther-fore I design
That you should buy that piece of lande
Whye he fronts this plotte of mine.

"If this you do, I promise you—
And it shall be fulfilled—
That I will not upon my plottte
A single villa builde."



A MATTER OF OPINION.

Dealer (to old gent, who is trying a somewhat playful cob). "Ah, now THAT'S A NICE LIGHT-ARTED LITTLE 'OSS, AIN'T 'E, SIR?"

The Council thought the offer grande,
And sent the goode hatte round,
And ultimately bought the lande
For seventy thousand pound.

But when his neighbours' lande was
bought,

Sir ELLIS changed his tone,
And, ere a year had passed, he thought
'Twas time to sell his owne.

Himself he could not build on itte,
His word was pledged to this,
But if the purchaser thought fitte—
The fault was none of his.

The Council met and tore their hayre,
And swore till all was blue,
But stoute Sir ELLIS didn't care,
And what were they to do?

So when the Council plainly saw
Sir ELLIS tooke no heede,

They hied them to the Men of Law
To help them at their neede.

The Men of Law they drew their pleas,
And drafted them with care;
The Men of Law they drew their fees,
A thumpynge sum they were!

And there had been a suit, I ween,
Fought out in grimly wise,
Had not the knyghte declined the fight
And made a compromise.

Then glory to the Council holde
Who tooke the sword in hande
And would not lette themselves be
solde—
With goode Sir ELLIS' lande!

SOCIAL GARDENING. — Cultivating an acquaintance.

TRIALS.

II.—“IN VINO——?”

SWALLOWBY, with whom I dined a few nights ago, placed a bottle of wine on the table, with a certain air of mystery. He then slowly filled my glass and his own, and, holding the latter up to the light, invited my opinion on the vintage.

“This is a very, va—ry curious wine,” he observed with knitted brows.

I tasted it. It *was* a very curious wine; but after that first sip, strange to say, I felt no farther curiosity with regard to it. It failed to attract me.

He sipped, rolled the liquor over his tongue, and continued:—

“Frankly, my dear boy, if you were staying a week with me, I shouldn’t give you that wine every night!”

SWALLOWBY is a very good fellow and merciful withal, and I felt grateful to him for this assurance. But I struggled on and swallowed another glass.

After a prolonged pause, my host said:—

“I see you think something of this wine.”

I was thinking a good deal of that wine. As a matter of fact, I was calculating the amount of internal suffering likely to accrue to me if I consumed my share of the bottle.

“Am I not right?” he continued.

I wondered how long I should be? Already I had misgivings.

Lowering his voice, my host said:—

“What do you think this wine cost me?”

“Well, about one-and-three at the grocer’s round the corner,” I almost blurted out. But I shut my teeth with a snap, and merely gave a dreary, far-off smile in reply.

“Have another glass?” he broke in abruptly. “Now the bottle has been opened, we must finish it.”

A weak little groan escaped me. Then, leaning forward and speaking in a confidential manner, I said:—

“Funny thing, my dear SWALLOWBY, my taste seems completely out of order to-night. Do you know——” (as a sharp twinge reminded me that I was but mortal), “I think, if you’ll excuse me, that I will not drink any more of this wine—which I quite agree is a curious, most curious product of the Junip—Spanish vineyards, I mean—it would be actually wasted on me. Cork it up, and try it on your next guest—



ASCOT WEEK RACING NOTE.

GOING IN FOR A SWEEP.

but if—if you’ll just give me a small glass of old Cognac, I—oh, my dear SWALLOWBY!—excuse these unmanly tears—I will bless you with my latest breath!”

THE NEXT INVASION.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—Greatly stimulated and encouraged by the kindly spirit of hospitality in which you received my projected Society drama, I venture to submit to you some notes in connection with a novel which I now have in hand. When an editor rejects a manuscript of mine, I send that manuscript to another editor. When he accepts one, I send another manuscript to that editor. This is the strenuous life. The purpose of my romance is to revive the type so popular a few years back, in the manufacture of which there has lately been something of a lull. I refer to the Inspired-Prophecy kind of novel, in which England is overrun by invaders until the last few chapters. In my style, and especially in my strict regard for the probabilities, I shall follow as nearly as I can the example of my great predecessors.

After years of secret preparation, France, Germany, Russia, Spain, Turkey, and Monaco suddenly declare war on England. England is totally unprepared. She always is in novels. Also, by the ingenious device of sending the admiral in command a bogus telegram to say that his aunt is ill, the Channel fleet is got out of the way. A vast consignment of assorted invaders sails

up the Thames, and lands at the Docks. The authorities there have grown so accustomed to alien immigrants that they see nothing peculiar in these manoeuvres, and, Sir HOWARD VINCENT being away, no obstacle is offered to the invading force, which proceeds to occupy the town. This is an easy task. The example of the Stock Exchange pedestrians has long ago been followed by every branch of Society, and the day chosen for the invasion is also that fixed for the various contests, with the result that London, with the exception of two bank clerks, the bookstall young man at Waterloo, three waiters, and Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER, is totally empty. The Stock Exchange is down at Brighton, the Guards at Cane Hill, and everybody else either at some distant spot or walking to it. The bank clerks and the bookstall young man are speedily overpowered. The

Garrick Theatre, though strongly held by Mr. BOURCHIER, is subjected to the unfair criticism of large shells, and demolished, and the three waiters welcome their compatriots with shouts (and bottles) of Hoch. London is in the hands of the enemy. End of Book One, to be called *Blue Ruin*.

In Book Two, *Wake up, England!* there are thrilling accounts of battles and so on, and the shocking goings-on of the invaders generally. There is very little damage for them to do in London, for the L.C.C. have recently been at the streets, but they do all they can, and when the feelings of the reader are worked to the proper pitch by my vivid descriptions, I bring in my grand climax. One night Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL and the Editor of the *Daily Mail* (on whom the command of the British forces has naturally devolved) receive a visit from a mysterious stranger with a strong German accent. It is Herr JULIUS SEETH. In consideration of being allowed a monopoly in performing lions for the space of his natural life, he offers to bring his peculiar methods of education to bear on the Strand rats, mobilise them into an Army Corps, and send them against the foe. The chapter descriptive of the final struggle between the trained rodents and the invaders is one of my most powerful bits of work. The hair of the reader will shoot up like a rocket. The rats win and the war is at an end. That, I think, is all to-day.

Yours, &c.,
HENRY WILLIAM-JONES.

DREAMS BEFORE DAWN. EARLY FAIRIES AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



OPERA NOTES.

Saturday night, June 13.—As *Gilda*, the unfortunate heroine of VERDI's *Rigoletto*, Madame MELBA was at her very best. In that most effective scene of her exit from the balcony, "Sister Mary Jane's top note" was not in it with the uppermost, long-sustained, clear-as-a-bell-like note of Mme. MELBA. Signor SCOTTI, as the Court Fool "with the hump," was excellent, while Signor BONCI as *Il Duca*, The Magnifico for whom everyone makes way in the Palace—*omne ignotum pro Magnifico*—was magnificent. Mme. KIRKBY LUNN, with her beautiful rich contralto voice, sang the music of the gay *Maddalena* as perfectly as she enacted the part. Full house. Enthusiastic audience. "Waits" too long. De away with them,—till Christmas.

Tuesday, June 16.—After the recent deluge of rain, ordinary frequenters of Ascot regard the first day of that race-meeting askance and—take another course. They stay in town and, unfatigued, repair to the only Garden that can be visited with pleasure in such an uncertain state of meteoro-illogical affairs as prevails at present. Well are they repaid by hearing Madame MELBA singing (and, ye gods, how she can sing!) her very best, and acting the part, too, with animation at first, and then with gentle pathos, as *Mimi*, the grisette heroine of *La Bohème*. As *Rodolfo*, her lover,

"Le petit bonhomme tout petit que ça"

Signor BONCI is admirable. Little DAVY GARRICK when possessed by tragic passion was "ten feet high," and Signor BONCI as *Rodolfo*, when expressing his lasting and deepest love for *Mimi*, reaches the highest sustained notes possible to a tenor, and is applauded to the echo. On two occasions *Mimi* and *Rodolfo*, making their exit arm-in-arm, as fond lovers playing at being a happily married couple, prolong the final notes of their duet until they are well out of sight. Then, on both occasions, the recall was long and loud. All shared in the exceptional success to which all had contributed. The excellent cast remained the same as on Thursday, the 11th, only that M. GILBERT reappeared in his old rôle—and with his old rolls, which he brings on for the Bohemians' poor meal in the last Act—and joins his friends Signor SCOTTI as *Marcello*, and M. JOURNET as *Colline*, in their life-like reproduction of the Quartier Latin artists belonging to the early Louis Philippe era. Madame FRITZI SCHEFF's *Musetta* "is a frisky chef-d'œuvre," says the unspeakable Mr. Wagstaff, emphasising the "f" so as not to allow the point of humour to escape the hearer—"Jocoso that, n'est-ce pas?" he adds; but we will have none of it. As spirited as ever is the scene in front of the *Café Momus* on the night of *Le Jour de l'An*, the merry young choristers being well led by *Perpignol*, the tenor toy-seller, capitably played and jigged by Signor MASIERO.



Nor must the busy little *garçon* be forgotten in the bill. We have seen him as courtier, as soldier, as brigand, and we know not what besides, but always good. He deserves a *pourboire* of praise from the audience in addition to what he receives from *Aleindoro* the gay old beau connected with the *Benoit* family of curmudgeon landlords in the person of M. DUFRICHE, who, taking both characters, is a living example of a "*double entendre*." Signor MANCINELLI, in the orchestra on the highest seat, and in the highest spirits—as who could help being with such a splendid audience at his back?—conducts in his most impressive style; and if we do not see *La Bohème* once again this season, we shall remember this performance to-night as even more excellent than the first.

Thursday.—Otello. In "the book of words" it is rather Wagnerishly described as "*A Lyrical Drama in Four Acts (founded on Shakespeare's Tragedy) by Arrigo Boito, music by Giuseppe Verdi.*" To-night M. ALVAREZ is a grand *Otello*, full of (Arrigo) beans, and going the whole *tenore robusto* with a vengeance. Tunefulness not so much an object with him as dramatic force. His energy tremendous! In appearance, with his blackened face, and with crisp curly wool "where the wool *ought* to grow," and gleaming eyes, he appears as a "Golliwog" gorgeously arrayed in crimson dressing gown. When the Golliwog becomes frantic, worked up to a pitch of shouting frenzy, then trombones, violoncelli, and double basses of the deepest dye, are not in it with him. M. ALVAREZ dominates these instruments of vengeance, much as, in the final tableau of the Third Act, *Iago the Ancient* (well played and sung by the clever Italian-Highlander, Signor SCOTT) dominates *Otello* lying prone on the stage, on whose body *Iago* places his foot, exclaiming "*(with horrible triumph)*, See here, the Lion!" Far more appropriately *Iago*, with sardonic humour, might have insisted upon the resemblance between his attitude and that of the grouse-shooter in August when he first sets foot on the Moor.

Mlle. PACQUOT enlists our dramatic sympathies for her *Desdemona*, but her voice reminds us of the prophet of Khorassan, who was "veiled." Mme. KIRKBY LUNN, by her singing and acting, gives importance to *Iago's* wife *Emilia*. M. FASSIN, Signor MASIERO, M. JOURNET, and Mr. LAURENCE REA, as *Cassio*, *Roderigo*, *Lodovico*, and *Montano* respectively, all do well. Stay! who is the gorgeous person in crimson, a person of the utmost importance, who should be either "Doge" or "Duke," but who is not in the bill as representing either? There is a character styled "a Herald," it is true, but this distinguished party cannot hold both offices, any more than one dignitary can be both Archbishop and Beadle. Yet in singing and acting he takes a most prominent part, though no mention of his *rôle* is made in the book. True, the entrance of "the Herald" is chronicled, and "the Duke here" is politely alluded to by *Otello*; but, according to the librettist, these personages are mute. This must remain a mystery.

The stage arrangements are admirable, and most true to nature is the conduct of the chorus of men and women (in the first Act), who are so affected by the sight of a vessel in distress on a wild and stormy sea that they turn their backs on the dreadful spectacle and content themselves with graphically describing their feelings to Signor MANCINELLI, the *Æolus* directing "the wind," and to the sympathetic audience which might have enjoyed an uninterrupted view of the terrible scene of shipwreck if it hadn't been "for the chorus in between." As we issue forth not a few *habitués* talk of TAMAGNO and MAUREL in days of yore—but, there, some people are never satisfied.

FOR THE KHEDIVE ON HIS VISIT TO LONDON.—"An Englishman's house is his—Cassell."

LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'AFFICHE.

(Second Series.)

II.—THE LITERARY PARASITE.

HE lives within the public eye
Immune from all investigation
Of how he came to occupy
That eligible habitation;
I hear of no accomplished feat
From which he takes the rank of writer,
Yet almost everywhere you meet
The name of Mr. BERTRAM BLIGHTER.

His novel, '*Neath a Woman's Spell*,
His book of poems, *Past Repealing*,
Those *jeux d'esprit*, *Half-hours in Hell*,
That trifle, *Round my Study Ceiling*—
All these are in a harmless vein
And leave suburban bosoms lighter,
But cannot possibly explain
The splendid vogue of BERTRAM BLIGHTER.

No merely adventitious aid
Helped him to hit the social target;
His early life is lost in shade,
I think he went to school at Margate;
Cambridge has housed him at the "Bull,"
And Oxford only at the "Mitre,"
And so the praise is due in full
To just himself—to BERTRAM BLIGHTER.

How does he do it? I respond—
"By sitting down with men of letters,
'Author,' 'Omarian,' 'Vagabond,'
He gets confounded with his betters;
A member of the great O. P.,
A fixed and resolute first-nighter,
In all accounts of such you see:
'We noticed Mr. BERTRAM BLIGHTER.'"

At what he calls his "five o'clocks"
You may assist where genii jostle—
The newest Rage in Paradox,
The final form of Art Apostle;
His knowledge of his guests is slight
And theirs of him is something slighter,
Yet virtue in a steady flight
Streams from them all on BERTRAM BLIGHTER.

A moon amid refulgent orbs,
A bee among a bed of roses,
Their light and sweetness he absorbs;
And as his own elsewhere imposes;
So, swarming up the rungs of fame
With ever surer grasp and tighter,
He bears his undisputed claim
To be "the well-known BERTRAM BLIGHTER."

O. S.

"SHE will soon be forgotten," said the elder and wiser of the two.

"Never!" protested the younger, enthusiastically, "I shall plant quite young trees about the tomb. What sort shall they be?"

"I should select," answered deliberately his more experienced friend, "slips of memory."

THE Stage Society, said the *Pall Mall Gazette*, have adopted the Elizabethan stage method, and so are enabled to present the entire play (*Twelfth Night*) "as written in little over two hours." SHAKESPEARE was a very rapid writer.



THE KING-MAKER.

[On June 11, King ALEXANDER of Servia and Queen DRAGA were brutally assassinated by the military leaders of a conspiracy that has placed PETER KARAGEORGEVITCH on the Throne.]

FLODDEN FIELD-DAY.

A TRAGEDY IN BLANK PROSE; BY MR. PUNCH'S PRIVATE LAUREATE.

PRELUDE (which may be omitted at discretion).

Midnight. KING JAMES discovered emerging on to a broad parapet outside Linlithgow Palace. Music. Laughter. Heads of Court Ladies appear and disappear at open windows.

James. Good night, fair ladies, good night; good night, all! And let the music of soft-shading eyelids See you to bed—if at all possible. But do be careful not to wake the Queen!

A Veiled Apparition (enters). War not with England. If you find you must—Then 'ware the glamorous wiles of downy woman!

James (to himself, shrewdly). I'll take my oath that this is merely one Of England's crafty emissaries, who Is trying to frighten me by dressing up! I'll make a ghost of him (draws sword; Apparition stalks slowly through him, and vanishes). He's going too far! . . . Was it an emissary, after all?

ACT I.

SCENE—Gallery at Ford Castle. MARGERY "doing the flowers." Seneschal looking out of window.

Sen. From here we'll have a comfortable view Of the great fight on Flodden's famous field.

Marg. Oh, will they bring it off as near as that? How kind of SURREY and the SCOTTISH KING!

Sen. Nothing like War for danger and delight! I'd fight myself—were I a shade less stiff! The way this war has come about was thus:—Our English HAL (the Seventh of the name) was followed by a younger HARRY, who—

Marg. (cutting him short). I know. I've read all that in Mistress MARKHAM. At what o'clock do they commence the fray?

Sen. The official programme is not published yet. Here's DONALD GREY with all his armour on, As though for martial purposes attired, So probably he'll know the time they start.

[Enter DONALD.]

Don. As Captain of our yeomen troop at Ford, At Duty's call, and much against my will, I fare to fight at Flodden—presently. For even War must wait young Love's convenience, So, while my budding heart bursts into bloom (to Sen.), Sir, will you kindly leave us for a space, That I may have my love scene while I may? (Exit Seneschal.) I've quite forgotten what I meant to say. . . . Ah, I know now I—love you, MARGERY!

Marg. This is so sudden, DONALD! Still, I own I long for someone, only—is it you?

Don. Take it from me, it is—or, if it's not, I beg that henceforth you will make it so.

Marg. I wish you were not going out to fight. Perhaps to die! Oh, mind you are not killed!

Don. (firmly). If I can help it, that I shall not be! For Love has frightened all my fears away, And I am game to face the riskiest fray!

[They embrace. Exit DONALD.]

Enter Lady HERON.

Lady Heron. Round but the hour—if you know what I mean—And then He will return, I know him well!

Marg. Do you refer to SURREY—or the KING?

Lady H. SURREY, of course! Though I'm expecting both. When friends are fighting just outside one's gates, 'Tis mere civility for each to call. But SURREY is the warrior for me! And he will come afresh, red-hot, ablaze, Ere he begins his battle, to these arms, And on Love's anvil beat his burning breast—

Marg. (gently). Forgive me, lady dear, but is that quite The language for a well-conducted matron?



OUR VILLAGE.

THE GOLF-CLUB IN FULL SWING.

Lady H. Babe! How Spring-fresh you are! Did you not know All married women carry on like this?

Marg. Then that of course explains it—but I gathered That you expect the Scottish King as well. (Timidly.) Will not that rather complicate affairs?

Lady H. I took precautions—trust a woman's tact. My minions have strict orders not to show One in until the other has departed. And when JAMES comes, I have a little plan For fooling him too late to fight, and so My birth-right sceptred SURREY wins, hands down!

Marg. I could not set such subtle snares as that. But deem you that 'tis acting on the square?

Lady H. There's an old saw that I have somewhere heard, That everything is square in Love and War. Go to the tower, like Sister ANNE, and see If your young eyes can spot my SURREY's coming.

Marg. (sensibly). How shall I know him ere he loom in view?

Lady H. Why—if you should observe the air divide, And a stray god walking with high-pranced steps, Whose charger (should he hap to be on horseback) Fans him assiduous with its wing-like hoofs—That will be SURREY!

Marg. 'Twould be strange indeed, If I should fail to recognise him now!

[Exit, as SURREY enters from opposite direction.]

Lady H. SURREY? My SURREY! Ere the appointed hour! How did you manage to get here so soon?

Surrey. We've had to put the battle on a bit. I can't stay long—I only just dropped in—

Lady H. To spend a cosy hour alone—with me?

Surrey. H'm—that was the idea—to some extent. The self-same stone will serve me to bring down The Bird of Pleasure and her mate of Business. Your tower here affords a bird's-eye view Of the surrounding district, which, perhaps It might be just as well to scrutinise, Ere I attack the foe—

(proudly)—a prudent General Seldom omits to scan the field beforehand.

Lady H. And will you to the tower first—or last?

Surrey. Oh, last, I think, because if I went now, I might see that would call me back to camp. We warriors gather roses while we may, And snatched reposefulness is doubly sweet!

Lady H. But are you *certain* you are going to win? Tell me you are—you are—you are—you are!

Surrey. I'm *practically* so, bar accidents. For I have noticed that the God of War But seldom smiles on either dolts or laggards. But now, to talk of some more soothing topic. What have you been about since last we met?

Lady H. Wailing for you—and well-nigh bored to death!

Surrey. I say! But you've a husband somewhere. What? A prisoner of JAMES's, isn't he? Look here, suppose I ransom him for you?

Lady H. He isn't worth it. Do you know King JAMES?

Surrey. Only by name as yet. With any luck, We're bound to meet before the day is done. Poetic sort of chap, I understand. Writes verses, and recites 'em—if he's pressed.

Lady H. I'm sure that you write poetry as sweet!

Surrey. Me? Bless you, I'm no Poet, though I once Did hammer out a battle-song, of sorts. I'll hum it you—let's see, how does it go? (*Hums.*) "Now, Bowmen, Now, Yeomen, Come, tackle the Foemen; Look sharp, don't be slow, men! Up, up, from your blankets, turn out for the fray! Small stout men, Tall slim men, Untidy men, Trim men, Good-looking men, Grim men, Sour men, "Sunny Jim" men, No time to kiss women, For Battle—not Bussing's—our business to-day!"

Lady H. It stirs the blood like some fresh saline draught! And you have really made it up yourself?

Surrey (modestly). It was quite easy. Simply sit and think—And soon there comes a singing in your head.

Lady H. And can you sing as fluently of Love?

Surrey. Love is but very little in my line. With women I'm a perfect simpleton. I never know what they are driving at.

Lady H. SURREY, you know too much! None but a rake Could make such hay in this Autumnal heart!

Surrey (embarrassed). I'm sorry, but I fear I must be off. For Flodden must be fought some time to-day!

Lady H. Nay, fly not yet! Stay but a little while. (*Enter the Troop, led by DONALD GREY.*) See, here comes DONALD with his gallant band, To bid good-bye before they start for Flodden. You'll say a few brave words to cheer them up?

Surrey. I'll do my best. (*Clears his throat.*) Captain, brave Border Striplings! Entirely unaccustomed as I am To public speaking, yet I rise to make A very few remarks. . . . Speech, so to speak, Speech is the craft of Peace, and Peace is—well, A rather different kind of thing from War. Not that I wish to run down Peace: I am A man of Peace myself—that is, with Honour. But when you're in for War, why there you are! (*Here he perceives that DONALD and the troop have disappeared.*) They might have waited till I'd done my speech!

Lady H. Your martial words fired them with so much ardour That they were all impatience to be off.

Surrey. I'll follow, then. When battle's dread array Is duly marshalled, it would look but ill Were the Commander not upon the spot.

Lady H. One moment! See, you've got your sword on wrong. It should be on your left There—now it's right. Farewell, and, when the battle's o'er, you will Come back to Ford for tea?

Surrey. That must depend On the direction that we drive our foe. But, ere I go, accept this little sprig Of milk-white

heather. Superstitious Scots Believe it brings good luck, though upon what Precise authority I cannot say. And now I really must be off at last.

[Exit Surrey.]

Lady H. (watches from window as he departs). There goes my Hero to the tented field! How he must love me, since he quite forgot To take that survey from Ford's top-most tower!

F. A.

End of Act I.

THE OPEN MIND.

(A Forecast.)

From our Parliamentary Correspondent:—There was much excitement in the lobby yesterday in connection with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's great speech at Birmingham. Many Members, who are usually reckoned firm supporters of the Unionist Party, are of opinion that in thus frankly avowing his preference for a republican form of Government, the Colonial Secretary has gone too far. In any case, they point out that the speech of an individual Minister, however distinguished, cannot bind the Government as a whole. Other Conservatives, however, demur to this view. In their opinion Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's use of such phrases as, "I am firmly convinced," and "My policy is a simple one," does not by any means negative the idea that he was speaking for others as well as for himself. In the meantime Mr. JESSE COLLINGS and Mr. KEIR HARDIE have assured Mr. CHAMBERLAIN of their staunch support. The leaders of the Opposition are considering what course they shall adopt.

Cable Message from the Government of the United States:—This Government has noted with pleasure declarations of British Government in favour of republican institutions. Presuming that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN will be first President, we cordially congratulate him on elevation to great position, and assure him of sympathy of one hundred millions of free Americans pledged to observe Declaration of Independence.

From our Parliamentary Correspondent:—A great deal of comment has been aroused by an incident that took place in the House of Commons at the evening sitting. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who had been absent from the debate on the Old Age Pensions Bill, came in quite suddenly with a Phrygian cap on his head. The right hon. gentleman was greeted with loud cheers by the Ministerialists, and ironical cheers by the Opposition. It was afterwards noticed that Mr. COLLINGS wore the same headgear. Mr. KEIR HARDIE, however, continues to wear his usual cloth deer-stalking cap. In any case, it is evident that the Colonial Minister intends to pursue his campaign with vigour. Mr. BALFOUR's statement in to-night's debate is awaited with much interest.

Message from Mr. Seddon:—New Zealand butchers, assembled to the number of 10,000, unanimously endorse Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's policy. Shall refuse to send any more mutton unless Great Britain consents to revise constitution.

Extract from Report of Debate in House of Commons:—Mr. BALFOUR: What is the position? My right honourable friend the Colonial Secretary has illuminated with his genius the obscure parts of our constitution. (Mr. CHAMBERLAIN: Hear, hear!) In his great speech he stated—I quote his words—that if the Empire was to be maintained in all its glory we must refuse to be bound any longer by unmeaning constitutional shibboleths. By adopting the republican ideal we should, he said, conciliate the United States, and bind our self-governing Colonies to us by an iron bond, whereas if we persisted in our present path we should become a dying nation. What is there in that to arouse apprehension? I am asked if my right honourable friend was expressing the mind of the Government in making this statement. Sir, the Government has no mind. (Sir HOWARD VINCENT: Bravo! Laughter from the Opposition.) How can you predicate mind of such a



SCENE—An Indian Station, on the Eve of a Fancy Ball.

Globe-trotting "Bounder" (newly arrived). "YOU'RE RUNNING THIS BALL, AIN'T YOU? IS FANCY DRESS DE RIGUEUR?"
 Choleric Colonel (who is Ball Secretary). "FANCY DRESS, SIR, IS NOT DE RIGUEUR, BUT AN INVITATION IS!"

combination of individuals? (Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE: We don't.) These interruptions are unmannerly. Who ever heard of a corporate mind? It is a contradiction in terms. For myself, I can only say that I do not prejudge this matter. Honourable gentlemen opposite may do so, but theirs is not an example I care to follow. We are inquiring, first of ourselves and then of one another, and in due time the results of this inquiry will be laid before the country. In the meantime, it would be absurd on my part to pretend that I have any definite opinions on the matter. In the state of flux in which we are necessarily living a definite opinion would be a monstrosity. Our watchword then is inquiry, and by that we are content to abide. (Loud Ministerial cheers.)

Extract from leading article in the "Times":—After last night's debate, there can be no further misunderstanding as to the position of the Government with regard to the interesting question raised by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN at Birmingham. Mr. BALFOUR's speech made it clear to all, except the more jaundiced members of the motley gang that masquerades as an Opposition, that the Government, far from being, as its detractors prematurely supposed, divided on the matter, is absolutely and entirely united. Even those members of the Government who do not see eye to eye with the Colonial Secretary on the large question of the superiority of republican to monarchical institutions, are firmly convinced that an inquiry can do nothing but good. That, in the meantime, is all that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has asked for. As he has himself said, in a passage marked by all his statesmanlike breadth of insight, "we cannot continue for ever to turn a blind eye on the demands of our Colonies. If they act without us, we shall have to act for ourselves. If we act with them, we shall all be acting together. Which is the better part?" The question may well be asked of those

factional spirits who pretend, for their own purposes, that the question cannot be discussed without detriment to our loyalty and our attachment to the Throne. In his Birmingham speech Mr. CHAMBERLAIN declared himself emphatically a loyalist. For all but extreme partisans such a declaration is amply sufficient.

SEASONABLE STANZAS.

In June, the month of roses,
 The North Wind nips our noses,
 And in the chimney moans a mournful tune.
 Ah! sadly we remember
 The breath of blithe December,
 As we huddle round the fire in leafy June.

Oh, who would sit and shiver
 On the stormy wind-swept river,
 With both its banks nigh blotted out with rain;
 Or wallow at the wicket,
 In wild tempestuous cricket,
 When the blazing hearth invites him to remain?

Or who would go a-biking
 With the drops like duck-shot striking,
 And the wheels well under fellow in the mud?
 'Twere pleasanter and drier
 To sit before the fire,
 And go to sleep and dream of NOAH'S Flood.

Then let us slay yon turkey
 That is strutting proud and perky,
 And warm our souls at least with Christmas cheer;
 Or that gosling yonder cackling,
 And set the chestnuts crackling,
 And wreath the walls with "ivy never sere."

FREE TRADE OR PROTECTION.

A Chorus of the Living and the Dead.

WITH the laudable view of providing persons—Prime Ministers and others—who have no settled convictions with guidance on the burning question of the hour, *Mr. Punch* has obtained from a number of expert witnesses succinct expressions of their opinion as to the feasibility of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S proposals.

Sir CLEMENTS MARKHAM, the President of the Royal Geographical Society, writes:—"As soon as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has doubled Tarifa Point we intend to elect him to this Society, under Rule XIII, as the Autocrat of the Breakfast-table."

Mr. GEORGE ROBEY writes:—"The probable result of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S policy on the condition of the working classes is only too evident. If the price of food is raised the consumption of victuals will be diminished. Now the less you eat the hungrier you are, and the hungrier you are the more you eat. Therefore, the less you eat the more you eat. Q. E. D."

Mr. WATTS-DUNTON writes:—"Mr. SWINBURNE is unable to comply with your reverential request that he should enshrine his thoughts on the subject of Preferential Tariffs in a brand-new ballad, but desires me to refer you to the well-known quatrain in his *Atalanta*:

"Time turns the old days to derision,
Bright's gospel no longer survives,
And the quartern's minute subdivision
Makes barren our lives."

Mrs. C. N. WILLIAMSON writes:—"Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S declaration comes most opportunely, as I had already decided to make the plot of my next novel but three hinge on a strike in a great industrial centre, and it is more than probable that the dislocation of trade brought about by the new policy will supply me with splendid opportunities for realistic description. On these grounds—and what could be better?—I proclaim myself a whole-hearted supporter of his splendid scheme."

The Manager of the Army and Navy Stores writes:—"We are entirely opposed to any form of Retailiation."

Mr. EUSTACE MILES writes:—"I welcome the proposal with the greatest satisfaction. The higher the price of food the greater the inducement to all sensible people to give it up altogether and live, as I practically do, on nothing a day."

Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN writes:—"Though my journalistic associations incline me to cast a favourable eye on the abandonment of the fly-blown phylacterics of Free Trade, yet as a poet and a lover of the Beautiful, the Sublime, and the Ideal, I cannot contemplate with equanimity the substitution of a War of Tariffs for the older and more heroic arbitrament of the sword. The matter, however, is receiving my most careful attention, and will probably form the theme of my next drama."

The Ghost of JOHN BUNYAN telegraphs by Messrs. MASKELYNE and MANDERS' Anti-Marconigraph:—"I view with the utmost alarm any pressure on corn."

Mr. HERBERT CAMPBELL writes:—"I intend to give Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S proposals my fullest consideration."

Mr. GILLETTE writes from the Bachelor's Club:—"Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has my most cordial support. I am arranging to give a special lantern lecture to the dear duchesses on the advantages of the dear loaf."

The Ghost of Mrs. CARLYLE writes from Cheyne Row:—"I should welcome Protection from anyone."

Mr. SIDNEY LEE writes:—"I hail with the utmost enthusiasm a tax on Pacon."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. R. C. LEHMANN'S latest book of verse is called *Crumbs of Pity* (BLACKWOOD AND SONS), which is simply the title of the first poem—a very pretty one, by the way,—which to some extent conveys a hint of the nature of some, though by no means the majority, of the poems that follow. R. C. L.'s verses to children are delightful, and the sentiment in those inspired by love for his ancient University is hearty with a manly tenderness. In eccentric rhymes he can compete successfully with any contemporaries in the same line of business, and can give points to such past-masters in the art as COLMAN, BARHAM and HOOD. Mr. LEHMANN'S address to "The Backs" will delight many a Cantab who since leaving has come to the front, but who

"Must walk in Fleet Street now, or ride upon a bus;
No avenue of rustling trees makes melody for us."

Certainly not, if absolutely condemned to be perpetually in Fleet Street, and never permitted to seek the broad walks and sequestered nooks in the parks, nor the forest of Richmond, nor the gardens of Hampton Court Palace. The longer poems, entitled, *The Lives of Great Men*, are vastly amusing, especially that concerning the *Duke of Donnybrook and Bow*. Altogether a capital vacation rambling book, and a most entertaining companion.

No scandal about Queen ELIZABETH. But there is a good deal about the Carlyle household in the slim volume just issued by LONGMANS, in which, as in a voice from the grave, JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE frankly discloses and comments on his *Relations with Carlyle*. It is the most painful thing my Baronite has read for some time. The narrative, composed in Cuba sixteen years ago, was found written in pencil in a notebook, stored in a despatch-box in pathetic contiguity to a copy of CARLYLE'S will. We all deplore the assumed necessity for its publication. But we all read it, recognising the interest of a human document. Some are disposed to condemn the dead writer's children for reopening wounds Time might have healed. With the French poet, commenting on the habits of the walrus, they say,

Cet animal est très-méchant;
Quand on l'attaque il se défend.

But it is the way with men as well as with walruses, and who are we that we should judge of what is due to the reputation and memory of other people's fathers?

In Mr. L. RAVEN-HILL'S *Indian Sketch-Book* (Punch Office, 10, Bouverie Street) we have a set of spirited drawings which perhaps may be best described as a kind of "Happy Thought Series" of pictures made "while you wait," or "while you didn't wait," for the finishing touches. The "snapshotty" character of the "studies" impresses the spectator with the genuine instantaneousness of the work. It is as if the artist—inspired by the memorable example of Mr. *Weumick*, who exclaimed, "Hullo! here's a church. Let's go in!" and "Hullo! here's a couple of pair of gloves! Let's put 'em on!"—had from time to time cried out, "Why, here's a Fakir; let's sketch him!" or "Here's the Jam of JAMAGAR; let's pot him!" and had straightway made game of both and bagged them in his note-book. "So, uncle," quoth the artist, quoting *Hamlet* with his private "tablets," "there you are!" Some of these sketches are especially realistic, such, for example, as "The Toy Seller," "The Fakir at his Toilet," and "A Little Trouble with the Palk." Those who know India will be greatly delighted with these reminiscent pencil notes, and those who do not will be immensely entertained by the drawings, and will thank their lucky stars that they have not to journey Eastwards, among "ring-tailed monkeys on the Rail," yellow-bodied

swordsmen of Kotah, grim vultures on trees, and scorpions as Night Companions of the Bath! Seeing these we are contented to remain *chez nous*, and take our artist's word for the plain tales from the (RAVEN) HILL country of "Injyable Injia."

THE BARON DE B.-W.

CRICKET UP-TO-DATE.

OWING to certain changes in the character of the English summer, the M.C.C. proposes to issue an entirely new code of the Laws of Cricket for next season. The following extracts are taken from an advance copy:—

1. The game shall, when possible, be played by sides consisting of eleven men each. Should any player be drowned before the conclusion of the first day's play, a substitute shall be allowed for the remainder of the match. Should, however, vacancies occur from this cause on the second or third day, they must not be filled. Should there be no survivors on either side, the game shall be declared a draw.

5. Should a batsman strike the ball in such a way that, owing to its being in deep water or buried in mud, it cannot be found, six runs shall be scored.

6. A batsman shall be out

(a) If a ball shall strike his lifebelt when the latter is in a line with the wicket. ("Belt before wicket.")

(b) If he shall intentionally splash mud or water in the eyes of the fieldsmen or bowler. ("Obstructing the field.")

(c) If, sinking in the mud between the wickets, he shall be unable to complete his run. ("Run out.")

(d) If, the wicket having disappeared beneath the water, the bowler shall send the ball, in the umpire's opinion, immediately over the spot where it was last visible. ("Morally bowled.")

15. It shall be the duty of the club on whose swamp the match is being played to provide each umpire with (a) a punt, (b) a life-insurance policy, (c) a set of apparatus for resuscitating the apparently drowned.

17. If the bowler shall swim or float to the crease, in place of running or walking, the umpire shall call "no-ball."

21. Unless otherwise arranged, play shall commence at 11 A.M. Should, however, the water on the ground be tidal, the captains of the opposing sides shall have liberty to make other arrangements.

22. The control of his side, and of all matters connected with its innings, shall be vested at the beginning of the match in the captain; with suc-



SORROWS OF A "CHAUFFEUR."

Ancient Dame. "WHAT D'YE SAY? THEY CALL HE A 'SHUVVER,' DO THEY? I SEE. THEY PUT HE TO WALK BEHIND AND SHOVE 'EM UP THE HILLS, I RECKON."

cession, if necessary, to his heirs, executors and assigns.

25. Should any of the ground on which the game is played become actually dry, the umpires shall pronounce it unfit for modern cricket, and the match shall be considered drawn.

THE NEW HIDE AND SEEK.

THE Editor of *Tit-Bits* having hidden 500 sovereigns in a public place, the exact position of which is to be disclosed in a serial story now running in his columns, other enterprising persons are following suit.

Thus, a great furnishing firm in the Tottenham Court Road has issued a manifesto stating that: "A charming bijou villa, within the eight-mile radius, has been furnished throughout and is ready for occupation. Every purchaser of any article, however small, at our Emporium during the next three years will receive a clue to the house's whereabouts. The successful reader of these

clues will be able to identify and claim it."

In House-agents' lists may shortly be expected such alluring items as this:

"To be Let or Sold.—Eligible residence with large gardens, in which we have good reason to believe the *Tit-Bits* sovereigns have been buried."

A firm of tool manufacturers at Chesterfield is putting out in large quantities a new implement known as

THE ROSEBERRY SPADE

Invaluable for digging up the *Tit-Bits* sovereigns,

while the following notices are, we understand, being extensively posted on Sir GEORGE NEWNES'S various estates throughout the country:—

"Trespassers with spades seeking to dig up 500 sovereigns will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law."

PROBABLE.—New book, *The Girl and the Tennyson*, by the author of *My Lady of the Bass*.



"IT'S AN ILL WIND," &c.

Rescuer. "HOLD ON A BIT! I MAY NEVER GET A CHANCE LIKE THIS AGAIN!"

AUREA FAMA.

["According to the *Financial News* the scale of prices for advertisements in the *Morning Post* for 1903, circulated to advertising agents, invites the insertion of paragraphs announcing "marriages, arrivals, and departures" at 21s., so that for this very reasonable charge anyone may figure in the news columns of that paper as a person whose movements are matter of public interest."—*Sun*.]

O ye dowagers of Dulwich and ye wives of Eden Rise,
Would ye figure any bigger in your jealous neighbours' eyes,
Would ye see your names commingled with the upper ten
and boast

That your doings, weddings, wooings, are reported in the *Post*,
Come to me and I will show you how 'tis possible to run
Such a passion for Dame Fashion at a modest one-pound-one.

It is needless for a lady to give dinners and champagne,
Or expend her income slender on a mansion in Park Lane;
She may live at Upper Tooting, be as dowdy as she will,
Do her shopping down at Wapping, and be fashionable still,
And she only has to forward, that this wonder may be done,
A remittance—just a pittance—for a modest one-pound-one.

If she gives a "small and early," if she takes a friend or two
Down the river where they shiver while the Zephyrs cut
them through,

If she holds a Penny Reading, if she sells at a bazaar—
Be it ever her endeavour that the *Post* shall have a "par,"
And she'll find her name is basking where the peers their
titles sun,

In that solemn, holy column, for a modest one-pound-one.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

We are enabled to announce that a third Lamb is about to enter the field in addition to the new editions now being issued by Messrs METHUEN and Messrs. DENT. It will be edited by Mr. SEDDON, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN will contribute a preface, and it will be known as the New Zealand or Cold Storage Edition. It will have a saucy dedication to the Master of the Mint.

MESSRS. SHORTMANS are about to issue a pamphlet by the late J. A. PLATO, entitled, *Socrates and Xanthippe*. This is, of course, a counterblast to the preface to the recent edition of *Xanthippe's Letters* by a celebrated Athenian physician.

MR. WILLIAM LE QUEUX's new romance, entitled *Three Glass Eyes* is, it is whispered, the first of a series. It will shortly be followed by *The Papier-Mashie Nose* (a golfing story), and *Two Little Wooden Legs*.

Amongst forthcoming volumes in the Tudor translations we may note *Elizabeth's Mother*, by FRANK T. BULLEN: *Elizabeth's Stepmothers*, by MRS. PARR: and *Elizabeth's Premier*, by Lord HUGH CECIL.

We are authorised by Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH to state that he is not the author of *Juicy Joe*, just published by Mr. GRANT RICHARDS.

"TANTENE CŒLESTIBUS!"—See recent correspondence in *Times* between Professor TURNER and Sir FREDERICK BRAMWELL, wherein the former gives the latter "a Rowland for an Oliver."



FIDGETY JOE.

PAPA (D-KE OF D-V-NH-RE).

LET ME SEE IF JOSEPH CAN
BE A LITTLE GENTLEMAN;

MAMMA (ARTH-R B-LF-R).

LET ME SEE IF HE IS ABLE
TO SIT STILL FOR ONCE AT TABLE.

Struicelpeter adapted.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, June 15.—Idle to attempt to allege that House of Lords, regarded as a public resort, is



"Grand Cross" once more "thinks he hears a smile."

entertaining. Not in it, for example, with the Hippodrome, much less the House of Commons. In the latter place, however dull the scene may be at given moment, there is ever chance of outburst either of tragedy or comedy. Noble lords are persons apart, and behave as such. They rarely cheer; they never laugh. Sometimes Grand Cross, infusing the atmosphere for an area of five feet with quality of supreme wisdom, thinks he hears a smile. Often it is merely a flash of memory, lighting up days that are no more, when he was plain RICHARD CROSS (the adjective is of course used in a Parliamentary sense without personal reference), and sat in another place.

One distinction of Peers is that they conduct debate in a Chamber whose acoustical properties are so faulty that only one out of fifty is heard when he speaks. On top of this great discouragement comes the icy indifference of their lordships to what a man may be trying to say. The late COLERIDGE, L.C.J., not an incurably bashful man, happily described personal experience when addressing House of Lords as akin to that of a gentleman discoursing to the tombstones in a churchyard on a moonlit night. The simile will stand examination. Between rows of tombstones and benches of noble lords there is the resemblance of rigidity of attitude, stoniness of countenance, high respectability, and occasional venerableness.

This said, it must be admitted that in the matter of first-class debate the House of Lords, like TUDGERS's, "can do it when it pleases." On the occasion of discussing a momentous question the

level of debate, in respect of weight and force, rises above the level of the Commons. Subject to the fore to-night admirably suited to bring out best qualities. Had nothing to do with the Church nor (at least, not directly) with land. Those topics, it must be said in sorrow rather than anger, reveal the unsuspected fact that Marquises, Dukes, and a that are, after all, human. A question of Imperial interest, such as the fiscal policy of the country, lifts Peers high above personal considerations. Four speeches made to-night by men widely differing in personality were about as good as they could be. Only JOKIM, long schooled in the House of Commons, attempted anything like oratorical flight. For the rest, LANS-LOWNE, SPENCER and COUNTY GUY dealt with the intricate critical question with the method of business men and in the spirit of statesmen.

For the life of him, COUNTY GUY couldn't be in time for the opening of debate. A little hard this on JOKIM, who in preparation prefaced his speech with a personal appeal to the Leader of the House. Arrived, the Duke sat it all through, rarely yawned, and when his turn came after the stroke of eleven delivered a weighty address, struck and maintained on a high note absolutely free from personal prejudice or partisan spirit.

Pleasant to see what simple manner, honest purpose, and strength of character do, even in apathetic assembly like House of Lords, in way of establishing



THE HIGHER FLIGHTS OF ORATORY.
"This, my Lords, is a gamble with the food of the people."
(Lord G-sch-n.)

predominance. COUNTY GUY does not lure with charm of oratory. He is of the class of debater whose speeches are better to read than to listen to, espe-



"Toby looked on from a tall bench hard by, one beaming smile."—*Barnaby Rudge*.

cially when delivered in such sepulchre of speech as is the House of Lords. But Peers and Commons—the latter to-night packed in the Galleries—await his judgment with keen interest, knowing it will be directed by shrewd intellect, inspired by sound commonsense, warped neither by fear nor favour.

Business done.—Debate on DOX JOSÉ's scheme of Preferential Tariffs.

Tuesday.—In its proper place, the playground, the exuberance of youth is pleasant to see. Quite another thing in sedate assembly like House of Lords. That young fellow WEMYSS, rollicking in anticipation of his eighty-sixth birthday, this afternoon stopped public business for fully ten minutes. Wanted to know whether there are precedents for Bills being proceeded with in Parliament concurrently with inquiry into subject by a Committee or Commission.

"If there is such precedent, or a score of them," said the Young Fellow airily, "they ought to be disregarded."

Secretary for Scotland having made grave reply, WEMYSS up again with evident intention of making a speech. This too much even for House of Lords, where rules of procedure are shadowy things. "Order, order!" cried the few Peers present. The Young Fellow regarded them scornfully, his eyes the home of silent invitation to come outside in the courtyard and say that

over again. The LORD CHANCELLOR timidly interposed.

"Always delighted," he said, "to hear the noble Earl. But I think he is now exceeding licence of debate."

CAMPERDOWN, who happened to be sitting at further, safer, distance from Cross Bench whereat the Young 'Un still defiantly stood, got behind a pillar and suggested that someone should move that the noble Earl be no longer heard. All very well for CAMPERDOWN, safe in laager. But if motion were made it would have to be put from the Wool-sack, which WEMYSS might reach in two strides. Appealed to for ruling on the point, LORD CHANCELLOR, his ordinarily ruddy countenance sicklied o'er with pale cast of apprehension, said, "Ye-as, quite so. But wouldn't it be a little discourteous?"

CAMPERDOWN, from behind pillar, understood to say, "Not at all."

Things growing awkward, when the Young 'Un, having had his lark, sat down.

Business done.—Irish Land Bill in Committee in the Commons.

House of Commons, Thursday.—Arranged last week that Irish Land Bill should be taken daily in Committee till run through. PRINCE ARTHUR, when announcing decision, forgot that this is Cup Day at Ascot. As TIM HEALY, K.C., truly says, the only business that can be taken on Cup Day is Scotch Votes in Committee in Supply. Ascot has no attractions for Mr. CALDWELL. As for Member for Ross and Cromartie, as Mr. Justice DARLING says, he is not even a-Weir that this is Ascot Week.

Three days given to Irish Land Bill, and already serious hitch occurred. The Union of Hearts established between Irish Members and Treasury Bench thus early ruptured. Having got their twelve millions down, and involved British taxpayer for another hundred millions, they want more. WYNDHAM stands by his bargain. They gather together, and weep over his apostasy.

"Everything going on so nicely," they say. "Ireland really pacified this time. Landlord and tenant having fallen out with those they love, kiss again with tears. Why should hard-hearted CHIEF SECRETARY spoil Elysium by obdurately refusing just a little more? Only yield on this point, and Irish Members will ask for nothing else—till next time."

"Tuppence more, and up goes the donkey," TIM HARRINGTON pleads in tone of pathos that would move the stoniest heart.

T. W. RUSSELL brings fresh tears to moistened eyes by telling melancholy story about a tenant on the De Freyne estate, where, as Colonel SAUNDERSON

puts it, there is a resident landlord and an absentee tenantry. "This poor woman," shouts T. W. in thrilling tones of indignation, "is in possession of a holding consisting of a house, two acres, a hen and a cow."

"A feminine cock-and-bull story," is the Colonel's commentary.

TIM HEALY, K.C., not to be outdone in these barn-door reminiscences, chips in with the narrative of another hen—not the one on the De Freyne estate—which, by perhaps not unaided exertions, redresses the balance between landlord and tenant created by Clause 1 of the Land Purchase Bill. It was the case of a £10 holder, mulcted to the extent of five per cent. by the iniquity



NOT TO BE HUSTLED.

"Wyndham stands by his bargain."

of the Government. Five per cent. on an annual rent of £10 is not much to plutocrats, helots of Park Lane. To the straggling Irish farmer it is all the difference between solvency and bankruptcy. The hen in question, over-hearing remark that disclosed the difficulty, straightway set itself, as TIM put it, to "laying ha'penny eggs" till its master's credit was re-established, and family of young children delivered from the pending fate of being cast out on a world where the rainfall in June has exceeded record.

Even this touching narrative, told in that faltering voice TIM, K.C., has at his command for rare occasions, did not fetch the Chief Secretary. He insisted on fighting the Irish amendment, and in House of close on four hundred

Members, Ministerial majority was run down to forty-one.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply. Cheerful sitting with Scotch votes and Members.

"TONGUES IN TREES."

[An amusing calculation is made by the *Scientific American* of what it calls the tree-value of the modern novel. Basing its estimate on the fact that timber is now an important ingredient of paper, it concludes that 4,000 trees enter into the production of nine popular novels.]

ALL in an idle mood I strayed
Adown a pleasant woodland glade,
And as I wandered, lo!
A murmur through the foliage ran,
And straightway every tree began
To tell its tale of woe!

The Walnut, weeping, cried, "From me
Men wrought the chair and the settee,

To sit on at their ease;
Now, when I make a book of rhymes,
I shall be sat on still, sometimes,
If critics I displease."

The Aspen whispered as it shook:
"To think I must be 'brought to book'
My spirit sorely grieves;
It hurts a self-respecting tree
When of its ancient dignity
There's nothing left but leaves!"

"Leaves," said the Fir, "which maids
will turn

In breathless eagerness to learn,
While hearts go pit-a-pat,
How, *Harold* being quite out-classed,
Fair *Muriel* weds the *Count* at last,
And stupid things like that!"

Blustered the Birch, "I used to make
The idler quail, the dullard quake,
With my persuasive arts;
I helped the pedagogue to goad
The loitering youth o'er Learning's
road,

But now my fame departs!"

Last spake the Oak, with angry lips:
"From me men fashioned mighty ships
To brave the sea's abyss; [BLAKE,
I fought with NELSON, and with
For England, home, and beauty's sake,
And now to come to *this*!"

FROM SHANNON SHORE.

WE extract the following momentous announcement from the *Western Daily Press* of June 15th:—

"An Irish Member tells me that the motor craze is causing a revival of the Limerick lace trade. This particular kind of lace is, it is said, the best protection that a lady can have for her complexion when she is engaged in breaking the speech limit."

The information must be authentic, for there is no authority like an Irish Member where the "speech limit" is concerned.



SO SWEET OF HER!

Lady (recently married, in answer to congratulations of visiting lady friend). "Thank you, dear. But I still find it very hard to remember my new name." Friend. "Ah, dear, but of course you had the old one so long!"

AFTER THE OTTER.

(By our Confirmed Grumb'ler.)

THE visitor gives his cap a hitch to one side to indicate the sportsman, grasps his hazel walking-stick (white crooked handle and spike complete for eighteen-pence), and prepares to dash off in any direction in which the otter may show himself. There is a pause. He waits. He continues to wait.

"No," says a grizzled follower of the chase, in answer to a question. "Hardly think we shall be starting just yet. You see, the chief point about an otter hunt is the lunch. Your true sportsman has discarded the otter's pad as a club badge. He now wears the legend 'Never lose sight of the lunch,' conspicuously embroidered on his cap. Before a hunt can be begun, elaborate instructions must be given to the driver of the provision-van. He must be told exactly where luncheon is to be taken, and that sort of thing, don't you know. What?"

"Ah," says the visitor, "I suppose so."

Time speeds on, and at last the menial with the van has a vague idea of what is expected of him, and drives off. The noble Master and all the Members of the Hunt, in picturesque, if slightly sudden, suits of blue and red flannel, adjourn to the Inn for a modest quencher. Otter-hunters may be said to be inverted semi-teetotalers. No meet without drink is their motto. At last, the M.O.H., a man of energy, suddenly remembers that his hounds are waiting in the road outside, and, over the remains of a fifth whiskey-and-soda, suggests a start. The hunt, pure and simple, has begun.

Ladies, wearing short skirts bound round the edge with leather, and carrying bamboo poles, now leave their carriages and push their way through the crowd. Children, sternly resolved to get wet, find the deepest puddle and stand in it. Young men with ash-poles, upon which long rows of notches gleam, having manifestly been cut only that morning, rub a little damp earth into them and blush to find it fame. Old men buttonhole acquaintances, and tell them anecdotes of the sport they used to have fifty years ago, at five in the morning, m'boy, five sharp, and sometimes even earlier.

In short, things begin to move.

At last the river! Obviously as stiff with otters as the Irishman's swamp was with snipe. The cavalcade moves silently along the bank. A wild cry of "Yoicks!" from a weedy youth in a stentorian Norfolk jacket and check cap. The M.O.H. stops the hounds, and turns back to see what has happened.

Youth points with enthusiasm to a terrier's track which he has discovered under a culvert. Enters into a lengthy argument on the subject, but fails to convince the noble Master that there is not a substantial difference between a four-toed and a five-toed track. The sight of lunch is as oil on troubled waters, and for an hour the hunt may be described as a thorough success.

The last bottle of champagne has exuded its fascinating contents. The last cold chicken has been dismembered. The hunt is up again.

A sudden and very inconvenient increase of pace on the part of the hounds indicates that they have got on the drag of an otter. The pace is kept up for two miles, and many stragglers are left behind. Then a halt is recommended, and an anonymous individual in the crowd is surreptitiously cheering hounds on to a stray moor-hen, when somebody stumbles upon a wasps' nest, and matters for the first time become really exciting. The hunters become the hunted, and fly across country in a record-breaking manner, behaving like semaphores. The dogs snap and dive. Finally, the survivors foregather again half a mile down stream. "I rather think," says the M.O.H., making his only really popular observation of the afternoon, "that we'll be goin' home now." The hunt is at an end.

"Well," said the visitor to the grizzled sportsman as they walked back, "we have had a very pleasant stroll, but—tell me, is this the sort of thing that always happens?"

"Well, no," replied the grey-beard; "not invariably. But it is a curious pastime, and the only person who has nothing to find fault with in it seems to me to be the otter. Perhaps the hounds are kept for his benefit. Hullo, here's the old chap who asked the hounds to come. Perhaps we shall have some sport after all. He seems excited."

After which the "old chap" explains in a breathless manner that it's all right now, your lordship, and he had meant to tell him afore. As he was coming back from mowing that morning, out jumped the otter from a ditch right at his feet, and he cut him in half with a scythe.

"Well," said the visitor, thoughtfully, feeling his swollen features, "I have no doubt that otter hunting is a noble sport, but what I say is—give me rats."

IF, as BYRON has written, "The Tocsin of the Soul" be "the dinner bell," what is the "anti-toxin?" The dressing bell? Oh, don't bother. G'one wid yer!

RIVER NOTES.

(What we may expect next June if the floods are repeated).

THE Inner Circle River season may be said to have begun last week. The beautiful reaches of Baker Street, Portland Road, and that more select part of the river in the neighbourhood of Sloane Square were at their best. Sir ALBERT and Lady Gate have rented the South Kensington signal-box and have fitted it up as a house-boat. The window-boxes, full of rare fungi, give it a cheerful and bright appearance. At present it is moored near Gloucester Eyot, and has for its neighbour the dainty little *Lu-Lu* belonging to Sir H. CAMPDEN-HILL. The river at this point is thickly wooded, as most of the sleepers are at present floating about on the surface. Yesterday, a great many of the "upper ten" (or upper "circles" perhaps we should say) were disporting themselves on the water. Lady TURNHAM-BROWNE was looking particularly sweet, dressed in a biscuit-coloured aquascutum, caught in at the waist by an *eau de Nil* life-belt. She was with her own husband. She is an expert punter, and it was quite a treat to see her making her way deftly among the myriads of gay pleasure craft which lined both sides of the tunnels.

It is noticeable that the rough element is conspicuous by its absence in the Earl's Court part of the river; but the lower reaches, such as Walham Green, afford them ample opportunities for their love of horse-play. We believe that rat-fishing is greatly in favour with the class of person who patronises this portion of the pearly stream.

The refreshment buffet on Victoria Island has been entirely re-decorated, and to those who are not lucky enough to own private signal-boxes, we can recommend the 10s. 6d. lunch basket (including a half-bottle of "Vin ordinaire," 1902).

A light glass and iron roof has been thrown across the river at this point, and it is always delightfully cool in this hot weather.

Some enterprising riparian owners are trying the experiment of introducing salmon trout just above Mark Lane Lock, and the result will be eagerly anticipated by all true followers of ISAAC WALTON.

LETTER FROM FRIENDS STAYING LAST WEEK AT AN INN-UN-DATED.—"True, the weather is awful!! 'Water, water everywhere!' We don't want it. It is almost, as London theatrical managers say, 'overflowing houses.' How should we get along at all but for our 'Bridge!' Thus it happens that few of us who *can* play (well enough) are at a loss."

"THE FLOWING TIDE;"

Or, a Point that was Missed.

[The *Times*, in its leader of June 18, commenting on Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN'S speech on the Government's fiscal policy in connection with Sir JOHN SEE'S exposition of the views of New South Wales, compares the Leader of the Opposition to "a child on the seashore asking why the nasty tide rolls up over the sand castle in which he is comfortably playing his little games."]

Disgusted and Overtaken Infant cries:—

Why can't you let my castle be,

Though built of sand, you horrid tide?

This nasty, surging, surjohn SEE

Prevents my playing games inside!

[Exit to a more conservative and stationary part of the landscape.]

CHARIVARIA.

A PRECEDENT which might be followed with advantage by many German bands has been made by the Municipal Band of Rome. On reaching London it was discovered that all the instruments and music had been left behind.

A compromise is being arranged in regard to the Motor-car Bill. The automobilists will offer no opposition to the proposal that each car shall bear a number, and in return for this the speed limit is to be abolished. It will then be possible to travel so fast that it will be impossible to identify the numbers.

The statement that most ladies are in favour of Free Trade is, on the face of it, untrue. They are, of course, one and all, Fair Traders.

The littleness of our little Brodricks has at last been officially acknowledged by the War Office. A memorandum to commanding officers from the Inspector-General of Recruiting draws attention to the fact that "a number of regiments are at present considerably under their establishment of boys."

Close upon the statement that never have so many weddings taken place in June as this year comes the announcement that twenty-seven double stars have been detected at Capetown Observatory.

The *British Medical Journal* declares that men of genius are always unhappy in their marriages. Several popular novelists write to us denying this, and declaring they are most happily mated.

The heavy rain on Saturday last puzzled people until it was learnt that that was the day fixed for the inauguration of an open-air theatre at Port Sunlight.



THE RECENT FLOODS.

"BILL, WAS EVERYTHING DROWNED WHAT DIDN'T GO INTO THE ARK?"

"YES, OF COURSE."

"WHAT ABOUT FISHES?"

By the by, we have no wish to fan the flames of jealousy, but we cannot help pointing out that on the Monday the *Daily Mail* published a strongly-worded leader on the subject of the weather, but the rain continued. On the Tuesday the *Daily Express* published a leader on the same subject. The rain then ceased.

Cormorants have destroyed such large quantities of young fish in West Country estuaries that they have been removed from the list of Protected Birds by the

Devon County Council. Many think they should have been cautioned first.

General KUROPATKIN, the Russian Minister of War, has been visiting Tokio. While he was being officially fêted there the Japanese Minister of Marine was rudely inspecting all the naval ports and testing their efficiency.

At the bookstalls on the Underground Railway "Solidified Perfume" is now offered for sale. We understand this is a local product.

IN CAP AND GOWN.

WONDERFUL institution the A.D.C. at Cambridge! "Patron His Majesty the KING." *Vive le Roi!* Revisiting scenes of earliest amateur Dramatic Stagehood, nursery and pupil-room of the Dramatic Player's and Dramatist's art, its Founder found the club going stronger than ever. Rooms crowded nightly, as he was informed—though he can personally answer "for one night only"—with audiences that include University Magnates and Magnatesses, virile visitors, fair forms from town, country and University, friends, cousins, sisters, aunts, tutors and governors, of the bright Thespian youths who form the *dramatis personæ* of the entertainment given, for several evenings, on the excellent little stage of the A.D.C., where for several nights was performed PINERO's droll farce of *Dandy Dick*.

The greatest credit is due to Mr. WALTER DURNFORD, Master of several Arts—of the art of stage management in particular—for the neatness and dexterity with which he has handled the University troupe, as well as to the President, Mr. OLIVER LOCKER-LAMPSON, a martinet for rehearsals, and himself one of the leading actors, enacting, most amusingly, the part of the *Dean of St. Marvell's*, who, as everyone knows, goes in for horse-racing, and suffers a martyrdom at the hands of the rough and red-dy, or ruddy, policeman, whose hard humour was capitally interpreted by Mr. GRIMKÉ-DRAYTON.

The A.D.C. performances retain their Shakspearean and Early Elizabethan character, for the "Spindle Side" is still represented by College Youths, as it should be at a University where almost everyone wears cap and gown. So it came about that Messrs. C. LAURENCE and T. P. SCAUGH were the very clever representatives of the Dean's two daughters, *Salome* and *Sheba*, whose costume and *minauderies* were perfect, and whose voices were so well modulated that only very rarely would it strike the attentive and interested listener that one of the ladies is a trifle husky, and that the other might be suffering from a slight *extinctio vocis*. To make *Hannah Topping*, the Irish cook, a success was a veritable score for Mr. J. T. QUILL—quite a soft Quill, and not without broad points; while in the leading lady's part—a most arduous one—of *Georgiana Tidman*, Mr. W. A. BOLTON achieved a triumph highly appreciated by an enthusiastic audience.

As the two Hussars, gay but diffident, Messrs. L. M. EARLE and C. G. AGNEW were excellent; Mr. W. F. CHALLENGER was full of "go" as the sporting Bart., *Sir Tristram Mardon*; Mr. T. D. BARLOW gave a really life-like study of the Dean's highly respectable butler; while the performance of Mr. HANS SAWYER, as *Hateham*, a groom, was so realistic that, but for our being aware that "he was only puttendin'," he might, for aught we had known to the contrary, have been the genuine article just stepped up from the stables of the Hoop Inn, close at hand.

The scenery was most effective, but the name of the artist did not appear on the bill; nor did those of the two performers on the piano placed on one side, in a line with the orchestra which, in the absence of instrumentalists, was so tastefully arranged as to represent a bank of "flowers that bloom in the Spring, tra-la!"

We trust that long ere this short notice appears the gentlemen on either side of me—both JAMES and GEORGE (Dr. MONTAGUE JAMES, "of King's"—how right royal this sounds!—and Mr. GEORGE LYTTLETON) may have quite recovered from the exuberant fits of laughter into which the drolleries of the actors threw them, and are all the better for the enjoyment of an exceptionally delightful evening. "*Esto Perpetua!*" Evergreen A.D.C.! All compliments to your "Perpetual President," J. W. CLARK, M.A., who, on this occasion, to our great regret, was perpetually invisible.



NEARING THE ENGLISH COAST.

Jones (returning to England). "WE ARE QUITE FIFTY MILES FROM THE SCILLY ISLES, MISS BROWN. THEY SAY THE ODOUR OF THE FLOWERS THEY CULTIVATE THERE TRAVELS THAT DISTANCE OVER THE SEA. I CAN DETECT IT DISTINCTLY NOW—CAN'T YOU?"

Miss Brown (from America). "I GUESS IT HASN'T QUITE REACHED ME YET, MR. JONES!"

Shakspeare the Ever Ready.

(*Clown's song adapted to this year June.*)

"WITH a hey, ho,
The Wind and the Rain,
For the Rain it raineth
Every day!"

(N.B.—If the wet continues the Farmers will sing, "With no Hay! ho!! Habsit Homen!")

SOMETHING LIKE A STREET.—In an advertisement which appears in the *Scotsman* of the 15th inst., tenders are invited for the decoration of the streets of Belfast on the occasion of the Royal visit in July. The notice continues: "The names of the streets cannot be given at present, but may extend from four to six miles, and may be done in sections." Gallant little Wales, with her fifty-syllabled names, must look to her laurels.

CORRECT CARDS.—A paragraph in the *Times* last week contained the official announcement of the "Election of Bridge-master." No information, however, has as yet appeared giving either the course of instruction in the game, or the fees to be charged for the lessons. Schools and Universities will no doubt soon follow suit with Whist-masters, Cribbage-masters, Piquet-masters, and so forth. Most useful.

A LITTLE girl in Staffordshire coming out of the fields told her mother, who was at the cottage door, that she had just seen a snake twenty feet long. Her mother took it all in, and swallowed it.

BALLADE OF THE SOUSAPHONE.

WHAT breathes upon the stilly night
Some sweet, but not assertive air,
Of "Annie Laurie," or "The Flight
Of Ages," or "Rienzi's Prayer"?
What whispers of the false Adair,
And lifts a wild elusive moan
For "Ailsa," moribundly fair?
It is the sad, sweet Sousaphone.

Full well I wis, some soulful wight
Thus seeks a short surcease from
care;
Indeed, I know the man by sight,
A foreign gentleman with hair.
Beneath a gas lamp in the square
He stands, unfriended and alone,
And wrings a penetrating blare
From out the sad, sweet Sousaphone.

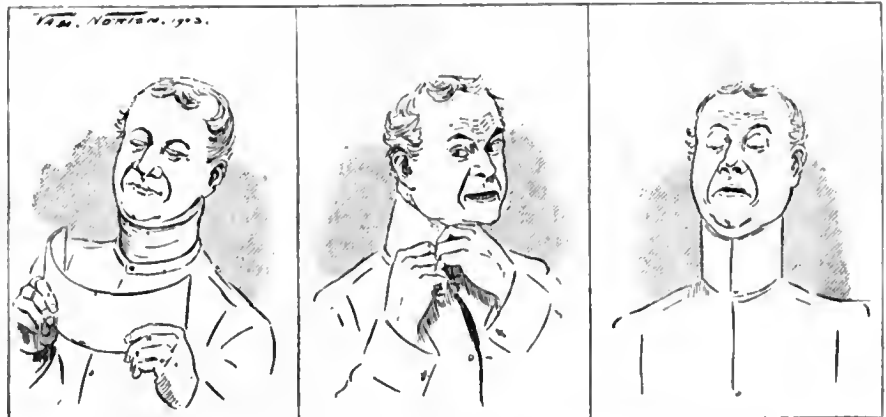
He entertains, if I am right,
A lively hope that here and there
Some passer-by may mark his plight
And give him sixpence or a pair
Of faded boots the worse for wear;
And yet, if all the truth were known,
Such guerdons must be passing rare
To players on the Sousaphone!

Minstrel, I conjure thee, forbear!
That instrument, profusely blown
Would make a Christian Brother
swear;
A murrain on thy Sousaphone!

UNDER the heading of "The Police
Courts," last Friday the *Daily Telegraph*
stated that there had been "1,600 oysters
condemned." Not without trial, of
course, for this is the Land of Liberty
and the right shop for Justice. But
who tried them? Where is he now?

HOOPING THE HOOP.

(A Study in Expressions.)



ENTERING.

IN THE MIDDLE.

THROUGH.

THIRD QUARTER.

(From "Young Moore's Almanack for 1903.")

JULY.

A MARRIAGE will take place at the end
of this month which will have a great
influence on the lives of two people.
Several streets will be up in London,
and many horses will be down.

Variety will be the keynote of the
weather.

AUGUST.

The first few days of this month will
be a period of great excitement in
London. The Banks and nearly all
the shops will be closed on August 3,
and hundreds of families will hurriedly
leave town. Many will take refuge in
the theatres, which will be open, but
YOUNG MOORE is glad to say that by the

end of the week the people will nearly
all be back and business resumed as
usual.

This month we may look for very
different kinds of weather.

SEPTEMBER.

YOUNG MOORE would not be surprised
if Death were to visit Glasgow this
month, and it is just possible he might
call at Edinburgh on his way South.
Several men will be recruited for the
Army, which will cause great satisfac-
tion in military circles.

The weather might be fine at first,
but YOUNG MOORE thinks that "Varied"
is the word for this month.

AD MÆCENATEM.

KING ARTHUR, of the CECIL breed,
Pride of my party which you lead!
Some love to test the motor's power
At five-and-twenty miles an hour,
As onwards to the Clouds they ride,
With something more than human pride.
One, when his money-bag expands
Enriched by "Afric's golden sands";
At plaudits from the fickle crowd
Another smiles, elate and proud.
No lure, though rich, can wheedle back
The lonely ploughman from his track.
The merchant, leaving rest deferred,
Fits straightway forth Shamrock the
Third.

The connoisseur of choicest wines
Nowhere save at the C—— dines.
Many defy the cold and damp,
And do a week or so in camp.
Some sigh for summer to be gone,
Again the huntsman's coat to don.
I, who the keener air have smelt
Of "the illimitable veldt,"
Leaving such vulgar tastes alone,
Strike out a programme of my own,
Which, if no misadventure mars,
I hope will raise me to the stars.



LAST PERFORMERS AT THE CAIETY THEATRE WHO BROUGHT DOWN THE HOUSE.

SHOULD THERE BE MUSIC DURING MEALS?

OPINIONS OF EXPERTS.

"If music mates with love of food, play on."—*Bacon.*

HERR RICHARD STRAUSS writes:—"The employment of orchestras at meal times opens up endless new vistas to the writer of 'programme' music. I have just completed a new suite entitled, '*Hebe and Ganymede*,' occupying two hours in performance, each movement of which is contrived to coincide in length and treatment with a fresh course. Thus in the soup section the wooing of the turtle is suggested by a passage for four flutes, and the 'bird' is richly scored with *bravura* passages for the oboes and piccolo. An expressive *tremolando* for violins heralds with an anticipatory shiver the advent of the ice pudding, and a strepitous *coda* in the Finale greets the arrival of the coffee and liqueurs."

Sir HUBERT PARRY writes from the Royal College of Music:—"I have long been a believer in the efficacy of music at meals, and in proof thereof beg to send you the score of my incidental music to the *Roast Pair of Sirens*."

LORD GRIMTHORPE writes:—"As a convinced 'mealer,' I am of opinion that if people are not to drink between breakfast and lunch, or between lunch and dinner, the meals themselves should be made as melodiously attractive as possible. Let our motto therefore be, 'Drink to me only with thine ears.'"

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR writes:—"The only objection I have to music at meal times is this. When I hear music, being of a very emotional Celtic temperament, I am irresistibly impelled to sing. The last time this happened I was eating a plover's egg. Me dear boy, I nearly had a spasm of the glottis!"

The proprietor of the Quick Lunch Restaurant in the Strand writes:—"We find that it accelerates our already almost incredible pace if the '*Turkish Patrol*,' or some other rapid march is played during the five minutes in which our 1,000 regular customers enjoy their mid-day meal."

SUNNY JIM writes:—

"Of Melody 'Force' has no need:
Life's full of music as you feed."

MESSRS. PEARCE AND PLENTY write:—"We have solved the great difficulty without much trouble and with some profits. An automatic musical box stands in the centre of all our principal dining saloons. This is set in motion by the insertion of a penny in the slot, and it plays for two minutes. Hence it follows that if one of our patrons wants music he has but to procure it. We commend the plan to the notice of the Carlton and Lockhart's."

The Manager of SCOTT'S writes:—"We always have bagpipes during dinner."

MR. HENRY BIRD writes:—"You ask 'Should there be music during meals?' But what of the converse—should there be meals during music? It seems to me that to offer music at a restaurant is a confession of failure on the part of the *chef*. Our music at the St. James's Hall concerts would have to be bad indeed before we provided the extra inducement of food to go with it."

The Manager of SWEETING'S writes:—"Our Musical Grill has been a great success."

MR. WILLIAM HARRIS writes:—"Speaking as the Sausage King, I may say that I do not favour music with meals. Speaking *ex officio*, or, as one might say, *ex cathedra*, I must confess to liking a tune as I eat."

MR. J. P. SOUSA writes:—"There is no doubt that the nearer the trombone the sweeter the meat."

The Proprietor of the "Cheshire Cheese" writes:—"My

customers do not care for music with their meals—beyond that is, the singing of the larks and whistling of the oysters in Ye Pudding."

DR. HANS RICHTER writes:—"My favourite composers at meals are STEPHEN ADAMS, LAWRENCE KELLIE, and HOPE TEMPLE."

MR. ALGERNON ASHTON writes:—"I have always found that the performance of Elegiac music during meal times has a most enepptic influence."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

As the violet turns its gentle head aside from the inquisitive bluster of the March wind, so, as all the world knows, Miss MARIE CORELLI shrinks from being dragged before the public for advertisement purposes designed by self or others. My Baronite shudders when he thinks of the pain that will be wrought in an inoffensive breast by the doubtless well-meant effort of MESSRS. COATES and WARREN-BELL, joint authors of *Marie Corelli* (HUTCHINSON). The volume is, to tell the truth, a fulsome eulogy, varied by tiresome summaries of plots of the lady's novels. The latter may be skipped, the reader hurrying on to passages where he is told that "Miss CORELLI was the observed of all observers at the luncheon held in the House of Peers (*sic*) after the Abbey ceremonial, not for her dress but for her fame." This fame, we read on a later page, has its penalties. "The Stratford cabmen, taking visitors round the old town, often pull up opposite Mason Croft to allow their fares to gaze upon the residence of the popular writer." This is pitiful stuff, and natural distaste for it increases when one thinks of Miss CORELLI happening upon it.

MRS. CHARLES BROOKFIELD'S novel, *The Diary of a Year* (EVELEIGH NASH, London) has, the Baron's Assistant reports, amongst many other merits this conspicuous one—that the story retains its hold on the reader in spite of the difficulty she has imposed on herself by casting it in diary form. Mrs. BROOKFIELD avoids monotony because she writes well, and has a rare gift for making her characters live and move. She knows the world, and her touch, though it is light, is very sure.

My Nautical Retainer writes:—"The Way Back (CONSTABLE), by ALBERT KINROSS, leaves me with the impression of a youngish man gifted with a natural strength, on which he fails to impose that right restraint which one associates with the better class of giant. This is not to mistake his outspoken candour for coarseness, but only to imply an excess of energy not always under control. He makes his chief character designedly theatrical; but even so, too loose a rein is allowed to his utterances. In *Bartol*'s lips the author's own lavish eloquence often comes perilously near the verge of sheer rant. His fierce and torrential indictment of the methods of popular halfpenny journalism exceeds even the compass of Miss CORELLI. But when he can tear himself away from this red recurrent rag of a theme, he treats his matter with relative sanity. *Climsell* is an excellent study in obscure erudition and dog-like fidelity. The character of *Hertha* is drawn throughout with a very tender understanding, notably in the scene, most humanly dramatic of all, where she reveals the cause that determines her to abandon her projected flight with *Bartol*. The story has too much good stuff in it for so short a book; there is material in *Bartol*'s previous career for another volume of at least the same size. Indeed, the book largely consists of a series of dramatic episodes and swift characterisations lightly strung together: and apart from the final catastrophe might almost be staged as it stands. And a very attractive play it would make."

THE B. DE B.-W.

THE "DAILY WIRELESS."

[A daily paper, giving the latest news by means of Marconigrams, is soon to become a regular feature of life on the Transatlantic boats.]

(Editorial Note to the "Daily Wireless" of April 2, 1904.—"Owing to the large number of messages transmitted simultaneously to-day, the publication of this journal has been a task of some difficulty. Apparently many of the messages are private greetings to passengers from their friends on shore. Since we cannot disentangle them from the news items intended for the *Daily Wireless*, we are compelled to print the Marconigrams as received. They are still more complicated by the fact that certain orders intended for a cruiser somewhere in the Atlantic have been tapped by our recorder.")

London, April 1.—The share market is quiet as a whole, but there is a slight depression in your new woollen vests which are in the black port manteau, and do be careful to see that there is no truth in the reported Armenian massacre. On the contrary,

the best relations are said to have caught measles again, and Uncle Jack vows that the King received the Right Honourable Gentleman in private audience. Puddleton Rovers beat the extravagant consumption of gold leaf and paint which my Lords cannot sanction because card-sharpers are always found on liners, Dick, and you promised solemnly that the House of

Lords rose at ten minutes to six. In answer to a question upon the subject the Home Secretary said that he would put up with it no longer, and EMILY declared a dividend of 5 per cent. Repeat code word, my Lords say scaramouch. Scaramouch. Scaramouch. Well,

formance. It's no good wiring to me for cash, if you choose you can turn to Mr. AUSTIN's new poem which deals with the unexpected slump in Eldorados and is backed freely for a place. Miss Courcy has just called and she looked sweet in a blue wall-paper with a grey frieze but the London County Council refuses to renew the licence. Yours unintelligible, and my Lords think Xenophon, plumbago, fusee, as in cipher code provided with quite the most lovely bracelet set with a succession of north-easterly winds. Take daffodils from front and send to German EMPEROR whose movements must not exceed fifteen knots under artificial draught. Crabwise—ink-pot—sobriety—anti-cyclone—dinner party—goals—policy...

(Editorial Postscript.—"Our recorder has temporarily broken down. We hope, however, to publish this journal tomorrow at the usual hour. When we reflect that its contents have been flashed across hundreds of miles of ocean, we begin faintly to realise the enormous boon which wireless telegraphy has conferred upon the human race!")



Bernard Partridge.

ONE FOR HIS BREAD-BASKET.

Working-man "CALL THIS FAIR TRADE, HITTING ME BELOW THE BELT?"

J-s-ph Ch-mb-rl-n. "ALL FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, MY FRIEND!"

it is in the new handbook, and if you cannot translate authorised cipher my Lords urge that you are such a duck, and must be vaccinated on Tuesday. Scaramouch. Oh, my darling popsy-wopsy, your own teeny wants you because second-grade goods are in brisk demand and details as to working of boilers must be sent to Admiralty for a crowded house and a successful per-

On the occasion of a banquet given at Kiel by the United States Ambassador the KAISER (who had discarded the "complete suit of oilskins" worn at the Regatta) made use of the remarkable expression:—"Blood is thicker than water." It is anticipated that this epoch-making phrase will now pass into the language.

FLODDEN FIELD-DAY.

A TRAGEDY IN BLANK PROSE; BY MR. PUNCH'S PRIVATE LAUREATE.

ACT II.

SCENE—*The Gallery at Ford Castle, as before.* MARGERY:
To her enter DONALD.

Margery (surprised). What—back again? In Act the First, I thought, You and your troop had marched to fight at Flodden, Chanting Earl SURREY's rough-hewn battle-song?

Donald. That is the case—but, when I reached my post, I found that, by some whimsy oversight, I'd left my pocket-handkerchief at home.

Marg. I knew you would not stay behind! 'Tis Man's In this resisting world to breast aside A sea of opposites, wave after wave ('Take arms against' was *Hamlet's* metaphor—But SHAKESPEARE's similes are so sadly mixed!) I had a dream of happiness to tell you . . . But p'raps you've hardly time to hear it now?

Don. (with tender gallantry). Nay, pour it into my attentive ear, Which—howsoever I were pressed for time—Is ever open to a dream of yours!

Marg. I dreamed, then, we were dwelling—you and I—Happy together in vast marbled halls, With serfs and liveried vassals at our side.

Don. All this shall be—wait till the clouds roll by! Meanwhile I start, once more, to do—or die!

Marg. (detaining him). Take first this talisman from Palestine, 'Tis a sure charm against mosquito bites, Nervous collapse, sciatica—and sword-strokes.

Don. (taking it). I'll not say no—such household remedies Should be in every canny warrior's kit. *[Exit.]*

Lady Heron (enters by another door as DONALD goes out; to MARG.). Have you seen SURREY?

Marg. He but just now burst Upon the tower where I stood to scan If he were yet in sight.

Lady H. (puzzled). How very odd! Why, when he left for Flodden, I could swear That he had quite forgotten—*(With a flash of insight)* Ah! I see! He sent his apparition streaming up The turret-stair, like to the Royal Standard, To take that bird's-eye survey in his stead.

Marg. (demurely). Well, for a phantom, he was most polite; Told me my young eyes were more clear than his, Gramercy! he's a pleasant gentleman! Though I've been well brought-up and just betrothed, He'd such a way with him, that, on the whole, 'Twas perhaps as well that DONALD was not nigh!

Lady H. Now that you've learnt the charm of SURREY's wraith, You can indulge my weakness for its owner! But what's that stir without? Run, child, and see!

[Exit MARGERY, and forthwith returns.]

Marg. A wandering minstrel in the hall below Requests to see you—on important business.

Lady H. 'Tis his frail Kingship JAMES! . . . O well-set snare! Go, MARGERY, and bid them show him up.

[Exit MARGERY.]

Enter King JAMES THE FOURTH in the disguise of a minstrel, which he at once discards. Lady HERON executes a deep obeisance.

King (graciously). Nay, make no ceremonious cheese for me—I come not as the KING, but quite *in eoq.*

Lady H. I feared that you were in the battle-field!

King. And that is where I am—supposed to be. I've settled all my plans; the Cheviots Arc in my rear, the Till afront, myself *(Perhaps)* will lead the centre—but enough Of war's rough issues—*(tenderly)*—how goes Lady HERON?

Lady H. As well, I thank you, as can be expected!

King (presenting jewellery). To Newcastle I bring black diamonds! Sweets to the sweet, and pearls to pearlier

throats! (That's really *rather* neat, now, isn't it?) Still, wear them, so in men's eyes they may shine The brighter for the velvet that displays them!

Lady H. (with cynical candour). Women wear diamonds—not to dazzle men, But to o'ershadow other women's paste.

King. Not really? Haw, I'd no idea of that! But I've a far more precious present still!

Lady H. (overcome). Oh, but indeed, I couldn't—*(eagerly)*—what is it?

King (complacently). Your loving husband! Late my prisoner, Being mixed up, somehow, in that affair Of MARGARET's jewels, now withal set free, Without condition . . . Ah, I knew 'twould prove A most agreeable surprise for you!

Lady H. (perturbed). It is—delightful—quite! Thank you so much! And when may I expect him to turn up?

King. Oh, not just yet, since I believe he took The same short cut that brought me here myself. Shall I recite to you to pass the time?—A little trifle I have just thrown off (One makes so many—almost on one's head!) And really, for a King, they ain't so bad!

Lady H. (perfunctorily). Oh, do! *(Aside, desperately)* I'd suffer aught to keep him here!

King (recites). "Oh, braw are Scotland's bonnie birks, Her mavis groves the same,

And 'mid their mirks A laddie lurks, Wi' a sporran on his wame.

Gin I were girt in philabegs, I'd squatter thro' the streams,

Wi' droukit legs, As sure as eggs, To the Lady of my dreams!"

Lady H. (coquettishly). And which of all the ladies at your Court Inspired that amorous liltng roundelay?

King (with a touch of wagery). Not one among the lot! Now, Lady HERON, You're not as innocent as you make out, —You know the party 'twas intended for!

Lady H. Your answer is as dexterous as your lay, And you the very Prince of Minor Poets! *(Carelessly)* I'm told that SURREY never turns a stove.

King. It is not everyone that has the turn, But there—we must not be too hard on him!

Lady H. He is a soldier and no poet-lover, A scientific Heaven-born General!

King (piqued). One may be both. I am a General, too, —When not engaged in Literature or Love.

Lady H. (petulantly). What is this love we prate about so much? Simply the fawnings of ferocious snakes On us embarrassed and retiring doves! . . . Have I said aught?—You smiled so curiously!

King. Did I? There are so many sorts of smiles; The smile superior; the fatuous; The feebly-cynical; the would-be knowing; The prim self-conscious smile; the inanely bland; The dimpling crease; the bacon-chawing grin; The wrong side of the mouth; the ear to ear; And what some call the "photographic" smile; And last, wae's me! the reminiscent smirk Of dreamy devilry we note in skulls! . . . My smile may have been any one of these!

Lady H. Nay, it was all! . . . *(Suddenly)* Recite to me once more.

King (flattered). Well, since you are so pressing:—*(strikes attitude)*—"What is Love?" A Recitation. By King JAMES THE FOURTH.

"Love, they say, is all my eye, Gooseberry-fooling, rhubarb-pie, Packed with pangs for by-and-by;

Who is it that slanders so Holiest of affairs below? Echo answers: 'Do not know!'

Then be Heaven's will obeyed; Let us all love, unafraid, Every matron, every maid,

Stout ones, thin ones, Short and tall, In the parlour, in the hall;—But the comely, most of all!"

Lady H. That is a deeper and diviner strain, And, by so much, too large a fit for me . . . But why in such a hurry—must you go?

King. Unless I run away from here at once, I lose all chance of doing so at Flodden!

Lady H. (pouting). I cannot take it as a compliment If you prefer your tiresome fight to me!

King. 'Tis really time I went. . . . Hark! what was that? Methought I heard a far-off clarion bray!

Lady H. It was the ass's bray, and not the bugle's! As *Juliet* said (or words to that effect). Go not! I mayn't be in this mood to-morrow. What! all this morning-call, and not one kiss!

[Tenders him her cheek, which he kisses. While he is doing so door is thrown open, and enter her husband. Observing the situation, he halts and looks from one to the other.]

Lady H. (with perfect composure). WILLIAM, I think you've met His MAJESTY.

Sir William (coldly). I've had that honour, but did not expect To come across him quite so soon again. *(With more warmth)* What is this royal cuckoo doing here, Beneath my roof-tree, too—yet quite at home? Madam, a speedy answer will oblige. And may I beg of you to tell the truth?

Lady H. (with exaltation). I will—and for the benefit of both! I lured him here and kept him simpering love, And spouting his ridiculous recitations, Till past the hour that he was due at Flodden! I'm proud of it! I'd do the same again! For England, and the Cause of Englishmen, Who never, never, never shall be slaves!

Sir William. If that's the case, I will return anon.

[Exit.]

King (clapping his hands softly). A splendid piece of acting!

Lady H. Sold again! Look at the clock, and then—look out of window! The other way your army's swung around, And now 'tis all too late to swing them back! I heard the trumpets riding on the wind, A roaring mount for such equestrians! Heard them, and kept my tongue within my cheek, While you were songful-suing at my footstool! . . . Now go, for you have bored me long enough, And be in time, at least, for your defeat!

King (sadly, to himself). Who would have thought it? Fair, and yet so false! What did the apparition at Linlithgow say? "Beware of downy woman and her wiles." By gad! that apparition knew a bit! *(To Lady H. with dignity)* Farewell, thou unfair lady (that's a pun—A doosid old one, though), King JAMES is done! *[Exit.]*

Lady H. (to herself). King JAMES is done indeed, and done by Me! SURREY, my love, you owe me one for this!

End of Act II.

F. A.

OPERA NOTES.

THURSDAY was the one specially notable night of the week, when MADAME CALVÉ appeared for the first time this season as the heroine of Bizet's Opera *Carmen*. Her acting perfect; and with her this takes the chief place, for she is actress first, singer afterwards, as was the very *Carmen* herself. But in the fascinating song and step, what may be termed "The Flirtation Movement" of the First Act, when she captures the man who has afterwards to capture her and whom in turn she captures and ruins, her voice, as it were, sways the action, the effect being wickedly mischievous.

Signor SCOTTI excellent as the *Toréador*, his famous song deserving an encore but failing to obtain it. GILBERT and HERR REISS, the comic scoundrels, capitally contrasted as to height and bulk, keep up the humour throughout.

MME. BLAUVELT is a charming *Micaëla*, and M. SALIGNAC



A GREAT AMBITION.

Little Girl (watching her mother fixing hatpins through her hat).
"WHEN WILL I BE OLD ENOUGH, MUMMY, TO HAVE HOLES MADE IN MY HEAD TO KEEP MY HAT ON?"

as the weak, passionate, but somewhat hardly used *Don José*, whose motto is "all for love, or the world well lost," wins our sympathies and our applause.

MR. PH. FLOX, difficult name for stutterer to attempt, conducted, and the representation from first to last may be counted among the successes of the season.

A CYCLE OF CATHAY.—The *Yorkshire Evening Post*, in reporting the case of a motor-cyclist charged with travelling at excessive speed on the highway at Selby, represents a police-sergeant as stating that "he timed defendant over a distance of 633 years, which was covered in 64 secs." The contention of the defendant that he had been "very imperfectly timed" has an air of captiousness.

FIAT EXPERIMENTUM.—Fears have been entertained that the proposed legislation for motor-cars may, by removing the speed limit, only increase the already high mortality of people frequenting our roadways. These fears will be partially allayed by a statement which the *Daily Mail* was in a position to make in its issue of June 25. It appears that experiments are first to be made in the gangways of the Peers' Chamber. We read that "Mr. WALTER LONG stated in the House of Commons that he hopes to arrange for the introduction of the Bill dealing with motor-car traffic in the House of Lords."

REMINISCENCES OF ASCOT.

No. I.—Before the "Hunt Cup."

Enthusiastic Fox-hunting Lady (who, on her first visit to Ascot, is horribly chagrined at seeing that the course is not at all as she would have wished it to be, judging by the name of the Race, "The Hunt Cup"). "What a disappointment! Why, there are no hurdles!"

No. II.—In the Paddock.

Habitué (to Lady who wishes to appear "in the know"). "Going to see the 'Princess of Wales' Stakes'?"

Would-be-knowing Lady. "No, unfortunately I am dining out every night during the Haymarket week."

HAYMARKET KATERERS.

Cousin Kate, the new comedy at the Haymarket Theatre by Mr. HUBERT HENRY DAVIES, a comparatively "new and original" author, who with two "H's" has, decidedly, *Haspirations*, is as pleasant a piece of work as anyone, ready and willing to be amused, would wish to see within the compass of a two-hours' light entertainment. This latest species of the *genus* ROBERTSON is admirably acted, which is *pour quelque chose dans cette affaire*.

But "Come hither, HUBERT!" "There is a fallacy somewhere," and here it is. We are faced with several improbabilities. Perpend. Once grant the premises in the Second Act, which include the cottage and grounds of "Owlscot," and the improbability vanishes. What has to be granted? A good deal; besides the aforesaid "premises." It may be granted that Heath Desmond, a witty, roving, well-to-do artist of about thirty-two, a character delightfully rendered by Mr. CYRIL MAUDE (who only a few minutes before had been winning the admiration of the House by his marvellous study of that very ancient specimen of the oldest nobility, *Lord Ogleby*)—who has engaged himself to be married to Amy Spencer, a prim little quakerish, weak and obstinate girl of about twenty (capitally played by Miss BEATRICE FERRAR), having furnished a cottage, "Owlscot," with artistic taste, and generally regardless of expense, *might* leave it untenanted, entrusting the key to Mrs. and Miss Spencer, who live at about twenty minutes' walk from it, so that they may look in occasionally during his absence, as the place is unguarded by servant, gardener, caretaker, or any sort of responsible person in actual charge. But it is not so easily granted that the *Spencers*, the obstinate girl with a strong sense of duty, the mother, a fussy old lady (perfectly represented by Miss CARLOTTA ADDISON), should give their eccentric Cousin Kate, who is a total stranger to the owner of "Owlscot," the key of that gentleman's cottage, in order that she may open the house, air the rooms, and see that everything is made ready for the arrival of the proprietor.

That the lively Kate, aged twenty-nine, authoress of several novels of a somewhat risky character, with her Bohemian instincts and her love of adventure, should accept the charge, is just what might be expected of her, so we may grant that. That she should have travelled from London with a gentleman, a total stranger, whom she has invited to share her lunch, is allowable; also, that with him she should suddenly fall desperately in love is again possible: but that, spry as she is, she should never have ascertained—somehow or another—the name and *status* of her travelling com-

panion, nor he, having also lost his heart to her, hers, is to say the least of it, considering the terms on which they found themselves *en tête-à-tête*, to the last degree improbable.

Then, that Heath Desmond, after following her down the lane, and seeing her enter his own cottage, should prefer jumping in by the window to entering by the door which had already been opened by Kate, is suggestive of a mere *poseur*, not of the honest straightforward Irish gentleman, full of fun as he may be at the age of thirty-two or more; and that, after she has refused to tell him whence she obtained the key, he, *knowing with whom he had left it*, should not have at once come to the conclusion that this spirited young lady of twenty-nine must be either a friend or a connection of the *Spencers*, is most improbable; as were she merely a stranger she would never have been permitted to take the key and come alone. It is again highly improbable that he should not have at once mentioned the *Spencers* as a sort of introduction for himself, or that she, with her natural shrewdness, should not have immediately divined, from his question as to the key, as also from his intimate acquaintance with the store-cupboards and kitchen whence he fetches all the requisites for a five-o'clock tea, that he is the owner of, or, at least, a neighbour privileged to visit, the cottage whenever he "feels so disposed."

In fact, the improbabilities, beyond those here stated, could not be granted, were it not that the offence is condoned by the engaging freshness of the characters (except that of the parson), the brightly written dialogue, and the thorough excellence of the acting.

As Kate, Miss ELLIS JEFFREYS is simply delicious, though it is easy to see that the *minauderie* of the character may very easily be overdone.

It is an axiom that "boys will be boys," but the exception to this ruling is invariably to be found on the stage, where "boys will not be boys," no matter what amount of training may be bestowed on them. That the boy, Bobby Spencer, in this piece is *de trop*, serving no dramatic purpose whatever, is the fault of the author, who, however, is to be congratulated on the management having found for the part so intelligent a little chap, and such a born comedian as Master CYRIL SMITH, who, fortunately for the piece and himself, has turned the legislative limit of ten years old.

The dialogue is full of humour; situations good, and the light and leading comedians are most heartily acclaimed at the end of every Act.

PASHLEY'S OPINIONS.

No. XIV.

I ALWAYS thought a good deal of soldiers and soldiering. I liked to see them marching through the streets, with their bands playing, all as straight as sticks, with their great bearskins on their heads, and their little officers dangling along by the side of them just as cool and proud as if they didn't care two-pence for you and me, and were quite ready to wipe their boots on us without so much as knowing who we were. There's something grand and noble about their look that I never could quite get over. It fetched me every time. It's the sort of look lords ought to have if they knew their business, but they don't. Mostly they're trying to make themselves agreeable and behaving quite affably, just as if they wanted us to believe we were as good as any lord they ever came across. That's all tommy rot, of course.

When I was a lad I used to think it must be a wonderful thing to see ten or twenty lords all in a room together, but now I'm getting on in life I don't seem to take quite so much stock in them. I suppose I've seen too many of them,



GOLFING AMENITIES.

Major Brummel (comparing the length of his and his opponent's "drives"). "I THINK I'M SHORTER THAN MR. SIMKINS?"
 Small Caddie (a new hand, greatly flattered at being asked, as he thinks, to judge of their personal appearance). "YES, SIR, AND FATTERER TOO, SIR!"
 [Delight of the gallant Major.]

time and again, in real life to believe all the fancy talk you get out of the history books. They seem to be much the same as ironmongers or grocers—a trifle stiffer in the collars, and more given to silk about their frock-coats, a better crease down the front of their trousers and more shine about their boot-leather, but that's about all there is to make a difference; and, mind you, I've known one grocer—FARROW was his name, the son of old TOM FARROW—who'd give any lord you ever saw the knock in the dress department. I never met anyone else who had anything like the same good taste in the things he wore, especially neckties. Green, blue, red, or yellow, they were all one to him. He had a neat trick of tying them that nobody else could imitate, and his diamond pin always looked as if it belonged where he stuck it, and couldn't possibly have been stuck anywhere else. I don't know how a man gets a knack of that sort. APSLEY said it wasn't a real diamond, but I know better: I saw FARROW scratch his name with it on a shop window once.

Well, about soldiers. We'd got a picture at home that always took my fancy. It was a sort of coloured print, made in Germany, I think, and it was called "*Faithful unto Death; or, The Brave Briton: an Incident in the Crimea.*" There was a soldier in a red coat lying on the ground with his arm in a sling, and his shirt open showing a great patch of blood on his chest. He was quite pale and ghastly, and but for his eyes being open you'd have

thought he was as dead as mutton. Anybody might have gone and left him, for you could see it was only a matter of minutes before he died. But there was another big soldier standing over him, with his rifle in his hand and the bayonet all fixed and ready, and you could see he wasn't going to abandon him—not much. The big soldier had had a good doing, too, for he'd got a blood-stained handkerchief tied round his head; but his uniform was bright and clean, and so was his face. Then in the background there were a lot of the enemy coming up, shouting and howling for joy at having caught a couple of Englishmen—you could see they were shouting by the way their mouths were painted in the picture—and they'd got their bayonets ready too, and some of them were letting off their rifles, and there was a lot of smoke about, great thick black rolling clouds of it; but the big soldier didn't seem to care a bit: he just stood there looking as fierce as fifty, and ready to shoot or stick the whole lot of them. I forgot to say he'd got quite a tidy little heap of them polished off all round him already, and it used to give me the creeps to see them all lying there, one on top of the other, just as if you'd chucked so many trusses of straw together and left them there.

Behind the whole lot, coming right at you from the top of a hill, you could see about thirty soldiers on horses, galloping like mad, with their swords drawn. They had red uniforms, so you knew they were English, and there was a fair chance that they'd get there in time to save the

big soldier before he got picked off or taken prisoner; and I used to say to myself when I looked at the enemy all shouting, "Go it, my fine fellows, go it; it all looks jolly easy now, when you think you've only got two wounded Englishmen to tackle, but I bet you'll sing a different song in a brace of shakes when the Cavalry gets into the middle of you, and you feel a good English sword tickling you up somewhere in the shoulder-blades, or lopping your ugly French or German heads off your bodies."

I remember I used to get quite nervous with wanting to hurry the Cavalry up. I always wondered, too, what I should have done if I had been the big soldier. It wouldn't have been any good lying down and saying, "Quits—you can't hit a man when he's down," as we used to at school, for they tell me it's only the English that spare a man when he's down. The rest of them just stick you quicker than ever, and glad to get the job over.

MY MASTERS.

[A writer in the New York *Bookman* recently pleaded for "ateliers of fiction." "If painters take pupils, why should not novelists?"]

BEFORE the days of swishing
Were past and gone for me,
My soul was ever wishing
A THACKERAY to be;
And now my head is hoary
I fain would write a story
To bring me fame and glory,
And haply £ s. d.

But though my pen has travelled
O'er reams and reams and reams,
And endless plots unravelled
With endless artful schemes,
I have not yet succeeded
In doing all that's needed
To make the name that he did,
And realise my dreams.

But now the chance of chances
Has come, and I intend
To write you such romances
As never yet were penned.
I'll go to each Immortal
Who opens wide his portal,
And, mixing every sort, 'll
Produce a novel blend.

I'll study humour under
Smart JACOBS, and discern
His secret art—I wonder,
Is humour hard to learn?
For depth and condensation,
For shrewd delineation
And subtle observation
To MEREDITH I'll turn.

Then HOPE has been a source of
The purest joy to me;

From him I'll take a course of
His brilliant repartee.
He'll teach this humble sitter
Before his feet to glitter
Like diamonds. Who fitter
To teach the trick than he?

My note-book next I'll carry—
In case my tears run dry—
To sentimental BARRIE,
And IAN moist of eye;
I'll seek the door of CROCKETT
And beg him to unlock it,
Supposing that my pocket
His fee can still supply.

And since the world's contrairy
And given to complain,
If one forgets to vary
Sufficiently one's vein,
I'll go to every duffer
Whose novels find a puffer—
Nay, even gladly suffer
CORELLI and HALL CAINE.

CHARIVARIA.

WHEN the Servian Premier telegraphed to the CZAR reporting the decision of the British Government, he is said to have received the ambiguous answer, "Servia right."

A special cablegram was sent all the way from America last week to inform the readers of the *Daily Express* that HENRY HUSTER sneezed so loudly in the streets of St. Paul, Minnesota, that two horses attached to a carriage took fright and ran away.

The Automobile Club has compiled some statistics which go to prove that far fewer persons are killed by mechanically-propelled vehicles than by those which are drawn by horses. Still, the Automobile Club must not lose heart. It must remember that the science of Motor-earnage is only in its infancy.

Mr. JOHN O'DONNELL, M.P., has complained that he found prison uncomfortable. This was, of course, never intended.

The object of the new Army cap has been discovered. As our soldiers are constantly decreasing in stature and physique, it has become necessary to make them more terrifying by artificial means.

General MANNING is to be superseded in Somaliland by General EGERTON, and the War Office is busy arranging for relays of Generals to rescue one another.

A lady asks the following question in a letter to a contemporary:—"Sir, I

notice that a little baby girl was found in Covent Garden Market. Would not 'COVENTINA' be a very pretty name for her?" *Punch* has always been ready to raise his voice in aid of the helpless little ones, and his answer is, "No."

RHYMES OF THE EAST.

Ode to the Time-Gun of Gurrumbad.

[Time-guns are of invariable pattern and extreme antiquity. Other species come and go; their ancestor remains always. One is to be found in each cantonment; he generally occupies a position of unsheltered and pathetic loneliness in a corner of the local parade ground. The writer has never seen one herded in the Gun-park with his kind.]

STRONG scion of the sturdy past
When simpler methods ruled the fray,
At whose demoralising blast
The stoutest foe recoiled aghast,
How fall'n art thou to-day!

Thy power the little children mock;
Thy voice, that shook the serried line,
But supplements the morning cock
At—roughly speaking—one o'clock,
And—broadly—half-past nine.

(Saving when Thomas' deep employ
Th' attendant closing hour postpones,
And he, the undefeated boy,
To gain a temporary joy,
Hath stuffed thee up with stones).

From out the once familiar "park"
Young guns, intolerably spruce,
Go flaunting by without remark;
Which, to their humbled patriarch,
Must be the very deuce.

Their little toils with leisure crowned,
They, in their turn, will seek the Vale
Of Rest that thou hast never found;
What wonder if thy daily "round"
Is very like a Wail?

Yet many love thee. Though his clutch
Be heavy, Time doth still afford
That fine consolatory touch—
It hardly seems to go for much,
But cannot be ignored.

Who that can brave the mid-day fare
But leans, in utter trust, on thee
To tell him when it's one—or there-
Abouts—and save the wear and tear
Of turning round to see?

So, when athwart the glooming flats
Thy hoarse nocturnal whispers stray—
Much to the horror of the bats—
We're all the nearer home, and that's
A comfort, anyway!

Then, courage! Guns may come and go,
But him alone we hold divine
Whose task it is to let us know
The hours of one o'clock—or so—
And—roundly—half-past nine.

DUM-DUM.

PETER THE LITTLE.

Some Possible Meditations.

GENEVA, *June*.—What a miserable country this is! A ridiculous republic of contemptible inn-keepers, who are only brave in the brandishing of their bills. I despise it. What is the pleasure of a slothful existence in this dismal town, even with a little rifle shooting at targets occasionally? No shooting at mere targets could satisfy a real hero. Give me Serbia, the bulwark of Christianity and civilisation against the unspeakable Turk! Give me that land of heroes, who fear not death—for other people. I, too, will be courageous. I will take advantage of the heroism of my glorious army. I have already bargained for a large increase in the Civil List. His Imperial and Royal—ah, no, my dear cousin FRANCIS JOSEPH, as I must call him now, is too severe. That was a very unkind telegram of his. How different to the piety of my dear cousin NICHOLAS! What a dear good creature he is! So fond of peace and gentleness. I am glad I sent GEORGE and his brother to Saint Petersburg to learn to be heroes. They must go to Kishineff for some finishing lessons.

BELGRADE, *June*.—Very pretty flags everywhere, and all that sort of thing. But the group of ruffians on the platform is alarming. Are they brigands in uniform? No, they are my Ministers, publicly blessed, with the rest of the army, by the Metropolitan. Dear, dear! Shall I have to shake hands with them? It seems to give me the creeps. It is a shame they have no crown. They might at least have got the tiara of SAITAPHERNES, which must be going very cheap now.

July.—Oh dear, I wish I had never come to this bulwark of Christianity! My Ministers have not increased the Civil List, though they promised to. Simply a pack of thieves and liars. They actually stole all the valuables after that affair! Nothing left for me at all! I wish I could take lodgings at Semlin and sleep peacefully every night under the protection of dear cousin FRANCIS JOSEPH just across the Save. He is, perhaps, rather severe, but Hungary is well governed, and so safe. I have a good idea. I will propose to my Ministers that I reign for the future from 10 to 4 daily, Sundays included. But it must be 10 to 2 all the winter, so as to get comfortably across the Save by daylight. The monarchy, like a picture gallery, to be closed at dusk.

August.—They will not hear of it. The Metropolitan sides with them, and gives me his blessing. If I could get a decent pension from them I would retire at once.

September.—They have actually made

a further reduction in the Civil List. This is more than I can stand. Have discovered two honest Turks who have a boat on the Save. Shall manage something in the dark autumn evenings.

SEMLIN, *October*.—Hurra! Safely over! It was unfortunate that three aides-de-camp were shot in the confusion of starting. What brave fellows those two Turks are! I have given them my revolvers, which I shall not want now, three dinars in loose cash, and patents of nobility, creating each of them a Prince in Serbia. As I have given up business, the latter may not have much effect, but that's not my fault. And I have sent a postcard to the Metropolitan to say I return his

blessing, as I have no longer any use for it. It was a good idea to get my next quarter's Civil List allowance in advance just before I started. What a relief to be an exile again! I shall go back to Geneva, or some nice quiet place, and smoke cigarettes tranquilly for the rest of my life. I will send for GEORGE and ALEXANDER from St. Petersburg, and start them in some honest business in the peaceful Swiss republic. Something profitable, that will keep me in pocket-money, in my old age. I know what will do. Already I picture, in some place crowded by tourists, a fine new building of the noblest Swiss architecture inscribed, "HÔTEL DE SERBIE, KARAGEGEVITCH FRÈRES."



Brown. "I SAW YOU PUFFING ALONG IN YOUR MOTOR THE OTHER DAY. HOW DOES IT SUIT YOU?"
Binka. "ONLY SO-SO."

Brown. "AH! A SUCCÈS D'ESTIME?"



JUNE MEMORIES.

HISTORICAL PICTURE. BRITISH FARMER LOOKING AFTER HIS CROPS.

ANTICIPATIONS;

OR, IRELAND AS IT MAY BE.

From the "Daily Mail, 1905."

"It is time to speak out. We have repeatedly warned the muddlers and blunderers at the War Office that the Rent-Collecting Force of two hundred thousand men in Ireland is entirely insufficient. Unless another Army Corps is sent to the West of Ireland, and a flotilla of torpedo destroyers to the Shannon, the rents for the March quarter will be entirely lost. Already we have spent £200,000,000 in the vain endeavour to collect arrears of rent amounting to less than two millions, and Mr. BRODRICK has the audacity to tell the House of Commons that he did not know that the Irish peasantry were arming. Have not our columns during the past year contained ample proof that shillelaghs were being imported into Ireland in piano cases? As we write, the news of another 'regrettable incident' comes to hand. A squadron of Hussars attempted to collect arrears of rent amounting to 4s. 9d. from BRIDGET MALONEY, of Ballyhack, and were cut off to a man. The enemy were armed with empty porter bottles,

which quite outranged the British weapons. Are the gentlemen of England all fox-hunting? We confidently appeal to all men of means, and courage, and leisure, to join the Imperial Rent-Collecting Yeomanry."

From the "Daily News," 1905.

"We said a year since, when this accursed Government threatened to send military forces to collect Irish rents 'that Ireland would fight, and Ireland would be right.' The simple (but noble) Passive Resistance which contents English Nonconformists—lineal descendants of CROMWELL and MILTON—does not content the warm-hearted, impulsive Celts. They drive the pig—most faithful of household friends—to the hills, bury their scanty earnings, and then, armed with hedge-stakes and porter bottles, line the stone walls of dear old Ireland. The grey, sad skies of the Emerald Isle look down on a gloomy scene. On the one side a peaceful, primitive, pastoral people—on the other, a set of mammon-worshipping debt-collectors. Can we wonder that our soldiers, brave as they may be, are driven back? They fight merely for money; the Irish patriots for a great principle—the right to refuse to pay.

Happily for humanity, Providence is not always on the side of the big battalions. Our Special Correspondent wires us that a squadron of Hussars has been annihilated in the attempt to collect 4s. 9d. from that noted patriot, Mrs. BRIDGET MALONEY, of Ballyhack. If this trivial matter of 4s. 9d. had only been referred to arbitration—say, Marshal REDMOND and General DILLON acting for the Irish, and Sir WILFRID LAWSON and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE acting for the English, with some impartial legal expert of foreign nationality like Dr. LEYDS as umpire—then this terrible loss of life would have been avoided. Or why not adopt the eminently sane suggestion of Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN? Let one English soldier be sent to every Irish farm. Let him cultivate the land, and at the end of the year, having deducted the Government's rent, hand the remainder of the gross proceeds over to the Irish tenant. When the British workman realises that every shilling of rent collected in Ireland adds fifty pounds to the Army Estimates he will begin to think, and, when the Democracy begins to think, the fate of this Government—the worst of all possible governments, present, past, or future—is sealed."



Lesley Sambrook Del.

WELL "PLAYED!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 22.—“The right hon. Gentleman,” said Mr. MIDDLEMORE, severely regarding the back of the head of the Chancellor of the Exchequer seated on the Treasury Bench, “has a gaping hiatus in his personality.” Observing consternation among his audience, marvelling what this might mean, he explained desire to intimate that the Chancellor of the Exchequer had no sense of humour. Walking down to House after early luncheon, Mr. MIDDLEMORE observed to himself, “There are people who are always praying ‘Give me riches.’ I can’t do it all round; but I mean to give it Ritchie.” Whence it will appear that the hiatus lamented in the personality of Chancellor of the Exchequer is not lacking to Member for North Birmingham.

His opportunity came on HARRY CHAPLIN’s motion to omit Clause 1 of Budget Bill, and with it proposal to abolish Corn Tax. In early life Mr. MIDDLEMORE studied surgery; never practised, but to this day there lingers in his manner reminiscence of youthful efforts. Preparing to cut up RITCHIE, he, standing at the third bench above the Gangway, paused a moment with head posed a little on one side, whilst he critically regarded the head and broad shoulders on the Treasury Bench with intent to find most effective place for sticking in the lancet. A grave serious air about him that intensified quaintness of his carefully prepared sentences.



INSERTING THE LANCET.

Mr. M-d-d-l-m-r-e picking out a nice sharp one for further incision in Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Only for the hiatus lamented, RITCHIE, he said, “would have seen the absurdity of asking four or five hundred gentlemen of England to fall down on their knees and eat the leek he presented to them.”

This understood to be reference to plight of good Ministerialists, who last year were induced to recommend the shilling Corn Tax to their constituents and this year are called upon to demonstrate its iniquity.

“We go down to our constituents naked, quite naked, Sir,” Mr. MIDDLEMORE repeated, as if he were giving evidence in a “ragging” case. “Absolutely denuded of every principle which last year we pronounced from the housetops. What transcendent and ludicrous imbecility! and all propounded by a Chancellor of Exchequer, with a grave face and a long-drawn visage, who sees no fun whatever in the screaming farce of which he is the author.”

House roared with laughter whilst Members opposite egged on the faithful Ministerialist to fresh mutiny. At end of twenty minutes Chairman of Committees disclosed in his own case existence of the gaping hiatus bemoaned by Mr. MIDDLEMORE in the structure of Chancellor of the Exchequer. Not being able to stand any more of this kind of humour, sharply pulled up Mr. MIDDLEMORE just as he produced a fresh case of lancets and was picking out a nice sharp one for further incision in Chancellor of Exchequer.

Business done.—Corn Tax abolished by 416 votes against 32.

Tuesday night.—The fashion of answering questions varies with successive Premiers. Not the least interesting touch of personality. Dizzy’s replies were waited for with eager anticipation of some flash of wit or dexterous turn to the disadvantage of the inquirer. Nor was the House often disappointed. The MEMBER FOR SARK happened to be present on the far-off day when Dizzy, just seated in power with overwhelming majority secured at General Election of 1874, was confronted by Lord ROBERT MONTAGU with reminder of awkward pledge given during the General Election contest with reference to the Government of Ireland. Awkward predicament for Dizzy. Everyone alert, to see how he would escape it.

“It is some time since the observations referred to were made,” the Premier answered with funereal gravity. “And,” he continued in hollow voice, “a good deal has happened in the interval.”

The happening was his victory at the poll, largely helped by the Irish vote. The House laughed, and what with other treatment would have been embarrassing situation was evaded.



DIZZY’S DEXTERITY.

“A good deal has happened in the interval.”
(Mr. Disraeli.)

Mr. G. was, in quite another way, master of the art of dodging awkward questions. He replied at portentous length, in a series of involved sentences. Whilst the puzzled inquirer was endeavouring to make out what they might possibly mean, the next question had been called on and the incident was closed.

PRINCE ARTHUR has of late developed a pretty trick in the old game, practised every night in connection with Cabinet inquiry into Fair Trade question. MANSFIELD spent the greater portion of a wet June morning in framing series of questions on the tempting subject. “That ’ll fetch him,” he said to himself, as he handed in paper to unsympathetic Clerk at Table. Questions occupied considerable space on printed page. PRINCE ARTHUR, looking at them with really friendly interest, admitted their importance.

“But,” he added, “it would be premature to attempt to give any answer at the present time.”

That blessed word premature! Mesopotamia not in it. BRYCE swore by the Holy Roman Empire that Premier should not escape in this way.

“If,” he asked severely, “these communications do pass between the Colonial Governments and the Home Government will they be presented to the House?”

PRINCE ARTHUR’S glance across the Table at the ex-President of the Board of Trade was a withering combination of pity, regret, surprise. That a mere Member like MANSFIELD should put questions on this subject, though undesirable, was not entirely unexpected. That a right honourable gentleman who



CROSSING THE BAR.

"The General Council of the Bar, having considered the recent observations of Mr. Justice Grantham, resolves that any statement to the effect that counsel are paid to raise false issues or to misrepresent evidence is one which this Council repudiates as misrepresenting the functions and practice of the Bar."—*Daily Telegraph*, June 24.—[His Lordship is left humming to himself "I dreamt I dwelt with M-r-sh-l-l-ls!"]

had traversed Transcaucasia, had ascended Ararat, was acquainted with the flora of the Island of Arran, had studied the American Commonwealth, and lived to give his Impressions of South Africa, should follow his perverse steps, was too much for long-tried patience.

"The right hon. Gentleman will see," said PRINCE ARTHUR, with acrid tone and slight uplifting of the eyebrow, "that, as I said all statements in regard to the question would be premature, a hypothetical question based upon a supposed answer must be still more premature."

Mr. BRYCE collapsed.

Business done.—Budget Bill in Committee.

House of Lords, Friday night.—Curious to watch LEVEN and MELVILLE walking in just now, arm-in-arm so to speak, sniffing suspiciously. Turning first to one side then to the other,

audibly sniffing, the noble earl at last took his seat on cross benches. Recognised in the locality the *juste milieu*.

Nothing particular, personal or offensive, meant by the little nasal habit. It was, indeed, probably unconscious. Grew upon his lordship in connection with performance of duties as Lord High Commissioner, which involved residence in Holyrood Palace. It will be remembered that having sniffed round the premises, the Lord High Commissioner decided he could not safely dwell in them. Accordingly, during gathering of General Assembly, took up his residence in what an indignant and patriotic Scotch Member called "an adjacent public-house."

Scotland hardly yet recovered from wave of indignation that followed on this action. The other night Lord LEVEN rose to explain. Accomplished his task with a *naïveté* that charmed

the House. Speech notable for the handful of information chucked about without apparent connection. "My own ancestors," said the double-barrelled Earl, "who during the eighteenth century were at Holyrood Palace for over thirty years, went about, I understand, in bath chairs, and dined at pot-houses whenever they had an opportunity." At whose expense not mentioned. Lord BELLHAVEN, he added, being Lord High Commissioner, began in modest way entertaining at Holyrood. Shared haggis and bottle of whisky with the Lord Provost. By degrees hospitable custom grew till, said the noble Earl, "when I had the honour of being first appointed, something like twelve hundred people came to dine in twelve days. I don't complain," he added airily. "I merely mention the fact. It is a very pleasant thing, and I enjoy it very much."

But then there were the drains. "It puts a great strain upon any drains. In addition to the dinner parties mentioned, I have," added his lordship, "one hundred people in the house during the twelve days, each having three meals a day, at least, which makes 3,600 more, bringing the total up to 4,800 meals in the twelve days."

Lord CORK gasped. He dines occasionally. But, 'pon my soul, never heard of anything on this scale!

What drains could stand this? Besides, as Lord LEVEN sagely remarked, "every year drains get a year older." In this dilemma Lord High Commissioner appealed to SCHOMBERG McDONNELL. In common life, when you want to know anything you ask a policeman. On high level of Lord High Commissioner, in similar case you ask SCHOMBERG McDONNELL. And what did that astute young man, versed in the Cabinet secrets of Europe, reply to Lord High Commissioner's timorous suggestion about the drains? Why, he wrote, "There is no danger for you or your household. It would be very different for the KING, with his Court."

This too much for Scotch Peer, ready to dine twelve hundred people, and in the interests of his beloved country to live for twelve days at the rate of £90,000 a year. He resolved not to go to Holyrood. The heather was ablaze, and Lord High Commissioner has since acquired the little nasal habit noted, which his friends trust will be of only temporary duration.

Business done.—Last Friday allotted to Private Members. Now we shall get to work.

MOTTO FOR THE CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION.—"The unexamined life is not worth living."—PLATO, *Apology*.



The following lines are a verbatim report of the peroration of the speech of Professor Punch, F.R.S., F.R.G.S., F.R.A.S., &c., &c., on the achievements of the first half of the current year, delivered last night before a Mass Meeting of All the Royal Societies:—

GENTLEMEN, let me conclude with a *résumé*, brief but effective, Giving the various wonders performed in the vanishing half-year. First, to remind you of some of our chief Geographical exploits, Time and the limited patience you have at disposal allow me Merely to touch in a word on the walk of the Brokers to Brighton; And, only second to this, the *Discovery's* Polar Excursion;— Merely to mention the record achieved by the modern Ulysses, How he proceeded from Brum past Gib to the markets of Joburg, How he attained to the welcome reserved for eponymous heroes, Settled a sort of a war by a sort of a peaceful arrangement, Bearing a buttonhole orchid in place of an olive for emblem, And in the fulness of time came back to his country's ovations; Also to hint of the voyage of three of my staff of employces, Dauntless, that leaving my Table's rotundity bare of their presence, Not with a view of obtaining, for meed, the Society's Medal, But for the love of Research, penetrated to ultimate Delhi, Did the Durbar and returned, if possible, wiser than ever.

So from Original Travel I pass to Mechanical Science. Splendid the strides we have made on the heels of the volatile Frenchman, Fashioning motors that move with the murderous speed of a cheetah Mainly through air but recur every now and again to the roadway, Making the milestones show as contiguous graves in a churchyard, Each with its several corpse—old women, or children, or puppies, Joyfully yielding their ghosts in the cause of Mechanical Science.

Great are the things it has done, but we look to the future for greater,
 Look with incredible hope to the day when the sons of our grandsons,
 Heirs of a wet-bob race that has seen, this summer, a deluge
 Only eclipsed in the records compiled by the patriarch Noë,
 Haply attain to a service of boats on our bountiful tideway!

Next, you will kindly remember, in turning to Chemical topics,
 Something surpassing the merits of anti-rheumatismal tabloids,
 Finer than patented food for promoting an easy digestion
 Or for reducing the strain of obesity—lo! I allude to
 Radium, very expensive, the source of perpetual motion;
 Take but a pinch of the same, you will find it, according to experts,
 Equal, for luminous ends, to a couple of millions of candles,
 Equal, for heat, to a furnace of Heaven knows how many horse-power;
 Therefore in unskilled hands, or with people addicted to arson,
 Likely, I fancy, to prove an exceedingly dangerous substance.

Finally, let me present you a still more astounding production,
 What I would modestly ask to describe as my piece of resistance—
 Active, not passive, resistance—the half-year's highest achievement.
 Rivaling Radium's self in the ardour and light that its atoms
 Boldly emit, it possesses the further advantage of being
 Harmless; an unweaned babe might fearlessly handle the object.
 As for its cost, no price could well correspond to its virtues,
 Yet for the good of the race it is sold at a nominal figure.
 See, I exhibit a sample, though every intelligent person
 Must have surmised already the name of the Thing and its Author;
 And you are right; it is PUNCH's

One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth Volume.





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THE COLLECTOR.

He seated himself opposite me, and ordered a bun and a glass of milk. Directly he spoke I remembered where it was that I had seen him before. It had been at Bow Street, and he had been charged with causing a crowd to collect in Long Acre to the disturbance of the traffic. The magistrate, I remembered, had remarked, irritated apparently rather than interested at the

seen me more times than they can remember."

"Indeed?" I said.

"Yes. And always for the same thing."

"You amaze me," I said. "You seem to be very unlucky."

"Pardon me, Sir, pardon me, but I am quite the reverse. I am probably one of the most successful collectors now living."

"Collector?" I said interrogatively.

After that I wished to be perpetually the centre of a crowd, and not seeing my way to being run over again I began to think. If crowds would not collect of themselves, why should I not collect crowds? You follow me?"

"Perfectly. Mahomet had a similar difficulty, and came to a similar arrangement with the mountain."

"Exactly. I have now perhaps the finest collection in the world."

"But how do you preserve your specimens?" I asked. "You can hardly paste a crowd into an album."

"I have an assistant. His part in the work is purely mechanical. He presses the button. I do the rest."

"Ah, you photograph them?"

"My assistant does. I am, of course, too occupied with the necessary brain work. Now this," he went on, producing an album from under his chair, "is one of my earlier specimens, and, so I always consider, one of the gems of my collection. I began at ten o'clock sharp by mentioning to an errand boy that I had dropped a sovereign. At a quarter past my assistant photographed us in the position you see. Now here is a later picture. The former is a trifle the finer specimen as regards mere bulk, but this is my favourite. You will observe me in the centre, as usual. I got that specimen simply by standing still and looking with interest into the empyrean. An artistic triumph, I think, Sir. I think so."

He rose at this point.

"I should very much like to see you at work, Sir," I said.

"Certainly," said he, "certainly. Of course you will understand that this is not a serious effort. I shall not include it among my specimens. It is simply an object-lesson."

I remained in the doorway. It was then half-past four. My companion stood in the centre of the pavement, and began to look earnestly through a small grating. At a quarter to six the street was tolerably empty again, and I started for home. I looked round for my friend, the collector. He was moving off in the opposite direction with a policeman.

CONSTANCY.

ANKLE dainty, figure trim,

Light of foot as any fay;

Phyllis was so lithe of limb,

As it seemed, but yesterday.

Years ago I breathed that vow:

There is more of Phyllis now!

Shall my love be wanting found?

Shall I even feel annoyed

Though my dear one be as round

As a ball of celluloid?

What and if my love be fat,

Shall I love her less for that?



INEXPRESSIBLE.

Master Jack (son of M.F.H., much upset by hard weather). "GO SKATING WITH YOU! NOT IF I KNOW IT. MAY BE ALL VERY WELL FOR YOU WOMEN AND THOSE CURATE CHAPS—BUT WE HUNTING MEN, BY GEORGE!!!"

coincidence, that he had already appeared before him on the same charge on two previous occasions. I determined if possible to draw him into conversation. Waiting until his attention was attracted elsewhere, I knocked his bun neatly on to the floor. By this method, at the cost of a penny (for a fresh bun), it is possible to make a friend for life. In the present case even that expense was unnecessary. He picked up the bun, dusted it, observed that really it was as good as new, and proceeded forthwith to keep the wolf from the door.

"Yes, I paid the fine," said he, in answer to a tentative question. "You will agree with me that the magistrate was brusque?"

"Exceedingly so."

"And unnecessarily so. He complained after seeing me three times. Most of our London magistrates have

"Of crowds."

"Then do you mean to say that you collect these crowds on purpose?"

"Undoubtedly, Sir, undoubtedly. And why not, Sir, why not? In what way is such a hobby inferior to philately or the collection of autographs? But there—excuse my warmth. The consistent inability of my fellow-man to appreciate my tastes has, I fear, rendered me somewhat irritable."

I murmured, "Not at all."

"I have always been fond of crowds," he went on, "but during the earlier portion of my life I was singularly unfortunate with them. The only really substantial crowd I saw up to my thirtieth year was on the occasion of my being run over by a hansom. The request of a doctor that they would give me air attracted thousands. I have seldom seen so fine a gathering.



Thomas Maybank



THE HUNT STEEPLE-CHASE SEASON.

(Insult to Injury.)

Amateur Jockey (indignantly). "CONFOUND IT, SIR, YOU CROSSED ME AT THE CORNER!"

Professional. "BLESS YE, NO! I WAS ONLY LOOKIN' ROUND TO SEE IF YOU WAS STILL IN SIGHT."

HINTS FOR AMATEUR LECTURERS.

Of Qualifications.—If you are a B.A., or an F.S.A., or anything distinguishable by letters from the rest of mankind, it is just as well to let the audience know it, as some of them are sure to be of an impressionable turn of mind: but it is not essential. It is far more to the point that you should have taken at some time a fortnight's holiday in some unknown country, such as Switzerland or Cornwall. That indubitably will give you what is called a *locus standi*. (Perhaps you might like to take a note of this expression: it can easily be worked into your lecture as a description of, say, a custom-house, or a mountain-top, and would give it just that tincture of scholarship necessary to differentiate you from the ordinary Cook's tourist.)

Of Titles.—These are now made in this style: Round the Moon on a Motor; Fiord and Forest: a Fortnight in the Land of Freya and the *Fram*; Some Dervishes and a Donkey, or Dreams in the Desert. (Titles to suit all lectures can be prepared at very short notice. State letter of alphabet required.)

Of Style.—What is commonly known as "instruction combined with amusement" should be your aim. It is attained with the minimum of effort in a mildly scientific lecture with experiments, half of which result in accordance with the lecturer's intentions, and the other half behave differently. Failing these, whenever you are in danger of being too instructive, it is a good plan to let your notes, written on as many separate pieces of paper as possible, fall off the reading stand and flutter about the platform.

Of Magic Lanterns.—These are very popular, not only on account of the extremely comic and uncomplimentary silhouette of yourself that will appear on the screen whenever you step into the magic circle, but also because the necessary lowering of the lights permits of a little innocent flirtation at the back of the room. A few slides representing yourself having lunch upon a rock, or undergoing other privations, will have a good effect, as showing that you are a *bonâ fide* traveller. Don't worry about the competence of the lanternist. If you are yourself deficient in humour you

should be grateful to him for occasionally presenting a picture upside down.

Of the Introduction.—This, of course, is effected by your chairman. If you can contrive to collide with him as you cross the platform to the seat that you are to occupy during his introductory remarks, it will put the audience in good humour at the outset, besides probably causing him to forget the little lecture on your subject he meant to deliver on his own account. If you are unable to compass this (and it needs practice to make it appear an accident and not an assault) and he begins his discourse, you must endeavour to seem unconscious that he is telling the audience the very anecdote with which you usually open. Should he really have the audacity to be funny and get the first laugh, you will be obliged to smile too, out of courtesy: but do it in a superior sort of way, as who should say, "This is vastly amusing, good people, but just wait till I start." And, indeed, having presumably come there to hear you, they will probably do this. Whether they will all wait till you finish—but that is another story.



Mabel. "WE ALWAYS DO THIS WHEN MATER'S OUT, UNCLE. SAVES ALL THE BOTHER OF TALKING. RIPPING IDEA, ISN'T IT?"



Hodge (in reply to appeal for help). "THEE TAK' MY ADVICE, MEASTER, AN' LEAVE UN' THERE!"

UNPOPULAR HISTORY.

ACCORDING to a recent exponent of unpopular historical views, "the verdict of the world on a public character, as well as on moral worth in general and its opposite, represents only too often the verdict or the opinion of class prejudice and ignorance. It is, in fact, a fairly safe plan to ascertain for oneself 'what most people think' on such questions, and then assume the opposite

head sat the strenuous Arthur Balfour, whose fire and enthusiasm infected all his followers and made the country feel a confidence to which it had long been a stranger. The diffidence and tact of his colleague at the Colonial Office, Joseph Chamberlain, acted as a wholesome check on any rash dreams of empire, while the well-known unity of his political career gave to all his utterances a force of which his modest demeanour and gentle delivery might

an expert well equipped to carry out the traditions of the office.

Against the strongest Government of modern times was pitted a firm and united Opposition under the effective leadership of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. "Swift resolve and determined execution" was his political maxim, and he was never known to sacrifice conviction to expediency. Among his followers, Sir Edward Grey, H. H. Asquith, and Sir Henry Fowler vied with each other in loyalty to their leader, whose endeavours to preserve the unity of the party they ably seconded. The practical side of Liberalism was exemplified in the person of John Morley, in whom, however, the sober historian has to note a natural incapacity to tell the truth. No account of contemporary politics would be complete that omitted to mention the name of A. P. Primrose, Earl of Rosebery; but the importance then attached by the world to all his utterances will at once suggest to the scientific historian that an exceptionally weak and useless politician was concealed by the veneer of a polished orator.

A RETROSPECT.

["Primitive man appears to have been capable of all mental processes."—*Brit. Ass.*]

DIM figure of a distant age,
Science your shape would disengage—
With all the charms that grace
you—
Out of the dust, and scrape and purge
The fragments off, as you emerge,
That cover and deface you.

As clearer thus you come to view,
And as the focus grows more true,
Finding the semblance strike us
Of our own features mirrored there,
We fain would ask you, if you were
In other matters like us.

Had you your Morgans Pliocene
Who cornered stone?—your authors,
keen

To boom each fresh upheaval?
Were stone-age geese, too, always swans?
And (in the days when brass was bronze)
Was rolling logs primeval?

And did your problems answer crave?—
"Should women work?"—"Can poor
men save?"—

"Should kissing be abolished?"—
Did flint-age Tories brand as fools
Upstarts, whose bronze new-fangled tools
Their period demolished?

We, forced by candour to allow
Men of your age were much as now,
And neither less nor greater,
Galled when our sons their sires depose,
May hope another age—who knows?—
Will do us justice later.



FLATTERY—WITH AN OBJECT.

Jocasta (with an axe of her own to grind, ingratiatingly). "OH YES, PAPA, IT DOES SUIT YOU. I NEVER SAW YOU LOOK SO NICE IN ANYTHING BEFORE!"

to be true." Mr. Punch here anticipates the methods of the scientific historian of our own times:—

..... We have already shown in a previous chapter that apathy, indolence and the lack of personal magnetism, were the salient features in the character of William Ewart Gladstone. In striking contrast with this ineffective politician—the bean ideal of the unscientific historian—is the brilliant galaxy of statesmen who are responsible for the colossal army reforms of 1902. At their

otherwise well have robbed them. The War Office itself was adorned by the able administration of St. John Brodriek; while all looked confidently towards George Wyndham as Secretary for Ireland for a satisfactory solution of the Irish question. With Gerald Balfour at the Board of Trade all fear of the decline of London as a commercial port was temporarily banished; and the whole country felt that in their Minister of Education, Lord Londonderry, the Government had secured the services of



A CORONATION "DURBAR" A LA "DAILY NEWS."

(A Suggestion for Madame Tussaud's.)

["*The Daily News*, in view of the distressful state of India, recently published a vehement and wildly worded attack on Lord Curzon on the ground of the extravagance and oriental splendour of the forthcoming Durbars. Our Artist has done his best to meet this objection, and flatters himself that no similar complaint can be made of the above festivities."] *(A suggestion for Madame Tussaud's.)*



—LEWIS BARKER—

Enthusiastic Little Model. "OH, THAT IS PRETTY! THERE'S ME AND THERE'S MY DOLLY! OH, AND NOW I SEE WHY YOU MADE ME WEAR A BLUE SASH AND MY DOLLY WEAR A PINK SASH!"

Artist. "WHY?"

E. L. M. "WHY, BECAUSE NOW PEOPLE CAN SEE WHICH IS ME AND WHICH IS MY DOLLY!"

BALLAD OF THE LADY HOCKEY PLAYER.

[A correspondent to a daily paper points out that ladies seldom play hockey from pure love of sport and exercise, but rather because they know that on the hockey field they may meet masculine acquaintances.]

Oh, the autumn wind is blowing down the long suburban streets,

Where the houses all have noble-sounding names,
And the hostess of the middle-class arranges little treats
In the way of small "at homes" with parlour games.

But I weary, if you please,
Of such goings on as these;
I am sick of bagatelle and I object to "florin teas."

I've been "out" for many seasons—well, it may be three or four,

And I'm thoroughly disgusted with myself;
For the painful fact begins to dawn upon me, more and more,
There's a chance I may be left upon the shelf.

Though I'm anxious for a "hub,"
I can't get one—there's the rub,
So in frantic desperation I have joined a hockey club.

MY GUIDE, PHILOSOPHER AND FRIEND.

Who was it, when I felt so ill,
And bored to death by draught and pill,
Rebuked my doctor's tardy skill?—
My Bradshaw!

Who was it to the rescue came,
When work or pleasure seemed the same
To harassed mind or weary frame?—
My Bradshaw!

Who was it pointed out the route
To various health-resorts might suit
My shattered nerve or gouty foot?—
My Bradshaw!

Who led to baths and sulphur wells?
Who let me know the best hotels,
Where I could dine with other swells?—
My Bradshaw!

Who, when my fancy urged me far,
Set in my heaven that happy star
To indicate a "dining car"—
My Bradshaw!

Who, when my o'erwrought nerves would long
To leave the haunts of ping and pong,
Pointed me to the "Continong"—
My Bradshaw!

Who was it, when my reeling brain
Refused to trace th' ambiguous train,
Invited me to try again?—
My Bradshaw!

Who, when I trembled on the brink
Of madness—scarce could see or think—
Supplied at last the missing link?—
My Bradshaw!

Fortune may crumble into bits!
Friends come and go by starts and fits!
There's one thing never fails me—it's
My Bradshaw!

And to-day I'm so excited that I feel inclined to scream,
But a certain sense of modesty prevails;
For this very afternoon I am to play against a team
That will be composed of eligible males.

Though I do not care two pins
Which side loses, or which wins,
I may get some introductions if I hit 'em on the shins.

Let me don my war-paint quickly—'tis a simple, chaste affair;
With a cricket cap my auburn locks are crowned;
There are boots three sizes larger than I usually wear,
And a skirt six inches further off the ground.
Though the hearts of men are steeled,
To my charms they're sure to yield,
When in costume so coquettish I go prancing down the field.

Though my knowledge of the game is rather hazy, let me state,
Yet I certainly intend to make things hum;
A romantic situation one can easily create—
Say by fainting in the middle of a "scrum."

Oh, my joy I can't control,
For I think, upon the whole,
Though our side may be defeated, I at length shall reach
my goal.



A QUIET VILLAGE.

AUTRES TEMPS, AUTRES MŒURS.

In musing o'er the distant days
Ere crinoline was wholly banished,
Ere problems superseded plays,
Ere chignons and macadam vanished,
I marvel how our sires contrived
To win themselves a name in story
Before those crowning boons arrived
That lend our age its lasting glory.

Unstirred by Kipling's clarion tones
They led a life of chronic coma,
They neither heard the motor's moans
Nor sniffed its exquisite aroma.
Their phraseology displayed
As yet no scientific leaning,
Nor was the term 'appendix' made
To bear its fearsome inner meaning.

As for their views on hygiene,
Why nothing surely could be vaguer;
They were not fed on margarine
Or garbed in wool by Dr. Jaeger,
With claret or brown sherry flown
Their freshmen would affront the
Proctor,
For whisky was almost unknown,
And no one drank Berncastler Doctor.

They hadn't matinées—so-called—
They saw a play and not a hat-show,
And people, on becoming bald,
Were still denied recourse to Tatcho.
Unstimulated by Ping-pong,
They lacked an indoor recreation,
Nor uttered "Now we shan't be long"
To decorate their conversation.

They could not worship *Sherlock Holmes*,
For his inventor was not ready:
They knew not Alfred Austin's pomes,
Or lager beer or Mrs. Eddy.
Drear was the lot, *minus* the *Mail*,
Of soldier, sailor, ploughboy, tinker;
And worse, whenever they grew pale,
They had no pills to make them
pinker.

Simply because they lived too soon,
They neither rode abroad on Humbers,
Nor joyed to hear the gentle coon
Proclaim his love in honeyed numbers.
From realism removed afar,
They had a simple taste in fiction,
The James they read was G. P. R.,
Not Henry of the Delphic diction.

Girls were unmuscular and meek
When they were drawn by Mrs.
Gaskell,
Not yet with driver nor with cleek
Did they propel the bounding Haskell.
They did not live alone in flats,
Play hockey, shoot, and swim like
otters,
Evince surprise by crying "Rats!"
Or call their male acquaintance
"rotters."

Drab was the age and unillumed
By Wilhelm's meteoric capers;
There were no boomsters to be boomed
In any of the morning papers;



Brown (who has gone on ahead, to friend who has fallen head first into a furze bush).
"COME UP HERE, OLD CHAP. I'M SURE THE VIEW IS BETTER THAN WHERE YOU ARE!"

Cricket was still a childish game,
And not a penman's serious study,
Nor yet had football leapt to fame
By making those who played it muddy.

Last, if they ventured forth from home
To seek surroundings less unsightly,
They took three days to get to Rome—
We see th' *Eternal City* nightly.
They merely touched in volumes three
Life's superficial fringe and frillings
At thirty-one-and-six, but we
Hob-nob with Satan for six shillings.

"De Omnibus . . . Re . . . 'Bus."

Sidesman (to Old Gentleman arriving late in church). No vacant seat, Sir. I'm afraid you will have to stand.

Old Gentleman (absent-mindedly). Oh, that's all right. I daresay someone will be getting off in a few minutes.

REFLECTION BY A LEARNED JUDGE TRYING A BREACH OF PROMISE CASE.—Man proposes, but—doesn't always carry out his avowed intention.



Extract from Mabel's Correspondence.—"Our 'LADIES AND GENTLEMEN' MATCH WASN'T REPORTED IN THE LOCAL RAO, AFTER ALL. YOU SEE, DICKY SINCLAIR, WHO BATTED AWFULLY WELL, HIT A TREMENDOUS SWIPE, AND RAN EIGHT BEFORE THEY HAD THE SENSE TO CALL 'LOST BALL,' AND THEN SAT ON THE STUMPS TO RECOVER HIS WIND, AND WAS, OF COURSE, GIVEN OUT. BUT WE ALL AGREED THAT 'SAT ON THE WICKET' WOULD LOOK TOO IDIOTIC IN PRINT."



A FORLORN HOPE.

Captain O'Dowd (of the Firm of O'Dowd and Jones, Stock-Jobbers). "WHAT'LL I DO NOW? IT'S BEYOND ME JUMPIN' POWERS, AN' IF I WADE I'LL BE WET TO THE WAIST." (To Private Halloran, who in civil life is a stockbroker's clerk) "HERE, HALLORAN, I WANT A CARRY OVER. YOU DO IT FOR ME, AN' I'LL NOT FORGET IT TO YOU, ME LAD."

Private Halloran. "SORRY I CAN'T, CAPTAIN. YOU KNOW CARRIN'-OVER DAY IS NOT TILL THE SIXTEENTH, AN' THIS IS ONLY THE SEVENTH!"

SCOUTING IN PEACE TIME.

BEEN reading Baden Powell's *Aids to Scouting*. Most useful, interesting work. Prefaced by announcement that corrected proofs accompanied last despatches got through Boer lines from Mafeking. Circumstance almost makes one feel a soldier. Can hear the boom of battle, can catch the clang of the drum, can taste the flavour of hully-beef slightly underdone.

That mere fancy. Personally am nothing if not practical. Resolve to do a little scouting. As B. P. remarks, "it is a useful practice to learn the art of concealing yourself in peace time, when a failure or two at first will not cost you your life."

Thing to do is to see how close you can come to people without their noticing you. B. P. gives thrilling example of experiment on this line. Got up a tree and watched how many passers-by spotted him. "I did not hide myself," he writes, "but merely sat still. Of fifty-four men who walked past me in the space of two hours, only eleven looked up and saw me."

Here's a chance. At 14, Acacia Gardens, Clapham Road, there is, as in all others of the row, a tree in front garden. Will do a bit of scouting; half holiday on Saturday afternoon. That the opportunity. Lots of people about; difficulty is to get up tree unobserved. Here's where instinct of born Scout comes in. Just before tea-time stroll out in casual manner; reconnoitre; come upon spoor of the milkman; three drops of milk at irregular distances apart, varying from three inches to ten and a-half.

Deduction: Milkman has arrived, delivered his quota of alleged milk, pocketed his weekly charges. (*Because* on closer investigation I found a single spot of milk on the steps. Milkman, completing his business, had turned about, said "Good afternoon"—this, I admit, is conjecture—and hooked on the edge of his can the tin contrivance with which he illusively measures the milk. Whence the fallen drop.)

He started to walk towards the gate with the can in his right hand. (*Because* the solitary drop of milk was on the left side of the steps looking towards the door.) Holding the week's money in his left hand, he walked down the flagged passage till midway. Being in the habit of carrying his money in his right-hand pocket, he shifted the can to his left hand, at the same time removing the 1s. 3½d. just received. In the action of rapid transference the drops of milk were jerked off the measuring thing and fell on the pavement as described.

Pleased with the success of this adaptation of B. P.'s rules for observa-

tion and deduction, I carefully examined situation surrounding the tree.

Deduction: It is winter time. (*Because* there were no leaves on the tree.) The trunk ran sheer upward for a distance of five feet, then the branches spread in a fashion that added element of danger to delight of scouting. The branches were rather slight for the support of a person weighing fourteen stone in his stocking feet. That only made the thing more real. When you're scouting you can't choose the girth of a tree's branches. Thing to do is to shin up the trunk and get among the branches before you are observed.

Fancy I see movement in blind of front parlour opposite. Remember what B. P. says on this point: "When you see a distant head bob down behind shelter, or any other suspicious object, do not stop and look at it, but go on with your movement and occupation so as not to rouse suspicion that you have seen anything." Lean my elbows on garden gate; whistle a bar from the "*Housekeeper and the Bee*." To all



"*Because* he wore heavy boots."

appearances I am looking down Clapham Road. Really I have got my eye on parlour window opposite.

Deduction: A servant maid is lurking there. (*Because* I see the top of a cap with a blue ribbon.) At the end of five minutes she, hopelessly deceived, withdrew. Last thing in her mind was suspicion that a middle-aged, somewhat portly wharfinger was about to shin up a tree in his front garden in Clapham Road on a Saturday afternoon.

Now's my time. No one at the moment about to pass. Making feint to right rear, as if about to enter front door, dash at the tree. Find shinning up the trunk of a plane tree not so easy to do as to talk about. After violent exercise, resulting in rupture of trouser knee, manage it just as policeman reaches No. 14 on his beat.

Deduction: Knew he was a policeman before he hove in sight. (*Because* he wore heavy boots and tramped with deliberate step, calculated to give warning to unprincipled persons engaged upon nefarious pursuits.)

"In danger," B. P. writes, "lie close

to the ground so that you can see anyone moving against the stars." Unfortunately am at this moment six feet off the ground, being, in short, to some extent, up a tree; moreover the stars are not yet out. However, this of no consequence. Policeman, with head erect, his eye fixed on distant Clapham Common, walks past with reverberating tread.

Cautiously work my way higher up; ominous creaking of branches; here and there a twig breaks. Find what seems pretty stout branch. Lean my back against it; remain absolutely still. Try and look as much as possible a branch of a plane tree. Soldier comes along wearing South African medal. Here's critical case; probably done some scouting himself on the veld; trained to observation; fortunately is "keeping company"; too intent on charms of his companion to cast an eye on a £10—or, to be more accurate, a 14-stun—householder up a tree.

Am beating B. P. at his own game. Not been here anything like two hours, though to tell the truth it is beginning to feel very like it; 123 people passed, not one seen me. Comes along a small boy with over-loaded basket on his arm.

Deduction: Is the emissary of a baker. (*Because* I see the loaves in his basket.) Stops by our railing; consults MS. book; evidently looking up next address on his round. I hardly breathe; a mistake in tactics, leading to explosive cough. Boy looks up; all is lost save honour.

"Hullo, Guvner," he cries, "what are yer birdnesting about?"

I silently form on my lips the adjuration, "Go away!" On the contrary, he stops; gets into the middle of the road to obtain fuller view; crowd begins to gather; don't remember anything from B. P. conveying instructions how to proceed in this particular dilemma; think over a scheme; meditation broken in upon by cry from open front door in rear.

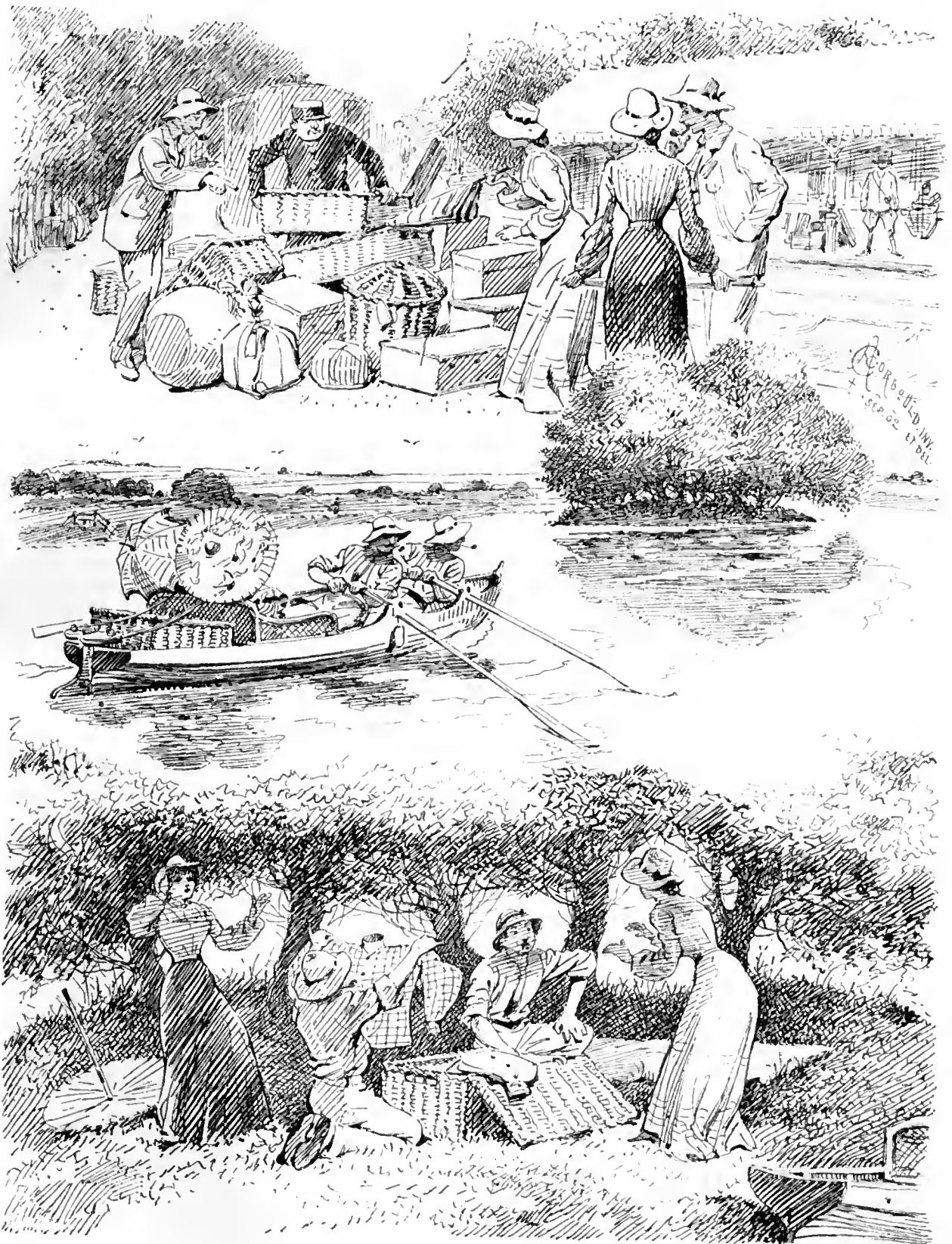
"Good gracious, Augustus John, what are you doing there?"

'Tis the voice of my wife. I knew she'd complain. As I turned round to explain matters there was a sharp crack, and I was sitting on the ground.

Deduction: The branch had broken. (*Because* I was on the ground.) Also I was the object of ridicule. (*Because* my wife and Our Only General—wages £14 a year, and washing put out—were hauling me to my feet, whilst a now considerable crowd jeered over the railings, and heads projected from windows testified to the interest created among our neighbours by the incident.)

Practice of scouting in peace time intermitted.

Because—.



"TWIXT CUP AND LIP," &c.

Extract from Letter from Kitty to Beatrice.—" * * * ON ARRIVAL AT OUR STATION WE POINTED OUT OUR HAMPER, WITHOUT EVEN LOOKING AT THE LABEL—TOM AND I KNEW IT SO WELL, WE THOUGHT; HE GOING SO FAR AS TO DECLARE HE'D 'SPOT IT IN A THOUSAND'—AND AFTER A FOUR MILE WALK ON A HOT COUNTRY ROAD, TO WHERE OUR BOAT WAS, AND A GOOD FIFTEEN MILE PULL, WE ARRIVED AT TOM'S PREARRANGED 'SWEET SPOT'—SO QUIET—AND NOT A HOUSE WITHIN MILES—AND AFTER LAYING THE CLOTH ON THE GRASS—NOW FOR OUR HAMPER—'Oh! I say!!' BURST FROM THE FOUR OF US—IT WASN'T OUR HAMPER AT ALL—BUT A SAMPLE LOT OF LADIES' BLOUSES—!!!"

THE FIFTH TEST MATCH.

A Memory.

'Tis the 13th of August, 1902;
 I go, and, parting with my shilling,
 view
 An eager crowd, discussing, *inter alia*,
 The prospects of the foemen from
 Australia.
 Here Bill announces, redolent of porter,
 They can't be beat—at least they didn't
 order:
 But 'Arry thinks they need a little
 stiffenin';
 'E personally would 'ave put George
 Giffen in.
 There, in the stand, the obvious city
 gent,
 Puffing Havanas to his heart's content,
 Discourses of the latest rise in Atche-
 son:—
 But hush! all tongues are silenced, for
 the match is on.
 Alas! of runs the board is well-nigh
 barren,
 When Saunders gets a beauty past
 McLaren.
 Saunders doth next (at twisters who so
 skilled?) slay
 ("Bowl" wouldn't rhyme, unfortunately)
 Tyldesley.
 The score's but nine, when lo! the Boy
 from Ballaarat
 (Or somewhere thereabouts) dismisses
 Palaret.
 The sun of hope tends rather night-
 than dayward
 When Braund to the Pavilion follows
 Hayward.
 Five wickets down for nine-and-forty
 runs!
 Alas, my countrymen!—But now the
 fun's
 Commencing: soon, I ween, the most
 penurious
 Won't grudge their bobs, so fast 'twill
 be and furious.
 For they shall see One-fifty-seven—no
 less—up
 Ere the Colonials get rid of Jessop,
 Or fortune recompense their fell attacks
 on
 The Honourable Frederick Stanley
 Jackson,
 Whose feats must glad the heart o' that
 proud senator,
 His scarcely less illustrious progenitor.
 Lo! the crowd thrills enthusiastic, rapt
 in
 Awed admiration of the "Gloucester
 Captin."
 Ye gods! the tempest, cyclone, storm
 and hurricane!
 Up goes his bat (the handle made of
 Surrey cane),
 Away the ball flies soaring like a comet,
 or
 A rocket, o'er pavilion and gasometer.



HALCYON PROSPECTS.

Romantic Bride (ecstatically). "SUCH A WASTE OF WATERS ALMOST APPEALS ME!"
Prudent Husband (fondly). "WHAT A DEAR LITTLE ECONOMIST IT IS!"

Meanwhile the wary Jackson keeps his
 wicket up—
 One-fifty runs! Hurrah! The scorers
 stick it up.
 But Jackson falls—then Jessop. Per-
 adventure he
 Will never make a more blood-curdling
 century.
 Sixty to win. Hirst batting. Sure no
 crock would
 Withstand Hugh Trumble long. Ah!
 out goes Lockwood.
 Lilley comes in. Well played! Oh,
 Hirst's a hero,—
 But Lilley's out. Buck up! *Dum spiro
 spero.*
 Now Rhodes. Yes, he *can* bat. Did
 someone miss him? O-o-oh!
 A tie! Well hit! We've won! Bravo!
 BravissimO!

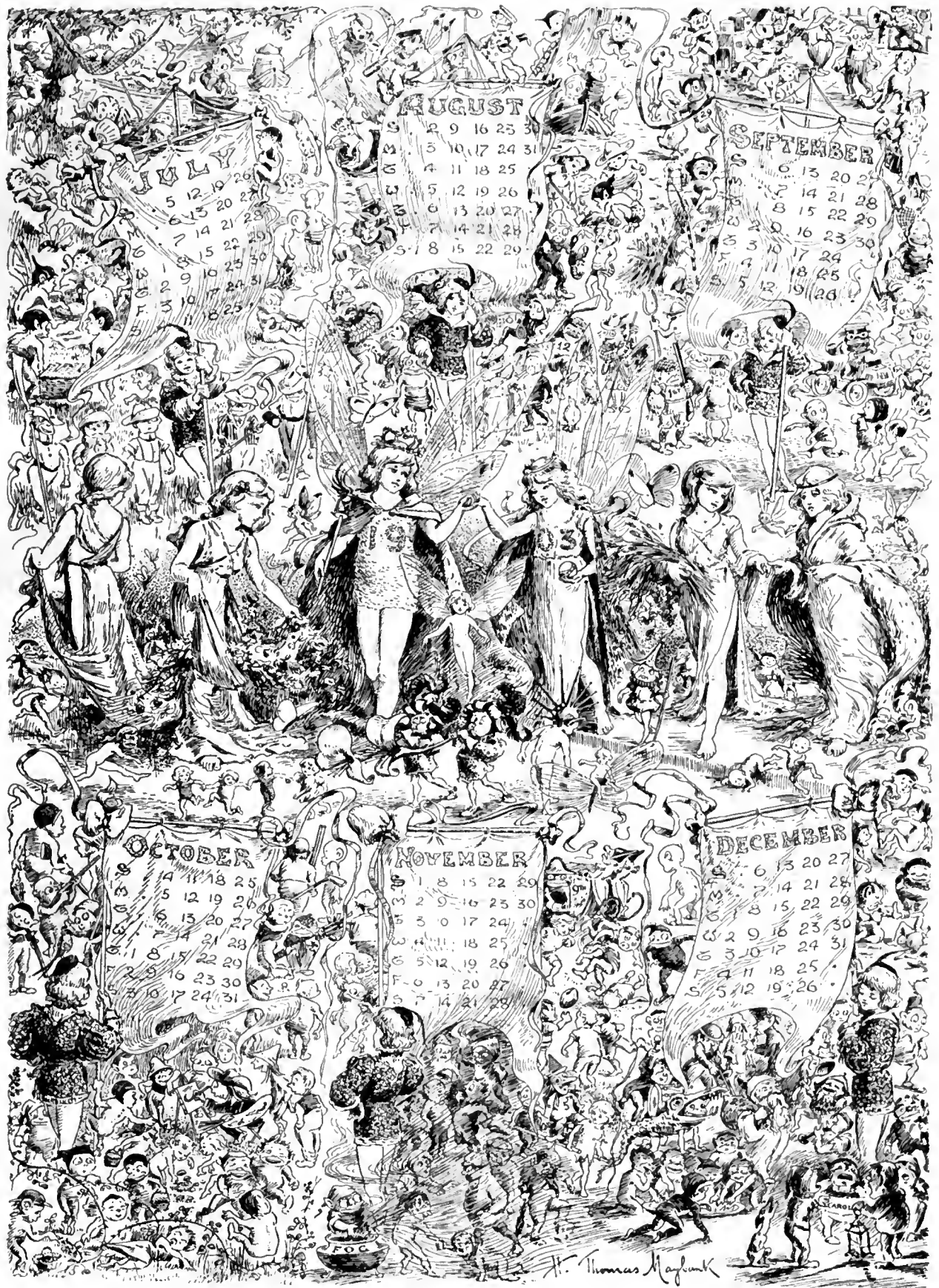
"FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE."

MR. WILLIAM SYKES is still confined to
 his room at Holloway, but hopes to be
 about again in the course of a few years.

We hear that Mr. Ricardo Turpin
 intends wintering in the South. He
 proposes to pursue his studies at the
 Portland School of Sculpture.

Mr. P. Thimblerrigg, Q.T., continues to
 be a member of a large house party at
 one of the Royal residences. Needless
 to say the gathering includes several
 "smart" men.

Captain Ascot Kempton-Welsher, who,
 it will be remembered, some time ago
 gave up his large turf interests, will,
 we understand, be unable to attend the
 Delhi Durbar.



TWO ON A TOUR.

"CAN you tell me which is Croft Lochay?"

The smith leant on his pitchfork—he had been up at the hay—and eyed Gwendolen and myself with friendly interest.

"Ye'll be the gentry from London Mistress McDiarmat is expectin'?"

"And which is the way to her house?"

"Well," said the smith, shading his eyes as he peered up at the Ben, "ye can't see it rightly from here, as it lies behind yon knowe. It's a whole year

"Oh, I don't care what it is. Anything will be delicious. Is that the house, do you think?"

I looked up and saw above us a low white-washed shanty covered with thatch which was kept in its place by a network of laths. A few heavy stones were evidently designed to keep the roof from blowing off in winter storms.

"No," said Gwen. "That must be the cowhouse byre, don't you call it?"

"I'm not so sure," said I.

While we were still uncertain, a figure came to the door and bade us welcome.

comes tea! Eggs and bacon—Ah! how lovely they smell, and how much nicer than horrid, stodgy dinners! And oatcakes—and jelly—and the lightest feathery scones! O Jack, isn't it heavenly?"

"Rather," I agreed, beginning the meal with tremendous gusto. The eggs and bacon disappeared in the twinkling of an eye, and then we fell to on the light feathery scones. "Wish we hadn't wasted a fortnight's time and money in ruinous Highland hotels. Wonder what Schiehallion thinks of hot baths and late dinners, not to speak of waiters and wine-lists."

"I suppose," remarked Gwendolen, "one *could* get a bath at the Temperance Inn we passed on the road?"

"Baths!" cried I. "Why, my dear, one only has to go and sit under the neighbouring waterfall."

Gwen did not laugh, and looking up I saw she had stopped in the middle of a scone on which she had embarked with great appetite.

"Try an oat-cake," I suggested.

"No, thanks," said Gwen.

"A little more jelly?"

Gwen shook her head.

I finished my meal in silence and pulled out my pipe.

"Going to smoke in here?" asked Gwen.

"It's raining outside, my dear."

"Oh, very well. But remember this is my bedroom. I decline to sleep with hens."

I put the pipe away and prepared for conversation.

"Can't you sit stil?" asked Gwen after a long pause.

"This chair is very hard, dear."

"So is mine."

"Don't you think we might sit on the bed?"

"Certainly not. I shouldn't sleep a wink if we disarranged the clothes, and only an expert can re-make a chaff bed."

"Wish we had something to read," I remarked, after another long pause.

"Do you expect a circulating library on the top of Ben-y-Gloe?"

I began to realise that Gwen was no longer in a conversational mood, and made no further efforts to break the silence. Half-an-hour later Gwen came across the room and laid her hand on my shoulder. "What are you reading, dear?" she asked.

"I find we can get a train from Struan to-morrow afternoon which catches the London connection at Perth when the train's not more than two hours late."

"We can't risk that. Isn't there a train in the morning?"

"It would mean leaving this at five."

"So much the better. O Jack, if I eat another meal like that it will be fatal. To think we shall be back in dear old Chelsea to-morrow!"



"... WA'LL, JARGE, THAT WAR DE DARKES' NIGHT I EBER SEE. IT WAR DAT DARK I COULDN' SEE MA HAND IN FRONT OB ME!"

whatever since I hev not been up myself; but if you follow the burn—"

I glanced at Gwen and saw that she shared my satisfaction. To cross the edge of civilisation had for months past been our hearts' desire; and to have achieved a jumping-off place only approachable by a burn exceeded our wildest ambitions.

We thanked the smith, and set off on our expedition up the mountain side.

"We twa hao paidlit in the burn," sang Gwendolen as she skipped like a goat from stone to stone. "O Jack, isn't it too primitive and delightful!"

"Rather," said I, inhaling great draughts of the mountain air.

"Aren't you hungry?"

"Rather," I repeated. "Wonder what there'll be to eat."

"Come in, come in. Ye'll be tired with the travelling, and ye'll like to see the rooms."

We acquiesced, and Mistress McDiarmat led the way into the cow-house.

"Shoo!" she cried as she opened the door of the bedroom. "Get away, Speckle! The hens *will* lay their bit egg on the bed, Sir."

"What fresh eggs we shall get!" cried Gwen, delighted with this fresh proof of rusticity and with the Gaelic gutturals with which Mistress McDiarmat emphasized her remarks to Speckle.

The "other end" was furnished with two hard chairs, a table and a bed.

"Fancy a bed in the dining-room and hens in your bed!" said Gwen, in the highest of spirits. "And here



What fortune waits your feet, my pretty maid?
What tangled hopes and fears before you lie?
Old Time, within whose hand your hand is laid—
He knows no more than I.

Not all his lore avails
He only knows that
Meanwhile he likes to
Of cou

LL TELL."



elp him here ;
ty's born to die ;
your hand, my dear ;
and so should I.

O "Time will tell"—in time, that is to say,
Then when the need to know has flitted by ;
He'll tell your fortune—just a year to-day ;
And so, I hope, may I. O. S.



Tourist (to Oldest Inhabitant). "AND WHAT IS THE POPULATION OF THIS VILLAGE?"

Oldest Inhabitant. "WELL, ZUR, THERE'S ME—AND—" (*Long pause.*) "WELL, ZUR, I DON'T 'ZACTLY KNOW 'OW MANY MORE THEY BE!"

PROGRESS AND PAGEANTRY.

I SUPPOSE I must have fallen asleep rather unexpectedly after the Coronation or the Illuminations, or else the Shah's progress, or perhaps the reception of the Boer Generals, or it may have been after the City Procession, but one forgets. It was daylight, and, to my surprise, I found myself reclining against the palings of St. James's Park. I yawned and looked about me, wondering slightly at the excess of emotion which had betrayed me into a slumber so public. However, I perceived that I was not alone; all around were other sleepers extended in attitudes of careless ease and breathing with stertorous freedom. I regretted to observe that most of them held bottles clutched firmly in their unconscious hands. I have always been something of a socialist, and it vexed me that at the very moment of my awaking I should be brought face to face with life's inequalities in this way. Why should they have bottles while I had none?

I raised myself into a sitting posture that I might better consider the ethical justice of taking for myself such of the bottles as might appear least empty, and while I was deep in thought a man approached me. His round felt hat was drawn down over his right eye, but from the gleam in his left I could see that he was not the least intelligent of London's citizens.

"Here in good time," said he.

"In excellent time," I replied; "what time is it?"

"A quarter-past four," he said, "and the troops don't begin to line the streets till five."

"Line the streets!" I repeated. He looked at me keenly.

"I believe you're drunk," he said.

"No, I'm not," I answered. "What do they want to line the streets for again?"

"Great Jones!" he cried. "Where have you been then, if you're not drunk?"

"Abroad," I said at a venture. "Central Africa, shooting lions for years."

"No wonder you feel a bit out of it," he said. "Why to-day is the finest procession of the week."

I collected my faculties.

"What is the procession for then?"

I asked.

He whistled, but answered, civilly enough, "Why, Lady Smith is returning from the Continent to-day."

I collected my faculties again.

"Why should she have a procession?"

I demanded. "Who is Lady Smith?"

"To tell you the truth," he said, "I never thought of asking. But what does it matter? The procession's the thing."

"Pardon me a moment," said I, "while I think it out."

After a few minutes I spoke again. "Did I understand you to say the finest procession of the week?"

"Quite right," he replied. "Of course you don't know. We have three processions a week now. Can't have more, unfortunately, the army won't stand it."

I thought again.

"You will think it an odd question," I said; "but would you mind telling me what year this is? In Central Africa we don't take much account of time. We estimate it in lions—so many lions make a month and so on, and if you don't get any lions it doesn't count."

"Oh!" said he. "Well, this is nineteen-hundred-and-sixty-two."

"I seem to remember these stands,"



PISCATOR IN POPPYLAND AND THE QUEER FISH.

OUT OF PISCATOR'S HAND, WHO'S FAST ASLEEP,
FALLS IN THE RIVER GOOD OLD IZAAK'S BOOK,
WHICH A FISH READING BIDS HIS FRIENDS, DOWN DEEP,
WITH 'BATED BREATH AVOID THE BAITED HOOK.



UNRECORDED HISTORY.

A SMALL BUT REPRESENTATIVE DEPUTATION WAITS ON KING HENRY THE EIGHTH TO INFORM HIM OF HIS ELECTION AS AN HONORARY LIFE-MEMBER OF THE BACHELORS' CLUB.

REPORT OF THE MASTERS OF BRUSHW
HOUSE, AND CHARAKTERS.

Christmas.

Dr. Th. Rasher.—Not a bad ole chap, but stupid at times. Should work harder and run round the field before brekfust. Can and must grow thinner. Nikname, Tubbey.

H. Mole (Stawk).—Must do some sums in the hollydays. The ansers are not all wrong in the books. A disapointing character.

Rev. J. Chanter (Rook).—Must get over looking out words in the Greek dikshunary in class. It corrupts the yewth. Had better not smoke so much. Says denying makes manly boys. Has two helps of everything himself.

E. Browne, B.A. (Spoon).—Must not waist so much time with Miss Rasher.

Mr. Evans (Pecker).—He is a sneek. His maners are disgusting and he dussent ware flannels. He is good at explosions and smels.

Samuel Gibbs, M.A. (Sloper).—Not a bad sort but talks too much about Anglo-Saxon delevations.

Mr. Farrar (Oil).—He is a beast. We rot him in Prep. He gets red. Should grow a shorter neck, and Bibbsmi says golf collurs are bad form now.

General Remarks.—The Staff must improve their punktuality at early schooll, and we want another athleet. The Head master should have our brekfust and send us his once a weak. There is too much work being done for the helth of the boys, and the footer XI. is pore. (Singed) HENRY BLOUNT.

RETURNED LETTERS.

THOUGH, scornful maid, at morn and eve
"Returns" my letter-box encumber,
I'm not accustomed to receive
At one fell swoop so huge a number;
When editors, more prompt than wise,
Please with rejections to offend me,
Their missives come as "single spies,"
But you a whole battalion send me!

I turn the fading sheets that tell
The doleful tale of vanished favour;
The sentiments read rather well,
They have a literary flavour.
Perhaps you thought they'd serve anew
When I indite another's praises,
Forgetting how I quite eschew
Vain repetition, hackneyed phrases!

Why you returned them's hard to see—
Although I wrote them, *con amore*,
They're not of further use to me,
But you—that's quite another story!
Suppose some day by strong desire
For fame in fiction you are smitten,
Here's fuel for romance's fire,
A lover's speeches ready written!



Mother (to little boy, who has been sent to bed as a punishment). "Now, TOMMY, DARLING, I'LL FORGIVE YOU, AND YOU MAY GET UP AND GO WITH ME TO AUNTIE'S TO TEA."

Tommy (in tones eloquent of injured innocence). "No, THANK YOU, MOTHER. I'M VERY COMFORTABLE HERE, THANK YOU."

I said. "Weren't they up before I went to Africa?"

"Yes," he answered, "they've been up sixty years. I know that, because we had rather a good procession last week to celebrate their diamond jubilee. It's a curious thing, but I've heard my father say that when they were first erected there were hardly any processions—not more than one a month."

"You don't say so," I returned.

"A fact," he continued; "but, as you see, England has gone ahead since then, and now there isn't a country in the world, or any combination of countries, that can touch us for processions."

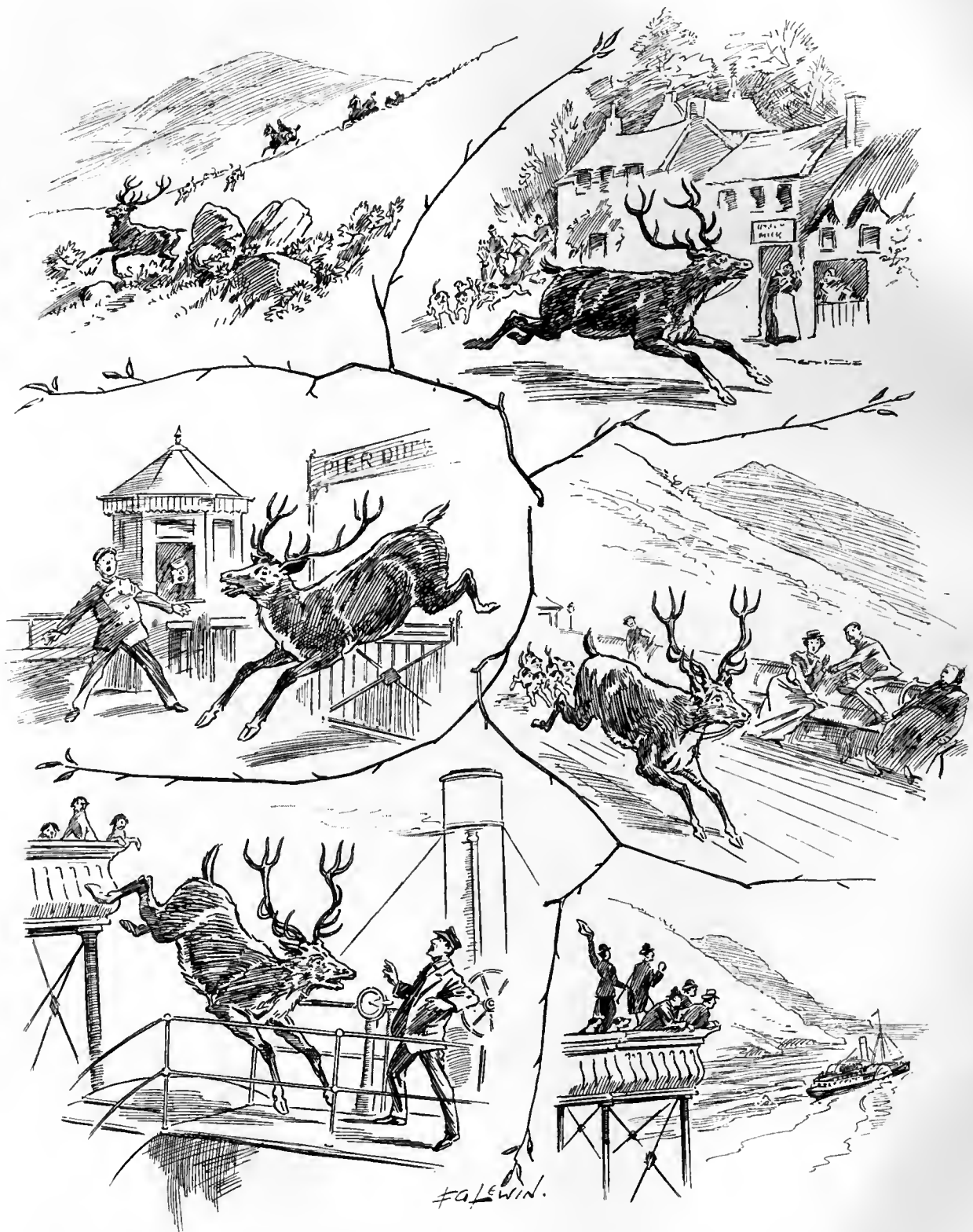
He looked at his watch. "By Jove, it's nearly time to get into a place. It becomes more difficult to find standing room every week, and I can't afford a season ticket for one of the stands."

"Are they expensive?" I asked.

"No," he said, "not what you could call expensive. You can pick one up now and then for five thousand pounds, and even when there isn't a procession you can always have your seat and sit in it, you know. But a seat only comes into the market now and then. Most of them are taken on longish leases. Well, I must hurry. Hope you'll get some sort of view."



GOLF À LA WATTEAU—AND OTHERWISE.



HOW A WARRANTABLE STAG FROM EXMOOR WAS HOTLY PRESSED THROUGH MINEHEAD, TOOK THE NEW PIER (WITHOUT PAYING TOLL), AND FINALLY "GOT AWAY" PER EXCURSION STEAMER.



Extract from Mabel's Correspondence.—"WE HAD A SCRATCH GAME WITH THE 'BLACK AND BLUE' CLUB YESTERDAY, BUT HAD AN AWFUL JOB TO GET ANY MEN. ENID'S BROTHER AND A FRIEND OF HIS TURNED UP AT THE LAST MOMENT; BUT THEY DIDN'T DO MUCH EXCEPT CALL 'OFFSIDE' OR 'FOUL' EVERY OTHER MINUTE, AND THEY WERE BOTH AS NERVOUS AS CATS!"



FITZ-JONES'S ONLY DAY.



"COME ALONG, MR. BINKS. MAUDIE AND I WANT YOU TO GIVE US EACH A HAND, AND TAKE US DOWN THE POND. THE ICE IS RIPPING, AND WE'LL JUST FLY!"

[Delight of Binks, who is on the ice for the first time; however—

HE DOES HIS BEST!

IN PARTIBUS TRANSMARINIS.

[The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain and other patriots will spend their Christmas in, or about, some of the various "Britains beyond the Seas."]

DEAR *Punch*,—When Christmas comes again,
That season fraught with annual frolic,

When eyes are bright and hearts are fain,
And courage stout to deal with colic;

As by the sumptuous board you sit,
All debonair and even perky,
Amid the flow of wine and wit
And grosser joys like beef or turkey;

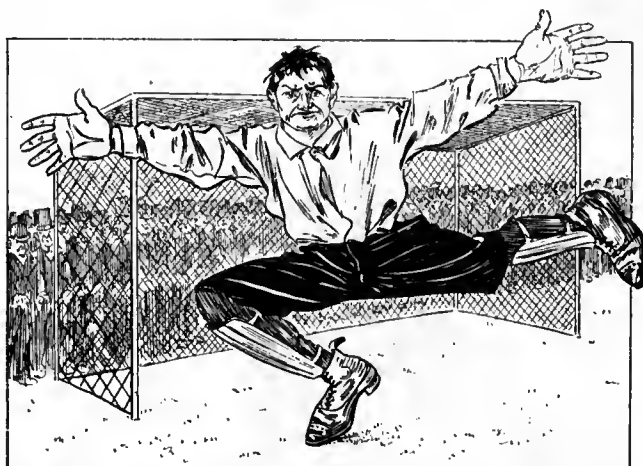
Forget not us whom honour draws
Far from the scenes of native beauty,
Nobly to serve elsewhere the cause
Of exigent Imperial duty!

Whether we seek that Southern Rand
To mould confusion into jelly,

Or make for India's coral strand
To amplify the fêtes of Delhi;—

Whether we spend our Christmas Day
Already plunged in local crises,
Or, still upon the outward way,
Explore the high, but seldom dry, seas;

Ah! think of us where'er we speed
On our respective paths of prowess,
Your Raven-Hill, your E. T. Reed,
Joseph and, at your service, O. S.



HOW THE GOAL-KEEPER APPEARS TO THE OPPOSING FORWARD, WHO IS ABOUT TO SHOOT.



AND HOW THE GOAL-KEEPER FEELS WHEN THE OPPOSING FORWARD IS ABOUT TO SHOOT.



MONSIEUR LENYAU'S FIRST FOX HUNT WITH OUR HOUNDS.
A STORY WITHOUT WORDS, EXCEPT IN TABLEAU No. 4.

TO INEZ.

INEZ, whose sweet look and smile
With their witcheries enchant me,
Linger by my side awhile!
Nay, the boon you will not grant me.
Still my suit you take amiss—
Still you—as I follow after
Begging for a modest kiss—
Run away with merry laughter.

Ah! then, grant me this, at least,
Leave to care for you, and bless you;
I would grudge you not life's feast,
Nor with cares of mine distress you.
Time shall be your friend (my foe!)
For, while I am—to my sorrow—
Five-and-forty, you, you know,
Are not two until to-morrow.

THE SAGE AND THE ONION.

AN Onion, meeting his old friend, the Sage, offered to accompany him wherever he happened to be going.



"Go away," said the Sage. "I cannot take you to-day, as I am about to call on some particular people, and the perfume you have about you would be unpleasant to them. Besides," he added, turning away, "your taste in most things I do not care for, and can no longer put up with!"

THE POLICEMAN AND THE PUDDING.

A POLICEMAN, entering a kitchen, saw a Pudding seated on the table, looking a little cut up.

"Cheer up, young fellow," said he. "I know there is a deal that is good in you, so I cannot bear to see you wasting yourself in here. I shall take you up, therefore, and run you in, lest you fall into the hands of those that care for you less than I."

The Pudding, growing cold, called

loudly for the cook, who, entering the kitchen, and thinking with pride how



good it had become under her care, severely reproved the Policeman, and, by laying down the Law, put an end to the Pudding's fright.

THE MAIDEN AND THE MINCE-PIE.

A rich Mince-pie fell in love with a young maiden and, encouraged by her soft glances, asked her to marry him. The Maiden answered: although she liked him, she knew too well the stuff



he was made of, and that they never could agree.

THE TYRANT AND THE TURKEY.

A TYRANT meeting a well-fed Turkey, asked it to his house to join him at his Christmas dinner, adding that it would

be much warmer inside, well-dressed and properly stuffed, and should be made the most of by himself and



family, if it would "consent to go down." The Turkey replied that he had no doubt he would go down right enough, but he wasn't a Goose.

A VAIN APPEAL.

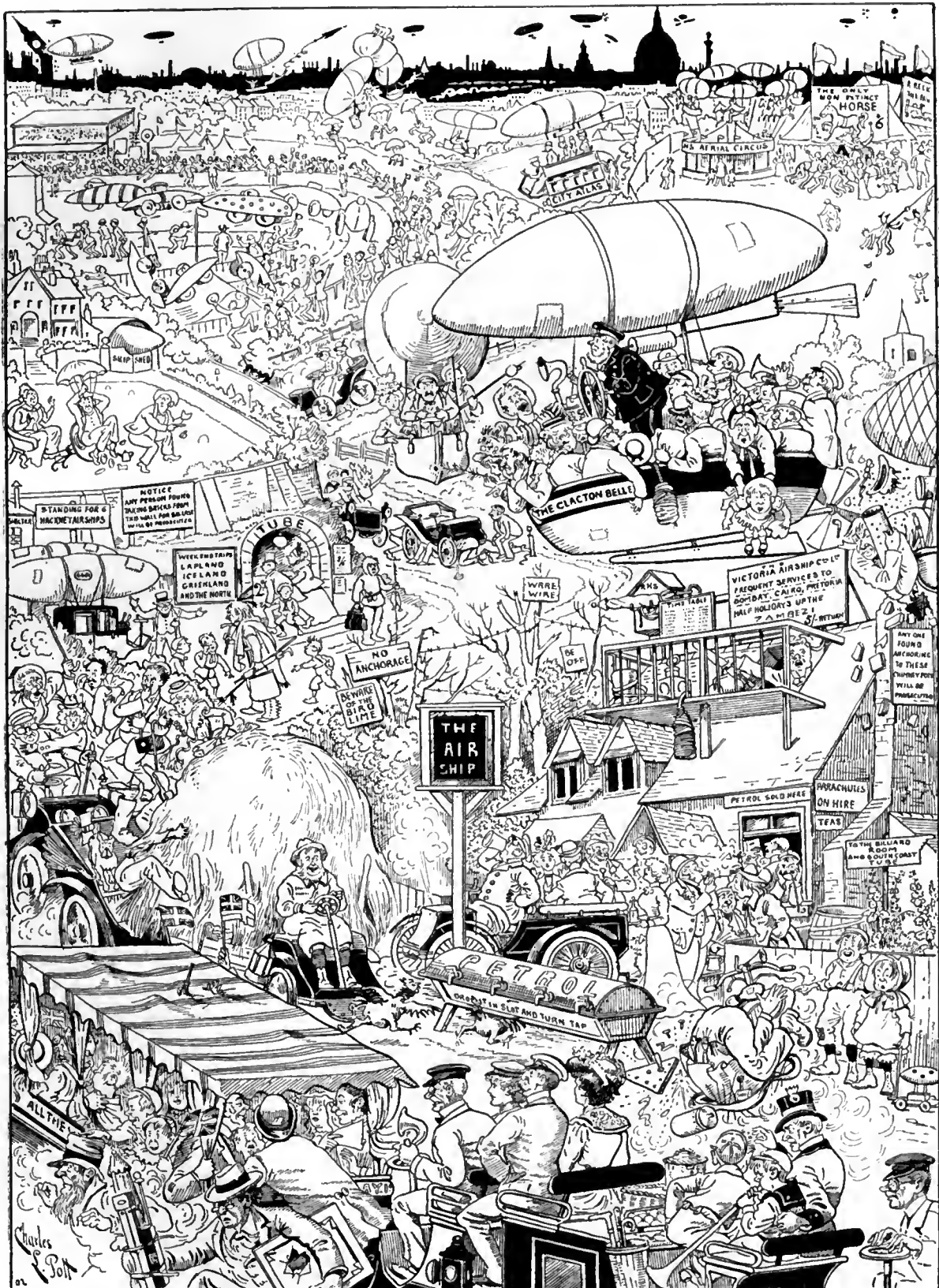
[It is stated that the cigarette habit is gaining such a hold on young ladies of the present day that it bids fair to outweigh all other considerations.]

Now, Angelina, put it down.
Let me entreat you not to smoke it;
You dread your Edwin's lightest frown,
Or so you say—well, don't provoke it.
No—no—I'm serious just now,
Great weight to every word attaches.
What's that you ask me? *Anyhow*
To pass the matches!

You shall have chocolates to eat
Of every possible description;
Those rosy lips are much too sweet
To soil with Yankee or Egyptian.
Your smiles with trinkets I'll entice
Or silly frillies made of chiffon,
Till once again you say I'm nice
And not a griffon.

Among those violet-scented curls
The smell of stale tobacco lingers,
And oh! to think my best of girls
Should go about with yellow fingers.
Are you aware that stain will spread
Right up your arm and past your
shoulder
And ruin . . . What was that you said?
You'll use a holder!

No, Angelina, I insist—!
Come, darling . . . what, you're surely
joking?
You are not anxious to be kissed!
You'd sooner give up me than smoking!
So be it . . . take your cigarette
And smoke it, love and homage scorning,
But suffer me, with much regret,
To say "Good-morning!"



THE PEACEFUL ENGLISH LANE OF THE FUTURE.

(By our Prophetic Artist.)



A FORETASTE.

Nervous Passenger. "WHAT IS THAT HORRIBLE JAR I FEEL EVERY NOW AND THEN, DRIVER?"

Jarvey. "SURE, YER HONNER, AN' IT'S ONLY THE LITTLE MARE PLAYIN' WID THE CAR! WAIT TILL WE COME TO KNOCKAHERRY HILL, YOU 'LL BE AFTHER FEELIN' HER KICK THEN, SORR!"

THE REPRIEVE.

It chanced upon a summer eve
(Such times are very sentimental)
I flirted foolishly—believe
"Twas accidental!

A summer night inclines to melt
One's caution—*vide* case of Milly,
And when she murmured, "Yes," I felt
Extremely silly.

Indeed, I lacked sufficient "brass"
To state how quickly I repented;
Yet how I longed to tell the lass
I hadn't meant it!

Thank Heaven, she sent for me next
day,
And hoped I'd be to her "a brother,"
But thought it only right to say,
She "loved another."

Yet I—tho' filled with sudden glee—
Upon her feelings duly traded,
And swore "Life's now a blank to me,
Its sunshine faded."

And tho' 'twas only tit for tat
I raved at her and called her brutal,
While she—she deems me martyr—that
Of course is footle!



First Umbrella. "I FEEL THOROUGHLY WORN OUT."

Second Umbrella. "YES, YOU DON'T LOOK UP TO MUCH. GOOD-BYE. I HOPE YOU 'LL SOON BE QUITE RECOVERED."

TO MY BANKING ACCOUNT.

By Our Miserly Contributor.

LET soulful, long-haired bards indite
To Chloe or to Amaryllis
Romantic verse that scans all right,
While pens in which a warlike thrill is
To patriotic deeds excite.

But I will be content with less
Romance, although a subtle passion
Consumes me when I thus address,
In rather contemplative fashion,
The source of so much happiness.

For, truth to tell, on you depends
My joy in life all joys excelling.
No pleasure kindly Fortune sends
So great as when I see you swelling
With the half-yearly dividends.

I gloat upon your figure fair,—
What maiden has a figure fairer?—
If now and then you have to spare
A small amount to "Self or Bearer,"
Your balance quickly I repair.

I could (but listeners might yawn
And soon begin to slumber lightly)
Extol your charms from eve till dawn.
E'en should I overdraw them slightly,
May you be never overdrawn!



C. S. Dorek
1902

AT THE CHRISTMAS PARTY.

Uncle George. "DON'T OVER-EAT YOURSELF, JIMMY, MY BOY. I NEVER DID WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE."
Jimmy (sotto voce). "WHEN DID YOU BEGIN, THEN?"



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Stanley Sandover. In the "Punch".

Train up a Child, &c.

[On the occasion of the promotion of the Prince of WALES to the rank of Vice-Admiral the *Daily Telegraph* remarked, "It is thirty-six years since the Prince of WALES entered the Navy as a cadet." Seeing that H.R.H. kept his thirty-eighth birthday only last month, he must have been just two at the time.]

WE'LL may we call him Prince of Whales—
He is no mere land-lubber:
At two he faced the briny gales,
Being inclined to blubber.

Chasing their own Tales.

A NEW book has been announced by the title *Conrad in Quest of his Youth*. As Mr. CONRAD is the author of a remarkable book called *Youth*, we shall shortly expect, if this kind of autobiographical title becomes at all popular, to see the following announcements:—*Jacobs in search of his Cargo*; *Caine on the road to the Eternal City*; *James on the Wings of the Dove*; *When Parker came to Pontiac*.

"A 'SCREW' PROPELLER."—A cabman's whip.

THE PASSIVE LIFE.

[Thoughts on a distant view of a distress-auction under the Education Act.]

FAR from the City's storm and strain,
Where omnibuses never cease,
I wandered down a country lane,
The haunt of pigs and ancient peace.

Fair Nature's face from ear to ear
Was spread in one expansive smile:
I even told my heart that here
Man's self could not be very vile.

Anon a roar like fiends in hell
Caused in my mind a nasty jar,
And by me flew with noisome smell
A ninety h.-p. motor-car.

Its flanks were flecked with blood and gall,
Relics, no doubt, of dog or cow,
That made me painfully recall
The juicier points of *Snarleyow*.

But soon I had a thought revealed
That gave my heated passions pause;
"This grave abuse," I said, "will yield
To better-regulated laws.

"Minorities have heretofore
Submitted with a decent grace;
We boast to be, if nothing more,
At least a law-abiding race."

I thought of England's "old renown,"
And how her life is largely spent
In watching Freedom "broaden down
From precedent to precedent."

A purer peace possessed my heart,
My temporary spleen was gone,
When I approached a village mart,
And found an auction going on.

I heard a voice cry "Seven-and-six!"
Then suddenly—it seemed severe—
The air was dark with flying bricks
Intended for the auctioneer.

A dozen constables or so
Fenced him against the maddened throng,
He being in the ratio
Of one to, say, a thousand strong.

Two men I marked, above the rest,
Who swayed the crowd by vocal force;
One stood upon a linen-chest,
The other on a towel-horse.

Remaining cautiously aloof
I thus addressed a local wight:—
"Kindly explain for my behoof
"This antiquated village rite.

"I am a stranger in the land;
What is the battle all about?
And who are yonder twain that stand
On bedroom-furniture and shout?"

"Fightin' agin the Tory curs,
Fightin'," said he, "for conscience' sake;
And them is Christian Ministers
Bravin' the martyr's bloody stake."

"I never knew the martyr's cause
Achieve complete success," I cried,

"By breaking helpless people's jaws!"
"Passive Resistance!" he replied.

"Conscience," I said, "my soul reveres,
But must, O must its path be dyed
With human blood of auctioneers?"
"Passive Resistance!" he replied.

I gazed upon the stolid clown,
Then turned away and, as I went,
Still mused on Freedom broadening down
By way of legal precedent.

If this is "passive" work, I thought,
Well may her sanguine friends rejoice
To think what deeds will soon be wrought
When they employ the active voice! O. S.

MR. PUNCH'S SPECIAL ARTICLES.

(With acknowledgments to the "Daily Mail.")

NO. V.—THE HOME-MADE MOTOR-CAR.

IGNORANCE of the first principles of practical machinery is probably at the bottom of most of the misery in English homes to-day. At the present moment we know of at least twelve families in quite a limited area whose unhappiness is due to the fact that they do not contain a son or daughter with sufficient mechanical gift to perform so simple a feat as the transformation of a perambulator into a motor-car. Every day babies are growing up and rendering the perambulator useless: how fitting would it be if the vehicle could by a few deft touches be rendered valuable as a means of rapid transit for the older members of the household!

Yet no, such is the low ebb to which mechanical capacity has fallen in this country that instead of being converted to an efficient and rapid instrument of transit the old perambulator is consigned to the yard or the lumber room, and the father and mother still expend annually large sums on trains, hansoms, and omnibuses.

Let us look at the matter fairly and squarely. Assuming that baby's legs are now strong enough to carry him, let us see what is needed to make the pram. (as it is affectionately called in the house) into at least the equal of a Serpollet or Mercédès. The first thing necessary is to decide upon the enlargements to which the body of the vehicle shall be subjected. Say four feet. A few minutes with hammer, nails, and planks should effect this. The rest is simple. An old apricot tin will make an admirable cylinder, and there is no adapted carburetter more serviceable than a Paysandu ox-tongue tin. For a sparking plug a hundred articles will at once suggest themselves. The ribs of an old umbrella are invaluable in many departments of motor-car building, and there are few contingencies that will not be met by a hair-pin. These things cannot be too carefully remembered. The brake may require rather more ingenuity, but here we should recommend a return to the serviceable yet old-fashioned skid, easily prepared from a worn-out coal-scoop.

We do not go so far as to say that the motor-car thus constructed would have had a first-class chance in the Gordon-Bennett race in Ireland, but we guarantee that on an ordinary English road it would attract at least as much attention as a Mors or a Panhard, and probably be far less likely to get its owner into trouble with the police on the score of excessive speed.

Hooping the Hoop has followed successfully on *Looping the Loop*, and as it is now the chief attraction advertised by Manager Moss the name of the circus might appropriately be changed to the *London Hoop-odrome*.



WASTING HIS SWEETNESS.

"JOE," THE NEGRO SERENADER (*singing a popular "Dahomey" ditty*)—

"I'M A GOOD SUB-STANTIAL, FULL FLEDGED REAL, FIRST CLASS JO-NAH MAN!"

THE THREE HOUSE-BOATERS. "GO AWAY, MY GOOD FELLOW, DO!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Letters of a Diplomat's Wife (SMITH, ELDER) is a selection from the correspondence written to her sisters by Madame WADDINGTON during the official career of her husband, commencing as Ambassador Extraordinary representing France at the Coronation of the Emperor ALEXANDER, ending with his long, distinguished career as French Minister at the Court of St. James's. The writer is a lady whose bright eyes see everything in a room or street. Gifted with shrewd common sense, a quiet taste for humour, she has moreover the faculty of thoroughly enjoying herself, and the art of communicating her pleasure to others. Not the least charming passages in the book are the little asides in which, for the edification of her sisters, to whom the letters are addressed, she describes her own frocks and the dresses of others. The cynic will probably marvel when assured that in a bundle of letters extending over four hundred pages, written by one woman to another, there is not a single spiteful remark—even about a third woman. The picture of the Coronation at Moscow, with its undernote of terror at the possibility of Nihilistic outrage breaking in on the ceremony, is told with a graphic power an accomplished special correspondent might envy. In the larger portion of the letters, dated from the French Embassy at Albert Gate, my Baronite finds a fascinating, for all time valuable, picture of London Society sketched from the inner circle.

In *Sir Julian the Apostate* (HEINEMANN), Mrs. CLEMENT PARSONS gives us a clever story with a rather repellant title; but "what's in a name?" Something, certainly, otherwise the objection would not be worth mentioning. It is well written, interesting and pathetic. A Junior Baronite adds, "it is well worth reading."

Juicy Joe, a Romance of the Norfolk Marshlands, by JAMES BLYTH (GRANT RICHARDS), is not, says the Baron's Assistant, to be recommended either to "the young person" or to those who insist that their novels shall move in conventional grooves to a happy ending. It is, however, a remarkably strong and uncompromising piece of work, gloomy and depressing, no doubt, in its relentless narration of the meanness and wickedness of those who inhabit a marshland village, but bearing in every line the stamp of sincerity and truth. There can be no mistake as to the grip and power shown by Mr. BLYTH throughout the book, especially in the terrible tragedy of its culmination.



DANGEROUS EXAMPLES.

Mrs. Long (who recommended a servant). "YES, SHE WAS AN EXCELLENT GIRL IN EVERY WAY, EXCEPT SHE WOULD IMITATE ME IN DRESS, AND THINGS LIKE THAT."

Miss Short. "AH, YES. I NOTICED SHE BEGAN DOING IT WHEN SHE CAME TO ME; BUT SHE'S GIVEN IT UP NOW."

Mrs. Long. "I'M GLAD TO HEAR IT. I EXPECT SHE SAW SHE WAS MAKING HERSELF RIDICULOUS."

FLORENCE WARDEN furnishes a house, No. 3, *The Square*, with horrors. That the excitement is well kept up through two-thirds of the story is perhaps sufficient inducement for sensation-lovers to seize upon it with most pleasurable anticipations. But the conversations become tedious and the threads of mystery somewhat too entangled. In spite of this tendency on the part of the author, if the reader will only keep cool and read on calmly, just resting a second or two on the prize-giving principle of "a suck at the lemon and at him again," then he will be rewarded, and so will the house-agent for No. 3, *The Square*, yecept JOHN LONO, publisher.

In the *Magazine of Art* for July the continuation of the article by the Editor, Mr. M. H. SPIELMANN, F.S.A., on Art Forgeries and Counterfeits, is not only interesting but, as it is written with a keen sense of humour and a light touch, most amusing. The cleverness of the recorded imitations and the admirable work—quite a "craft" in its way, indeed the very artfullest and craftiest of "crafts" of the far too "cunningartificer,"—must command the admiration even of the very elect themselves who have suffered by the frauds. The illustrations are admirable, and that the *Magazine* sustains its unique character as in itself a work of art on Art is the opinion of THE B. DE B.-W.

OPERA NOTES.

MISS E. M. SMYTH's opera, *Der Wald*, seems to improve on repetition. "I like your conversation much," said Mr. Sam Weller to the footman in a light blue suit with leaden buttons, "I think it's very pretty." And that's my opinion concerning *Der Wald*. FRAU LOHSE as *Röschen* sang and acted well, and with HERR BLASS, as a pedlar with a pantomimic bear, the audience, not an overflowing one, was much amused.

Monday, June 29.—Old Friend *Faust* with (gay dog!) a new *Marguerite*. Not so very new, of course, but "fresh as a Daisy" this season comes Mme. CALVÉ, who, admirable artist as she is in all she attempts, is not the ideal *Marguerite* of the operatic stage. GOETHE's ideal was a very matter-of-fact, commonplace, chubby, hard-handed maid-of-all-work, which no *prima donna* nor actress in the drama off the lyric stage has ever dared to be, as the audience must see *Gretchen* through the eyes of the enamoured *Faust* befooled by *Mephistopheles*. But if CALVÉ, from neither point of view of the real or the ideal, is not *Miss Margaret*, she has the voice, and she has that bright electric spark of genius, style, that conquers all her hearers. It is a small matter, but she dares to be unconventional in the matter of dark hair. Her prison scene was grand: it doesn't matter what you look like when mad, and as *Marguerite* has not in this final tableau to keep up appearances Mme. CALVÉ's brief lunacy is for us perfect, vocally, musically, and histrionically. Audience, remaining to the last, applauds with all its might and main. As lively *Dame Martha*, Mlle. BAUERMEISTER found she could have as much fun with M. JOURNET playing *Mephistopheles*, as ever she had with M. PLANÇON when he used to play the *bon diable* with her. M. SALIGNAC a fair *Faust*, but Mlle. HELIAN a rather feeble *Siebel*. M. RENAUD an excellent *Valentine*, MANCINELLI meritorious, *et voilà tout*.

Wednesday.—Lucky those who came to hear the ever delightful *Barbiere*. Mlle. BARRIENTOS acquitted herself well, better even dramatically than musically, as the new *Rosina*. She goes up to the top of a very high register—rather a hard affair—and comes safely down again, much to our relief and great contentment. She sang the fireworks song—that is our own registered title for it—from *Il Flauto Magico*. They are just such notes as a magic flute might be expected to give. "Wonderful—but—ahem," the remainder of Dr. JOHNSON's observation you will remember. Also a new *Figaro*, not very different from old *Figaros*, is Signor TITTA RUFFO. In the laughter-loving la-la-la barber a "Signor TITTER," says WAGSTAFFE, "is suggestive." Signor BONCI, as the Count Four-in-a-bar at the piano, when accompanying *Rosina*, excellent. GILBERT, the usual funny old Italian low comic, and all the rest, including Mlle. BAUERMEISTER, as good as Signor MANCINELLI conducting could possibly wish.

Thursday.—A most enthusiastic audience to welcome the MARY GARDEN, of Covent Garden, as *Manon*. Like the Waterman's lady-love, "She looked so neat and she smiled so sweet," acting her very best, and singing her *à-peu-près* best, that no wonder the thoroughly appreciative house rose every time the curtain fell. Monsieur ALVAREZ made a decided success as *Des Grieux*, and with his rendering of "Ah! fuyez, douce image!" he played Samson among the Philistines with the crowded Temple of Music, or, in other words, he brought down the house. M. RENAUD, singing admirably, was gay and gallant as the scoundrel *Lescaut*. M. JOURNET's *Le Comte*, the one "serious count in the indictment," was excellent; as also was M. GILBERT as the foolish *Guillot*.

The gay and giddy girls, *Pousette* and *Rosette*, Mlles. HELIAN and CARLA, led by that artful chit Mlle. BAUERMEISTER

as *Javotte*, were "quite the ladies" to the life, and there was neither a dull person nor a dull moment (except the heavy waits between the acts) in the entire opera and Opera House. M. PH. PH. F-FLOU (excuse stammering) was as happy as the conductor of such a successful show should be; M. MESSENGER embraces Mr. NEIL-and-rise-up-again FORSYTH, and the smiling Syndics, of the G. O. Syndicate, shake hands all round and heartily drink the health of MASSENET's *Miss Manon*.

PASHLEY'S OPINIONS.

No. XV.

WELL, this picture I was telling you about always had the queerest effect on me. It made me feel as if I'd been singing "*Rule, Britannia!*" after a good supper where I'd had plenty of pop—the kind of feeling that first gives you a lift up, making your head seem light, and then goes creeping up and down your back and into your legs, and then you shout louder than ever, and get so fierce you'd be ready to take on a whole army to your own cheek. I suppose it's patriotism—at any rate that's how I reckoned it out. PLUMLEY said he got the feeling even when he was looking on at Lord Mayors' Shows, but they never took me in that way. The men in armour and the queer women on the emblematic cars always made me laugh too much for that.

Anyhow, the upshot was that I began to think I must be a soldier or die. Ironmongering seemed such a poor spiritless sort of job compared to wearing a uniform and carrying a rifle. A poker isn't in it with a bayonet, not even with one of those funny little cheese-carvers that they stick on the top of their rifles nowadays. I told them at home how I felt, and you'd have been surprised if you'd seen the result. I think I told you mother had very strict notions, and she'd got relations who were Quakers and wouldn't have any truck with military people. When I told her my ideas about soldiering she looked as black as thunder, and at first she said nothing. Then she turned her eyes on me from under her cap and, says she,

"Oh that I should have lived to hear my own flesh and blood not only extol the butcher's trade, but also declare his wish to take a part in it."

Then she kept gazing at me, and I felt it was my turn to put in a stinger, but I couldn't find my stingers handy at that particular moment. So I muttered something about the Volunteers not being much given to butchering anyone, and wanting to defend my hearth and home if ever the invader set his audacious foot on these inviolate shores. (I got that out of "*The Good Grey Regiment*.") Father came in just at that moment and said, "What's the use of worrying the boy, Mother? He's only meaning to play at soldiers." And I had to leave it at that.

However, I carried it on a bit later, and argued and persuaded until at last I got mother tuned up to rights, and then I joined the 10th Mile End Volunteers. They were a good regiment, and they wore scarlet tunics, which seemed to put them a cut above those that wore grey. We hadn't invented khaki and slouch hats in those days, but I daresay we were every bit as good at the game and just as brave. The day my uniform came home was glorious. I tried it on pretty quick, you bet, and then down I came into the parlour. EMILY COLLINS happened to be there with her mother (it was a bit before I lost my heart to the girl) and I thought I'd try a bit of a game with them. I burst in at the door and said in a loud voice, "Ha, ha! two females in distress! Be not afraid of these blood-stained habiliments. 'Tis the gore of the foe. Tush, I will escort you from this scene of carnage!"—(this was out of a play at the Surrey Theatre). I'm sorry to say it all fell as flat as a



IRISH MEASURE.

Boatman (telling a fishing story). "TROTH, SORR, AND HE WAS A PURTY FISH, AND JUST WHEN I WOULD BE AFTHER BRINGIN' HIM TO THE NET, IF THE OWLD ROD DIDN'T GO AND BREAK IN THREE HALVES!"

floor. They knew me all the time, and EMILY said, "Oh, Mr. PASHLEY, how can you be so dashing?" Mrs. COLLINS only sat and sniggered. I heard afterwards she'd had an uncle in the Artillery, which accounts for her being so cool.

I got through my drills in good style, and the next thing to look forward to was our Easter outing to the Portsmouth review. We always turned out very strong for these shows, for the credit of the regiment depended on it, and we used to get no end of recruits, they told me, by being smart and soldier-like and showing everybody that civilians can do just as well as the regulars. They get less drill, but of course they've got better brains. I must tell you about the review another time.

TUR-BINE OR NOT TUR-BINE?

"If progress to and from a place by sea can be made without motion on board any vessel, then," says the ideal sailor ashore, "that's the ship for my money." Is the *tremoloso* reduced to a minimum on the new turbine boat, *The Queen*—Tur-bine or not Tur-bine?—that's the question. "Whether 'tis better in the mind (let us say mind as meaning the 'interior man') to suffer," or to be absolutely at ease in "a sea of troubles"—well, about *this*, there can be no question.

To go to sea, to be "all at sea," and exclaim "Farewell the tranquil mind," is not worth the *trajet* wherever it

may be. But to take your ease as if you were in your inn, to see the waves frisking about "like kiddings blithe and merry," to see other boats and ships playing pitch and toss all over the ocean, while you are calmly and steadily walking the "quarter-deck" (so called from the sailors assembling there to be paid off every quarter-day by the quarter-master), and enjoying Turbinial Trans-marine Tranquillity, this indeed is the sailor's joy, this is the nautical tourist's entire holiday!

And here is a pretty picture drawn by an expert in the *Times*:—"In manœuvring or coming alongside a quay, the central turbine revolves idly in a vacuum." Just like a turtle in a tank. What an easy-going picture! Little Tommy Turbine revolving idly in a vacuum! This is a text for consideration. *Tur-bine Tur-bineque beate!* Success attend the future Turbine Fleet under the command of Admiral Cosmo-politan Boxsor, aboard the S. E. & C. R. C. (what a lot of seas!) Chairman-Ship.

AU REVOIR!—The Gaiety of the Strand is temporarily eclipsed. Saturday night last saw the closing of GEORGE EDWARDES's temple of Thespian merriment, to which, and to all its supporters, a vast crowd bade an affectionate farewell. May success, following the theatre's ancient prestige, attend the new venture. It was, under JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, the first theatre to start the "No Fee" system; may it rise "like a *Phœ-nix* from its ashes!" *Prosit.*

FLODDEN FIELD-DAY.

A TRAGEDY IN BLANK PROSE; BY MR. PUNCH'S PRIVATE LAUREATE.

ACT III.

SCENE—*The same as in Acts I. and II. Sir WILLIAM, alone, pacing the gallery.*

Sir William (to himself, suspiciously). Was Lady HERON telling me the truth? Or taradiddles? or—say, half-and-half? There's a strange something that doth hedge a King Which seems to turn the average woman's head. I'll know before I doubt! (*Enter MARGERY, who sees Sir WILLIAM and attempts to escape.*) Stay, MARGERY. (*Aside, craftily*) Now for some subtle cross-examining! (*Aloud*) Say, hath the KING a—fancy for my wife—Or is't the Monarch that my lady fancies?

Marg. O, Sir, I am a simple maid; unskilled At all conundrums, so I give it up.

Sir Wm. If she detests him, why endure his calls?

Marg. (innocently). Can commoners be "Not at home" to kings? I did not know—but I'm so ignorant!

Sir Wm. Tell me, then,—has your mistress not indulged A fancy for some other gentleman?

Marg. You ask too much. I love her ladyship With all my heart, and soul, and everything! Ask me no more—or else my artless tongue May liberate some compromising cat Out of the bag in which it is bestowed!

Seneschal (enters). Fare you not, good my lord, to Flodden Field? Your fighting men have started, long ago.

Sir Wm. To fight upon the English side, I trust?

Sen. (cautiously). They said so—but we canny Border-folk Are apt to hunt with hare, and run with hounds.

Sir Wm. (with spirit). Bring me the armour, battle-axe, and sword, Worn by my ancestor at Bannockburn!

Sen. (doubtfully). 'Tis nigh two hundred years since that event—The suit, though rare, is somewhat obsolete.

Sir Wm. The fitter for old fossils like myself. So kindly hook it down from off the wall.

[*Sir WILLIAM dons this historie panoply with considerable difficulty, assisted by Seneschal and MARGERY, and exit, accompanied by both.*

As the door closes, enter Lady HERON.

Lady Heron (with relief). All gone, at last! gone to the battlefield! If SURREY wins, he'll be the conqueror. If he's defeated, JAMES will come off best . . . Now—let me think! . . . I can't! I only feel! (*Sees the diamond spray brought by JAMES, and compares it carefully with SURREY's simple sprig of white heather.*) How mean looks JAMES's spray by SURREY's sprig! Yet, as a pledge, the sprig would be disdained By any pawn—

[*Enter Seneschal with MARGERY.*

Sen. Excuse me, noble lady; I came to say the battle is begun. Allow me to conduct you to the Tower?

[*Offers arm.*

Lady H. (hesitates). If we go there, how will they know in front That any battle's going on at all?

Sen. (with a senile chuckle). Right shrewdly put! And, now I think of it, There's a far finer view from this embrasure.

Lady H. (with pardonable irritation). Then why on earth did you suggest the Tower? (*They mount the embrasure, whence a magnificent view of the engagement is afforded to all but the audience, who have to take it on trust.*) How plain I can descry the whole concern! Note the least incident—see every face!

Sen. Nay, 'tis but natural—there can't be more Than sixty thousand souls or so engaged. Can you see SURREY?

Lady H. I should think I could! He dazzles me, though distant half a mile, Popping up here, and there, and everywhere, Like some brisk weasel in the City Road!

Marg. But look! His fellows eastward, led by DONALD, Are hanging back and wobbling to the rear!

Lady H. 'Tis but a feint to draw the enemy! . . . What say you, Seneschal?

Sen. That was the term, In the old days when I was wont to fight, I usually applied to the manœuvre. What else do MARGERY's sharp eyes detect?

Marg. Mine are not eyes—but patent double million Gas-magnifying extra-microscopes! I can make out a general confusion, Where quite hard knocks are given and received, And there is like to be some loss of life!

Sen. To die for Mother—or for Father—land Is sweet, and not deficient in decorum!

Lady H. How plain one hears their casual remarks! Almost too plain, indeed! (*To Seneschal*) Say, to which side Do your affections lean?

Sen. Troth, noble lady, My Border blood sits tightly on the fence, To light, for safety, on the winning side.

Lady H. Oddly enough, I cannot see King JAMES. Look where I will.

Marg. I see him, bonnetless And bare, as one arriving all behindhand. . . . They're handing him his helmet, axe, and sword. . . . And now he's really going to begin!

Lady H. He will be finished when he faces SURREY! Can you see more of what is going on?

Marg. No, only flashing blades, and spears, and things! *Sen. (accounting for it).* The melly's grown so thick—but you descry The Scottish Standard, looking rather small?

Lady H. (with enthusiasm). Shrinking before the three-piled crosses of Old England's banner, red, and white, and blue, The breeze-and-battle-braving Union Jack, 'Neath which my brilliant SURREY gives them beans!

[*NOTE.—Mr. Punch's P. L. is quite aware that the introduction of the Union Jack here is, strictly speaking, a slight anachronism. But it is sure to get a round of applause.*]

Marg. Lady, take care—you'll give yourself away!

Lady H. What do I care? Though Flodden's trumpets shrill, Like to the brazen gossips that they are, All o'er the field that SURREY is my love!

Sen. (regretfully). This brief affray is o'er—and Scotland's lost! Her sons have fled—to fight some other day.

Marg. (hiding her eyes). O, I can look no more! DONALD is there! Either amongst pursuers or pursued!

Sen. No matter which—since fugitives and victors Are making a bee-line for this abode.

Marg. Why, by our lakin! so they are indeed! Shall we have room to put both armies up?

Lady H. (hospitably). Let them all come! (*To Seneschal*) Go, roll Ford's gate ajar, And, when ajar, 'twill cease to be a gate. [*Exit Seneschal.*

Don. (rushes in out of breath). Madam! The Earl of SURREY, triumph-red!

Enter SURREY.

Lady H. SURREY! Great SURREY!

Surrey (modestly). Rather say "Great Scot!" (*Magnanimously*) My word! These stubborn Scottish hearts can sprint! They've broken the record for the quarter-mile! (*As MARGERY seeks to retire with DONALD*) Nay, go not, little maid. (*To Lady H.*) She looks so fresh—After the brawny fellows I've been whopping!

Lady H. Truce to such courtly compliments, or else You'll cause our sock-lamb's curly head to swell!

[*She undoes his belt, and MARGERY takes his easque.*

Surrey (with genuine admiration). How they did run! I never chivied yet So stout, so brave, so masculine a foe! Unvanquished they held out full fifteen minutes! If by the Act of Union we were linked, Come the three corners of the world in arms, And we would lick them—nought should give us shocks!

Lady H. (changing the subject). Saw you my husband anywhere about?

Surrey. I ne'er have met him, so I can't be sure. There *was* an ancient buffer wavering Upon my right, in rather ruminy armour, On which I thought I noticed Ford's device.

Lady H. (with conviction). 'Twas WILLIAM! What about the Scottish King?

Surrey. Death took him prisoner—and don't exchange. Somehow, for reasons which I can't explain, JAMES reached the battlefield a trifle late. (*Movement of Lady H.*) Or goodness knows what he might not have done!

Lady H. Who put that golden eagle in the bag?

Surrey. To me he fell—though by the merest fluke; He towered to strike—I only meant to *pink* him, But his fierce rush put me in such a flurry, That on the Bisley target of his breast I scored a bull, though aiming for an outer. O (as *Othello* once observed) the pity of it! And now, dear lady, can you put me up, Just for the night?

Lady H. Of course I shall be charmed. I'll bid them have the Lavender Room well aired. You've no objection to a feather bed?

Surrey. A welcome couch to warriors like myself. Now let us sit upon the floor and talk, Of shoes, and sealing-wax, and deaths of kings, Of cabbages, and why the sea is warm, And whether pork conceals potential pinions. But first I'll drop a line to Bluff King HAL, To tell him how I won my victory.

Lady H. Do not omit to mention it was I To whom you owe it!

Surrey. You! what do you mean? Why, what the deuce had you to do with it?

Lady H. (proudly). I, for your sake, decoyed the kingly duck To stay philtering alone with me, Until too late for battle's hurricane!

Surrey (annoyed). O, you abominable woman, you! To do such things and call yourself a lady! Like CRICHTON, I have always played the game—And now you've gone and crabbed my victory! Away, I care not where, so you away!

Lady H. (feeling the unreasonableness of this). But this is my own house—and you're my guest!

Surrey (coldly). Not I—I sleep at the "Heron Arms" to-night, And since you won't away, I will myself. Hide on, more loathly than the hags of—well, You know the place I mean! I've done with you!

[*Takes his casque, and exit.*]
Lady H. Gone! Now I've lost them both! Did SURREY go? Or was it someone else? O capitious world! No one has ever understood me yet!

Marg. (with tact). Do let me fetch Sir WILLIAM!

Lady H. What? My husband! Don't



AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

Boy (who has spent sixpence upon a knife for his father's birthday present). "LOOK, FATHER, HERE IS A KNIFE I HAVE BOUGHT YOU, ALL WITH MY OWN MONEY!"

Father. "THANKS, MY BOY. IT'S VERY GOOD OF YOU."

Boy. "BUT, YOU KNOW, YOU OUGHT TO GIVE ME SOMETHING FOR IT. ELSE IT'S UNLUCKY."

Father. "HOW MUCH?"

Boy. "OH, ABOUT THREE-AN-SIXPENCE!"

be a fool! Oh, *why* is SURREY cross? What have I done to put his back up so?

An *English Gentleman-at-Arms* (enters). A gift, my lady; with the compliments Of the Commander of the English camp.

Lady H. (relieved). A gift! That shows that SURREY's coming round!

Enter four Soldiers, carrying on their shoulders a burden covered by a military cloak; they set it down, and stand at attention.

Lady H. What can it be? (*Takes off cloak; disappointed*) How tiresome! . . . Only JAMES! Where are his tedious recitations now? Take him away—I have no use for him!

Gent.-at-Arms (disgusted by her heartlessness). 'Twas sent by way rather of loan than gift, For I must take him up to Edinburgh, Where a most handsome funeral awaits him.

[*Exit, with Soldiers bearing away the body.*]

Lady H. (distractedly). Where's

SURREY's sword? I want to die on it! . . . He must have taken it away with him! This is a Tragedy, so there should be A dagger lying handy hereabouts. . . . (*Sees one lying on table and unsheathes it.*) O, most convenient weapon! (*Screams*) Help! help! help! (*Seneschal, DONALD and Servitors rush in.*) If I am not disarmed immediately, I shall do something rash, I know I shall!

Sen. Pardon, my lady, but 'tis not our place To interfere in purely private matters.

[*They stand by with well-bred composure.*]

Lady H. Then, since you will not save me from myself, (*stabs herself*) Thus do I baffle help. . . . My love to SURREY!

Marg. (moved). This sad catastrophe will cast a gloom O'er all the county!

Don. (lapsing into the vernacular). Still, I canna thanck Sir WEEILLIAM will be inconsolable!

Finis.

F. A.



"O WOMAN, IN OUR HOURS OF EASE!"

"POOR SOUL, 'E DO LOOK LONELY ALL BY 'ISSELF! AIN'T YOU GLAD YOU'VE GOT US WITH YOU, 'ENRY?"

CHARIVARIA.

A SATISFACTORY way out of the Roosevelt and Russia imbroglio has been found. Arrangements have been made for Russia to have her massacres of Jews if America may continue her lynchings.

It is rumoured from Belgrade that a measure is to be introduced into the next Skuptshina making murder illegal.

Meanwhile Serbia continues to protest against the ill-favoured Nation treatment meted out to her by Great Britain.

The report that the German EMPEROR is about to become Honorary President of the Pilgrims' Club, an institution for

the cultivation of friendly feelings between England and America, is an exaggeration.

It is hoped that the visit of President LOUBET may lead more Englishmen to study French. An Englishman in Paris who wanted his hair singed, and went into a barber's shop and said "Singe!" to the barber, is still going about complaining of his reception.

An American millionaire has lately married a manicurist. The rumour that she misinterpreted the offer of his hand, made in a purely business way, is without foundation.

It was scarcely to be expected that the hatred of the Irishman for the

Englishman would die out at once. In the Parliamentary lobby, Mr. WM. REDMOND and Mr. FLAVIN have been distributing cigars made from Irish tobacco.

The number of stowaways who secrete themselves in big vessels is becoming a growing evil. A Norwegian barquentine reached Plymouth on Friday with an entire cargo of hides.

A Kilburn gentleman has been sentenced to one month's hard labour for being drunk "while in charge of a motor-car." As a result of his condition he ran into a bank, and was found lying in a ditch, with the car overturned on top of him. Seeing that this was during the recent hot spell, a petition is being prepared in his favour, on the ground that he has already been sufficiently punished.

There must, after all, be something in a name. Some of the missing "Homer" pigeons are said to have made their way to Greece.

The Passive Resisters have been busy during the past week, proving that the system under which they were educated is deplorable.

They declare that they are making history. There is little doubt that they are right, and that Hooliganism as a feature of our times will be treated of by future chroniclers.

HOP DEFERRED.

GAZING upon the Kentish crops

I learnt this obvious thing—

You should not look for forward hops
After a backward spring.

OUT, OUT, BRIEF SCANDAL!—From the *Devon and Exeter Gazette* we learn that a resident of Exeter has recently come into possession of a model of the Church of St. Michael's, East Teignmouth, made, according to an inscription on the model, by Mr. LINTER, "who was organist from 1804 to 1822, and whose ancestor, Miss C. E. LINTER, is still the organist." We assume that the descent is collateral.

A CONTEMPORARY, speaking of this year's seventh Wrangler, says, "She has a pleasant smile, which no one would associate with Euclid." But this very association was remarked by HORACE long ago when he spoke of "Gratus puellæ risus ab angulo."



FRIENDS !

HIS MAJESTY THE KING. "SEE, M. LOUBET, HE OFFERS YOU HIS PAW !"

Sidney Simeon.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, June 29.—Throughout a long patriotic life COUNTY GUY has been accustomed to sacrifice his personal inclinations on the altar of public service. He hates many things. He suffers some of them, not exactly gladly, but with uncomplaining patience. There are, however, limits even to his long suffering. They are reached, when, as he put it, an enquiry by Lord PORTSMOUTH was "made occasion for adjourned debate on a question formally raised last week," by JOKIM, and then debated at length. Anguish is deepened when the subject matter is this pesky Fair Trade controversy into which Don José's masterful hand has drawn doubting colleagues. Bad enough on hot summer night, when one might be much more agreeably engaged, to be answering volley of awkward questions, answers being framed with intent: (1) not to commit himself to approval of Don José's new departure; (2) not to delight noble Lords opposite by throwing over a colleague.

For two hours by Westminster clock COUNTY GUY stubbornly fought against assumed necessity of Leader of the House taking part in debate. Seemed for a moment after LANSLOWNE replied that subject would drop. Up to this point debate dolefully dull. Lord HARRIS contributed to it some eloquent pauses. Don't remember when I heard a man say so little with such extreme deliberation. Idea that prompted him to take an innings certainly original. According to him, thing is, when you want to arrive at judgment upon any particular political question, leave the country for five years, if possible securing a Governor's salary and residence; come back suddenly, post yourself on a hillock and take observations.

"You'll be quite surprised," HARRIS said, looking round knowingly at the listening Peers, "to find how things have altered."

As a rule, of course, things stand still through the course of five years, that is, if you stay at home. But go abroad; come back, secretly, circuitously, if possible; suddenly reappear, and hey, presto! you shall see what you shall see. Lord HARRIS so delighted with this discovery that, with abstracted air, slow intonation, and frequent pauses to enable the minds of noble lords to become saturated with appreciation of the phenomenon, he full five times said the same thing over in slightly varied phrase, his countenance at the conclusion of each statement never failing to assume look of almost reverent marvel that such things should be.

"Talk about bowling slows," said



"COUNTY GUY."

"Trying not to commit himself to approval of Don José's new departure."
(The Duke of D-v-nsh-re.)

the MEMBER FOR SARK, repressing a yawn as he looked on COUNTY GUY, "there's no one in it with HARRIS."

ROSEBERY's interposition as usual changed the scene. Spoke on spur of moment, he apologetically said. Application of spur made the galled jade wince. LANSLOWNE, with solemn air signifying nothing, had talked porten-



"Talk about bowling slows."
(Lord H-r-r-s.)

tously about the Inquiry. Added nothing to information. ROSEBERY with sharp interrogation attempted to prick the bladder of mystery that surrounds the phantom. What was the Inquiry? Who were the Inquirers? When was the public to be taken into their confidence?

"Or is it," he asked, his glance happening to fall upon Lord HARRIS, and obscure distorted reminiscence of there being "no such person" flashing across his mind—"is it a mechanism for keeping the Cabinet together?"

An awkward suggestion put in dangerously apt phrase. COUNTY GUY moved restlessly on the bench. Took up sheet of paper and fiercely scrawled a note. Supposed he would have to speak after all. Why couldn't ROSEBERY go off to his lonely furrow and let an awkward business flicker out, as this was on point of doing? Made one last effort to escape doom. As circumspect parent on Russian steppe, pursued by wolves, throws out an occasional child, hoping to escape; whilst the wolves make a meal, so COUNTY GUY tossed SELBORNE to the hungry Opposition. First Lord made a clever speech, inventing new phrase for what we are all tired of calling the Inquiry. It is to be "an inquest by the nation."

"Inquest; very good," said JOKIM. "But where's the body? In post-mortems, you know, the jury always bound to view the body. What is it like, and where shall we find it?"

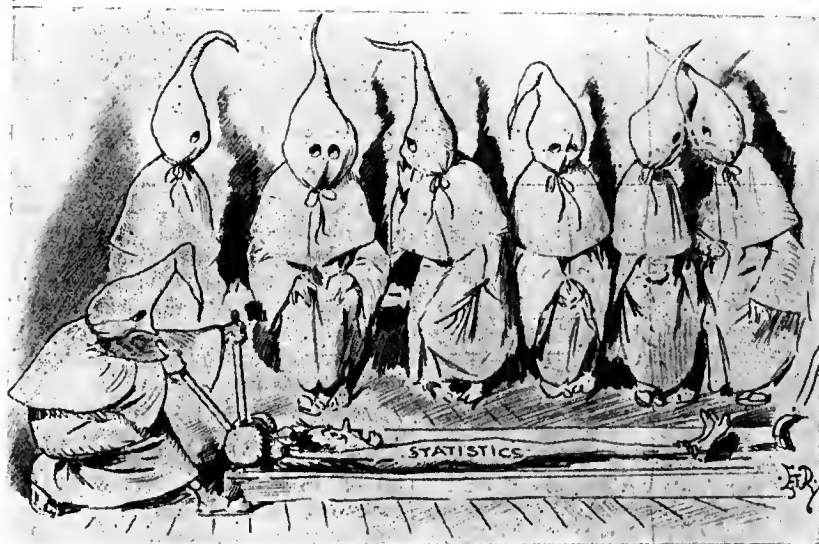
In absence of Earl SPENCER, for reason all the world deploras, RIXON, as Leader of Opposition, had his say. That settled the matter. Proceedings formulated as question and answer had, thanks to ROSEBERY, grown into first-class debate. COUNTY GUY, with look of ineffable boredom, delivered short speech in rasping voice.

"I don't think the noble Duke quite appreciated my meaning," JOKIM timidly said, at a point where COUNTY GUY, having got his head in chancery, was almost viciously punning him.

"No, I didn't," growled COUNTY GUY.

House laughed. But after all no laughing matter. If COUNTY GUY were playing his own game it would be bad enough to have forced upon him this "adjourned debate." In peculiar circumstances of case the incident sufficient to upset serene temper.

Business done.—Renewed attempts in both Houses to abstract from Ministers secret of meaning, method, scope of their Inquiry. "Don't wish to say anything disagreeable," SARK remarked as we left the House of Lords; "but isn't the thing beginning to remind you of the Humbert case and its mythical millions? Supposing we were to go to Downing Street, armed



THE GRAND INQUISITORS.

(Secret Conclave of the Cabinet.)

"What was the Inquiry? Who were the Inquirers?"—Lord R-s-b-ry's speech in the Lords.

with full power of search, and find there is no more Inquiry than there were millions in Madame HUMBERT's strong box. *Hein?*"

House of Commons, Tuesday.—Some affecting scenes in House to-day. Irish Land Bill in Committee. GEORGE WYNDHAM in charge. With him the ATTORNEY-GENERAL FOR IRELAND. CARSON holds a watching brief for unnamed client. Full attendance of Irish Members; elsewhere benches practically empty. Below Gangway COLOMB lifts his tall head and occasionally makes a speech. BUTCHER busy; T. W. RUSSELL and his "party" steering difficult course.

Doesn't suit his purpose to agree fully with anyone. If he supports either Nationalists or CHIEF SECRETARY on particular amendment, stops short of the altogether. A little more of this, a little less of that, and 'twould be well. But who can expect to reach the lofty standard of the impeccable Member for South Tyrone? Least of all the Ulster landlord. Looking down just now on front bench below Gangway, where COLOMB and BUTCHER hold the fort, T. W., *à propos de bottes*, remarked, "I observe the plotting going on in that corner."

Instantly Sir JOHN COLOMB rose, for the express purpose of declaring that he "would take no notice of anything that came from that corner." This with a vicious dig of thumb over shoulder towards upper bench, where T. W. buttressed his "party."

In contrast with this deplorable feud amongst compatriots is the amity that reigns in Irish Nationalist camp, a

loving-kindness that stretches forth generous arms to enclose the Chief Secretary. Never since the Union has Statesman filling the post been approached, addressed, alluded to, as is GEORGE WYNDHAM. "The Smiling Assassin" of last year has become in this the fair-minded, courteous-mannered, lovable Minister. Chief anxiety of Nationalists is to spare him trouble, guard his health and get his Bill through.

It is true this feeling does not run the length of inducing a Member who has placed an Amendment on the Paper either to refrain from moving it, or to shorten his speech in recommending it for acceptance. But when he has taken his turn he is foremost in joining the rest who attempt to dissuade another Irish Member from occupying time with a further Amendment. This particularly the case when it is Mr. TULLY who is to the fore.

"Mr. LOWTHER," he wailed just now in sympathetic ear of Chairman of Committees, "I have been jumped on all evening by hon. Members near me for talking about compulsory sale, though they themselves have been discussing it all the time."

That's the situation in a sentence, and it helps the Bill to trot along. 'Tis money makes a Land Bill go.

Business done.—Committee on Irish Land Bill.

Friday.—One of the two most popular of the Birthday Honours was that which made Major RASCH a B.B.K., as the Claimant put it, explaining that the letters signified Baronet of the British Kingdom. For years the Major has

been to the Conservative Party as salt to the earth. State of agriculture in Essex habitually depresses him. From time to time out of the depths of depression flashes a burst of rugged common sense illumined by genuine humour. A loyal Party man, the Major is not averse from pointing out to his pastors and masters the occasional error of their ways. Doesn't speak often; in intervals has time to accumulate something to say. In a sense is the WILFRID LAWSON of the Conservative camp. Only his speeches are shorter, his humour more spontaneous.

When someone outside the very select circle asked permission to drive through the Horse Guards' gate, a former MAJESTY, stickler for etiquette, said, "No, we can't do that, but we'll make him an Irish Peer." So PRINCE ARTHUR, besought by RASCH to amend Standing Orders in direction of limiting speeches, says, "No, I can't do that, but I'll make you a Baronet."

Well said; admirably done. Hope it will encourage RASCH to pursue his crusade. If he persists he may, through varied stages, reach a dukedom. Anyhow during his progress he will not only be enforcing a useful moral but will be agreeably illustrating it. A terse and witty speaker, if he cannot be



THE RED HAND OF ULSTER.

Major Sir Fr-d-r-ck R-sch, Bart.—"a terse and witty speaker"—comes red-handed from the Birthday Honours List.

the cause of short speaking in others, he, in pursuit of his object, adds to the gaiety of Parliament.

Business done.—Miscellaneous.

So popular has the air of "*Under the Deodah*" become that there is scarcely an orchestra in town or country that has not been "Deodahrised."

**QUITE OF HER OPINION.**

Gushing Young Woman (to famous Actor). "OH, DO YOU KNOW, MR. STARLEIGH, I'M SIMPLY MAD TO GO ON THE STAGE!"
Famous Actor. "YES, I SHOULD THINK YOU WOULD BE, MY DEAR YOUNG LADY!"



"HIS HONOUR AT STEAK."

"INQUEST" NOTES.

SIR NORMAN LOCKYER has, so we learn from the current number of *Nature*, gone into retreat with Sir OLIVER LODGE, Professor LARMOR and Lord KELVIN in order to conduct a secret inquiry into the merits of the Ptolemaic system, the reintroduction of which has been recently advocated by Mr. CHARLES BERTRAM, the famous *prestidigitateur*. It is expected that the results of the inquiry will be published about Christmas. Mr. BERTRAM, on being interviewed by a representative of the *Church Times*, is stated to have remarked that they were in for a big scrap, but he had no doubt that in the long run the British workman would plump for PTOLEMY.

We are informed that, as a result of a postcard *plébiscite* amongst all the fourth form boys in the kingdom, it has been decided to hold a grand national inquest into the utility of the Latin grammar. The inquest will be held in private, and premature discussion by Headmasters is urgently deprecated; but it is hoped that the results will be laid before the parents before the middle of September. The head boy of Harrow has meantime expressed his opinion that the public school system is irrevocably doomed, unless this obsolete fetish is immediately dethroned.

During the inquiry season Mr. BALFOUR has resolved to give up playing singles owing to the strain upon his convictions, and will only indulge in foursomes. Mr. BALFOUR is expected at North Berwick about the middle of August, and a beehive cell for meditation is being erected for him on the summit of the Bass Rock.

The *British Weekly* announces that Dr. LUNN has arranged for a special tour to the Solomon Islands for anxious

inquirers during the months of August and September. Special lectures will be given *en route* by Sir ROBERT GIFFEN, Mr. BENJAMIN KIDD, Canon MACCOLL, and LORD GEORGE SANGER.

We regret to learn that the Right Hon. HENRY CHAPLIN, M.P., is suffering from inflammation of the cornea, or tarifitis as it is now called, as the result of his prolonged microscopic investigation of the constituent elements of the cheap loaf.

A concentration seaside camp for inquirers into the relative merits of the *Ency. Brit.* and *Old Moore's Almanack* has been established on the Isle of Dogs. Boarders are admitted on payment either of a lump sum of £12 or 60 monthly instalments of 4s. 11½d. A liberal diet will be provided with New Zealand claret (very ferruginous) at discretion. All particulars can be obtained from the Commandant, Mr. MARTIN HEWITT.

THE LATE PANAMANIA.

(By a Gallio.)

[The New York correspondents of the *Daily Telegraph* and *Daily Mail* simultaneously cabled a few days ago that Panama hats, for which there was a magical demand last year, the price ranging from 30 to 150 dollars, are no longer fashionable and are being replaced by ordinary stiff straw hats. The principal market has been transferred to England. The downfall of the Panama is attributed to cheap imitations, and the prejudice of many against the rakish and peculiar methods of wearing it.]

Like a stalwart last year I resisted
The impulse to purchase the thing;
Chief reason—the price that they listed

Was high—I'd no money to fling;
Then, under an outline so twisted
My profile I shuddered to bring!

It was smart, it was vulgar and shoppy—
And rakish before and behind;
It was up, it was down, it was floppy,
In fact, didn't know its own mind;
In the rain it was horribly sloppy,
And beastly to wear in a wind.

This year you may buy it at leisure
By shilling instalments each week,
"Worth a guinea," they say, and to measure,

No cheap imitation or freak,
In fact, as a bargain, the treasure
Had been, but last season, unique!

For now comes, *by cable*, the fiat—
'Tis suddenly gone out of date!
Instead with a round or a high hat
Or straw you must cover your pate,
As New York, where it comes from, is
shy at
The idol it worshipped of late.

Though the "Hat-wave" has crossed
the Atlantic,

There follows a slump in its train;
And if hatters are said to be frantic,
The public are now and then sane—
While, surviving each whimsical antic,
My old tile's in fashion again!

THE MOTOR PROBLEM SOLVED.

It was announced in the *Times* of the 2nd that rapid progress is being made with the new automobile road, 310 miles long, in the Congo Free State. Here is the solution of all our difficulties. Let every scorcher be banished from every civilised country to the Congo Free State, and there let him do just as he likes, in the manner of the white men, the pioneers of civilisation, in that happy land. Let him rush along this new road, from Songolado to Popokabada, at a hundred miles an hour, or two hundred if he can. Nothing matters there, and we shall be rid of him and his infernal machine and the infernal smell and the infernal dust. It is expected that the authorities will rise to the occasion, and issue a scale of charges for damage to life or limb. If no expense were involved, the average motorist would feel that he was being treated as a poor man, which would be an intolerable insult. Besides, the payments would keep the road in repair, and the balance would swell the revenue of the State. There is reason to believe that the following notice will shortly be issued to the whole world:—

ÉTAT INDÉPENDANT DU CONGO.

Piste d'Automobiles.

La meilleure du monde. Superbe installation. Secours aux blessés et médicaments tout le long de la route. Hôpitaux tous les dix kilomètres. Médecins parlant toutes les langues. Entrepreneurs des pompes funèbres à la mode de Bruxelles. Enterrements très élégants. Vastes cimetières. Grand choix de tombeaux.

TARIF DES ÉCRASEMENTS.

	FR.	C.
Chevaux, chiens et bestiaux,		
chacon, blessé	25	
Id. tué	50	
(Les animaux en gros à prix réduits.)		
Nègre qui travaille, blessé ...	5	
Id. tué	10	
(Nègres sauvages à discrétion.)		
Blanc, blessé	2	50
Id. tué	7	50
Belge, blessé	100	0
Id. tué	5,000	0

Les Belges paient le quart du tarif.



GOLFING AMENITIES.

(Overheard on a Course within 100 miles of Edinburgh.)

Hopeless Duffer (who continually asks his Caddy the same question, with much grumbling at the non-success of his clubs). "AND WHAT SHALL I TAKE NOW?"
His Unfortunate Partner (whose match has been lost and game spoilt, at last breaking out). "WHAT 'LL YE TAK NOO! THE BEST THING YE CAN TAK IS THE FOWER FIFTEEN FOR EDINBURGH!"

THE POET'S PRICE.

[“The payment of the fee of not exceeding 2s. for attending as a juryman is only to be allowed when the juror makes personal application for the fee, and the coroner is satisfied the juror has suffered pecuniary loss in attending the inquest.”—*Coroner's Writ.*]

THE poet's eye in frenzy rolled
 As eagerly he scanned
 The pages—he was seen to hold
 A *Walker* in his hand;
 He was, in short, about to use
 His arts upon the modest Muse.

A policeman knocked him on the door
 And served him with a writ;
 And he must woo the Muse no more—
 No human help for it:
 Must lay aside the poet's pen
 To sit among the jurymen.

And he with twelve good men and true
 Has held the blind one's scales,
 And listened all the long day through
 To oft-repeated tales,
 Yea, heard the Coroner orate
 Until the night was growing late.

And when at length the Court rose up,
 Its weary business done,

Since even poets needs must sup
 When dinner they have none,
 He sought the Coroner to see
 If he could get his florin fee.

The other eyed the poet's locks,
 A smile upon his face:
 “I'm sorry you were in the box
 On such a tedious case,
 But have you suffered from this cross
 The least pecuniary loss?”

“I have!” The poet smote his brow.
 “When I received the writ
 I had an inspiration—now
 I have forgotten it.
 I was, in short, upon the road
 To write a great immortal ode.”

The other laughed. “Your claim, I fear,
 Is scarcely strong enough.
 Immortal odes are not, I hear,
 A marketable stuff.

The more immortal yours might be,
 The less would you deserve your fee.

“Now had you been in some good trade,
 A driver of a bus,
 Or scavenger, I would have paid
 Your fee without a fuss;
 But as it is, I can but think
 I've saved you paper, pens and ink.”

A PRELIMINARY CANTER.

[“To POETS.—A Prize of One Guinea is offered for a set of verses . . . Competitors are to take for subject any advertisement appearing in the issues of *Hearth and Home* for July 2, 9, 16, or 23.”—*Hearth and Home.*]

A POET myself, I'm perfectly willing
 To put in my purse a pound and a shilling,

But anyone who in the fray engages
 Is bound to read the advertisement pages,
 A task which the lyrical spirit crushes,
 And leaves me a welter of crimson blushes!

As a rule, whatever my subjects are,
 My Muse is seldom particular,

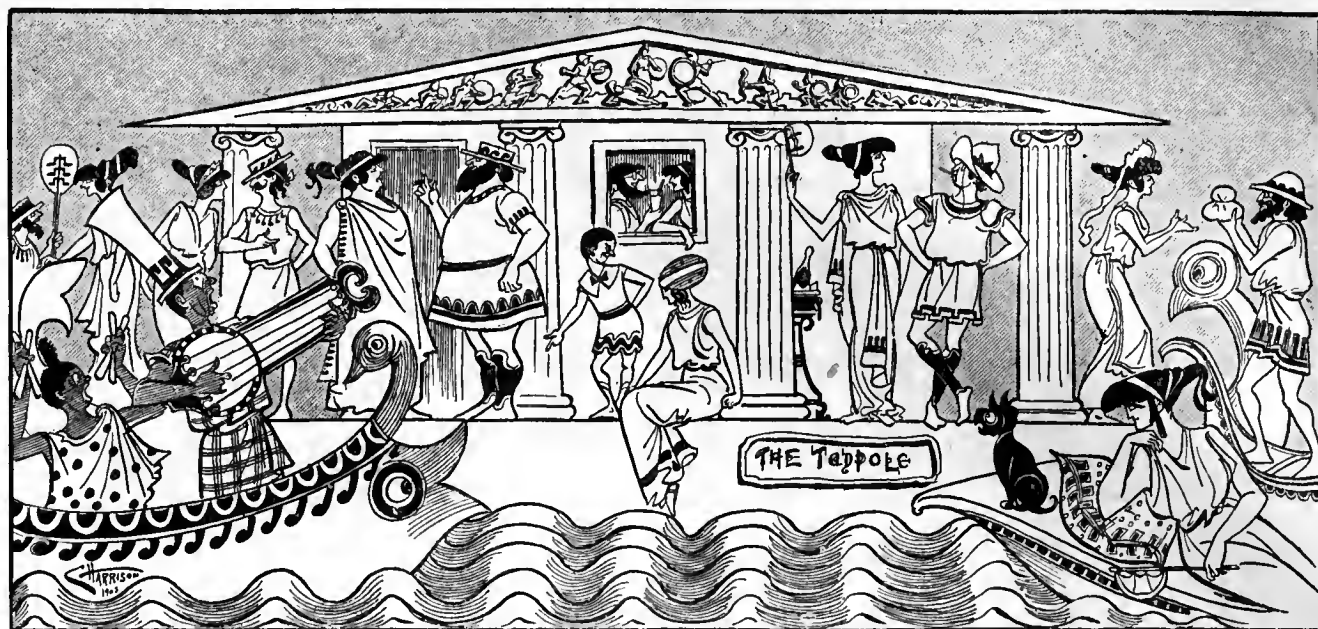
Indeed, pecuniary circumstances
 Sternly forbid mere idle fancies.

But—but—well, look at them, if you please:

How can I sing about things like these?

A cynical smile o'er the poet flickers,
 As he dreams of a *chanson* of “Patent Kn-ckers,”

He gazes aghast at the illustrations
 Of “Our Unshrinkable C-mb-n-tions,”



HOUSE-BOAT AT THE ANCIENT HENLEIAN GAMES.

He doubts if the populace would
endorse it,
Supposing he hymned the "Alamode
C-rset,"

Or even would read with the right
emotion

A Ballade of Anti-corpulence Lotion!

The very thought of "Complexion
Washes,"

Viewed as a subject for song, abashes;

While panaceas for indigestion
Must be reckoned as out of question!

So your poet, in this case, seems
Painfully handicapped by his themes.

Others may mock at, as mere pretence,
This unfortunate diffidence;

Somebody else must write the pome,
Earning the guinea from *Hearth and
Home!*

P.I.P.

(*Perfectly Impossible Pulp.*)

A CHAT ABOUT FRANCE.

IN view of the visit of M. LOUBET
(President of the French Republic) to
England, the following random notes
may prove not uninteresting to the
ignorant reader.

It is not generally known that, but
for the English Channel, England
would probably form part of the Con-
tinent, and a sea passage would not only
be unnecessary but impossible.

The presence of M. LOUBET in our midst
will no doubt recall the interesting fact
that at one time his countrymen had
determined to invade and conquer

England, and had even gone so far as
to re-name our principal towns accord-
ing to their own taste: thus London
was called "Londres," Dover became
"Douvres," Edinburgh was transformed
into "Edimbourg," &c.

The French are a vivacious and
excitable people, and some years ago,
as it was found that their kings and
queens were always losing their heads,
the Monarchy was abolished and a
Republic substituted. The present
Republic still exists up to the time of
going to press.

Paris is the capital of France, and
is situated some miles from the coast.
It contains several excellent hotels, a
good museum, and a fair opera-house.
(It will be remembered that King EDWARD
THE SEVENTH visited Paris not very long
ago.)

The river Seine runs through the town.
Small steamboats (*mouches*, as they are
called in the quaint language of the
country) are constantly plying for hire,
and are well patronised. How strange
this almost mediæval form of transport
would appear upon the Thames!

It will be noticed that most French-
men wear a small rosette in their coats.
This is not a sign that the wearer
belongs to a "No drinks between
meals" society; it is the badge of the
"Legion of Honour" (hence the expres-
sion "Their name is Legion," when we
wish to signify a very large number).

The chief exports of France are motor-
cars, picture post-cards, wine and
liqueurs, including the now far-famed
Entente Cordiale, which last is very
much in evidence, and long may it be
so.

THE SONG-SPOTTER.

[Every summer a "song-spotter" is sent to
the seaside by the music-publishing firms. His
duties are to listen to all the songs sung by the
nigger minstrels, and to note which succeed.]

He stood on the beach with a haggard
air,

As the niggers sang their lays;
And I asked him the cause of his look
of care

(I had marked it on previous days).
"Cheer up," I said. "Oh, never despair;
Perchance I may heal your wrongs."
"Alas," said he, "but it cannot be,
For—shudder!—I'm spotting songs."

"Or ever the earliest shrimp is snared
In the earliest shrimper's net,
Or ever the primal bather's bared,
Or the first toy yacht upset,
Or ever the lodgers start up, scared
At the roar of their breakfast gongs,
Here on the strand I take my stand
For the purpose of spotting songs."

"Others may 'scape to the gay hotel,
To the desolate cliffs may flee,
May, if they fear not wave nor swell,
Sail on the songless sea,
Stroll inland with a chosen belle,
Far from the vocal throngs—
I must stay through the livelong day,
My mission is spotting songs."

"That is the reason why I'm depressed,
Silent and grim and sad;
Ne'er may I fly from the noisome pest
(It's driving me nearly mad).
Never on earth shall I find that rest
For which my whole soul longs;
Evermore must I haunt this shore
For the purpose of spotting songs."



DREAMS BEFORE DAWN.—AN EXCURSION STEAMER.

CHARIVARIA.

NAPOLEON HAYARD, the King of the Camelots, reports that he paid a successful visit to England last week, accompanied by President LOUBET.

As a proof that quieter times are expected in Ireland, Mr. HEALY has ventured on a new hat.

The Royal Military College cadets are now encamped on Salisbury Plain. We are told by the *Daily Mail*, which has a positive genius for getting hold of news, that while there they will clean their arms.

"Anti-Motor" writes to point out that one advantage of holding motor races like those that have just taken place in Ireland is that after each race there are fewer motors.

A doctor at Henley, who was charged with driving his motor-cycle at an excessive speed, pleaded that he was hurrying to an urgent case. The Bench agreed that he was likely to pick up a patient that way, and fined him £2.

It has been reported that the MULLAH is in danger. Wake up, Little Englishers!

Lord ROSEBERY, according to a recent

speech, has been taking a census of the leaders of the Liberal Party.

The report that M. LOUBET could not understand Lord LANSDOWNE's French, and requested him to speak in English, is entirely untrue, and has been set on foot by certain unprincipled rivals for political purposes.

A Continental paper informs its readers that King EDWARD has gone in for tattooing. The mistake no doubt arose from the fact that His MAJESTY recently decorated a number of workmen.

No one will now have the right to say that Russia is uncivilised. By a reform in the Russian Penal Code no prisoner is in future to be permanently attached to a wheelbarrow or other vehicle by a chain welded to an iron waist-ring.

It turns out that, after all, the design of the new Infantry cap, of which the War Office is so proud, is not original. A similar cap has been worn for some time past by the City of Westminster scavengers.

"We are in a minority, but we can passively resist," cried 1,000 persons as they flung missiles at an unoffending auctioneer.



THE GREAT HEART OF THE PEOPLE.

["Yesterday, despite the visit of M. LOUBET, despite fiscal inquiries and everything else, the one topic of conversation upon the lips of men and women was the great achievement—unique in the history of journalism—of the *Sun* in obtaining and publishing a full statement in facsimile handwriting of DOUGLAS."—*Sun*, July 8.]

YE that are haply fain to plumb
The silent depth of British passions,
Who want to probe with curious thumb
The people's average mental rations ;

Ye who would learn what sort of thrill
Their sentient frame from top to toe stirs—
Go, read the crucial facts that fill
Our Halfpenny Press's urgent posters.

Be not deceived by surface signs,
But seek the truths profound, eternal,
That figure in the heady lines
Of yon vermilion evening journal ;

There you shall find that all this show
Of Francophil enthusiasm
But represents, for those who know,
A relatively trifling spasm.

Not good old LOUBET's homely smile,
By steady boredom unabated ;
Not Gallic banners, mile on mile,
With mottoes readily translated ;

Not these, nor Dover's booming guns,
The City's soup, the street's ovation,
Can quite account for Tuesday's *Sun*'s
Unprecedented circulation.

What really hit the people's heart,
And made a much more deep impression,
Was (thanks to journalistic art)
A murderer's autograph "confession !"

How well for those who lead the blind,
And have an eye for English annals,
Thus to divert the public mind
Down permanently useful channels !

To-day (July the ninth) I read
Fresh proof of these ennobling labours ;
We've wished the PRESIDENT God-speed,
And called ourselves the best of neighbours ;

And wonder, while we turn to hail
Our Sailor kin with hearty greeting,
What placard-phrase will strike the *Mail*
As fit to stamp this merry meeting ?

Not since when in a sanguine hour
I touched my native shores, long parted,
And looked to find if England's power
Stood where it did before I started,

And saw an evening sheet that showed
These words that left me dumb and haggard :
"CAB OVERTURNED IN GRAY'S INN ROAD"—
Have I been similarly staggered.

For just as if the nations' ties
And all things else were immaterial,
One single phrase arrests my eyes,
It is : THE "DAILY MAIL'S" NEW SERIAL ! O. S.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Henry Acland (SMITH, ELDER) is the memoir of a quiet but strenuous life, chiefly occupied in doing good. Dr. ACLAND was the son of a house well known in Devonshire, that has in various walks of public life done the State service. The fourth son of Sir THOMAS DYKE ACLAND, whose face and figure were familiar to my Baronite in the House of Commons through twenty years, HENRY took to medicine as his profession, and in time reached its loftiest heights. He was among the choicest models of a noble calling, perhaps the most unselfish and self-sacrificing of professions. He never spared himself, his health, or his income, if he saw a chance of helping someone. His patients ranged from the Prince of WALES, whom forty years ago he accompanied on his trip to America, down to his poorest neighbour. When Oxford was stricken with cholera, ACLAND literally took up his post and, un-fec'd, devoted himself to battling with the plague. His heart and purse were open to the homeless foreigner. "Honourable Sir and Doctor," wrote one, "I feel myself so much benefited and improved by the excellent and almost new waistcoat, of which I really stood in great need, that I cannot omit to acknowledge hereby most gratefully your generous benevolence, kindness, and philanthropy. If you should be in possession of a pair of old trousers, they would highly suit me, and it would be no matter if they should be an inch too long, or might be an inch too narrow, and I could easily mend this myself." Be sure the plump-legged Baboo got the trousers.

To their Dainty Library of Bibelots, being a series of reprints for the book lover, GAY AND BIRD have added *A Dante Treasury* (being flowers culled from the *Divine Comedy*) and *An Old English Miscellany*. This last, comprising prose and verse, presents a selection from English literature extending from the seventh to nearly the close of the nineteenth century. This limit, my Baronite notes with regret, excludes our Poet Laureate. But the owner of the little treasure will find consolation in the company of CHAUCER, BACON, DRYDEN, LAMB, SHELLEY, RUSKIN and CARLYLE.

The Norfolk Broads are as attractive to the writer and illustrator as they are to the holiday boatman. We have many books upon them. My Baronite knows none better than Mr. DUTT's work, published by METHUEN. The Editor has been assisted by numerous contributors, including Mr. FRANK SOUTHGATE, who supplies nearly half a hundred coloured and many uncoloured illustrations of the beautiful waters. Anyone contemplating a cruise on the Broads cannot do better than ship this beautiful volume.

Does some jaded reader need a stimulant? Does he want something more than a pin-prick to rouse him from his lethargy in this hot weather? If so, we will do more, we will stir him with a BODKIN! Aye, as *Hamlet* says, "With a bare Bodkin!" Let him, the wishful reader—not *Hamlet*—take up *In the Days of Goldsmith*, writ by M. McD. BODKIN (JOHN LONG), and he will find a rare good novel, with natural dialogue, full of dramatic action and interesting characters. Don't expect too much. The Baron is of opinion that BOSWELL, JOHNSON and Co. become a bit wearisome, and the Doctor is a heavy piece of goods to handle. The accomplished "skipper," however, can "over" the Doctor and Bozzy too, which acrobatic feat accomplished he will be rewarded by a good dramatic climax. That it is interesting and amusing is the opinion of the judicious

BARON DE B.-W.

PROTECTIONIST MOTTO FOR THE MOTHERLAND.—"*Maxima debetur pueris preferentia.*"

We understand that the author of *Strawberry Leaves* (just announced) will shortly publish *Asparagaphus*.



A MOTOROLOGICAL FORECAST.

(What might happen under the proposed Motor Car Act.)

JOE CHAMBERLAIN (looking in on ARTHUR BALFOUR "doing his three months"). "HALLO, ARTHUR! GOT A 'SETTLED CONVICTION' AT LAST?"

[The PREMIER'S chauffeur has been twice convicted of exceeding the legal speed-limit for Motor Cars.]



Little Girl. "OH, FATHER, DO LOOK AT THIS POOR OLD TRAMP! DON'T YOU FEEL SORRY FOR HIM?"

Her Father. "AH, MY DEAR, THOSE PEOPLE ARE NOT ALWAYS TO BE PITIED AS MUCH AS YOU WOULD THINK. VERY OFTEN THEY MIGHT WORK, BUT WON'T."

Little Girl (thoughtfully, after a pause). "WON'T THEY EVEN BE ARTISTS, FATHER?"

VERSES VEGETARIAN.

(By a Disillusioned Bachelor.)

WHEN I was young—as everyone agreed—
And when my gladsome heart no burden carried,
I had a very near escape indeed
Of getting married.

My income was diminutive, it's true,
Yet that was but a small consideration.
I met my love and fell a victim to
Her fascination.

The day arrived when I resolved to try
If my persuasive eloquence could win her,
For to her father's house, one evening, I
Was asked to dinner.

Although I took some other female down,
I did not mind at all, for I was able
To watch my fair adored one smile or frown
Across the table.

Now half-way through the dinner we had got,
And pit-a-pat my frenzied heart was beating,
When suddenly I chanced to notice what
My love was eating.

Asparagus, that coy, elusive thing,
She swallowed with an energy most frantic
(Although it may be very nourishing,
It's not romantic).

The nodding heads, when lifted from her plate,
Towards her ruby lips she started thrusting.
The scene that followed, I don't hesitate
To call disgusting.

I felt that I must gaze at her, perforce;
Ah! how the recollection of it lingers!
The melted butter ran its wayward course
Along her fingers.

She even smacked her lips, devoid of shame;
But, as the pile of heads before her dwindled,
Within my heart there flickered out the flame
That love had kindled.

The mad, delicious moments of the past
For once and all were absolutely ended.
I left the house much sooner, at the last,
Than I intended.

* * * * *

Young men, if any maidens you adore,
Be guided by a sensible suggestion,
And watch them eat asparagus before
You put the question!

A MARVELLOUS ESCAPE.—The *Daily Telegraph*, reporting the Motor Speed Trials at Dublin, speaks of "a couple of sporting events, in which racing cars ran against each other instead of against the clock." "Happily," it adds, "the day passed without casualty."

ENTERTAINMENT INSURANCE.

ACCORDING to the *Express* of July 9 it is becoming customary to insure garden parties against the vagaries of the British climate. There are some other and kindred possibilities of failure which should induce the enterprising London or suburban hostess to transact business with Lloyd's. Let us name a few, with their suggested percentages:—

Roadway up, rendering approach to front gate inaccessible	Ten guineas.
Steam-roller in operation outside, causing conversation to be inappropriate and music inopportune	Five gs.
Bonfire at next-door neighbour's, producing partial or complete suffocation of guests	Three gs.
Shortage of claret-cup	Forty gs.
Excessive thirst of male visitors	Eighty gs.
Neuralgia of hostess	Twenty gs.
Failure of dressmaker to come up to the scratch	Ninety gs.
Inability of host to identify those of his wife's friends whom he sees for the first time	Ninety-five gs.
<i>Vice-versâ</i>	Ninety-six gs.
<i>Casus belli</i> on part of cook	Ninety-seven gs.
<i>Lapsus lingue</i> on part of funny man	Ninety-eight gs.
Ditto by <i>enfant terrible</i>	Ninety-nine gs.
Non-arrival of expected big-wig	Fifty gs.
Unexpected arrival of bore or broker's man	Fifty-five gs.
Disregard of R.S.V.P. on part of invited, thereby dislocating catering department	Sixty gs.
Appearance of too many acquaintances	Two gs.
Ditto of too few	Forty-five gs.
Counter-attractions, such as Henley, visit of French President, Punch and Judy Show, Summer Sales, &c.	One hundred gs.
Collapse of rout-seats	Eight gs.
Collapse of domestics	Eighteen gs.
Lack of notice in the <i>Morning Post</i> or the ladies' newspapers	Twenty-three gs.

Many other contingencies will doubtless suggest themselves, but the above, it is hoped, will be some guide to mutually profitable negotiations, for entertainers and underwriters alike.

PASHLEY'S OPINIONS.

No. XVI.

EASTER came round not so very long after I'd joined the Volunteers, and as our regiment was bound to make a good show in the sham fight and the march past we were all kept very busy doing our drills and getting ready. Our Colonel, old BUTTERWORTH—he was Butterworth's Meat Extract for the Million, with a picture of a whole family, from the grandfather and grandmother down to the last new twins, all wolfing the Extract out of tins and all looking as red as tomatoes and as fat as fifty—he used to come down pretty well every night to keep us going, and he used to make speeches to the recruits, asking them to remember the high reputation of the 10th Mile-End, and to get smart at the work and keep on making a good impression. He couldn't speak any more than he could fly, for he had a two-minutes' stammer that broke him all to pieces whenever he wanted to get his words out particularly slick, and it used to make me shuffle my feet and pinch myself to hear him trying to get over the fence and falling back every time with a bang. However, we all knew what he was driving at, and as he was liberal with the cash and spent no end on the regiment we rather liked him than not.

On the evening before Good Friday we all turned up at Waterloo. Mother had got very keen on the job at the last,

and she'd filled up my haversack with all kinds of things. I remember there was a tin of sardines and a Bologna sausage, and a thick cut of plum cake and a bottle of cold tea. She said she'd read somewhere that when you were on a campaign provisions sometimes ran short, and she wasn't going to let me starve whatever happened. ROGERSON and PLUMLEY brought nothing at all. They said Government had taken on the job of looking after them, and they were going to leave it to Government. If they starved they'd find out a way of taking it out of Government, and anyhow they knew there was always plenty of pigs and hens in the country districts where you went foraging, and they didn't think they'd run short. If they did, they'd help me by sharing my sausage and cake.

Well, the first night they took the regiment and a lot of others off by train, and landed us at some small station I forget the name of. We slept in barns and outhouses and the village school, and I own I didn't get a wink. Which ever way I lay down I seemed to have some very hard and painful bones I'd never found out before, and the longer I lay the worse I got. Besides that the bandmaster snored like a trumpet, and the place was so dark it was no use throwing boots at him, because you always lit the wrong fellow. It wasn't a cheerful beginning to what the Colonel called the stern realities of the military life.

However, next morning we were up bright and early, and after a sluice of cold water we did what we could with some eggs and bread and butter and coffee. Then they served out the blank cartridges and we started.

We hadn't been going many minutes before the enemy started blazing at us, and we lay down and blazed back. The enemy was on a line of low hills about half a mile off, and we'd got to push him out of that before we could get on. I never saw any man get so excited as our Colonel. He began prancing up and down, shouting to us to keep cool and sight for 800 yards, and if he didn't knock the brutes sideways his name wasn't BUTTERWORTH, and they might cashier him.

This kind of work went on for a long time, but at last old BUTTERWORTH got quite beyond himself. He said he was left without any supports, and they wouldn't send him any reinforcements. Of course he'd hang on as long as he could, but if he had to retire it wouldn't be his fault. He thought he must have lost half his men killed and wounded already.

After a lot more shouting he got an idea. He told our Captain to send ten men and a Corporal to make a flank attack on the hills. They were to consider themselves a Division, and when they got up there they were to tumble the enemy back in double quick time, and if they didn't go they were to make prisoners of them. The Captain picked PLUMLEY as the Corporal, and PLUMLEY picked out me and ROGERSON and eight others, and off we went.

Well, we marched off, and away we went to give the other lot beans. It took us about three quarters of an hour to get within reach, and then PLUMLEY sent me and ROGERSON off to reconnoitre while he and the other eight spread out and blazed. We hadn't gone a hundred yards when we came slap into the thick of them. I said to ROGERSON "Now's the time," and he said, "Who's afraid?" and we made a dash for 'em, shouting out, "Surrender! surrender!"

There was a big officer there all over plumes and lace, and he galloped at us.

"Who are these fools?" he called out.

This made me fairly mad, and I let him have a point-blanker.

"You're down, anyhow," I said.

The next moment they'd got us. It wasn't any use telling them we were one-fifth of a Division. They didn't

believe it, but just took our rifles away and put us behind a haystack. A minute or two afterwards they brought PLUMLEY and the rest in. That was the last I saw of the fighting.

There was some talk of court-martialing us, but it didn't come to anything. We had the laugh against us, and old BUTTERWORTH never heard the last of it. After that I thought I'd had enough of volunteering, and I left.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF CLAUDIUS DREAR.

Letters to British Weaklings.

No. 189.

ON THE THINGS WE DO NOT KNOW.

Stoke Pogis.

DEAR SIR,—A great essayist, writing on the Evils of Popular Ignorance, has this pregnant observation:—"The tragedy of life is that we do not know the things we do know so completely as we do not know the things we do not know." How often the lack of knowledge of some trifling fact warps our judgment of our fellows! A case in point occurs to me. A clever writer lived for many years in a secluded Berkshire cottage, and resisted all the entreaties of his friends to come to town. His publishers urged him to enter literary society, but he resolutely refused. As a consequence, he could exercise no personal influence on critics. To use phrases I detest—he was neither log-rolled nor boomed. His friends, whose names were in all the literary columns, and whose novels were in their fiftieth thousand, said, "Poor X. is mad." A rash and hasty judgment—for when X. died there was found in an upper room of his cottage the mummified body of his uncle. At some past period it had become necessary for X. to slay his relative. He had hidden the body in his cottage home, and naturally did not wish to give anyone a chance of hunting out the skeleton in his cupboard. Since I heard this pathetic story I have never judged a man. Some little thing I do not know of—a trifling forgery or an act of bigamy—may have warped his life. A great editor the other day was speaking to me of one of his contributors. He said, "Y. is useless to me—he can only turn out a bare fifteen thousand words a day." But I knew well that Y., under a *nom-de-plume*, was contributing thirty thousand words a day to another paper, and instead of being the shiftless, idle person the editor supposed, was really a fairly hard-working man.

In discussing lack of knowledge, I might point to the comparative ignorance of many critics. Whenever I meet a man with pretensions to literary



"THE HAT TRICK."

WHY SHOULD HORSES HAVE A MONOPOLY? A SUGGESTION FOR THE HUMANE AGRICULTURIST.

knowledge I put to him this question:—"Who is JANE BROWN?" Neither Mr. ANDREW LANG nor Sir M. E. GRANT-DUFF could answer this. I question if the monumental erudition of the late Lord ACORN could have solved the problem. Yet the answer is a simple one—when you know. JANE BROWN is my upper housemaid.

There is no excuse for ignorance in a journalist. The reviewer in *Pickwick* who read up for China under the letter C, and Metaphysics under the letter M, had the root of the matter in him, though his methods were a little crude. It has often seemed to me that the great saying of *Hamlet*, "The world is

my parish," should be the journalist's motto. If I might introduce a personal note into these pages, I would say that I trace my entire journalistic success to the fact that I know everything about everything accurately. Yet the possession of such unique knowledge is a drawback. I often lie awake through the dreary watches of the night, appalled and overcome by the contemplation of my own erudition. No, if I were to advise a young man about to begin life I should say, "If you wish to be successful, know everything—but if you wish to be happy, let there be some things you do not know."

Yours truly, CLAUDIUS DREAR.

WHAT ABOUT BRUM?

"I learn from a most interesting and admirable letter by Lord ROSEBURY, which recently appeared in the papers, that in the metropolis they are thinking of establishing a Technical College with similar objects to those with which we have extended this University. Lord ROSEBURY seems to be under the impression that he is inaugurating a new experiment. (Laughter.) He seems to have heard and to have studied the facts connected with the great German College of Charlottenburg; but he has not apparently cast his eyes upon the provinces of his own country."—*Mr. Chamberlain.*

MY LORD, it seems you have conceived
Within your noble pate
A University relieved
Of all that's out of date,

Where studious youth may only learn
The practically good
Which shall enable it to earn
An honest livelihood.

With me, at length you realise
'Tis fatuous to cram
The worse than useless lore they prize
By Isis and by Cam,

The lore which burrows like a mole
Amid the dead, dead past,
With wasted time, whereat the soul
Of Commerce stands aghast.

Instead of this, you'd see our youths
At College study Trade,
And learn to summon all the truths
Of Science to her aid.

This I would be the last to call
In question, for, in fine,
The views you advocate were all
Originally mine.

So far, then, I am one with you;
But this I must resent,
That you propose it as a new
Untried experiment.

Where are your eyes, my Lord, and
ears?

Already, while you dream,
Your visionary College rears
Its head in clouds of steam:

Here men may learn to brew and bake,
Here men may take degrees
In dyeing, cleaning, cooking cake,
Or making Cheddar cheese;

Here under our commercial rules
Our senior wranglers stand
With first-class honours in the schools
Of typing and shorthand;

Book-keeping fellowships here fan
The bright commercial fire—
Then tell me, O my Lord, could man
Of business more desire?

Charlottenburg—upon that word
Charlottenburg you drum;
Apparently you have not heard
About a place called Brum!

DOMESTIC DRAMA.

DIVIDED COUNSELS.

Lady Oriflamme. Mornin', HARRY.
Where's ADELA?

Lord Greymere (her son). ADELA?
Oh, she's P.N.E.U.-ing—the Proper-
Nursery-Education Union, y' know.
It's all the rage with the New Mothers,
alias the Pneu-Mas. I say, Mater,
don't tell ADELA I called 'em that.
She's tremendously in earnest about it,
so far.

Lady O. But—but she knows no
more about education than—than—

Lord G. Than you do. Precisely.
That's just the idea. It's because you
didn't educate us that we have to—

Lady O. Didn't educate you! Fiddle-
sticks! Didn't I pack you off to Eton
as soon as they'd have you?

Lord G. Oh, Eton! Yes, Eton—if
you call that education. They don't,
you see, though they still send their
sons there. There isn't anywhere else.

Lady O. What do they call education
then?

Lord G. Oh—sort of thing, making
'em do what they're told, and not tell
lies, and—

Lady O. Fudge! What's new in
that, I'd like to know? I'm sure I've
smacked you often enough for tellin'
lies.

Lord G. Hah! That dear old slipper!
I told 'em all about it—the Pneumatics,
y' know. ADELA took me to one of their
meetings. Five hundred Pneu-Mas and
me. I was the only man.

Lady O. You must have looked a
fool!

Lord G. I did—at first. They shoved
me on the platform, and asked me
for a speech, by gad. So I gave 'em
you and your slipper, because they
don't believe in punishment, and they
all said "Shame," and looked as pleased
as Punch. I had to say something, y'
know.

Lady O. H'm. I'd like to slipper
the lot of them. Was ADELA there?

Lord G. ADELA? You bet. She was
in the chair, educating the rest of 'em.

Lady O. Pooh! Why don't she
begin at home? She can no more
manage TOMMY than you can.

Lord G. Oh, I can manage TOMMY all
right.

Lady O. You manage TOMMY! My
dear boy!

Lord G. As well as you can, anyhow.
my dear Mother. ADELA says you spoil
him.

Lady O. Oh, does she! Well, all I
can say is—

*Tommy (aged eight, enters swinging
dead cat by tail).* Oh, Daddy! Look,
Daddy! Look what I've found on the
dust-heap! Quite a good cat!

Lord G. What the—Look here, chuck

that beastly thing away. And don't
you see your Granny? Say Good-
morning to her.

Tommy. Oh, Daddy! BOWEN says if
I hang it up in the sun it will get all
maggoty, and—

Lord G. Did you hear what I said?
Chuck the beastly thing away. At
once!

Tommy. BOWEN says—

Lady O. Do you like chocolates, dar-
lin'?

Tommy. Chocolate creams I do. You
may hold my cat if you like, and if you
come fishing with me you can put the
maggots on. BOWEN says they're more
tastier than—

Lord G. Now look here. I've had
enough of this. You shall obey me, d'
you hear, you little—

Tommy. Oh, oh! I hate you—I hate
you. Let me go. Oh!

Lady O. Stop, HARRY, stop! For
Heaven's sake don't let us have a scene.
Why can't you leave the child alone?
Here, my pet! Come and talk to your
old Granny. And stop cryin', darlin'.

Tommy. Shan't! And I'm n-not
crying. Mum-ummy says he m-mustn't
box my ears. And BUB-BOWEN says it's
very—

Lord G. Oh, d— BOWEN.

Lady O. HARRY, how can you? Here,
darlin', Granny's got lots more choco-
lates. And now say you're sorry, pet.

Tommy. I'm n-not sorry. And Mummy
says I mustn't tell lies. And BOWEN
says people who swear will go to—

Lady Greymere (enters hurriedly). Oh,
good-morning, Granny, I mustn't stop
a minute, good-morning, we had such
splendid papers—you ought to have
been there, HARRY—about Thought-
Turning, and never losing your temper,
at least not letting them see when you
do, because of course men all do some-
times, and nothing can be worse for
children except giving them sweets,
Granny, and Dr. Somebody said the
right thing to do is to turn their
thoughts to something else instead of
punishing them, which is what some
people always do, and it's just a sign
of weakness. And now I must swallow
some lunch—and oh, HARRY, will you
tell BOWEN he must send in some
asparagus, he lets it all run to seed,
and you really ought to stop his wages
or something, it's the only way with
those people.

Tommy. BOWEN says what's the
use when it's all ate up in the
kitchen. He says if some people was
half as clever as they thought they
was—

Lady G. Oh, TOMMY, what have you
got in your arms?—why, it's a cat;
and he's been crying, HARRY, and your
mouth is all smudgy with chocolate—
oh, Granny, how could you?—you

oughtn't to have brought it in here, TOMMY, but as you have you may run and get your paint-box, and throw it away and paint it from memory.

Tommy. Don't want to paint. Want to get maggots.

Lady G. Oh, and what do you think, TOMMY, I saw just now?—a funeral with black plumes and horses, and people inside, and you can ask BOWEN for a spade, and have a nice little funeral of your own and bury the cat, and Daddy and Granny will go to it—I can't myself, I must get back to town—and will you see that he does it? Good-bye. [Exit.

Lady O. H'm! Is that the new system? That what they call Thought-Turning?

Lord G. Oh, it's not the system. The system's all right. It's—it's ADELA.

Lady O. It's just a pack of nonsense. Here, darlin', you may have all the chocolates. And now run along, there's a good boy.

Lord G. And if you don't bury that blessed old cat in double quick time, I'll give you the best hiding you ever had in your life. D' you hear?

"MONS."

FAITHFUL to the traditions of the past, the "Court Circular," as it appears in the *Times*, still clings to the incorrect abbreviation of *Monsieur*. To a Frenchman "Mons." can have but one meaning; it is a town in Belgium. Why the name of this Belgian town should precede the name of the President, or Foreign Minister, of France, no Frenchman could understand. But the "Court Circular" knows better, and writes Mons. LOUBET and Mons. DELCASSÉ, which are more absurd than Manchester BALFOUR or Dover WYNDHAM would be, for the French President and Foreign Minister have no connection whatever with Mons. In fact, even when abbreviated, "Man. BALFOUR" and "Dove. WYNDHAM" would still appear to have some meaning.

A few years ago the "Court Circular" attempted a bolder flight, and called some Frenchmen "Monsr." After that paralysing triumph of inaccuracy the "C. C." returned to its old friend the town in Belgium, without trying any other abbreviations. If our good old "C. C." cannot be persuaded to use "M." it might try "Mr." It is to be found in LITTRÉ'S Dictionary, if nowhere else in France. Should "C. C." dislike that, we commend to its attention "M'sien," which a Frenchman certainly could understand.

It is to be hoped that the French journalists may not flatter us by imitating Mons. Court Circular. They might



Aunt Jubisca (pointing to earnest Golfer endeavouring to play out of quarry). "DEAR ME, MAUD, WHAT A RESPECTABLY DRESSED MAN THAT IS BREAKING STONES!"

argue logically that, if half of "Monsieur" is the correct abbreviation in England, half of "Mister" should be used in France. If the French Prime Minister is "Mons. COMBES," then the English one is certainly "Mis. BALFOUR."

HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

WE learn that Mr. TREE has made arrangements to join Mr. H. J. WOOD in the forest of Birnam in the month of August. It is rumoured in this connection that there is a possibility of a musical version of *Macbeth* being brought before the public in the autumn, in which Mr. and Mrs. TREE will sustain the leading rôles. No fear, therefore, need be entertained that the public will not be able to see Mr. WOOD for the TREES.

It is stated that, after fulfilling an engagement in the Netherlands with his *Dante* company, Sir HENRY IRVING will proceed to Los Angeles, as he has been recommended complete change of air and scene.

Acting upon the advice of his physicians, Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL has decided to forego his Parliamentary duties for the rest of the session, and will undergo a rest-cure in a self-contained flat at Chatteris.

Encouraged by his reception as *Jan Ridd* in the stage version of *Lorna Doone*, Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN, we understand, will devote his summer holidays to studying the rôle of the hero in SAINT-SAËNS' opera, *Samson et Delilah*.

Mr. J. M. BARRIE, who has decided not to appear in first-class cricket after this season, has taken a villa in the neighbourhood of St. Jean de Luz, with a view to mastering the intricacies of the Basque game of Pelota, of which he has the highest opinion.

At the close of the season M. PADE-REWSKI will return to his estate in Poland to carry out some important researches into the operation of the law of capillary attraction, in company with Professor TRUEFIT.

Mr. HALL CAINE, who is shortly proceeding to Macedonia to accumulate local colour for his next romance, has issued a manifesto to the Bulgarian Committee to the effect that, if he is captured by the insurgents, the British Government are not prepared to offer more than ten minor poets in exchange.

The Duke of DEVONSHIRE, who has been troubled with insomnia since Lord ROSEBURY'S recent attack upon him in the House of Lords, has engaged a suite of rooms at Dormy House, Brancaster, for the latter half of August.



OUR VILLAGE.

Local Genius (endeavouring to obtain historical photo of gathering at village fête). "Now! JUST A SECOND MORE! EVERYONE QUITE STILL! ALL LOOK AT THE CAMERA! Now, quite still, please—Oh, lor, I've forgotten the PLATES!"

MY RELATIONS WITH SOCRATES.

[The following fragment has been found among some parchments, evidently private memoranda of XENOPHON. He, as it will be remembered, was intimately acquainted with the SOCRATES household. A translation of these brief notes is given to the world with the greatest possible reluctance. We scorn the bare idea of making a literary sensation, and our repugnance for scandal cannot be expressed in words. Only a strong sense of duty, and the need of vindicating at any cost the memory of an unjustly-treated woman, have induced us to issue this fragment—and to pocket the publisher's fees.]

... "It was, indeed, no long time before matters in the home of SOCRATES appeared to me to be going not well, but, on the contrary, badly. Wherefore, the knowledge of truth being especially dear to me, I made a march of some parasangs in order to question XANTHIPPE herself. SOCRATES, as it chanced, was not in the house. For, as his custom was, he had taken his stand in the market-place, waylaying guileless strangers, and plying them with questions hard to be answered. In this manner he would pass the day, returning only when there was none to listen to him. Not least on this account,

as I understood, was XANTHIPPE grieved as to her heart. Moreover, as she told me, on his return SOCRATES would call loudly for wine, and, the cup being many times emptied, would sing aloud such words as that he would not return to his dwelling until rosy-fingered morn appeared. In this he was manifestly demented, being within the walls even as he sang these words.

Oftentimes it chanced that XANTHIPPE would ask a favour of him, as that he would buy meat for her in the market, or would rebuke the fig-seller, the figs sent by whom being most especially worthless. But, putting aside her words, SOCRATES would ply her with needless questions, begging her to tell him what was justice, and if a man doing right by accident would receive a reward of the gods. Such words, then, repeated not once only but many times, pained her as to the head, and even injured her spirit.

Not even when XANTHIPPE attempted to perform for SOCRATES the offices of friendship did he show himself grateful. It chanced, as XANTHIPPE told me, that on a summer's day he had come to the house heated and covered with dust. She then, showing her kindness, cast

on him water from a pail, whereby he might be cooled.

But, being full of foolish rage and ingratitude, he did not, on the one hand, praise her, but, on the other, spake loud and angry words which it is not fitting for me to write. There can be no doubt but that the story is true. For XANTHIPPE, knowing that slanderers abound, took pains to show me the pail itself from which the water had been thrown. Whence it appears plainly that SOCRATES was to her a tyrant, a man of wicked and violent temper. But of the drachmai paid to PLATO in order to publish a false story I will not speak particularly.

Being scrupulously careful to speak the truth with moderation, I will say no more than that SOCRATES was the most base, intemperate, and brutal of mankind. Wherefore, he being now dead, and having been while alive my closest friend, I set down in writing this concerning him. And of its truth the pail, still preserved in the household of XANTHIPPE, gives evidence not to be refuted.

Now concerning the sums which this SOCRATES obtained by false oaths"
(*Cetera desunt.*)



“QUIS SEPARABIT?”

[The United States Squadron arrived at Spithead July 8, and, after having been fêted in London and at Portsmouth, will leave on Thursday, July 16.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 6.

—The House has frequent occasion to be grateful for the firmness, readiness,

course not speeches made since the allotment of the twelve millions sterling to be shared between landlord and tenant. Any earlier date will serve.

However that be, BUTCHER's offence was gross, palpable. On clause 55 of

His knees shook as there flashed across his mind a picture of Tower Hill, a wooden structure gloomily draped, a masked figure motionless beside it, an axe gleaming in the rare sunlight of July, and a vacancy in the representation of the City of York. Pressed by the Chairman of Committees, he feebly admitted that he had not seen the Crown on the matter. In his despair he meanly endeavoured to drag the Chief Secretary into the dilemma. "I hope," he said, "the right hon. gentleman will undertake to obtain the consent of the Crown."

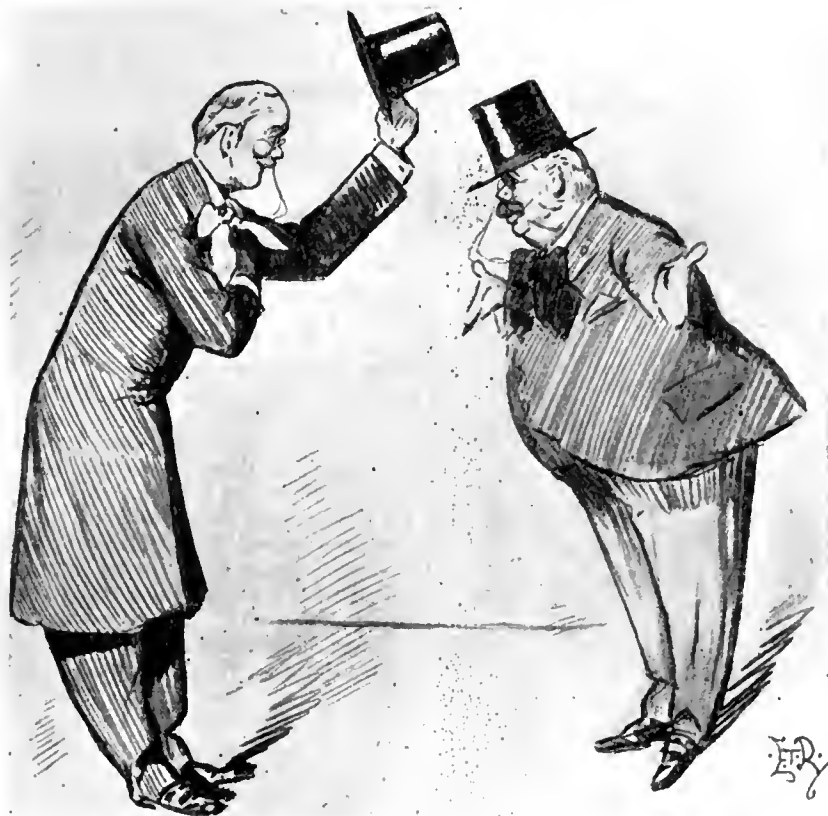
But GEORGE WYNDHAM wasn't born yesterday. Hasn't been fighting the beasts at Ephesus through a long Session without learning habits of readiness for emergency. "I do not," he said, "think there is any question before the House, Mr. LOWTHER."

That bowled over BUTCHER. Happily the hour for the dinner adjournment struck, and he was able to withdraw in company with his head.

What added to the painfulness of the situation was the coincidence that the very day on which this attempted outrage on the privileges of the Crown took place London had awakened to fresh access of loyalty, had turned out in the streets *en masse* to cheer the KING and his guest, the PRESIDENT of the French Republic. It is to be hoped that amid the multiplicity and pressure of his engagements the incident would be overlooked by M. LOUBET.

Business done.—Land Bill in Committee. BUTCHER, K.C., greatly distinguishes himself.

Wednesday night.—Irish Land Bill



THE EFFECT OF M. LOUBET'S VISIT; OR, QUELQUEFOIS LA POLITESSE.

Lord Henri Campbell-Bannerman. "Une Vote of Censure on ze Tarif! Ah, non, milord Sir Arthur! I wait ze tribunal of ze contry—ze what you call Général Election!"

and, withal, courtesy with which the Chairman of Committees conducts its business. Signal instance forthcoming to-day. In Committee on Irish Land Bill, BUTCHER, K.C. made attack on interests of Crown not the less dangerous because it was insidious. The personality of the assailant made the attempted outrage the more striking and deplorable. Respectably brought up, son of a Bishop, born at Killarney, Fellow of Trinity, author of that popular treatise on Parliamentary oratory, *Quaternion Forms of General Propositions in Fluid Motion*, the Member for York City is perhaps last man in the world suspected of such offence.

Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if ATTICUS were he?

SARK says it is all the result of evil communications. Since this Land Bill was brought in, BUTCHER has been daily seen in company with Irish landlords. What they are like, *vide* speeches of WILLIAM O'BRIEN and REDMOND aîné. Of

the Land Bill, which deals with Crown rents, he moved an amendment designed to ensure that Crown Reversions should be valued and dealt with in precisely the same way as properties held by the common or garden landlord. Not much on surface of this. If anyone can make it out at all, it seems a reasonable proposition. But that is the way with treason. GUY FAWKES, sauntering on his way down to Westminster on a certain November afternoon, conveyed to the passing policeman no indication of fell purpose. The Member for York, getting up just now to move his amendment, had that look of almost boyish innocence which is sometimes worth to him a verdict.

But nothing escapes the eye of Chairman of Ways and Means.

"Has the honourable Member," he asked, fixing BUTCHER with glittering eye, "obtained the consent of the Crown to this proposal?"

The smile faded from BUTCHER's lips; a deathly pallor mounted to his brow.



THE TUMULTUOUS ONE.

"The process of trampling on Tully must be carried out in a roundabout fashion."



THE IRISH "CAKE WALK."

Messrs. Wyndham and John Redmond take the political cake.

through Committee, safe from rocks and shoals. Marvellous achievement; most momentous Bill Parliament has seen since days of storm and stress and abortive Home Rule efforts. Peculiarity of situation has been that whilst British tax-payer's pocket freely tapped in final effort to create real union between Great Britain and Ireland, discussion of Bill has been nightly carried on with almost empty benches in British quarter. This apparent unconcern reflected in attitude of public outside. Explanation obvious. Taxpayer has undertaken to pay twelve millions down and go bail for another hundred and fifty. That done, doesn't want to be bothered with details of the bargain. "Moreover than which," as the heron said to the hawk, the Preferential Tariff scheme, sprung on the nation by Don José, commands and controls attention. The English are a great nation. But they can think of only one thing at a time, whether it be a murder, a society scandal, or a proposal to flaunt Free Trade.

Finally, after his masterly speech on introducing the Bill, there was established with increasing strength confidence in GEORGE WYNDHAM. It was felt that the interests, both of Great Britain and Ireland, were safe in his hands. Confidence justified up to this final night's sitting of the lingering Committee. Ere this Irish Land Bills have proved the grave of many reputations.

Standing between two fires, the Nationalists peppering at him in front, the landlords blazing away behind, with the regular Opposition on the pounce, and the fate of the Ministry at stake, the lot of a Minister in charge of such a measure is not a happy one. By rare combination of gifts and graces—these latter not least effectual—GEORGE WYNDHAM has accomplished the apparently impossible. Firm at the right moment, yielding in the proper place, playing off landlord against tenant and tenant against landlord, he has won the fight. His the guerdon of knowing that, though still young as statesmen count years, his name will be imperishably associated with an honestly designed, soundly constructed measure, that surely promises to fulfil TIM HEALY's aspiration by bringing the light of gladness into the eyes of dark ROSALEEN.

Business done.—Irish Land Purchase Bill through Committee.

Friday night.—"Did you ever," the MEMBER FOR SARK asks, "watch a hen that has had the misfortune to incur the resentment of her friends and relations? You may any day in the Park see the same thing in the case of a particular sparrow. Whilst others peck in common, sharing worms and crumbs in amity, the Uitlander is treated with unflinching severity. If it attempts to approach a toothsome bit, the others promptly set upon it and

peck it off. Thus it is with the Tumultuous TULLY. The precise nature of his offence I do not know. One cannot keep pace with the eruptions in the united Irish Party, and be ready at a moment's notice to explain who is friends with whom, or to what particular section an individual belongs.

"Generally a Member, if cut adrift from the Redmondites, the Dillonites, the O'Brienites, the Healyites, or the Hittites, has a comrade or two who will cheer him when he rises, and make offensive commentary in response to observations to his disadvantage offered by a compatriot ranged under one of these several banners. TULLY, as far as I can make out, is absolutely alone. His uprising to move an amendment or offer a few remarks is signal for the sudden, for the moment complete, union of the rest of the Irish Members, who "hesitate dislike" in groans or rude personal remarks.

"The other night Member for South Leitrim had three questions on the Paper. When he had put two, up gat Mr. FLAVIN, and in his most ministerial manner inquired, 'Can the Chief Secretary state what constituency is represented by the hon. Member who has just put Question 40?' Perhaps since BEAU BRUMMEL asked the companion of the Prince Regent, 'Who is your fat friend?' never has scorn, molten with hatred and contempt, been more sharply expressed.

"What they fight each other for I never can make out. If they were Members of an Irish Parliament located in College Green, they would go forth into a back yard and have it out in gentlemanly manner. Hampered by Saxon custom and the stern discipline of the Chair, the process of trampling on TULLY must needs be carried out in the roundabout fashion indicated by this question. Mr. TULLY has the advantage of being proprietor and editor of a newspaper. What he says in its columns of his compatriots must make cheerful reading."

Business done.—Naval Works Loans Bill.

It is rumoured that the inclusion of Mr. O. M. SAMSON in the Oxford eleven was largely due to the wise foresight of JOHN MILTON, who told the world some two hundred odd years ago that—

"SAMSON should be brought forth, to show the people
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games."

BLACKS AND BLUES.—A temporary cure for a "fit of the blues" is to visit the Shaftesbury, and try a couple of hours of Dahomey-opathic treatment at the hands of Doctors WILLIAMS and CAKE-WALKER'S Company.



SCENE—A Garden Party in Kensington.

Enthusiastic American Girl. "Oh, just look! Here is a real wild wood pigeon in the heart of this great city of yours. 'Pcs in crde,' is it not?"
 I.e. "Is it? I never could remember the names of these things. As a boy, I always went in for white mice."

A VERY GRAND OPERA NIGHT.

TUESDAY, July 7, the Great Gala Night at Covent Garden. Roses everywhere, and not a thorn. *Maréchal Neil* (Forsyth) *Roses en évidence*. The KING, much delighted with magnificent show and display of perfect taste evidenced in the entire arrangements, sent for Mr. NEIL FORSYTH and complimented him on the striking effect. In future N. F. will be "House Decorator" by appointment.

Royal party in box, which is the centre of attraction, radiant. Guest of the evening, President LOUBET, is seated between their Majesties; the QUEEN on his left, and the KING on his right. Do they "manage these things better in France?" It is permitted to doubt it. They can't: to begin with, they haven't got a King and Queen.

What a rare assembly! Damsels dainty, duchesses dashing, diamonds dazzling! Uniforms with remarkable persons fitted into them. Diplomatic bodies, encased in gorgeous costumes, covered with medals, ribands, stars and stripes brilliant to behold! And in the centre the PRESIDENT of the French Republic—*un petit bonhomme tout petit que ça*—looking prim, spry, and as pleased as is proverbially Mr. Punch; which is the supreme expression of perfect contentment.

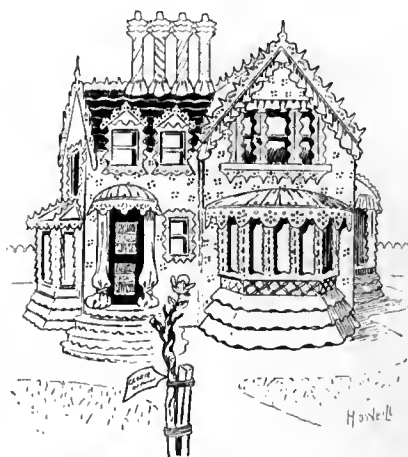
Fanfares. Cheers heard without. The brilliant assembly rises *en masse* and faces the Royal Box. Ten of the clock! Enter their MAJESTIES, with French PRESIDENT. First is played *La Marseillaise*, "*Aux armes! citoyens!*"—no matter, *La République c'est la Paix*. Then our National Anthem, and the whole audience seems to be "a-swellin' wisely" as "with one heart" ("and voice" were it permitted, but the *vox humana* is silent, such an expression of loyalty being repressed "wi' deefeeulty") they join silently in the strain, and await the KING's permission to be seated, which His MAJESTY gives by an inclination of the head, indicating his wish that all and sundry should face about and enjoy the opera. LOUBET among the Roses and the Royalties. Then, lights just a trifle lowered, curtain rises, and Signor BONCI, as the *Dook* in *Rigoletto*, discourses sweet familiar melody; M. RENAUD gives us a small taste of his qualities as actor and singer; Mlle. BAUERMEISTER is dramatic as *Giovanna*, and Mme. MELBA as *Gilda* gives us notes, including Mary-Jane's-top-note, in her very best style. Curtain.

Respectful applause: all the *Rigoletti* reappear and bow. Signor MANCINELLI has conducted this, and will also conduct the last of the selections.

Then, after a somewhat shorter interval than usual, when getting in and out of the stalls is difficult in consequence of warriors' swords getting between warriors' legs, and military spurs tearing flounces, and is not rendered easier by the ropes (which no one knows), closely guarded by steel-clad sentinels armed to the teeth, who prevent the egress of the would-be wanderer, and send him to "promenade himself" all round the house, until, after this gentle exercise, he contrives to wriggle-letto himself back again—amid blessings not loud but deep—into the stall which, in a moment of rash curiosity, he had quitted—

Up curtain, and CALVÉ is before us as *Carmen*, under safe-conduct of PH. PH. FLOX. Splendid.

PLANÇON, as *Escamillo*, seems a trifle awed by the eye of President LOUBET, and with his "*toréador contentó*" we are not so perfectly *contento* as we might have been in less distinguished company. Messrs. GILBERT and REISS



DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.

THE FRILLING AND FLOUNCING STYLE.

are the best *Dancaire* and *Remendad*—"blackguards the pair of them"—they've had for many a day. But the performances to-night are "no great shakes."

Curtain. Mildly respectful applause. All on again: all off. Another interval. Royal and Presidential refreshments: then happy returns to seats, and "on we goes again!"

Roméo ALVAREZ, and Juliette MELBA, with Gertrude BAUERMEISTER, and the Gregorian chorus led by M. L. REA—a real-istic performance.

The show is over: the birds no longer sing—the pretty dish that has been set before the KING and PRESIDENT is emptied. There is "no more"—and about 11.30 "the house rises," and, like WHITTINGTON, "turns again," facing the Royal and Presidential party, while the merry men under Monarchical MANCINELLI

repeat *La Marseillaise*. Then, after an intermezzo of a roll of drums, the orchestra gives us "*God save the King!*" in fine style. The KING bows, so does the PRESIDENT; in order they pass out, and *exceunt omnes* as best they may.

But oh, the crush!—inside and out! Outside, the motors, and carriages, and cabs, and soldiers, and police!—the jamming, and cramming, and another word beginning with the fourth letter of the alphabet, and rhyming with the foregoing present participles, "not mentionable to ears polite"—well—we were resigning ourselves to the prospect of spending several more hours there, pleasantly imprisoned, when the *genius loci* appeared, as did the *Genie* to *Aladdin*, and, in less time than it takes to tell, the walls opened, and we were spirited out into a side lane, where an inferior sprite showed us a magic hansom driven by one of the *Afridi*. Then before we had any idea of invoking "Jack Robinson" we were *chez nous*, with the satin programme as memento of the evening and of our *sat-in* stall.

So, *Vive LOUBET!* In return for the decorations the PRESIDENT decorated Mr. NEIL FORSYTH. We hope M. LOUBET thoroughly enjoyed his brief visit. *Vivat Rex Britanniarum!*

Thursday.—The afterglow. "What shall he do that cometh after the King?" Evidently he will *not* take down the decorations. The Roses refuse to return to their beds. They are still up and effective. But—it is the day after the fair. *Aida* is given, and Mlle. PACQUOT is good in singing and acting; so also Mme. KIRKBY LUNN as *Amneris*. ALVAREZ as *Radames* is himself again, as large as life, unoppressed by the brilliancy of a Gala night. PLANÇON powerful as *Reverendissimus Ramfis*. The "trumps" scored, as usual, in the Grand March. House not very full. *Aida* is a trifle heavy, and the "waits" make it still heavier.

"BLACK SPIRITS AND WHITE!"

THE Woodbury Gallery in Bond Street has a fine selection of pictures from Mr. Punch's portfolio. Here is food for the eye, and food for the mind, all ready for the million, on nearly a couple of hundred plates! Mr. Punch's young and youngest men are here represented by their works, "pick 'em where you like." It is not for Mr. Punch to appraise. Let all London come and see the show. As Our Own Private and Peculiar Laureate has finely said,

"Those who go not when they may
Will regret they stayed away."

And to this brilliant couplet not a word can be added. Time flies apace: *il fait chaud*—Punch. "Show"—at the Woodbury Gallery up to the end of July.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

XXII.—A QUESTION OF MOTION.

I REMEMBER reading in the pages of some almanac or other, in that part of it which is devoted to useful information, a brief synopsis of "The March of Civilisation," in which a glorious epoch was marked by the year 1801, when "the first tramway was constructed from Wandsworth to Croydon." Civilisation has not been stationary since then, and I cannot help picturing to myself to-night what would be the emotions of, let us say, an ancient Assyrian, if he could stand beside me here in the electric-lit High Road, beneath a network of wires, watching the electric cars whiz in every few minutes from the outlying districts, empty themselves of their victims, and then stand still in all the splendour of their yellow-plush appointments ready to receive another human cargo as it is disgorged in batches by the lifts of the electric railway opposite. Oh, poor stationary un-electric-enlightened Antiquity! Civilisation now is moving fast—

"Git orf the ear!"

Clatter, clatter—thud-d!

Rudely disturbed from my reveries I have looked up just in time to avoid the impact of the figure of a young man, which, leaving the step of a stationary electric car backwards and with velocity, has sat down violently in the road at my feet. The conductor standing upon the step, his red hair bristling fiercely, regards the recumbent figure with menace.

"Git orf the ear!" he shouts, which seems to me to be rather a superfluous suggestion.

The young man, after groping up my trouser-leg for his silk hat, which has rolled under a coffee-stall, rises unsteadily, and, abandoning his hat, approaches the car again. He is a narrow young man, wearing long patent-leather boots, a light overcoat with a velvet collar, and a tie rather like a mustard poultice. There has been a rush of people to the spot, who open out as he makes his way through them and plants one foot on the step of the car.

"Come on, you git orf," observes the conductor, sourly, with a glance at the crowd.

The young man succeeds in getting his other foot on to the step, and links an arm round the rail.

"I wish to travel by the electric car," he observes with dignity. "You're a cad; you're not a gentleman."

"Wot's the matter with 'im?" inquires a voice in the crowd; "wot 'arm's 'e done?"

"Wot 'arm?" declaims the conductor.

"Tryin' ter shut the doors every time I open 'em ter let the people get in. 'E ain't sober, yer can see that, can't yer?"

The young man taps the conductor confidentially on the arm.

"You're a cad," he remarks. "No gentleman."

A little red-faced man has pushed his way to the front of the crowd.

"Woddyer wanter go knockin' of 'im orf for when the caw's in motion?" he demands of the conductor.

"He's a cad," explains the young man, indulgently.

"Wot car's in motion?" demands the conductor, with indignation. "Car ain't in motion."

"Caw *was* in motion," states Red Face.

"Go orn, you're in motion, I shud think," returns the conductor.

The young man turns to Red Face.

"You're going to stand by me, Sir? He's a cad."

"You ain't got no call," states Red Face to the conductor, "ter go knockin' passengers abaht with the caw'r in motion."

"Oo sez the car was in motion?" demands the conductor.

("A cad," interpolates the young man, tapping the conductor's arm.)

"I sye the caw was in motion," declares Red Face. "I sor it."

"I sye it wasn't in motion," returns the conductor. "Wot's 'e wanter go interferin' with me for an' shuttin' the doors?"

"I don't know nothin' abaht thet," says Red Face. "I sye you ain't got no call ter knock passengers abaht with the caw'r in motion."

"Go orn, you're motion-bahmy, I shud think," observes the conductor, then turns to the crowd. "'E goes an' shuts the doors ter prevent people gettin' in."

Here the young man firmly states his intention of shutting as many things as he likes, since the conductor is a cad. And no gentleman.

At this a sloppy lady next to me in a travesty of a velvet waistband, who has for some time past been muttering an inarticulate indignation about something or other, suddenly breaks into speech.

"'E's more of a gentleman than what you are!"

This rouses into action a portly matron in a black straw hat.

"Why ain't 'e a gentleman?" she demands.

"'Im a gentleman!" exclaims Velvet Waistband scathingly. "What, standin' about on trem-cars without no 'at? Gen-terl-man!"

"Why, 'e's a nice-lookin' young feller," observes Straw Hat. "Look at 'is boots too!"

"Boots!" repeats Waistband with a

positive avalanche of scorn. "What's boots!"

Straw Hat does not seem disposed to commit herself to an argument on this point of Social Philosophy. Waistband proceeds to indulge in a series of triumphant and ironical titters.

"Boots!" she cries. "Oh do look at the gentleman ridin' on 'lectric trems without no 'at. Oh there's a proper gentleman for yer! It don't 'arf matter 'is not 'avin' no 'at—'e's got boots. Boots! Oh there's a gentleman!"

Meanwhile the "motion" discussion has been continuing on very much the same lines as before. Suddenly Red Face has recourse to logic.

"I sye the caw was in motion," he urges, "an' I'll tell yer why I sye so. If it 'adn't bin it'd be in the same place nar as wot it was before."

"Before wot?" demands the conductor.

("No gentleman," says the young man parenthetically. "A cad.")

"Before it was in motion," says Red Face.

"It ain't never bin in motion, I tell yer," cries the conductor.

"The caw'r ain't never bin in motion?" repeats Red Face deliberately.

"No, it ain't."

"Then 'ow," demands Red Face, "did yer get 'ere from Ealin'?"

There is a sense in the crowd that a point has been scored. The conductor looks round him wildly.

"Wot's that got ter do with it?" he demands.

"'Ow could yer get 'ere from Ealin'?" argues Red Face, warming to his work. "withaht the caw was in motion?"

Enthusiasm in the crowd.

"O' course it was in motion then," says the conductor. "'Oo said it wasn't?"

"You did," states Red Face.

The crowd are by this time ready to follow Red Face anywhere. The young man is drumming a positive tattoo on the conductor's arm.

"You're a cad. Try to be a gentleman.—You're going to stand by me, Sir?"

Red Face is visibly anxious for fresh worlds to conquer.

"Wot's more," he continues forensically, "if the caw'r 'adn't bin in motion when you knocked 'im orf, it'd be wheer it was *before* you knocked 'im orf."

"Where was it then?" demands the conductor.

"I dunno wheer it was," retorts Red Face, "but it must 'a bin somewhere else."

"Oh, must it—why?" demands the conductor.

"Becos it was in motion when you knocked 'im orf," returns Red Face.

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Curtain. Mildly respectful applause. All on again: all off. Another interval. Royal and Presidential refreshments: then happy returns to seats, and "on we goes again!"

Roméo ALVAREZ, and Juliette MELBA, with Gertrude BAUERMEISTER, and the Gregorian chorus led by M. L. REA—a real-istic performance.

The show is over: the birds no longer sing—the pretty dish that has been set before the KING and PRESIDENT is emptied. There is "no more"—and about 11.30 "the house rises," and, like WHITTINGTON, "turns again," facing the Royal and Presidential party, while the merry men under Monarchical MANCINELLI

repeat *La Marseillaise*. Then, after an intermezzo of a roll of drums, the orchestra gives us "*God save the King!*" in fine style. The KING bows, so does the PRESIDENT; in order they pass out, and *exceunt omnes* as best they may.

But oh, the crush!—inside and out! Outside, the motors, and carriages, and cabs, and soldiers, and police!—the jamming, and cramming, and another word beginning with the fourth letter of the alphabet, and rhyming to the foregoing present participles, "not mentionable to ears polite"—well—we were resigning ourselves to the prospect of spending several more hours there, pleasantly imprisoned, when the *genius loci* appeared, as did the *Genie* to *Aladdin*, and, in less time than it takes to tell, the walls opened, and we were spirited out into a side lane, where an inferior sprite showed us a magic hansom driven by one of the *Afridi*. Then before we had any idea of invoking "Jack Robinson" we were *chez nous*, with the satin programme as memento of the evening and of our *sat-in* stall.

So, *Vive LOUBET!* In return for the decorations the PRESIDENT decorated Mr. NEIL FORSYTH. We hope M. LOUBET thoroughly enjoyed his brief visit. *Vivat Rex Britanniarum!*

Thursday.—The afterglow. "What shall he do that cometh after the King?" Evidently he will *not* take down the decorations. The Roses refuse to return to their beds. They are still up and effective. But—it is the day after the fair. *Aida* is given, and Mlle. PACQUOT is good in singing and acting; so also Mme. KIRBY LUNN as *Amneris*. ALVAREZ as *Radames* is himself again, as large as life, unoppressed by the brilliancy of a Gala night. PLANÇON powerful as *Reverendissimus Ramfis*. The "trumps" scored, as usual, in the Grand March. House not very full. *Aida* is a trifle heavy, and the "waits" make it still heavier.

"BLACK SPIRITS AND WHITE!"

THE Woodbury Gallery in Bond Street has a fine selection of pictures from *Mr. Punch's* portfolio. Here is food for the eye, and food for the mind, all ready for the million, on nearly a couple of hundred plates! *Mr. Punch's* young and youngest men are here represented by their works, "pick 'em where you like." It is not for *Mr. Punch* to appraise. Let all London come and see the show. As Our Own Private and Peculiar Laureate has finely said,

"Those who go not when they may
Will regret they stayed away."

And to this brilliant couplet not a word can be added. Time flies apace: *il fait chaud*—*Punch*. "Show"—at the Woodbury Gallery up to the end of July.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

XXII.—A QUESTION OF MOTION.

I REMEMBER reading in the pages of some almanac or other, in that part of it which is devoted to useful information, a brief synopsis of "The March of Civilisation," in which a glorious epoch was marked by the year 1801, when "the first tramway was constructed from Wandsworth to Croydon." Civilisation has not been stationary since then, and I cannot help picturing to myself to-night what would be the emotions of, let us say, an ancient Assyrian, if he could stand beside me here in the electric-lit High Road, beneath a network of wires, watching the electric cars whiz in every few minutes from the outlying districts, empty themselves of their victims, and then stand still in all the splendour of their yellow-plush appointments ready to receive another human cargo as it is disgorged in batches by the lifts of the electric railway opposite. Oh, poor stationary un-electric-enlightened Antiquity! Civilisation now is moving fast—

"Git orf the car!"

Clatter, clatter—thud-d!

Rudely disturbed from my reveries I have looked up just in time to avoid the impact of the figure of a young man, which, leaving the step of a stationary electric car backwards and with velocity, has sat down violently in the road at my feet. The conductor standing upon the step, his red hair bristling fiercely, regards the recumbent figure with menace.

"Git orf the car!" he shouts, which seems to me to be rather a superfluous suggestion.

The young man, after groping up my trouser-leg for his silk hat, which has rolled under a coffee-stall, rises unsteadily, and, abandoning his hat, approaches the car again. He is a narrow young man, wearing long patent-leather boots, a light overcoat with a velvet collar, and a tie rather like a mustard poultice. There has been a rush of people to the spot, who open out as he makes his way through them and plants one foot on the step of the car.

"Come on, you git orf," observes the conductor, sourly, with a glance at the crowd.

The young man succeeds in getting his other foot on to the step, and links an arm round the rail.

"I wish to travel by the electric car," he observes with dignity. "You're a cad; you're not a gentleman."

"Wot's the matter with 'im?" inquires a voice in the crowd; "wot 'arm's 'e done?"

"Wot 'arm?" declaims the conductor.

"Tryin' ter shut the doors every time I open 'em ter let the people get in. 'E ain't sober, yer can see that, can't yer?"

The young man taps the conductor confidentially on the arm.

"You're a cad," he remarks. "No gentleman."

A little red-faced man has pushed his way to the front of the crowd.

"Woddyer wanter go knockin' of 'im orf for when the caw's in motion?" he demands of the conductor.

"He's a cad," explains the young man, indulgently.

"Wot car's in motion?" demands the conductor, with indignation. "Car ain't in motion."

"Caw *was* in motion," states Red Face.

"Go orn, you're in motion, I shud think," returns the conductor.

The young man turns to Red Face.

"You're going to stand by me, Sir? He's a cad."

"You ain't got no call," states Red Face to the conductor, "ter go knockin' pessengers abaht with the caw'r in motion."

"'Oo sez the car was in motion?" demands the conductor.

"A cad," interpolates the young man, tapping the conductor's arm.)

"I sye the caw was in motion," declares Red Face. "I sor it."

"I sye it wasn't in motion," returns the conductor. "Wot's 'e wanter go interferin' with me for an' shuttin' the doors?"

"I don't know nothin' abaht thet," says Red Face. "I sye you ain't got no call ter knock pessengers abaht with the caw'r in motion."

"Go orn, you're motion-balmy, I shud think," observes the conductor, then turns to the crowd. "'E goes an' shuts the doors ter prevent people gettin' in."

Here the young man firmly states his intention of shutting as many things as he likes, since the conductor is a cad. And no gentleman.

At this a sloppy lady next to me in a travesty of a velvet waistband, who has for some time past been muttering an inarticulate indignation about something or other, suddenly breaks into speech.

"'E's more of a gentleman than what you are!"

This rouses into action a portly matron in a black straw hat.

"Why ain't 'e a gentleman?" she demands.

"'Im a gentleman!" exclaims Velvet Waistband scathingly. "What standin' about on trem-cars without no 'at? Gen-terl-man!"

"Why, 'e's a nice-lookin' young feller," observes Straw Hat. "Look at 'is boots too!"

"Boots!" repeats Waistband with a

positive avalanche of scorn. "What's boots!"

Straw Hat does not seem disposed to commit herself to an argument on this point of Social Philosophy. Waistband proceeds to indulge in a series of triumphant and ironical titters.

"Boots!" she cries. "Oh do look at the gentleman ridin' on 'lectric trem's without no 'at. Oh there's a proper gentleman for yer! It don't 'arf matter 'is not 'avin' no 'at—'e's got boots. Boots! Oh there's a gentleman!"

Meanwhile the "motion" discussion has been continuing on very much the same lines as before. Suddenly Red Face has recourse to logic.

"I sye the caw was in motion," he urges, "an' I'll tell yer why I sye so. If it 'adn't bin it'd be in the same place nar as wot it was before."

"Before wot?" demands the conductor.

("No gentleman," says the young man parenthetically. "A cad.")

"Before it was in motion," says Red Face.

"It ain't never bin in motion, I tell yer," cries the conductor.

"The caw'r ain't never bin in motion?" repeats Red Face deliberately.

"No, it ain't."

"Then 'ow," demands Red Face, "did yer get 'ere from Ealin'?"

There is a sense in the crowd that a point has been scored. The conductor looks round him wildly.

"Wot's that got ter do with it?" he demands.

"'Ow could yer get 'ere from Ealin'?" argues Red Face, warming to his work, "withaht the caw was in motion?"

Enthusiasm in the crowd.

"O' course it was in motion then," says the conductor. "'Oo said it wasn't?"

"You did," states Red Face.

The crowd are by this time ready to follow Red Face anywhere. The young man is drumming a positive tattoo on the conductor's arm.

"You're a cad. Try to be a gentleman.—You're going to stand by me, Sir?"

Red Face is visibly anxious for fresh worlds to conquer.

"Wot's more," he continues forensically, "if the caw'r 'adn't bin in motion when you knocked 'im orf, it'd be wheer it was *before* you knocked 'im orf."

"Where was it then?" demands the conductor.

"I dunno wheer it was," retorts Red Face, "bnt it must 'a bin somewheer else."

"Oh, must it—why?" demands the conductor.

"Beecos it was in motion when you knocked 'im orf," returns Red Face.

This second victory strengthens the crowd doubly in its allegiance. With the exception of my velvet-waisted neighbour.

"You corl yerself a gentleman, I s'pose," she cries, "gittin' on 'lectric cars without no 'at. Oh, yer mangy clurk!"

"You leave 'is 'at alone," puts in Straw Hat valiantly; "why shouldn't 'e wear no 'at if 'e don't want to? What about them Bluecut boys?"

"Bluecut boys!" exclaims Waistband. "'E's a nice Bluecut boy! Where's 'is stockings?"

Straw Hat avoids the question.

"'E's a nice-lookin' young feller," she says.

Waistband is immediately shaken by satirical laughter.

"Oh, boots!" she gasps. "Boots!—An' no 'at. Oh, what a gentleman!"

The young man is meanwhile engaged in trying to edge his way inside the car. The conductor, alone amidst overwhelming odds, nevertheless resists him resolutely.

"You keep orf," he says, barring the doorway with his body.

The young man resumes his tattoo.

"You're a cad," he declares cheerfully.—"You're going to stand by me, Sir?"

Suddenly the conductor's eye gleams.

"Yes, you stand by 'im, cocky," he advises. "'Ere comes the coppers. You stand by 'im now if yer want to, an' give yer name an' address. Go orn—stand by 'im."

Red Face hesitates.

"I don't know nothin' abaht standin' by nobody," he observes. "I only said the caw was in motion. Thet's orl I said."

"That's all right, stand by 'im," urges the conductor with enjoyment, as Red Face backs unobtrusively from the step of the car. "I won't stop yer—stand by 'im."

Two policemen have arrived and pushed their way up to the car.

"Interferin' with the passengers gettin' in," explains the conductor. "Shuttin' the doors ev'ry time I open 'em."

One of the policemen steps on to the car and takes the young man by the arm.

"Lock 'im up, orf'cer," cries Velvet Waistband, with elation,—"'goin' about without no 'at."

"What d'you want?" inquires the young man, with dignity. "Leave gove my arm."

"'Is 'e sober, constable?" demands the conductor, loudly.

The second policeman motions the other back.

"Come on—get off the car," he says.

The young man regards him with hauteur.

"I wish to travel by the 'lectric car," he observes. "Anthecon ductorsacad."

Without further hesitation the two policemen seize him, one by each arm, haul him off the car, then march him away, protesting violently, through the crowd.

Velvet Waistband is dancing with delight.

"Lock 'im up, orf'cer!" she screams after the trio as it proceeds on a zig-zag march down the road. "There goes the gentleman with boots an' no 'at!"

A large section of the crowd has followed, one of them bearing a damaged silk hat. The murmurs of the rest grow louder as the group recedes further.

"It's a shame!" cries Straw Hat. "First 'e gets knocked about by the conductor an' then he gets locked up for it, pore feller. Nice-lookin' young feller, too!"

Ting!—Grrrrh!

The electric car has embarked its cargo and whirs off, a blaze of white light, down the road, striking sparks at intervals from the wire above. Velvet Waistband slovens off, incoherently exultant, in the direction of the public-



SCENE—Country Police Court.

Magistrate. "MY BOY, DO YOU FULLY REALISE THE NATURE OF AN OATH?"

Boy. "WELL, I OUGHTER, CONSIDERIN' THE TIMES I'VE CADDIED FOR YER!"

house. Straw Hat is relieving her mind to two vacant-looking strangers; a larger group is gathered round the coffee-stall, where Red Face is laying down astonishing rules about matter in motion.

I for my part turn to ascertaining the views of my Assyrian on (let us say) the Extension of the Franchise.

"RAPHAEL'S GLORY."

(After Browning's "One Word More.")

[J. E. RAPHAEL made 130 for Oxford in the University Cricket Match.]

I.

RAPHAEL made a century and thirty,
Seen by us and all the world in circle;
Never smote before with such aggression,
Made them, scoring more than half the total,
Made them with the coolness of a TRUMPER—
RAPHAEL's cheek was noble and sublime, Sir.
Not a bad performance for a batsman,
Who of all the team was last elected.

II.

You and I would rather make a hundred,
Be the later and the greater RAPHAEL,
Hitting hard against the men of Cambridge,
Would we not? than draw the best Madonnas
And, perhaps, become Academicians.

In a recent number of a medical weekly a learned foreign Professor is credited with giving the following advice to patients suffering from "sprue":—

"I recommend my patients to eat the tables with their meat, and to be careful not to swallow their food too quickly."

There is a Virgilian ring about this.



"DON'T YER NEVER TAKE THE BABY IN 'YDE PARK?"

"NO, HIGNOHANT, IT AIN'T THE SEASON!"

THE MOTOR INDUSTRY.

THOSE who demand unrestricted freedom for motor traffic cry continually, "The motor has come to stay." That is about the last thing it ever does. If it were never to move it might not be such a nuisance. Least of all does it "stay" after running other people down; it usually goes off then as fast as possible. These enthusiasts have another parrot cry. When the inoffensive ratepayers plead that they should not be prevented from using the roads which belong to them, the motor makers and motor sellers reply, "You must not hamper an industry." Continual repetition has convinced some interested persons that this is not only true but just. In fact they feel so strongly upon the matter that they held a public meeting the other day in a motor garage in the West End.

MR. SLAUGHTER, representative of the firms of MOIS ET VITA, PANIQUE, and the "Massacreur" Gesellschaft, took the chair. He said the motor-car had come to stay. (*Hear, hear!*) The industry gave employment to a vast number of French, German and American workmen, and even some English ones.

What right had selfish people, who walked, or rode, or went by train in this country, to injure the profits of these deserving men? (*Hear, hear!*) The industry must not be hampered. (*Loud cheers.*)

MR. GRXX said no industry ought to be hampered. (*Cheers.*) Look at firearms! Could anything be more tyrannical than the licences required, and the monstrous restrictions on the use of these articles, especially in public places? But revolvers had come to stay. (*Hear, hear!*) Their use must not be interfered with by ignorant class legislation and obsolete prejudices. The industry must not be hampered. (*Loud cheers.*)

SIGNOR ORRIBLE RUMORE was understood to agree with the previous speakers, and to say that ze vairy bayootifool piano-organ è venuto per rimanere. Ecco! Ze police (*groans*) can to mak 'im to move on. Perekè? Dio buono, che ingiustizia! Ze indoostry not vant to be in a 'amper. (*Cheers.*)

HERR BLASEN, who carried an ophi-cleide, said it is furehtbar. Er ist um zu bleiben gekommen, kom to stay.

Das Blascinstrumentgewerbe shall not hamper to bekom. (*Cheers.*)

SERGIUS ALEXIS IVANOVITCH, speaking in fluent English, said no one could dislike police in general (*groans*) more than he did. Yet he preferred the English police (*murmurs*) to the Russian. But why should any police hamper any industry? (*Hear, hear!*) Personally he was interested in the bomb industry. (*Oh, oh!*) Now the bomb had come to stay. (*Faint cheers.*) In fact he had brought one or two in his pocket. (*Here the Chairman crawled under a large motor-car as far as possible from the speaker.*) These bombs had the most beautiful mechanism, which tyrannical Governments endeavoured to abolish. It was all a matter of ignorance and prejudice. What is now the recreation of a few may become later on the pastime of the whole world. Should we wish the bomb industry to be entirely in the hands of foreigners? (*Faint cries of "Yes" from the Chairman and others who had joined him.*) The industry must not be hampered. With their permission he would now show them the beautiful mechanism. (*At this point everyone fled, and the meeting broke up in disorder.*)

A NEW OPENING FOR OLD WOUNDS.

["We print to-day a letter written by General LOUIS BOTHA to a friend in England, which Mr. LEONARD COURTNEY has sent to us for publication. We doubt whether, in the interests which the writer professes to have at heart, he has been well-advised in desiring publicity for it, or Mr. COURTNEY in furthering his desire. . . . If we are to believe General BOTHA . . . the reports sent home by Lord MILNER and his subordinates, describing in detail the progress of repatriation and resettlement, are nothing but a gigantic fraud."—*Times* Leader, July 15.]

LEONARD, of little england fame,
 Oft has it thrilled your Cornish blood
 When you have seen your country's name
 A common mark for alien mud;
 But never yet a joy so bland
 Made all your being swell and bristle,
 As when you laid a loving hand
 On BOTHA's ultimate epistle.

Rumour had run this many a day
 Of byres restocked with steer and kine,
 Of happy burghers making hay,
 Of stoeps that reeked of oil and wine;
 But now the better news revives
 Your spirits, late inclined to languish,
 For here you read of ruined lives
 And hearts that heave with inward anguish.

You read how Doppers draw the line
 (As slaves may turn beneath the lash)
 At being asked, ye gods! to sign
 Receipts for gifts in kind or cash;
 Here is a plain unvarnished tale
 (Not lies by MILNER fabricated),
 A book of words to suit the wail
 For millions misappropriated.

It strikes with no uncertain sound
 Echoes of half-forgotten years,
 When British tyranny was found
 A steady source of blood and tears;
 It tells of freedom doomed to die,
 Of hopes addressed to dull perdition,
 And simple faith confounded by
 The sorry farce of JOSEPH's mission.

It speaks about the Council (shame!)—
 Mongrels with souls as hard as nuts—
 And how a seat upon the same
 Was properly declined by SMUTS;
 How infants, too, by all report
 (Though Government concealed the total)
 Not only had their taal cut short,
 But grew distinctly sacerdotal.

So to the *Times* you sent the thing
 For half a continent to see
 And set its gutter-press to sling
 More slime at British perfidy;
 What matter though an ancient strife
 Renewed itself by such recitals,
 So long as you could get your knife
 Into your country's wriggling vitals?

But oh! why *did* your fighting friend
 Permit his stolid wits to stray
 Through inadvertence towards the end
 And give the show, and you, away?
 For had his pen but matched his sword,
 He scarce had finished by allowing
 That his deluded race had scored
 This year a record feat in ploughing!

O. S.

MR. PUNCH'S SPECIAL ARTICLES.

(With acknowledgments to the "*Daily Mail*.")

No. VI.—METROPOLITAN BEE-KEEPING.

["The pleasures of life in London seem destined to be augmented, judging by the number of inquiries respecting the cost of keeping bees within the metropolitan area."—*Daily Paper*.]

THE fashion of keeping a bee and thus having one's honey fresh every morning is rapidly spreading, and it will soon be difficult to find a house in London in which one or more of these ingenious and industrious little creatures is not a favourite.

The ordinary place to keep them is, of course, a bonnet, but they have been known to affect even a new silk hat. Agriculture, like everything else, has to be learned, and we would impress upon our readers the unwisdom of thinking that a bee may be left entirely to its own devices. A collar and chain are not necessary, but it must have food. Where one's house is near a flower garden the bee can be trusted to forage for itself, but if one lives, say, in Cheapside or the Minories, one's little pet must be artificially nourished. Messrs. BUSZARD fortunately make an excellent bee's biscuit of compressed sugar, and Messrs. BURROUGHS AND WELCOME'S Saccharine and Heather Mixture Molassoid Tabloids (Lord AVEBURY's Brand) are already a boon to millions of the humming classes now happily domiciled in our midst.

The bee's toilet, again, must be carefully attended to, for with a bee cleanliness emphatically comes next to godliness. It is enough to state that celluloid combs are *de rigueur*, and that season tickets for admission to the Hummums can be procured at very moderate prices.

To regard the bee, however, merely as a producer, argues a singularly limited outlook. In its leisure moments it can be made to contribute appreciably to the amenities of home life. To teach a bee tricks the first requisite is patience. The accomplishments of the insect are not extensive in range, but peculiarly engaging in quality. It is useless to expect a bee to fetch and carry volumes of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, to shut the door, or to die for the KING; but with a little persuasion and an occasional sip of Golden Syrup, it will hum a lullaby, supply an *obligato* accompaniment to a coon song, or hasten the departure of an unwelcome guest.

We may conclude this article with a few observations of a miscellaneous character for the benefit of the lay reader. As Lord AVEBURY has beautifully remarked, there is no Salic Law among bees, a fact which must signally endear them to the inhabitants of these isles. They only sting under the greatest provocation, but, as M. MAETERLINCK, the eminent Belgian *littérateur*, remarks, their sting is worse than their buzz. Finally, though they seldom, if ever, attain the age of a parrot or an elephant, they are undoubtedly more long lived than the dragon-fly or the blue-bottle.

To "FRIENDS IN FRONT."—It is not a case of "any port in a storm," but of Al-port, yept Mr. SYDNEY ALPORT, who, well and worthily known in the theatrical world, is now o'erwhelmed by a sea of troubles, and disabled from active service. For his benefit—specially well-deserved, otherwise it would not be mentioned here—there is to be given a *matinée* at Wyndham's Theatre on July 28, arranged by a strong professional committee, headed by Sir HENRY IRVING and Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM. If all "friends in front" who have "benefited" by Mr. ALPORT's tact and aptitude for business would join with those on the stage, the result should be a "bumper" at parting."



DISTURBING THE SOIL.

[See General Louis Borne's letter to a correspondent, published in the *Times*, July 15, 1903.]



THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR



A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

Farmer. "WHERE 'AVE YE BEEN ALL THIS TIME? AND WHERE'S THE OLD MARE—DIDN'T YE HAVE HER SHOD AS I TOLD YE?"

Jarge. "SHOD! LAW, NO, MARSTER. I BIN A BURYIN' SHE! DIDN'T I THINK THEE SAID 'SHOT'!"

THE TEA INTERVAL.

[Being a chapter omitted from the *Country Life* volume on *Cricket*, edited by Mr. H. G. HUTCHINSON.]

ON this most important feature of first-class cricket much can be said. In the old benighted days, when the most noteworthy figures selected for hero-worship were the GRACES, A. G. STEEL, C. T. STUDD, A. N. HORNBY (to name these only), luncheon was the only meal partaken of during a match. Bearing this fact in mind, it is of course no matter for surprise that cricket was what it was—a pastime almost wholly neglected by the newspapers, creating no popular interest in the County Championship, offering little employment to photographers or statisticians, and with hardly a single first-class player criticising in print the matches in which he took part.

Fortunately we have changed all this, and the game has now taken its right place in the affairs of the country. On inquiring into the cause of this salutary alteration, by which the cricketer has become a public character, second in fame only to a music-hall artist, we find

that it synchronises with the introduction, so long and dangerously delayed, of the tea-interval.

In the advance of the cricketer from the monophagous to the biphagous stage, the scientific historian of the game will not fail to note the advent of the crowning phase of its evolution. What was once a monotonous display of animal endurance, lasting from a quarter to three to half-past six, is now pleasantly broken at half-past four by an adjournment to the pavilion for a cup or cups of the refreshing beverage of China, Assam or Ceylon. Tastes differ in this matter, as in everything else. Mr. C. B. FRY finds Orange Pekoe with a dash of Oolong the most stimulating variety, not only for the game but for the many literary labours connected with his innings. Mr. P. F. WARNER prefers a syrupy Souchong. Mr. JESSOP is a pronounced adherent of Gunpowder. Prince RANJITSINGH favours a blend of Indian leaves. Mr. MACLAREN swears by pure China with a slice of lemon in it. Mr. H. K. FOSTER will not look at cream. ALBERT TROTT, curious to relate, prefers brown to lump sugar.

It is pleasant for the historian to be

able to record that cricketers are reviving some of the graces and amenities with which tea was taken in the days of POPE. Now and then, it is true, one is distressed to see a professional pouring the steaming liquid into his saucer; but for the most part the exponents of the game of games (as it has been called) empty their cups with charming delicacy and *espieglerie*. And this reminds us that some very dainty porcelain services are now to be seen in the County pavilions, which vie with each other in a friendly contest of ceramic taste. Sussex is famed for its Sèvres, and the Wedgwood set at Old Trafford has not its equal in the kingdom. On the other hand it is an open secret that the inadequate tea-table equipment of one of the Midland Counties nearly led to the discontinuance of several of their most attractive fixtures. The difficulty, however, has been happily surmounted by the princely munificence of a local magnate, who recently presented the County Club with a superb service of Crown Derby, a set of apostle spoons, and twelve exquisitely embroidered hem-stitched table-cloths.

A LAY OF MODERN LONDON.

YE hostesses of Mayfair, Belgravia's stately dames,
To me your pretty faces are little more than names,
Yet make a circle round me, and I will tell to you
A tale of what has once been done—of what you yet may do.
This is no Grecian fable which I propose to sing,
Of Midas with the ass's ears, of Gyges and his ring.
Here, in this very London, under the midnight moon,
In sight of all Society, the deed was done in June.

Old men still creep among us who tell that in their day
It was the thing for all young men to own the valse's sway.
But now in vain the fiddles call, in vain the maidens
glance—

The Guards have gone to Aldershot, and no one else can
dance.

The Marchioness of BLUESTONE

By all the Guards she swore,
That the great house of Sapphire
Should fill its festive floor.

By all the Guards she swore it—

Nor did she swear in vain,

But sent a messenger by bus

To the South-Western terminus,

To book a special train.

From the South-Western terminus

The wingèd order flew,

And Aldershot, from tent and hut,

Is bound for Waterloo.

Shame on the lazy Guardsman

Who says he cannot come,

When the Marchioness of BLUESTONE

Beats on the rallying drum.

Ho! flower of England's chivalry, be nice as you are strong;
Ho! face the music gallantly; Ho! thread the giddy throng.
The times are changed, and Waterloo precedes the merry
dance;

The girls of England call you—not the gentlemen of France.
All London's fairest daughters are waiting here for you;
Up, Guardsmen, up and at them! Up, Guards, to Waterloo!

Hurrah! The Guards are coming. Hark to the quickening
pace

Of violin and 'cello and roaring double-bass.

Hurrah! for that smart hostess, who hired the special train
To fetch the Guards from Aldershot and take them back
again.

* * * * *

East and west and south and north, where children come
and go,

From Camberwell and Islington, from Hammersmith and
Bow,

From Brixton and from Hoxton, from dark Whitechapel
slums,

To you, ye Mayfair hostesses, a sound of crying comes.

Ladies, before you shake the dust of London from your feet,
And let the winds of all the world correct the season's heat,
Hark to the cry of these who die a living street-bound death;
In pity give, that they may live to breathe the country's
breath,

May hear the uncaged thrushes sing, and see the flowers
grow,

And paddle in the rippling waves—for, oh! they long to go
To Sussex meads and Surrey lanes, and sunny, smiling
Kent,

Far from the reeking pavements where their squalid lives
are spent;

To Ramsgate with its nigger troupes, to Margate's happy
sands,

To Yarmouth (where the bloaters grow), to Brighton with its
bands.

You brought the Guards to London once; the children cry
to you—

"Please send us out of London in a special train or two!"

N.B.—*Mr. Punch* begs to remind those who have long
purses but short memories that the name and address of
the Treasurer of the Children's Country Holidays Fund is
the Hon. ALFRED LYTTELTON, K.C., M.P., 18, Buckingham
Street, Strand, W.C.

PASHLEY'S OPINIONS.

No. XVII.

IT WAS ROGERSON started me on the dog-keeping business.
He'd got a dog, a kind of rough-haired mongrel, that he
set great store by. There was a lot of talk always about his
pedigree. Sometimes ROGERSON said he was a pure champion-
bred Irish terrier, and then again he'd make inquiries and
find out he was an Airedale, and last of all he'd say that
the dog belonged to a special new breed that they hadn't
got a right name for yet, but they were making a Club for
that particular kind of dog, and his animal was going to
be jolly high up in the stud-book. Anyhow, it was an
ugly dog, and I never saw much use in it, but it gave ROGER-
SON no end of reputation, and, what's more, when he was in
ladies' society he was never at a loss for something to talk
about. He'd just call the beast up and put a bit of biscuit
on his nose and say "Paid for," and the dog would make a
silly kind of snap and miss the biscuit every time, and then
there was a lot of screeching and pulling up of skirts by
the girls, while the dog rushed about chivving the biscuit
all over the floor. He had another trick, too. He was
supposed to be a genuine Conservative dog, and if you
offered him a biscuit from GLADSTONE he was to turn his
head away and look sulky, but if you said "It's from
Dizzy," he was to smile all over and snap up the biscuit.
More often than not *Touzer* would go for the biscuit at the
first go, whether you said GLADSTONE or not; but, if he did,
ROGERSON of course wouldn't let him have it, so it all came
right in the end. The consequence was ROGERSON got to be
very highly thought of in politics, and they made him a
Vice-President of the Conservative Club, entirely owing to
Touzer.

When I saw ROGERSON going ahead like that I thought it
was time for me to chip in with a dog of my own. I'd
always been taken with the pictures of bull-dogs in the
illustrated papers. PLUMLEY used to say you couldn't
mistake a dog like that: he was British to the backbone,
and no foreigners could match him. You'd only got to
glance at his jaws and his chest, PLUMLEY said, to know he
was bred in England. There was an engraving, too, that
attracted me. It showed a bull-dog tugging at one end of
a cord, and at the other end there were three foreign dogs,
poodles and that sort of beast, and the bull-dog was pulling
them all over the place. So, thinks I to myself, "that's the
dog for me. If ever I keep a dog it shall be a bull."

Well, I had a bit of a job to find what I wanted, but at
last I saw something in a shop near the Seven Dials that
seemed the very thing. It was a great thick beast, with
bandy legs and a double kink in his tail, and its face was
the ugliest thing I ever set eyes on. The nose was set
right in, and the teeth stuck out in the funniest way. They
seemed to have grown backwards and sideways—every way,
in fact, but the right way—and when you spoke to the dog
he did nothing but jump at you and snuffle like a locomotive
trying to get up steam, and not doing it very well

either. I told the man in the shop I wanted a bull-dog, but it must be a fierce one, for I didn't care to have any truck with your namby-pamby, molly-coddle lap-dog sort.

The man gave me a look, and said, "If that's what you want it's lucky you came to me. This 'ere dawg's name is 'Ereules—'Ere for short—and he's called so because he's stronger and fiercer than any other dawg that ever was bred. I'm selling him for a gent who wants to get rid of him because he's so fierce. He tried to eat two brewer's men a fortnight ago, but luckily he got hold o' one o' their leather aprons and he swallowed that instead. But he's as kind as a lamb with them as he knows, only he's got to know 'em first. You feed him for a day or two and he'll know you all right."

That was the dog for me all over, so I paid £5 and got him. I was a bit troubled how to get him home, but the man said he could see by the dog's eye that he'd taken a fancy to me, so I bought a chain with him, and called a four-wheeled cab, and set off for home.

SERVING A DUEL PURPOSE.

[A harmless bullet, consisting of wax and suet, has been invented and used in several French duels.—*Daily Paper.*]

O LAY aside the cruel lead,
Give me the fat of beeves,
This hand, preparing blood to shed,
Its innocence retrieves.

My honour, firing at a touch,
Still hesitates at gore;
I should not love it half so much,
Loved I not safety more.

Time was I felt my passion wane
Beneath the pistol's spell;
Now let it wax, for once again
Le jeu vaut la chandelle.

So may the man who loves his life
Wax wroth and never rue it,
May counterfeit a mimic strife,
Yet seeking peace ensue it.

P.I.P.

(*Perfectly Impossible Pulp.*)

THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND.

No doubt some of our readers have been, at one time or another, in Ireland, especially those who were born there. It is hoped, however, that the following notes may be of some value to those whose attention has now for the first time been attracted to this country by the King's visit.

Many, however, will remember that not very long ago Ireland was the scene



AN ORIGINAL IDEA.

She. "OH, FRED, CAN'T WE DO SOMETHING QUITE NEW TO-NIGHT?—SOMETHING ABSOLUTELY FRESH?"
He. "WHY NOT DINE AT HOME?"

of perhaps the most bloodless and humane motor-car encounters of modern times.

The inhabitants of the island (who consist of men, women, and children of both sexes) are full of native character. They are generally fond of animals, especially pigs and "bulls." These latter wear what is known as a Celtic fringe on the forehead.

The principal exports are emigrants, M.P.s, shamrock, Dublin Fusiliers, Field Marshals, real lace, and cigars.

A full list of "Previous Royal Visits to Ireland and other Countries" will be found in another column of some other paper.

Dublin is the capital of the country, and is pronounced very much like the English word "doubling," with the final "g" omitted.

The tourist will find the language difficult comparatively easy, as English is now spoken in most of the large shops.

A few phrases, such as "Erim go bragh," "Begorra ve spalpeen," "Acushla mavourneen," &c., are easily learnt, and the trouble involved is amply repaid in the simple joy of the natives on hearing a foreigner speak their own language.

English gold is accepted in Ireland, and the rate of exchange works out at twenty shillings to the sovereign. Two sixpences will always be accepted in lieu of a shilling.

N.B.—To avoid disappointment to naturalists and others we think it right to mention that since the late raid of St. Patrick there are no snakes of first-rate quality in Ireland.

CHARIVARIA.

The following interesting particulars of M. LOUBET's visit to England are published by a contemporary:—

Miles travelled in England . . .	304
Deputations and addresses received . . .	16
Speeches made . . .	7
Decorations conferred . . .	31
Carriage drives . . .	31
Banquets . . .	4
Total	393

At last the German EMPEROR is becoming seriously alarmed at the spread of Social Democracy. He is even preparing against the eventuality of losing his situation. His daughter is being trained as a cook.

It is notorious how some people resent having their names abbreviated. Thus, the Japanese hate to be called Japs, and now the Germans are objecting to being called Germs.

Captain WELLS has entered upon his new duties as Conservative Agent. It is announced; however, that until a new chief is found for the Fire Brigade he will continue to transact a *certain amount* of business connected with the Brigade. This is taken to mean that a fire, say, at the National Liberal Club would now be outside the Captain's scope.

The ways of the War Office are difficult to understand. Captain WILLIAMS, who was one of the officers concerned in the Cape Ragging Case, has been promoted; but Lieutenant PRIOR, who was not only concerned in the Cape Ragging Case but has since been fined £5 for an assault, has received absolutely no mark of approval.

Serious defects have been discovered in the design of the new Army rifle. This is usual enough, but it is not so usual to make these discoveries before the implement is issued.

A "Free Food League" has been formed. Fascinated by the title, a number of schoolboys are applying for membership.

The pioneer Passive Resister is Mr. THOMAS CHARLES SMITH, of Wirksworth, Derbyshire, and he believes the day is not far distant when the name of SMITH will be well-known in England.

One often hears of the power of the Press. We have had a wonderful example of it recently, when the *Express* got an injunction causing the *Sun* to stop.



First Workman. "Wot's it say, BILL, ON THAT OLD SUN-DIAL?"

Second Workman (reading deliberately). "IT says, 'DO—TO—DAY'S—WORK—TO—DAY.'"

First W. "'Do TWO DAYS' WORK TO-DAY!' WOT O! NOT ME!"

How to dispose of the corpse is a problem which has baffled many of our cleverest murderers. It has remained for the natives of New Guinea to discover a way out of the difficulty. Some of them clubbed four visitors the other day, and then lunched on the result.

The Bishop of BARKING has been bitten by a mosquito. We are requested to state that the mosquito had no idea who he was.

Dressed in a little brief's authority.

["In a motion before Mr. Justice KEKEWICH counsel who appeared in support of it was wearing a light suit.

His Lordship. I cannot hear you in that costume."—*Evening Paper.*]

Your coat is light! Not light is your misdeed!

The witness-box and not the bar should "swear;"

If you persist you'll find the suit you plead Drowned in the loudness of the suit you wear.





Linley Sambourne del.

SUN

"AN ARGOSY"

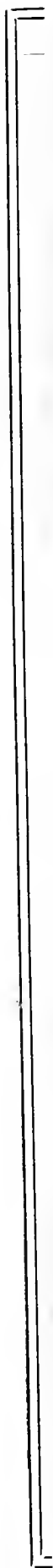
[State Visit of King EDWARD and



I S E.

IC SAILS."

ALEXANDRA to Ireland this week.]



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 13.

—The MEMBER FOR SARK having resolutely kept clear of the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy has fallen a victim to another of equal interest. Surrender is the more complete since he is sole dis-



"BUNSBY" BALFOUR.

coverer of the evidence, "onlie begetter" of the theory. It points to the commanding influence, the subtle personal predominance, of *Captain Bunsby* in His Majesty's Government. All the world knows *Captain Jack Bunsby*, master of the *Cautious Clara*, bosom friend, counsellor, oracle, of *Cap'n Cuttle*. He long ago disappeared in the shades where he was born. But his mental habit, his verbal peculiarities, his very manner of replying to an ordinary question, at this hour linger over the Treasury Bench.

To-night, as happens every night, the Inquiring Mind on the Opposition Bench makes inquiry about the Inquiry. SOAMES sits up night after night with wet towel wound tightly round his massive brow, drafting questions designed to draw PRINCE ARTHUR. JOHN ELLIS turns his trained and massive mind in the same direction. BLACK broods day and night over the problem. PRINCE ARTHUR, instant from his study of *Captain Bunsby*, comes out scatheless. When *Cap'n Cuttle* took the master of the *Cautious Clara* in tow and brought him to *Sol Gill's* parlour to join in conference on the fate of *Walter*, sent to sea in the missing *Son and Heir*, the

oracle was, after prolonged pressure, induced to speak. And what did he say?

"Whereby. Why not? If so, what odds? Can any man say otherwise? No. Awast then. The bearings of this observation lays in the application on it. That ain't no part of my duty."

Transforming this luminous reply into Parliamentary language, Members will recognise the method and manner in PRINCE ARTHUR's answers to pertinacious questions with respect to what is delicately known as The Inquiry. Consider, for instance, the answer vouchsafed just now in response to ELLIS's supplementary question, "Have instructions already been given?"

"Some instructions have been given," PRINCE ARTHUR slowly answered; "doubtless some instructions still remain to be given."

This is phrased in the severe propriety of language proper to House of Commons. But embellish it with *Jack Bunsby's* superfluous remarks, and see how close we get to the original.

"Whereby. Why not? Some instructions have been given. If so, what odds? Doubtless some instructions remain to be given. Can any man say otherwise? No. Awast then."

SARK does not rest his theory solely on PRINCE ARTHUR's answers, though, as will be seen, the evidence on that score is overpowering. There is another, even more striking, proof furnished by a principal colleague. When DON JOSÉ was taken to task for unconventional boldness of retort to observation unfriendly to this country made by German Minister, he, instead of apologising or attempting to explain things away, quietly answered, "What I have said I have said."

Phrase instantly took on. Has become historic. It was timeously uttered. But it was not new. The master of the *Cautious Clara* was in the field with it fifty-six years ago. At this very conference in the parlour of *Sol Gill's*, *Cap'n Cuttle's* friend opens the conversation with this remark, "My name's JACK BUNSBY, and what I says I stands to."

Bunsby's influence may be unseen, unfelt. Coincidence may be accidental. But we must admit that there is at least as much in SARK's theory as underlies the SHAKESPEARE and BACON assumption.

Business done.—A night of Scotch, hot. Licensing Bill occupied sitting from afternoon till midnight, with brief interval for soda-water purposes. Conversation quite genial. C.-B. talks pleasantly about oatmeal and milk, and the making of girdles, "not," he blushing explains, "the article of dress worn by ladies, but the surface of iron on which oat-cakes are toasted on the fire." Girdle reminds Lord Advocate

of WALLER and his verse thereon. Is heard murmuring

Give me but what this riband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

Attorney-General, himself a Scotchman, raises eyebrows and gazes on his enamoured colleague with pained surprise.

Mr. CALDWELL grows dreamily remi-



A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

"Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Bart.," as he appeared when signing the Visitors' Book of a Glasgow public-house.

niscient of days when, in far-off Milton of Campsie, he wove fairy shreds of calico. Offers to repeat one of his lectures on law delivered in the College of Science and Arts, Glasgow. SPEAKER says this will be out of order, its bearing upon the subject before the House—the Licensing Acts (Scotland) Consolidation Amendment Bill as amended by the Standing Committee—not instantly apparent. DALZIEL tells pretty story about looking in one Sabbath day in character of a *bonâ fide* traveller at public-house near Glasgow. Finds, according to Visitors' Book, that the most regular Sabbath caller is WILFRID LAWSON, Bart. Sir WILFRID explains he was never there in his life. Has heard that the same book contains signatures purporting to be those of Right Rev. Bishops.

And some there are who deny humour to the Scottish race!

House of Lords, Tuesday night.—Mere Commoners visiting this gilded Chamber and contemplating its method of doing business, are struck by reminiscences of "Through the Looking-Glass." There is a Speaker, but he has no control; can't call on Members to succeed



THE "LIGHTNING CONDUCTOR" OF THE GOVERNMENT.

Br-dr-ck. "I say, Arthur, doesn't he keep it off us beautifully?! I feel so nice and safe, don't you?!"

each other in debate; has no power to check disorderly conduct; so far from strictly observing judicial attitude may, often does, contribute to debate speeches of exceptionally partisan character. In Commons we commence with Questions, go on with Orders of Day. Here they begin with Orders of Day, go on to Questions. In Commons question on Paper is not even read. Alluded to by number, replied to by Minister in briefest terms. Here a Peer, placing on Paper innocent-looking inquiry, may use it as text for long speech, probably opening up important debate. In Commons debate on second reading of a Bill is strictly confined to general principles and policy. Consideration of clauses peremptorily confined to Committee stage. To-night Lord MAYO, joining debate on second reading of Motor Car Bill, unrebuked went through measure clause by clause, criticising commas, suggesting semicolons, parleying with prepositions.

Will all be done over again when

Committee stage reached; seems tire-some waste of time. In ordinary case no matter. Time no object with House of Lords. Haven't much to do on any day, except perhaps Friday. That being the night when, under New Rules, the House of Commons, having given up its Wednesday, adjourns at 5.30, noble Lords usually arrange for some business that shall keep them exceptionally late. Have the satisfaction of knowing that thereby they deprive the pressmen, the police, and others of hardly-earned privilege of one evening off duty.

What made MAYO's performance and other prosy pranks exceptionally vexatious was that by indulgence therein they, after wearisome waiting, drove into the dinner-hour JOKIM and COUNTY GUY, who between them had something to say on absorbing question of the modern Delicate Investigation.

Business done.—Motor Car Bill read a second time. No one pretended to object to it. No amendment before House. Such criticisms as were offered

directed against details suitable for discussion in Committee. All the same, succession of prodigiously dull speeches wasted two hours and a-half of a summer night.

House of Commons, Friday night.—The rift in the lute of Unionism, opened on the Free Trade question, slowly broadens. Some see in it promise of presently making the music mute. When Englishmen wish to do one an honour they give him a public dinner. When in politics they mean business they form a League, engage a secretary, and take an office. Thus the Free Food League, composed of pick of the Unionist Party. Uneasiness in some Ministerial circles as to possible result. Only DON JOSÉ serene, resolute, confident of victory.

As to-night he sat on Treasury Bench with folded arms, there came upon him recollection of an earlier epoch in this very question of Free Trade, described in memorable passage in *Dizzy's Life of George Bentinck*. It was the division on the Coercion Bill, which took place fifty-seven years ago come Saturday next week. PEEL had abolished Protection. Taking their revenge the Protectionists made common cause with the Opposition, and on a side issue drove their old Leader from power.

DON JOSÉ, musing on the Treasury Bench, sees a vision of history repeating itself. It is not merely the number of the Dissident Unionists mustered under the banner of GOSCHEN and HICKS-BEACH. "They are the flower of that great party which had been so proud to follow one who had been so proud to lead them. They had extended to him an unlimited confidence, and an admiration without stint. They stood by him in his darkest hour, and had borne him from the depths of political despair to the proudest of living positions. Right or wrong, they were men of honour, breeding, and refinement, high and generous character, of great weight and station in the country, which they had ever placed at his disposal. If his heart was hardened to WINSTON CHURCHILL and CAPTAIN TOMMY BOWLES, he must surely have had a pang when his eye rested on Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, his choice and pattern country gentleman. In the League he recognised LORD HUGH CECIL, the Parliamentary name of more than two centuries; and ERNEST BECKETT, from that broad Yorkshire which Protection had created. And the LAMBTONS and the KEMPS were there, and the RENSHAWs, the YEBURGHs were there, and WILLIE PEEL, and East Somerset had sent the stout heart of HENRY HOBHOUSE, and Kilmarnock Burghs the pleasant presence of Colonel DENNY. GEORGE GOSCHEN was there, son of the

Chancellor of the Exchequer with whom Don José had collogued under two Administrations. And there was SEYMOUR KING and CAMERON CORBETT, and PEMBERTON and SEELY, and HAYES-FISHER and EDGAR VINCENT, wise as the storied Sphinx; and W. F. D. SMITH, son of OLD MORALITY. But the list is too long, or good names hang behind."

Thus DIZZY after many years. Not *autres mœurs*, only *autre temps* and *autres noms*.

Business done.—Report of Irish Land Bill.

FROM THE FENCE-TOP.

(A speech to be delivered by many Unionist M.P.s within the next month or so.)

LADIES and gentlemen! I give
You, my supporters, hearty greeting!
Gladly your representative
Anticipates this annual meeting.

My only difficulty seems

What to omit and what to mention
Of all the multifarious schemes
Engaging popular attention.

Shall we consider—for thereby
The farmer sees his hope of gain
fall—

That fascinating mystery,
The odd behaviour of the rain-fall?

The cause of barometric curves
Would form a topic not unpleasant—
But, as our Chairman now observes,
Not wholly relevant at present.

Home Rule, then . . . What? "Home
Rule is dead?"

Possibly; yet we must prepare if
The future—eh? You want instead
My views on Preferential Tariff?

You ask me clearly to define
My own intended course of action?
Should I regard a Zollverein
With enmity or satisfaction?

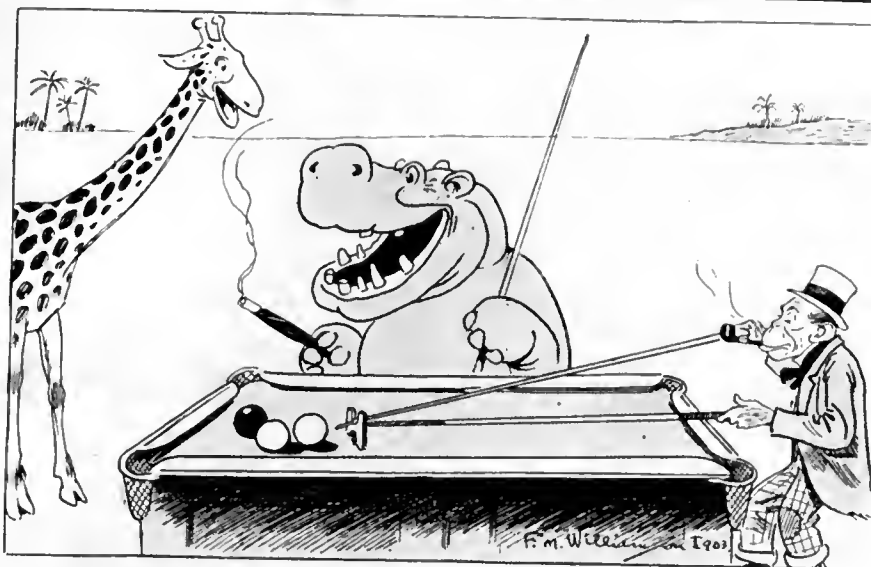
Well, frankly, then, I entertain
(As every lover of the nation
Is bound to do) for CHAMBERLAIN
Great, though judicious, admiration;

Although for CORDEN and for BRIGHT
(Names, in their way, no less auspicious)

I have an admiration quite
As great, and equally judicious.

If we can aid by such device
Our Colonies, the gain belittles
So insignificant a price
As putting up the cost of victuals.

But, if the dream of lasting good
From such a course be merely idle,
Why, then, to put a tax on food
Would be, I take it, suicidal.



A SOUTH AFRICAN QUESTION.

The Giraffe. "CAN I JOIN YOU?"

Mr. Hippo. "No, YOU CAN'T, OLD CHAFFIE. THIS IS A SPOT-BARRED GAME!"

I reckon our Colonial kin

As more—or less—to us than brothers,
But should some policies begin
They're nearly sure to end in others.

Fair Trade or Free? The matter turns
Upon a multitude of questions,
Involving, so one daily learns,
A host of nebulous suggestions. . . .

Others may deem me overbold,
Mock my decisiveness or flout it;
But you, my followers, have been told
Exactly how I feel about it.

I've nailed my colours to the mast,
Whether it be as Free or Fair man. . .
Let us adjourn, then, having passed
A vote to thank our worthy Chairman.

NERVES AND NEEDLEWORK.

["The latest remedy for overstrained nerves, according to a famous brain specialist, is fancy work. The effect is all the better if the occupation have an altruistic tendency, and the work done be given away. In America parties are now held to which the guests are invited to 'bring their knitting.'—*Daily Paper.*"]

In commending this simple remedy to our overstrained generation we venture to anticipate a few of the paragraphs that will shortly appear in our daily papers.

"The Speaker held the first Working Party of the Session last night, when he received nearly one hundred guests. One of the first to arrive was the Prime Minister, who is making good progress with the pretty afternoon-teacloth which he began after the first reading of the New Education Bill, and which will be presented to Dr. CLIFFORD on its completion. The Secretary of State for

War, who looked very peaceful and happy, was busily engaged in knitting a pair of mittens for Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL. It is an open secret that Mr. WYNDHAM intends presenting the patchwork quilt on which he has been engaged for so long to Mr. TIM HEALY."

"In conversation with a correspondent, the Speaker remarked that since the rule allowing Members to bring their work-baskets into the House his office had been a sinecure. The Colonial Secretary's kettleholders are in great demand as prizes in the Government Schools in South Africa."

"We understand that Colonel SMITH, of the — Guards, holds a working party for subalterns at his house every Saturday afternoon. It is said that the Commander-in-Chief much admires the rag carpets which these skilful young soldiers turn out."

"The Bishop of LONDON has left town for a few days' needlework at St. Andrews. During his brief holiday no letters will be forwarded to his Lordship, who has only taken his work-basket with him."

"The Editor of the *Times* has kindly consented to open a Bazaar at the Athenæum next week, when the work done by the Members during the last six months will be exhibited. We have been privileged to see some of the articles which will be offered for sale, and cannot refrain from expressing our admiration of the beautiful shawl knitted by Mr. LECKY. The Bazaar, which is in aid of the Society for the Prevention of the Taking Up of the London Streets, should be a great success."

**SHAKSPEARE, ILLUSTRATED.**

"TEDIOUS AS A TWICE-TOLD TALE,
VEXING THE DULL EAR OF A DROWSY MAN."

King John, Act III., Sc. 4.



IN MEMORIAM.

Pope Leo the Thirteenth.

BORN, 1810. DIED, JULY 20, 1903.

THERE in the hushed Cathedral's holy calm,
Dim lights about him, and the dome above,
He sleeps—immortal by the spirit-balm
Of universal love.

Still over lips and brow where life has passed
Lingers the smile of faith serenely fair;
The hands that blessed the world are folded fast
As in the act of prayer.

The long day closes and the strife is dumb.
Thither he goes where temporal loss is gain,
Where he that asks to enter must become
A little child again.

And, since in perfect humbleness of heart
He sought his Church's honour, not his own,
All faiths are one to share the mourner's part
Beside the empty throne.

High Guardian of the mysteries of God,
His circling love enwrapped the human race;
For every creed the Pontiff's lifted rod
Blossomed with flowers of grace.

The nations' peace he had for dearest cause;
Kings from his counsel caught a starry sign;
Christlike he fostered loyalty to laws,
These earthly, those divine.

So shall the heart of grief not soon be cold,
There least, where loyal tributes crown the way
Of Ireland's KING whose hand, as friends may hold,
He held but yesterday. O. S.

CHARIVARIA.

THERE turns out, after all, to be nothing in the concession that Russia has made to the United States with regard to the Treaty Ports. Her offer is to open them *after the evacuation of Manchuria*.

A negro mob has lynched a negro in Florida. This is what is known as "Aping one's betters."

The rates due from several Passive Resisters have been paid by anonymous friends during the past week, and the Passive Resisters are justly furious. They declare that England is not so rich in heroes that she can afford to lose any in this way.

A number of children in Geneva who partook in one hour of meat pies, jam tarts, ham, cherries, green apples, coffee, iced beer, iced water, red wine, raspberries, fruit ices, and chocolates, were suddenly overtaken by a mysterious illness, which the doctors are inclined to think must have been due to something they had eaten or drunk.

Recent statistics as to new recruits seem to show that the Englishman's motto nowadays is, "Throw physique to the dogs."

An admirable improvement in motor-cars is about to be introduced by one of our leading firms. Cars are frequently overturned, and the occupants buried underneath. In future, on the bottom of every car made by the firm in question there will be engraved the words, "Here lies—," followed by a blank space, which can be filled up by the purchaser.

In order to provide counter-attractions to public-houses on Bank Holiday it has been decided to open on that day, from 3 to 10 P.M., the four public libraries of Mile End, Whitechapel, Limehouse, and St. George's in the Borough. Up to the hour of going to press, local publicans have shown no sign of serious alarm.

The Hon. CHARLES ROTHSCHILD'S Flea-collection now comprises many thousands of these scourges, and it is surely time that a question were asked in Parliament as to whether the museum that holds them is under adequate police supervision.

SUGGESTED PET-NAMES FOR A GREEDY LITTLE BOY.—The Hold-all; The Little Stowaway.

A BALLADE OF MODIFIED AMBITIONS.

An! wherefore, at the season's wane—

In sultry London in July—

Seek routes, by steamer or by train,

To distant pleasure-haunts to fly;

Till each one's merits you deny,

For Spas grow stale and mountains pall;

Though something fresh one fain would try,

It ends in Margate after all.

The busy twelvemonth's stress and strain,

Its eager strife to sell and buy,

Its balancings of loss with gain,

The sordid daily tasks we ply—

Have gone at last; for rest we sigh,

And leisure comes with urgent call;

Anxious to make the best reply,

It ends in Margate after all.

There, nothing goes against the grain;

White cliffs set off the deep blue sky,

Brisk breezes renovate the brain—

Give appetites to satisfy.

And thus the lazy hours go by—

Day after day they idly crawl,

Till, spent with holiday, we cry:

It ends, in Margate, after all.

Envoy.

We grasp at gaudy joys—ah, why?

Since over-weening pride shall fall;

The aspiration may be high,

It ends in—Margate, after all.

FROM WINE CELLAR TO BOOK SELLER.

MESSRS. PORPHYRY, PATCH & Co., having the hospitality of *Mr. Punch's* columns offered to them, beg to announce that, as the result of long and exhaustive researches into the organic chemistry of the artistic temperament, they are now in a position to supply novelists, authors, politicians, and publicists of all schools, shades and parties, with the necessary stimulants for evoking the desired atmosphere, imparting the needed tinge of actuality (*in vino veritas*), and so effectually counteracting that tired feeling in the reader or auditor which so seriously impairs the force of the writer's or speaker's appeal.

To authors commencing they would especially recommend the following brands, which can be supplied in barrels, bottles, half-bottles, and "nips":—

Château Gaillard (fine old crusted). This luscious and full-bodied vintage, including guaranteed cobwebs and Renaissance beeswing, is offered at the sacrificial price of . . . 18s. a dozen.

Château Blondet; a velvety wine with an astonishing bouquet, recalling the

delicious Gladstone clarets of thirty years ago. In flagons with screw stoppers . . . 12s. a dozen.

CALEDONIAN CHAMPAGNE.

No. 1. Dry (Kirriemuir Brand) . . 36s.

„ 2. Sweet (Veuve Crockett) . . 24s.

„ 3. Light (Briar Bush Brand) 18s.

Rev. CLAUDIUS DREAR writes:—"I drink them all with impunity at all hours of the day and night. There isn't a headache in a hogshead of the Briar Bush Champagne."

BROWNE SHERRY (Crichton Brand).—A fiery Browne sherry, rich in stimulating qualities, and invaluable in sustaining the temperature during controversial crises. . . . 30s. per dozen.

The Editor of the *Contemporary Review* writes:—"I take it in my bath night and morning."

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P., writes:—"I find it the best possible preparation for ragging BRODDER."

DRY MARCELLA.—A singularly pure and well-matured wine, supplied direct from the growers. . . 28s. per dozen.

Miss ANNIE S. SWAN writes:—"Please send me another puncheon of Marcella. The effect on the circulation of the *Woman at Home* is wonderful."

CALIFORNIAN BURGUNDY.—An opulent and exhilarating vintage wine, reminiscent of the florid festivities of the Dons in the roaring "forties."

LIQUEURS.

Crème de Manx. (As supplied to Mr. HALL CAINE.)

Marieshino. (As supplied to Mr. SIDNEY LEE.)

Helpful Hints to Housewives.

To prevent flannel from shrinking, put it away in a drawer. Do not keep on going to look at it, as the shrinking habit is often due to nervousness.

As soon as a skirt shows signs of wear round the pocket, remove the pocket. You will, in time, get used to the change, and be brighter without it. Another good plan is to remove the skirt.

To try if eggs are fresh, drop them into a deep bucket of pure water. If fresh, they will at once sink to the bottom and break.

Warts may be cured by rubbing them for seven or eight hours a day with a piece of pumice-stone. As often as the pumice-stone is worn away, begin again with a fresh piece.

MOTTO FOR FISCAL INQUIRERS (FAIR SEX).—*Mens sana in corpore sano*; or, An open mind in an open-work bodice.



“THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE.”

POSTAL REFORM.

MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN is considering the reform of various branches of the postal service. It is rumoured that the following schemes have been submitted for his consideration:—

(1) *Agricultural Parcel Post*.—Owing to agricultural depression our farmers cannot afford to hire men to drive their beasts to market. It is suggested that the lightly-worked rural postman be employed for this work. A graduated scale of charges would be necessary:—bulls, 2s. 6d., cows, 1s., pigs, 3s. 6d., and goats, 5s. Stamps would be purchased and affixed to the beasts by the senders. Any beast dying in transit, or licking or otherwise destroying its stamps, would be charged for at the ordinary rate of 1d. for every four ounces. In the case of ferocious beasts a registration fee of 4d., payable in advance, would be required.

(2) *Blacklisters' Post*.—Any lady or gentleman who has spent the evening in genial society and finds her- (or him-) self unable to return home may call at a post office, and on filling up a form stating name, age, weight, and quantity of alcoholic refreshment consumed during the last twelve hours, and affixing to the said form a sixpenny stamp, will be conducted home by a telegraph messenger. All persons assaulting messengers will be charged double postage. If the postee should become incapable of walking, the messenger will be authorised to convey him home by cab, but in such a case, the ordinary letter fee of 1d. for four ounces will be charged. It is believed that this post will not only be a public convenience, but that the alcoholic statistics gathered by its means will prove of immense value.

(3) *Authors' Post*.—In consideration of the inpecuniosity of this important class the Postmaster-General is about to order that all manuscripts rejected by editors pass through the post free. Mr. HENRIKER HEATON calculates that this will cause a deficiency in the postal revenue of about a million per annum, from which interesting fact we may gather that each man, woman and child in the United Kingdom has on the average six manuscripts rejected yearly.

(4) *Algernon Ashton Post*.—On account of Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON'S great services in the noble cause of tomb renovation it is suggested that all letters addressed by him to editors and endorsed on the envelope "Tomb" should pass through the post free. This will merely cost the nation the bagatelle of £100 a year.

(5) *Organ-Grinder's Pillar Box*.—The Postmaster-General has under consideration a scheme by which all organ-



It is necessary in some parts of Ireland for ear-men to have their names legibly written on the tailboard of the car.

Inspector. "WHAT'S THE MEANIN' OF THIS, PAT? YOUR NAME'S O-BLITERATED."

Pat. "YE LIE—IT'S O'BRIEN!"

grinders will be compelled to carry a letter-box affixed to their instrument. By this means an instrument of torture will be converted into one of public utility. It is believed that with a little training the monkeys could be taught to make a house-to-house collection. If successful the scheme may be extended to ice-cream barrows.

(6) *Anonymous Letter Post*.—As the Postmaster-General understands that the writers of anonymous letters suffer because they are unable to see the agony of the recipient, he has formulated a scheme which will obviate this difficulty. On payment of an extra fee of 6d. the postman will be instructed to deliver the letter only into the hands of the addressee and to wait till he opens it. He will then note on an official form any contortions of counten-

ance, profane expressions or other interesting circumstances. This form will in due course be forwarded to the sender of the letter.

(7) *Suppression Department*.—The most important reform will, however, involve the creation of a new department. Certain members of the community have laid before the Postmaster-General a considerable grievance. Their correspondence consists entirely of bills, solicitors' letters, county-court summonses, admonitory letters from relatives, and other objectionable matter. The new department will solve this difficulty. On payment of a fee of 5s. at any post office, any person may be placed on the Postal Black List. All postal communications received for him will be destroyed at the Post Office unopened.

ACTOR JAMES.

(A Ballad.)

[Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM stated that, as regards a West-End theatre, once an actor was engaged for a piece, the engagement was for the run of the piece.

The Judge. It is perfectly clear that the only way to get rid of an actor if you do not like him is to shoot him.—*Extract from Theatrical Case.*]

THE deeds of Histrión PYM
(JAMES was his Christian name)
The bard proceeds to hymn.
Draw profit from the same.

JAMES did as well as an actor can
In the arduous rôle of a "first young man."
His form was graceful, his step was light,
His hair was auburn, his eye was bright,
His voice expressive, his laughter free:
He played in musical comedy.

He persevered with his song and jest,
Year after year without a rest,
Now with a fond or facetious glance,
Or an epigram or a lively dance,
Till he happened to set the town awlirl
With his *Captain Smythe* in *The Chorus Girl*.

Years rolled by: he was thirty-one
On the opening night of the piece's run;
Older every year he grew
(As, alas! we mortals so often do);
Stout and gouty, he lost his charm.
The Manager marked it with much alarm.

"'Tis long," quoth he, "since the run began;
We must look for another 'first young man.'
Captain Smythe should be tall and slim,
Tender and slender—well, look at *him*!
Months have flitted and years have flown:
He's two-and-sixty—and eighteen stone!"

"Nay, good Sir," replied Actor JAMES,
"These be illegal little games.
Engaged at the start of the piece's run,
I must play the part till the piece is done:
That (I quote my lawyer's advice) is
The rule that guides in this pattern of crisis."

Dark as night grew the Manager's brow:
"Foiled!" he hissed. "You may triumph now,
But mark me, minion, a time will come,
And then——" he departed, looking glum,
Till a great idea through his mind there flames:
"Happy thought! I'll assassinate JAMES."

He called to him ruffians, black of soul,
Fit to be cast for so dark a rôle:
"Murder me Actor JAMES," said he,
"And a thumping tip shall your guerdon be:
Drop me a line when his course is run."
And the black-souled ruffians muttered, "Done!"

"Prompt despatch is our aim and boast:
We'll send him poison by every post:
We'll speedily fill him with well-aimed lead,
And daily with sand-bags ply his head.
And if by chance we should fail with these,
We'll drive at his ribs with our snickersnees."

"Good," said the Manager. "Ah, but stay,
There may, perhaps, be another way:
I'm loth except as a last resource
To use (if only by proxy) force.

Kindly postpone your fell design
Till I've sought advice from a friend of mine."

Off he hurried without delay,
Called on his friend that very day.
"Well," said the friend, "from what I see,
The case is simple, it seems to me.
At the end of the run his claim will cease;
What I suggest is—withdraw the piece."

"Withdraw the piece!" he cried (in tears);
"Why, it's only been running some thirty years.
And the life of a musical comedee
(At least of those produced by me)
Is half a century, if a day."
"Withdraw," said the friend; "it's the only way."

So another and fresher piece began,
With another and fresher "first young man."
And JAMES retired to private life,
Safe from the sand-bag, gun, and knife,
And lives with his spouse (perhaps you've met 'em?)
At Sandringham, Frogmore Crescent, Streatham.

OPERA NOTES.

Monday, July 20.—"CALVÉ first and the rest nowhere"—or rather, to be accurate, M. SEVEILHAO "a good second." Such is our summary of M. MISSA's new opera in one act produced on Monday night, within measurable distance of the end of the season. It is over—"Ite Missa est."

The libretto of the opera to which M. MISSA has composed the music is by M. MICHEL CARRÉ, who would no doubt have preferred writing a more important and more remunerative work, but that difficulty, if existent, has been overcome, and CARRÉ has been successfully "squared."

The opera, both as to plot and music, is reminiscent; we are inclined to welcome it on account of its suggesting relationship to some not very old but very familiar friends. *Maguelone* is not unlike *Nedda*, and bears some resemblance to *Carmen*, with a *mélange* of the tragic *Santuzza*; while, in the dramatically tragic situation, *Cabride* is as the libertine *Searpia* to *Maguelone's* *La Tosca*. It seems to have been an attempt, on the part of the librettist, to give us in the space of one hour the quintessence of a BERNHARDT-CALVÉ mixture. Pity that the librettist had not taken a leaf out of the immortal *Box and Cox* and introduced a third character, who might have been "heard off" with a serenade, to whom the heroine might have been ultimately united, as was *Penelope Anne* to *Mr. Knox*, thus leaving *Box* (*Cabride*) and *Cox* (*Castelan*) to live happily ever afterwards, free to marry whomsoever each, individually, pleased.

Miss Maguelone takes upon herself the stabbing of *Cabride*, and so saves her lover, who is really the assassin, from immediate arrest. But is *Castelan* really dead? Badly wounded he may be, but, in the absence of medical evidence, not fatally. Over the married future of *Maggie* and *Cabbie* must hang a heavy cloud. Let librettist and composer withdraw this opera as it is, and set to work to complete it in three Acts. More hints will not be here given, unless the generous donor of them be included in the beneficial results. CALVÉ was all that we have ever seen her, with three clear and much appreciated repetitions of "Sister-Mary-Jane's-top-note." SALIGNAC showed that he could act up to a strong situation.

M. SEVEILHAO was excellent as *Searpia-Cabride*, and there were some light passages in the music worth more than the heavier ones, which it is not improbable that not a few experienced hands at dramatic "*mélodrames*" would have invented and scored with facility, and with equal effect. As the whole story has for its heroine *Maguelone*, a village

blanchisseuse and getter-up of fine linen, it might perhaps have had a second title and been styled, *Maguelone*; or, *the Irony of Fate*.

But by the time this appears the opera season will be over. If not a brilliant one, illuminated by newly-discovered stars, it must surely have been eminently satisfactory, including, as it did, the gala night given in honour of President LOUBET, and having been started with Royal and popular support. The energetic Syndicate, as also M. ANDRÉ MESSAGER, and the Secretary and first-rate Business Manager, *décoré* and Royally complimented, Mr. NEIL FORSYTH, must all be satisfied with the result of the season, and will determine, as did Mr. Sam Weller when complimented upon his little joke, "to try a better one next time." Let them go into training to reduce the "waits"; and, granting always the necessary WAGNER, let us see some old friends with new faces.

COBDEN HALL.

(An Adaptation by the Right Hon. J-s-ph Ch-m-b-r-l-n.)

COMRADES, stand aside a little, groups are somewhat overworn, Stand aside; from quite a distance you may hear me blow my horn.

'Tis the spot, and all around it once again the people brawl, Shouting economic catchwords suitable to Cobden Hall.

Cobden Hall, whose banner blazoned with its motto "All for each "

Flutters on a gale of grievance raised by speculative speech.

Many a time beneath its roof-tree in my unregenerate days Have I cheered the People's Tribune mouthing some sonorous phrase.

Many a time before its Lares I myself have humbly knelt, Ere I learned the wider worship, on the illimitable veldt.

In an Empire we who travel cannot always think the same; In an Empire old Protection gets itself another name;

In an Empire facts are even more factitious than they seem, Sentiment and science mingling in a grand ecstatic dream.

Then I saw its Trade restricted to the limits of the Free, And the eyes of all men dumbly fixed on statesmen, chiefly me.

And I said, "My brother Britons, hear the message of the South,

Trust me with your future wholly, tight shut eyes and open mouth."

O my country, chicken-hearted, can it be you fear to leap, Clinging with a dull persistence to the miserably cheap?

Probe (or beg) with me the question of the blessings sure to spring

From the principle of paying rather more for everything.

Grasp a new idea of barter, miracles of magic sales, Sprats of preferential tariffs catching economic whales:

Till the greater cost of living briug to labour higher wage, Clearly cheapening production somewhere in the golden age.

Hark! my puzzled comrades, poring o'er their lately garnered hoard

Of appropriate statistics, call me to the Council board.

What to me are dull RICARDO, STUART MILL, or ADAM SMITH? Good enough for PEEL, but wasted on a man of any pith.

Yet, athwart the note triumphant of my loudest clarion call, Shrilly, from an Upper Chamber builded over Cobden Hall,

Comes a sound of banshee wailing, notifying present death— Is it to the brand-new gospel, or the mouldy shibboleth?

Let it be to what it will, and let who fears it shirk the brunt, For a gorgeous fight is coming, and I'm in the very front.



Wife (in her latest dress from Paris). "HARRY, WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A 'GOWN' AND A 'CREATION'?"

Harry. "I CAN'T GIVE THE EXACT FIGURES, BUT IT'S A SMALL FORTUNE!"

THE QUEST OF THE GOLDEN FLEA-CE.

ACCORDING to the *Express* of July 23, the Hon. CHARLES ROTHSCHILD has offered a reward of £1,000 for a specimen of the Arctic fox flea to add to his collection. He has also fitted out a full-sized expedition in the whaler *Forget-me-not*, and a gallant flea-hunting party is now well on the way to Polar regions.

This piece of news has caused the liveliest interest in Flea Society. The fact that so high a value has been set upon the person of one of the fraternity has induced an upward tendency all round. A really appreciative admirer has at last come forward, and the head of every *pulex irritans* in London has been turned—in the direction of the North Pole. There is not a common or household flea in the county which is not ready to burst with extravasated importance. They are all putting on frills and cultivating an Arctic demeanour of frigidity and *hauteur*. They no longer jump at the ordinary collector, but will only look at a millionaire or a furrier—in fact, the establishments of the latter have become so popular in Flea circles that the term "furor" has received a new application.

Meanwhile the Arctic fox flea *pur sang* bides his time, and laughs at the frantic efforts of his *parvenu* congeners. Each year he grows more valuable than the Great Auk's egg, and he accordingly makes himself scarce. He is already worth considerably more than his weight in radium, and the discovery of a mere North Pole would rank as nothing beside his triumphant capture. Let us then wish all success to the dauntless crew of the *Forget-me-not*. We hope they will not give up or scratch ere the search attain its object. All England is itching for news of this new Polar Argosy.

MUSIC BY MACHINERY.

THE mechanical piano-player is merely the forerunner of the automatic violinist and the automobile orchestra. The engineer critic will follow as a matter of necessity, when we may expect something like the following to represent the future form of musical commentary:—

On Monday last the new Tompkins Turbine Autorchestra made a trial run at the Albert Musical Garage, BEETHOVEN'S *Pastoral Symphony* being scheduled. We certainly should say that the Tompkins Works has turned out a good thing; well put together, and generally ship-shape in appearance. Tested for volume on the autometer she came out several Sousa units above the Binks Motor Band, using the same coal, electric and water supply. The new resinless V. bands to all the string fittings are likely to prove a boon. It is also an excellent idea to couple the electro-flutes in parallel instead of in series, and if the system could only be adapted to all drum-and-life bands an immense saving in playing "*The British Grenadiers*" might be effected.

If we may say so, the drums of the Autorchestra seemed on Monday to get a little out of hand. This, naturally, resulted in overheating, which was transmitted to the adjacent trombones, causing them to run something like 3/16ths of an inch sharp. They consequently made speed, and ran rather badly into the piano violin passage in the second movement, the impact being distinctly felt. The emergency brakes were immediately tried, but the lubrication was evidently defective, and a series of shrill sounds (at a pressure of about 200 lbs. to the square inch) were emitted. It may be mentioned that at the time an impression prevailed in the house that these sounds represented some interpolated porcine effects; but we need not say that the high respectability of the Tompkins Works places any idea of tampering with the specification of the *Pastoral Symphony* out of the question.

In the rendering of the final movement one or two points called for remark: the throttles of the trombones had evidently become fouled in addition to their running sharp, and the need of a larger exhaust for the euphonium was clearly demonstrated in the front row of the fauteuils, where six ladies and a child fainted. We also consider that a more effective escape for the bassoons should be fitted. Upon the whole, however, the Tompkins Turbine Autorchestra worked well, and at the close of the run the chief engineer was cheered, and the stokers were called with loud cries of "Speech!" The works manager, who came forward, said

that the stokers were not in the house, but that he would gladly convey to them the news of the success of their endeavours.

SHATTERED DREAMS.

[The *British Medical Journal* says that men of genius are never happy in their married lives.]

I THOUGHT, dear DORIS, we should be
Extremely happy if we married;
I deemed that you were made for me,
But oh! I'm thankful now we tarried.
Had we been wedded last July
(I caught the measles, so we waited)
We'd now be wretched, you and I;
A genius always is ill-fated.

We might have lived without a hitch
Till one or both of us were "taken,"
And even won the Dunmow flitch
Of appetising breakfast bacon;
We might have passed our married life
In quite a Joan and Darby fashion,
Free from the slightest taint of strife,—
Had I not written "*Songs of Passion*."

Ah me, that book! The truth will out;
Genius is rampant in each sonnet;
Consult, if you're inclined to doubt,
The verdict of the Press upon it.
The *Pigbury Patriot* calls them "staves
Which we feel justified in praising;"
The *Mudford Daily Argus* raves;
The *Sloshly Clarion* says "Amazing!"

So, DORIS, it can never be:
I trust the tidings won't upset you;
Reluctantly I set you free,
Though ne'er, I vow, will I forget
you.
Some other man your hand may win;
I'll strive to bear it with composure;
Your letters you will find within;
Yours truly,

EDWIN JONES. (Enclosure.)

THE BART'S PROGRESS;

OR, LIPTON DAY BY DAY.

July 1.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON arrives in New York to superintend preliminaries to the Yacht Race. Torchlight procession of Baconians, headed by Mrs. GALLUP. Battle of flowers. Sir THOMAS injured by a tea-rose.

July 2.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON wins walking race from Wall Street to Washington. Dines and sleeps at the White House, which he paints red.

July 3.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON, wearied by the race, does not rise till 6.45 A.M. On returning to New York he receives deputations of Welsh well-wishers at the Waldorf Astoria. *Shamrock III.* springs a leak.

July 4.—A full day. Sir THOMAS LIPTON adjudicates as umpire in the

walking race of waitresses in the American Tea Table Company. In the afternoon he kicks off in a baseball match, and in the evening saves a valuable life.

July 5.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON drives the cowcatcher to Chicago, where he lays the foundation stone of a library presented by Mr. CARNEGIE for the use of the widows of improvident pigstickers. Returning home he encounters a Sow-wester.

July 6.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON saves the life of a Tammany Boss, and stands godfather to the triplets of a bargee's wife. *Shamrock III.* rammed by a Canadian canoe.

July 7.—A quiet day. Sir THOMAS LIPTON merely saves life.

July 8.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON comes to the rescue of the Shipping Trust, dines with Mr. STUYVESANT FISH, and learns how to pronounce Mr. SCHWARZ's name. *Shamrock III.* gets her bowsprit entangled with the rudder.

July 9.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON resting. *Shamrock III.* sinks.

July 10.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON receives sympathetic cables from the Ancient Order of Buffaloes, Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON, and Madame TUSSAUD. Complimentary dinner at Delmonico's. *Shamrock III.* bobs up.

July 11.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON much distressed by rumour that the Widows' Library foundation stone has been lifted. Wires to Chicago that the lifter must be secured at any cost to be made skipper of *Shamrock III.*

July 12.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON's telegram very popular in America. He is asked to preside at a congress of shop-lifters. *Shamrock III.* develops a bad list to port.

July 13.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON preaches in the Boston City Temple, and is kissed by twenty ladies in the congregation. The Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL sails for England.

July 14.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON pays a visit to the wings of the Broadway Theatre. *Shamrock III.*'s Plimsoll mark submerged.

July 15.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON invents a new skirt for yachtswomen, and gives his name to a new March by Sousa. *Shamrock III.* lifted in the night.

July 16.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON cables for SHERLOCK HOLMES. New York Police drag the Erie Canal. PINKERTON has a clue and starts for Mazawattee.

July 17.—*Shamrock III.* found in dry dock. Sir THOMAS LIPTON gives a champagne lunch on the *Erin*, and receives cable of congratulation from the German EMPEROR. Preliminaries to race concluded.

THE COMING SAGA.

[Mr. HALL CAINE has confessed that his next novel will deal with life and customs in Iceland, and he is going there for six months to study the region and get the local colour.—*Morning Leader*.]

FROM that far land of ice and snow,
The chill wind of the North
Comes freighted with the Call, and lo!
The Boomster fareth forth.
Th' Eternal City, left behind,
Suits not his present plan;
The proper study of mankind
Is now no longer "Man."

He sees the Northern Lights flash out
Along the midnight sky;
For him the giddy geysers spout
Their boiling springs on high;
O'er mountain, berg, and ice-bound
strand

His ardent course he takes,
In quest of local colour and
The fam'd Icelandic snakes.

Though other things he will not miss,
Those mentioned are enough
To suit the purposes of this
Preliminary puff;
Others will follow, for we know
A chance will not be lost
To save this Saga of the Snow
From turning out a "frost."

WHAT WE HAVE LOST.

["Mr. JESSOP at one time had thoughts of entering the Church."—*The Sketch*.]

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN was within an ace of becoming a landscape gardener. It was only in consequence of a round robin signed by all the Fellows of the Horticultural Society that he finally decided to emulate PINDAR.

MR. PIERPONT MORGAN was only dissuaded by the advice of Mr. CARNEGIE from adopting the habit of a Franciscan Friar.

MR. J. M. BARRIE for a long time was unable to decide between the rival attractions of literature and the tobacco trade. It is supposed that he solved the question by tossing up.

MR. BRODRICK, on leaving Oxford, was greatly taken with the idea of becoming a missionary in Ashanti, and was with difficulty restrained from repairing alone and unarmed to the Court of King PREMPEH.

LORD ROSSLYN was at one time much impressed by the advantages of a political life. It was only in deference to a unanimous vote of the House of Lords that he resolved to go on the stage.

DR. W. G. GRACE about the year 1870 became so deeply interested in the study of Cuneiform inscriptions that on one occasion he did not touch a bat for forty-eight hours. The open-air treat-



FRED J. NICKSON

GOODWOOD ANTICIPATIONS.

Charitable Lady. "I GAVE YOUR FATHER THE MONEY TO BUY YOU A COAT LAST WEEK. I SEE YOU'RE NOT WEARING IT."

Boy. "No, MUM, 'E PUT IT ON A 'ORSE."

Lady. "ON A HORSE! BUT HE SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF YOUR COMFORT BEFORE THAT OF AN ANIMAL!"

ment, however, proved entirely efficacious, and he has never suffered from a recurrence of the malady.

The Duke of DEVONSHIRE, shortly before attaining his majority, was fired with the ambition to compete in the Hundred Yards race at the Amateur Athletic Championship meeting. A severe attack of insomnia prevented him from carrying out his intention, which still remains unrealised.

It was the burning desire of Mr. JESSE COLLINGS' youth to be a lion-tamer in a circus. A prolonged residence amongst the cow-punchers of Colorado diverted his energies into other chan-

nels, but he still may often be observed wistfully gazing into the cage of the king of beasts at the Zoo on a Sunday afternoon.

It is commonly reported in Folkestone that Mr. H. G. WELLS, as a mere boy, enlisted in the Guards, but was bought out shortly afterwards by the Council of the Aeronautical Society.

A DRAMATIC version of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* has been prepared for early production at a West-End theatre. It is to be entitled *The Bell of Printing-House Square*.



A CRISIS.

His Better and Stouter Half. "OH, CHARLEY, IF WE'RE UPSET, YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU EXPECT ME TO GET INTO THIS?"

[Horror-stricken husband has no answer ready.]

LAUS PECUNIÆ.

Is it by chance, I wonder, or design
(In either case the thing's extremely funny)
That though they rave of Woman and of Wine,
Poets but seldom speak a word for Money?

To CHLOE's praise old HORACE tuned his lyre,
Yet somehow never managed with the same ease
To hymn the object of that pure desire
Libelled by VIRGIL "*auri sacra fames*."

Now poets are no theme for saucy japes,
And should be scanned with scrupulously fair eye:
Yet oft I marvel why they sneer at grapes
That look so free from "*aliquid amari*."

Woman's a mutable and various thing,
And Frailty's of the feminine declension,
And claret goes, whatever poets sing,
Despite the most assiduous attention;

But Money cannot wither or decay:
It knows no ravages of phylloxera,
Nor changes its affections day by day
Like fickle LALAGE or coy NEERA.

Though "Man's ingratitude" your ardour damps,
And DAPHNE frowns on you with glances chilling,
The usual amount of penny stamps
Will always be forthcoming for a shilling.

Ah! who can contemplate without a sigh
The Fiver, with its pattern chastely dædal?
Can Tempe or the vales of Hæmus vie
With thy romantic street, superb Threadneedle?

Can they, like money, make me blithe and gay
As ARISTOPHANES, or Mr. LENO,
And keep my cellar stocked for many a day
With '20 port and choicest maraschino?

Could they afford me what I covet most
('Tis gold that wins the fair, too well I know it)—
To put this wedding in the *Morning Post*—
"To CLARA VERE DE VERE, J. JUGGINS, Poet"?

"RUBBER CONCESSIONS IN UGANDA" were recently publicly announced. A new and revised edition of *Hoyle's Whist* may shortly be expected.

"I HATE blacks on my face," as the lady said to the Parsee student who attempted to kiss her.



A NEW TRICK.

(Rough on the Tiger.)

RIGHT HON. TRAINER B-L-F-R (*rehearsing his Money-raising Act*). "NOW THEN! COME UP, STRIPES!"
(*Aside*) "DAREN'T ASK THE KANGAROO!"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 20.

—PRETYMAN never so disappointed in



THE AJAX OF THE ADMIRALTY DEFTYING THE LIGHTNING

—under the "Ten Minutes' Rule."

(Captain Pr-t-m-n.)

his life. As Civil Lord of the Admiralty introduction of a Government Bill not much in his way. Opportunity to-night provided by one designed to reorganise administration of Patriotic Fund. New Civil Lord, determined to justify choice of PRIME MINISTER, would rise to full height of occasion. Bill introduced under what is known as Ten Minutes' Rule, so-called because it does not mention ten minutes. Understanding is that "after brief explanatory statement" by the Minister, followed by equally curt criticism by private Member, leave to introduce Bill shall be given. What is brief explanatory statement?

PRETYMAN proceeded to explain: Patriotic Fund naturally affords scope for interesting historic remarks. Established nearly fifty years ago, coincidental with Crimean War, a slight sketch of that memorable campaign sure to interest the House. Then there was a committee appointed under the chairmanship of Lord Justice HENN COLLINS with instructions to inquire into the whole subject. Lord Justice HENN

COLLINS, Mr. PRETYMAN permitted himself to observe, is now Master of the Rolls. The Mastership of the Rolls is a judicial position of great antiquity and some emolument. A brief epitome of its functions as bearing on the administration of the Patriotic Fund would perhaps be interesting to the House.

But before approaching it Mr. PRETYMAN would like to say a few words on the valuable property at Clapham owned by the trustees of the Fund. Clapham is a suburb of London, at one time favoured as a residence by a body of fellow-worshippers who, to put the matter briefly, were known by the topographical designation of the locality where the property of the Patriotic Fund already alluded to—which includes some desirable residential sites—is situated. The House would probably remember that among the Clapham sect Lord MACAULAY's father—he was at the time plain Mr. MACAULAY, his merits literary and oratorical not yet rewarded with a peerage—Lord MACAULAY's father—

Here the SPEAKER, who had been moving uneasily in the Chair, rose with dangerously bland inquiry, "Is the hon. gentleman introducing this Bill under the Ten Minutes' Rule?"

The Lord of the Admiralty Civilly replied that he was not aware of any rule of Ten Minutes. Starting off again he embarked upon what promised to be an informing contrast and comparison between the Admiralty and the War Office. CAP'TEN TOMMY BOWLES, bringing out of his fob a huge chronometer, rapping it smartly on the back of the Treasury Bench, and ostentatiously examining its face, murmured "Awast." The injunction, urged in more parliamentary language, was taken up from



WALKING INTO JOE.

An impression of Sir Edw-rd Gr-y talking down at Mr. Ch-mb rl-n.

the opposite benches, and, amid a murmur that might have been applause but wasn't, PRETYMAN sat down, having got no further than Clapham in explanation of his Bill.

SARK remembers an analogous case



"MARLBROOK S'EN VA-T-EN GUERRE."

(Or at any rate he joins the Ministry.)

(The Duke of M-r-lb-r-gh.)

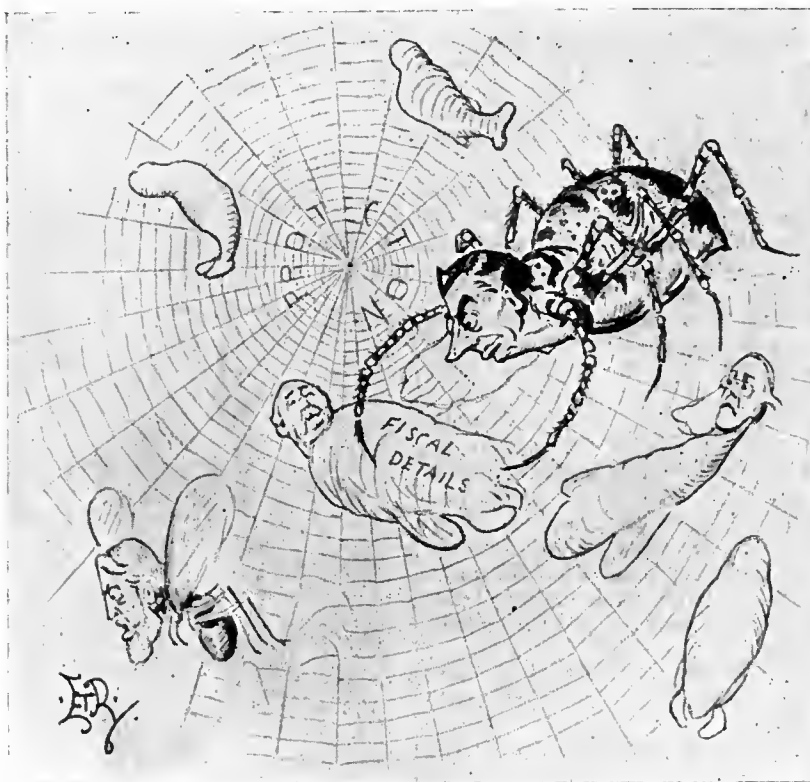
when CHAPLIN still helped to administer the affairs of an Empire on parts of which the sun does not always visibly rise. Also introducing a Bill under this mystical Ten Minutes' Rule he had not got further than his fourthly when murmurs filled the House, and a friendly colleague literally pulled him back on to the Treasury Bench by the recalcitrant coat-tail.

Business done.—Mr. PRETYMAN rises to explain. Sits down without having done so.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Motor Bill in Committee. Young WEMYSS retired in disgust. For three-quarters of a century convinced country going to the dogs; now perceives pace accelerated by incursion of motor cars. Though at the time even younger than he is at this day, never forgets what Queen ANNE (now deceased) said in his hearing:

"For any respectable woman a sedan chair meets every requirement of convenience and speed."

In our time, as the Young Fellow says, women get themselves up in goggles, veils, and mannish cloaks, and go forth at the rate of thirty miles an hour to run over fellow-women and



THE TARIFF-SPIDER AT WORK IN HIS WEB.

"The mouth of the Spider is a tremendous piece of machinery When the Spider bites, a venomous fluid of great potency is instilled into the wound inflicted One peculiar characteristic of the Spider is the possession of a spinning apparatus whereby the threads composing its web are manufactured; the apparatus employed for this purpose is situated at (Birmingham?) In the Spider we find one great central brain whence nerves radiate to all parts of the body Spiders change their skins several times, there is no change of form When any large insect is caught the Spider quickly gives it a revolving movement and envelopes its prey in a case resembling the cocoon."

children, stray dogs and the unwary product of the dairy farm.

Some interesting personal testimony borne to excitement, more or less agreeable, of the motor-car travelling. Only this morning, Lord SPENCER's footman appalled by eccentric conduct on part of one of the vehicles. Without ringing a bell or saying "by your leave," it backed up three steps and bombarded the front door. A few days earlier, the noble Earl, returning home in his humble brougham, discovered the road blocked by a motor-car that had backed against the kerbstone and there remained obstinately stationary. On advancing to see if he could afford any assistance to the belated traveller, he discovered in him a distinguished Member of His Majesty's Government. Pursuing inquiry into our fiscal system he had got no further than the kerbstone, and it would be absolutely impossible for the PREMIER to answer questions addressed him on the subject of "the Inquiry" at the evening sitting of the Commons.

Lord ONSLOW's continental experience

even more thrilling. Desiring to make himself personally acquainted with the working of the agricultural system in France, the President of the Board of Agriculture, shortly after his appointment, visited the country, hired a motor-car driven by paragon of *chauffeur*. Hadn't gone more than a mile before the Paragon, passing a vehicle on the wrong side, dashed into a loaded wagon. President of Board of Agriculture, escaping with his life, had to forfeit fortnight's salary in payment of compensation.

Next day Paragon up bright and early, set off at nice pace; no vehicles in sight, but Paragon not to be baulked.

"Hallo, here's a church," said Mr. Wemmick, walking out one morning with Miss Skiffins. "Let's go in and get married."

"Hallo! here's a ditch" (*Tiens! voilà un fossé*), said Paragon. "Let's dash into it."

And he did.

Earl escaped with a few bruises and some mud. But bang went another

fortnight's salary; so President of Board of Agriculture returned to Richmond Terrace by boat and train.

Business done.—Motor Bill passed through Committee.

House of Commons, Friday night.—Curious condition of affairs reigns at Westminster just now. One topic engrosses attention to exclusion of all others. Oddly enough it is the one subject tabooed. At Question time ingenuity of Members opposite Treasury Bench exercised in effort to evade prohibition. PRINCE ARTHUR will have none of it. Has, in curious fashion, made the matter a personal one. In good society the rule is strictly observed never to mention hemp in the hearing of a gentleman whose father was hung. Less courtly in manner, the Opposition daily, in presence of PRINCE ARTHUR, allude to the Inquiry, well knowing the mere mention of it drives the blood to his head.

All very well for DON JOSÉ to have pointedly, publicly invited "eager discussion" of the matter. Well, too, for COUNTY GUY in another place, questioned on the subject, to give matter-of-fact answer. Early in the course of events PRINCE ARTHUR, placed in awkward position through no fault of his own, hit upon the strange device of declining to give any information. To this he sticks with irritable punctiliousness. The moment the subject is mentioned his whole attitude and manner suffer sea change. One moment smiling, *debonair*, the next he is sour-tempered, his very voice taking on unwonted accent of acerbity.

Haughty with C.-B., frowning on Mr. BLACK, almost malignant with Mr. MANSFIELD, he finds his temper uncontrollable when poor Mr. WEIR blunders on to the scene. Member for Ross and Cromarty, momentarily turning his attention aside from the needs of the crofters, asked if thought had been taken of the sad lot of persons employed by the Government. DON JOSÉ has generously promised a rise of wages all round to compensate for increased expenditure on food resulting from Preferential Tariffs. Mr. WEIR wants to know how this will affect the hundreds of thousands who labour in the many vineyards of the State. Will postmen, dock labourers, clerks in Government offices, get higher wages?

"I admire the thirst of the hon. gentleman for information," said PRINCE ARTHUR, glaring on the hapless WEIR. "He really wishes to have every subject in which he is interested latched on to the Inquiry. I do not think that would be an expedient course."

Here PRINCE ARTHUR sat down. Had he concluded by the observation, "Off



SOLAR STUDIES IN THE HONEYMOON.

She (reading a scientific work). "Isn't it wonderful, CHARLEY DEAR, THAT THE SUN IS SUPPOSED TO BE MILLIONS OF MILES AWAY!"
Charley Dear (suffering from the heat). "MILLIONS OF MILES, DARLING? GOOD THING FOR ALL OF US THAT IT ISN'T ANY NEARER."

with his head!" it would have been regarded as appropriate to the tone of his reply.

It partly pains, altogether terrifies me. Sad to see a naturally sweet temper thus grown rusty.

"What an innocent babe you are!" SARK exclaimed, regarding me with admiring affection. "You don't do justice to PRINCE ARTHUR's cleverness. Look again at the question and answer. The former, though WEIR put it, is really a nasty one. Goes awkwardly to root of question. Hard to answer even by master of fence. PRINCE ARTHUR doesn't attempt to answer it at all. He sweeps WEIR aside with angry gesture. Same in varied degree with other awkward points raised by eager questioners. PRINCE ARTHUR's neither so angry as he looks, nor so foolish as some critics are accustomed to regard his new Ministerial manner."

Business done.—Military Works Bill read a second time.

A BALLAD OF BUTTONRY.

Clothes and the Man I sing. Reformers, note
This of the Subaltern who owned a Coat.
He was what veterans miscall, for short,
By that objectionable term, a wart : *
The Coat an item of the "sealed" attire
Wrung from his helpless but reluctant sire ;
Also the tails were long ; and, for the pride
Thereof, great buttons on the after-side
Illumed the wake : majestic orbs, which bore
The bossy symbol of his future corps.
The youth, ere sailing for a distant land,
Did, in the interval, receive command
To "undergo" a Course, and there imbibe
Knowledge of pith and moment to his tribe.
Thither he sped, and on the opening day
Rose, and empanoplied in brave array
Of martial-flowing skirt, and with great craft
And pomp of blazoned buttonry abaft,
Won to the mess, and preened his fledgling plumes
Both in the breakfast- and the ante-rooms.
Awhile he moved in rapture, and awhile
Thrilled in the old, inevitable style
To that stern joy which youthful warriors feel
In wearing garments worthy of their zeal ;
Then came the seneschal upon the scenes,
And knocked his infant pride to smithereens.
For out, alack ! the Fathers of the mess
Most strictly banned that article of dress,
Being by sad experience led to find
Disaster in the buttonry behind,
Which tore and scratched the leather-cushioned chairs,
And cost a perfect fortune in repairs !
It was a crushing blow. That Subaltern
Discovered that he had a lot to learn ;
Removed his Coat, and, weeping, laid it in
Its long sarcophagus of beaten tin :
Buried it deep, and drew it thence no more ;
Finished his Course, and sought an alien shore.

* A last-joined young officer.—*Military definitions.*

So runs the tale. I have it from the youth
Himself, and I suppose he tells the truth.
(The words alone are mine ; I need but hint
That his were too emotional for print.)
And as in India, though the chairs are hard,
His Coat—delicious irony—is barred ;
Being designed for cooler zones, and not
For one inadequately known as "hot ;"



"FOR THIS RELIEF MUCH THANKS."—*Hamlet.*

And, furthermore, as bold Sir Fashion brings
Changes, yea, even to the soldier's things :
He questions if the Coat were worth the price,
Seeing that he will hardly wear it twice.

DUM-DUM.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Episodes of Marge (GRANT RICHARDS) is a remarkable book. It is no new thing for a novelist to conceive a female character wholly devoid of moral sense. THACKERAY did it in the case of *Becky Sharp*. Where Mr. RIPLEY CROMARSH adds novelty to the exercise is in the particular direction in which he illustrates his thesis. His heroine, the daughter of a drunken wife-beating labourer, is a sprightly, good-natured, attractive girl, ready at all times to do anything for anybody—especially to relieve them of any valuable property they may possess. She is, in short, an instinctive habitual thief, with leaning towards the pleasing art of burgling. Undertaking a short railway journey at the outset of a criminal career, she "lifts," as she puts it, a strange gentleman's valise as naturally as, even with keener pleasure than, she handles her own reticule. In various disguises she goes a-burgling, by her skill, address and courage meeting with phenomenal success. The episodes, though strung together so as to make a story, stand by themselves. They suggest to my Baronite a sort of reversal of the adventures of *Sherlock Holmes*. He saw crime from the outside and, with unflinching success, pursued the criminal. *Marge*, from the inside, shows how these things are done. The writer's name is unknown to fame. This is probably his first work. There is some crudeness about the effort, and here and there the mind lingers on the potential beneficence of the editorial blue pencil. But the situations are strong, novel, skilfully conceived, graphically described.

Most of us know some of the verse that helped to make the fame of the prose writer of *The Luck of Roaring Camp*. We are familiar with "Jim," with "Dickens in Camp," and, of course, with "Truthful James." But BRET HARTE wrote much more than that, some nearly as good. CHATTO AND WINDUS issue in companionable volume his *Complete Poetical Works*. My Baronite, reading it through, is confirmed in the impression that we cannot have too much of BRET HARTE.

ASHBY STERRY is the very type of the lazy lounge on the

Thames; or, as he himself, being a master of the gentle art of punning as he is of punting, would say in that true Shakspearian clown style he so much admires, "Then am I Sterry-o-typed." And, by the way, his incidental imitation of the Shakspearian clown popular in Elizabethan society is really very excellent fooling. His book, *A Tale of the Thames* (SANDS & Co.), is just the sort of thing to take up and put down again, at any time, as you float along "lazily, lazily," or lie under the willows, your boat hauled up, like the 'buses in the City, close in to the bank. To those who go up and down the river in canoes and punts, or who are dwellers temporarily in house-boats, this light sixpenn'orth is commended by the placid

BARON DE B.-W.

EDWARD THE CONQUEROR.

[NOTE.—Mr. Punch has here adopted the spelling which has been long hallowed by poets and the general Saxon public, though he is well aware that for the most part it bears no sort of resemblance to Irish pronunciation.]

OCH, PAT, 'tis Oi can fale the joy
Within me bosom bubblin',
Beos Oi 've sane the KING an' QUANE
(God bliss 'em!) inther Dublin.

The KING was bould in rid an' gould,
The QUANE was loike a fairy,
The cyar av state would aisy bate
The best in Tipperary.

An', PAT, me lad, the KING looked glad
To hear the bhoys a-cheerin',
An' when he smoiled, ses Oi, me choild,
Ye've won the heart av Erin.

Go wheer ye plaise, thim winnin' ways
Will make ye welcome, very;
That gracious smoile would aven woile
The stony heart av Derry—

Swate Derry who, when Kings would
woo,
Still turned a dif auric'lar,
For av the things she hated, Kings
She loathed the most partie'lar.

Although they wept an' prayed, she
kept
The stony heart within her,
An' niver yit did she permit
A British King to win her.

Poor JIMMY Two in vain did woo,
He put his arrums round her,
Wid Stuart art besayged her heart,
But 'twas a shrew he found her.

'Twas long he fought wid her an' sought
Be night an' day to bind her;
The more he thried the more she cried,
"Be jabers, no surrindher!"

But shure 'twas quoite another soight
When EDWARD came from Leinster,



Aunt. "WHY, TOMMY, I'VE ONLY JUST TAKEN A SPLINTER OUT OF YOUR HAND, AND NOW YOU'VE LET PUSSY SCRATCH YOU. HOW DID THAT HAPPEN?"

Tommy (who has been tampering with the cat's whiskers). "WELL, I WAS ONLY TRYING TO GET SOME OF THE SPLINTERS OUT OF HER FACE!"

Wid royal grace an' smoilin' face
To coort the chilly spinster.

Wan glance she stowle an' thin her sowl
Was bowed in swate submission,
"Bedad," ses she, "my KING Oi see,"
An' yielded at discretion.

EX LIBRIS.

'THE recently-published novel *Pigs in Clover* is described as "a brilliant satire on the foibles of smart society." The engaging frankness of the title is said to have caught on with the public fancy, and we are credibly informed that the following announcements are shortly to appear in the successful publisher's list:—

As Children in these Matters. By A. J. B.—A strong political novel. "The keen insight of the author enables the lay mind to appreciate easily the

wheels within wheels of Cabinet administration."—*The Open Mind.*

Paid to Prevaricate. A sensational story. By O. BAILEY.—The *Morning Mail* says: "Mr. BAILEY displays an intimate acquaintance with the criminal and those who assist him in evading the law."

Ducks in the Fountain. By "Ragsman."—"Reveals a knowledge of the inner life of the Army unsurpassed by the author of *Bootle's Baby*."

A Slump in Morgans. By the author of *The Octobust*.

The Beasts that Perish. By the author of *Through Surrey on a Motor Car*. With a preface by A. CONSTABLE.

"With good capon lined?"

GARDENER (Working). Life experience. All-round man inside and out.—Advt. in "Times."

PASHLEY'S OPINIONS.

No. XVIII.

I HAD an awful business with that blessed bull-dog in the cab. Before we'd gone ten yards he was all over me, wanting to lick my face like mad, and doing it too. Then he'd shove his ugly old head out of the window, and most of his body after it, and I'd have to tug him back sharp to prevent him falling out, and then he'd be at me again, not fierce, but just loving and stupid. At last I got quite angry with him and raised my fist at him, and that great wild-looking beast turned right over on his back on the seat of the cab, and put his four paws up into the air, with the silliest expression on his face, just like a boy who drops and says, "I'm down; you can't hit me."

I got covered all over with dirt and dog's hair, and my hat was knocked sideways after falling off and *Hercules* sitting on it in play. I can tell you I was fairly done when I got home at last, and I had to pay three shillings extra for damage to the cab.

Well, I let myself in with my latch-key, and hauled *Hercules* after me, and then I stood a bit in the passage to pull myself together. Then I shouted out, "Hi, everybody! I've brought the dog. Come and look at him."

PLUMLEY happened to be calling, and he came out first, and Mother came after him, but stood on the first landing. I said, "I've got him chained: you needn't be afraid," and at that very moment he gave a tug, and off he went, chain and all. I slipped back against the hat-rack and went over crash. Next the chain got PLUMLEY round the legs and he went over, and *Hercules* rushed upstairs like a cannon ball. He took Mother fair in both legs, and she went over on the landing with a scream you could have heard all the way to Putney. *Hercules* thought it was a game, for he danced over Mother and licked her face, and then he came clattering down the stairs again and had a go at PLUMLEY, who had got mixed up with a table and hadn't been able to find his legs.

Before I caught him he'd done circles round the parlour, and then up again and through the drawing-room. You never saw such a smash-up of glass and china and photograph frames and little tables as he made.

It was a bad beginning: I couldn't help feeling that. However, I seized him at last, after he'd burst through Mother's bedroom door and played the deuce with her bed. The silk quilt was a sight after he'd done with it. PLUMLEY had made tracks out of the house double quick without waiting to take his hat, and Mother was locked up in the parlour sobbing, with the broken furniture all round her. I found her there half an hour afterwards.



CIRCUMVENTED.

Outsiders in 1904, "and after," are only to be allowed to submit two works each for the Royal Academy Exhibition.

Distinguished Lady Amateur. "Oh, DEAR ME! I'M AFRAID I SHALL NEVER GET MY TWO PICTURES FINISHED IN TIME!"

The next thing was to give *Hercules* some food and water, so I took him down to the kitchen. The cook and the girl had heard the row, and when I came in they nipped up on the dresser in two twos and stood there with their skirts pulled round them, scared to death. I said, "Tut, tut, you needn't be afraid. The dog looks fierce, but you give him his food and he'll soon learn to love you." They got down trembling and put together a lot of bones and stuff in a dish and I gave it to *Hercules*, who wolfed it without winking. The way he crunched those bones made me shiver. Just as he was about finishing, the old kitchen cat, hearing the noise of food, came out of her basket by the fire. She was a big tabby, and generally had three or four large families of kittens every year. There was one family, at least the two of them that were left, in the basket at this time. The cook shouted, "Take him away, Sir; he'll kill *Tottie*," but I wanted to see what *Hercules* was made of, so I stayed on, with *Hercules* wagging his tail and cocking his ears and looking at the cat as pleased as Punch. At first she didn't see him, but when she did, oh my eye! She gave one or

two frightful hissing spits and then she went at him. Cuff, cuff, she landed him on each side of his face two regular teasers, and then she stood with her back up, growling low and glaring at him. *Hercules* only gave one little yelp, and rolled over on his back with his paws up. "Lor'," said the cook, "the dog's a coward," and so he was. From that moment he was a regular favourite in the house, for all his ugly looks and rascally ways. He and the cat became the best of friends, and in a day or two she didn't mind him taking turns with the kittens. They used to play with his tail and bite his ears and do hide and seek in and out of his legs, while the old idiot stood there just slobbering with pleasure. All our friends used to come in to see the fun and everybody used to chaff me about my ferocious man-eating bull-dog—that was how ROGERSON put it. I kept the old dog for three years, and then he died of over-eating himself. His snoring during his last six months was something frightful.

A Cordial Understanding.

First Democrat (pointing to a belated banner left over from M. LOUBET's visit, and bearing the motto "L'Union fait la Force"). I say, BILL, whot's the meanin' o' that there lingo?

Second Democrat. Ow, it's another of them blimy advertisements o' Food Stuffs! [Both satisfied.]

MR. PUNCH'S SAFE INVESTMENTS.

DURING the present insecure and fluctuating state of the money market, when, partly owing to alarming rumours from America, investors are perplexed as to the safe disposition of funds, *Mr. Punch* has pleasure in drawing public attention to certain excellent projects which, if not precisely Trustee stock, are the next thing to it:—

THE RUN TRUST;

OR, THE LONG INNINGS ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

CAPITAL: 20,000,000 Ruins.

This enterprising Society has been formed by a number of eminent centurions for the purpose of providing uncertain bats with assured scores.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

J. PIERPONT MORGAN (Managing Director), Carlton Hotel, S.W.

C. B. FRY, c/o K. S. RANJITSINGH, New Century Club.

K. S. RANJITSINGH, c/o C. B. FRY, *Daily Express* Office.

GAUKRODGER,* The Nets, Worcester.

Offices of the Company: Runnymede Chambers, Old Bailey.

Clerk: Mr. ALL CAINE.

The Run Trust has been established to supply two distinct varieties of demand. It caters both for the cricketer who desires to make runs for himself and it caters also for the cricketer who wishes to be able, with the minimum of personal exertion, to draw the attention of his friends to a maximum score against his name in the daily press.

In order to compass the first of these ends the Directors of the Run Trust have secured a number of important cricket grounds on the most advantageous terms, where, by means of a variety of devices belonging to the Trust, an innings of any length and magnitude can be confidently prophesied for any exponent, however inept.

To take an example: A client who has never before handled a bat wishes for family reasons to make, say, 86. Certain alternatives are before him. By playing on a Trust wicket, against Trust bowling and fielding, this score can be guaranteed. But it must be remembered that for so exceptional a case the premium is necessarily high.

By paying a little extra the same anxious and inexperienced gentleman may be guaranteed to take any number of wickets up to ten in one innings. But he must, of course, perform the feat on a Trust Ground, against Trust batsmen, assisted, if need be, by stumps heightened and broadened to the maximum, bats reduced to the minimum, and Trust umpires with undeviating devotion to their employers, many of whom have been specially imported from France for the coming season.

We come now to those players who merely wish to see their names in print as eminent exponents of this noble game. Here the Trust's task has been simpler, since it has merely been the acquisition of a number of important papers and the establishment of an organ of its own, entitled *The Hundred of Who*, with the motto *No blob oblige*. These journals will scrupulously chronicle whatever scores have been applied for over our counter, together with such comments on the play as cannot fail to give the utmost satisfaction to all concerned.

The Run Trust has already secured Lord's and Denmark Hill, the Oval, Upper Tooting, and the greater portion of Battersea and Raynes Parks.

* Will join the Board after allotment.

**NOTHING LIKE BEING PRACTICAL.**

First Mechanic (paid by the hour). "WELL, MATIE, HOW DO YOU LIKE THESE LONG SUMMER DAYS?"

Second Mechanic. "I DON'T MIND 'EM AS LONG AS WE'RE PAID BY THE HOUR."

A CALL.

COME patch up your feuds, the Inquiry can wait,
A truce for a while to the dreary debate,
On the innocents' massacre callously gloat,
And page after page of the estimates vote.

Come, counsellor, leave the reports on the shelf,
'Tis time now, physician, for healing yourself,
And broker, away! who with gathering gloom
So long have been waiting in vain for the boom.

For London is dingy, and sordid and pale;
Come fly then by motor or steamer or rail,
For hark! from the sea and the mountain and mere
Glad voices that call to you, "August is here."

So Nice and Sympathetic!

A GENTLEMAN, whose one glass eye has served him for years, had the misfortune to drop it. It smashed to atoms. This happened when he was far away in the country. He inquired of a friend where was the nearest place for him to go and get refitted.

"Why don't you call upon the girl you were flirting with all last night?" his friend inquired. "She has a first-class reputation for making eyes."

THE BIG LOAF'S LABOUR LOST.

HE laid his ivory pen aside
With the air of a man of easy pride,
And toyed with the ponderous chain of gold
Hid in the waistcoat's ample fold.
The roseate hues of moral health,
That colour, at times, the haunts of wealth
When the heart is light and the conscience clear,
Pervaded the general atmosphere,
And hovered about the haloed Head
Of SKINNER & PROGMORE, Limited.

Starting as messenger, *ætat.* 9,
At a local store in the grocery line,
Fate had fostered his early hope,
Based on pickle, and crowned with soap;
And now his sovereign hand controls
A couple of hundred score of souls,
At wages that cover their weekly bread
With a bonus for funeral rites when dead.
And at present he calmly awaits the hour
When the People's Party returns to power
With a trifle down on the debit side
For several sinews of war supplied,
In return for which, if they don't forget,
They are bound to make him a Baronet.

And here I should like to give the closing
Words of the speech he was just composing
Against a possible early date:—
"Free and enlightened Electorate!
Myself a son, I may say, of the soil,
My heart goes out to the men that toil!
Burdens enough you have to bear,
But your Bread should be free as the light and air!
Shall we be false to the faith of years,
Bought with our fathers' blood and tears?
Shall we surrender our hard-won gain
For the charlatan bribes of a CHAMBERLAIN?
No! we will baffle his base intrigue,
Under the flag of the Big Loaf League;
Firm to the mast that flag is glued;
Let us fight beneath for the People's Food!"

He had laid his ivory pen aside
With the air of a man well satisfied;
And turned to his favourite print to read
His evening portion of fiscal creed,
Happy to feel he was like to find
Nothing to shake what he called his mind,
Or lead him to think that the spheres had stirred
Since CORBEN uttered the final word;—
He turned, as I said, to his favourite print,
Graceful in tone and green in tint,
And at once emitted an angry snort
(Humour not being his special *forte*)
As his eye discovered the rather droll
Result of the Barnard Castle Poll.

"This Labour fellow that heads the list"
(So mused the heated philanthropist)
"Comes of a class whom men like me,
Promising loaves that are large and free,
Flatter and pamper and stroke and pet,
And here is the kind of thanks we get.
The Led Dog bites a hole in his Leader!
The Fed Babe goes and swallows his Feeder!
Oh, sharper far than a cobra's fang
Is the graceless conduct of such a gang!"

Do they imagine, when all is said,
That the pains we spend on the People's Bread
Are just for their pleasure—to take and use
And drop and be done with when they choose,
With never a care for the sport they spoil?
To h—l, I say, with your Sons of Toil!"

Such were the thoughts (I give their gist)
Of the disillusioned philanthropist!

O. S.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The H. A. C. in South Africa (SMITH, ELDER) is a record of the services rendered in the war by members of the Honourable Artillery Company. Its editors, Mr. BASIL WILLIAMS and Mr. ERSKINE CHILDERS, appropriately dedicate their work to the KING, who is Captain-General and Colonel of this ancient company of men of war. It was a comparatively small band, one hundred and ninety-three all told. But a bare summary of their adventures shows the accomplishment of hard work, valorously performed. Of the less than two hundred, four were killed in action or died of wounds; two died in hospital; thirty were wounded or invalided home; whilst eighteen were mentioned in despatches, this last an exceptionally large numerical proportion. Naturally, keenest interest in the book will be felt by the H. A. C. and their wide circle of personal friends. But my Baronite comes here and there upon points of national interest. In June, 1900, the H. A. C., shivering in coal trucks on a railway siding, where they had spent the night after a long day's travel, were ordered to march on Honingspruit and succour the garrison environed by DE WET. "For two hours," one of the editors writes, "while Honingspruit was fighting for bare life, we were pelted by a rain of conflicting orders, each countermanding its predecessor, each involving some inherent absurdity which killed it and called up another." This sentence, descriptive of personal experience, accounts for much that made the hearts of Englishmen bleed during the slow progress of the war.

In *Sunwich Port* (GEORGE NEWNES), Mr. JACOBS, departing from his custom of an afternoon, essays something in the form of a novel. It is, after all, little out of the way of the *Many Cargoes* and *Light Freights* that made his fame and fortune. A length of yarn literally holds it together. But the episodes instinctively stand apart. My Baronite finds in them all the breeziness and fun that marked the earlier efforts. Mr. Wilks, the faithful steward, is excellent; and Captain Nugent's unpremeditated trip in the *Conqueror*, lightly conceived, is told with contagious humour.

BARON DE B.-W.

Horace on Passive Resistance.

THE practice of buying in the goods of Passive Resisters and restoring them to their original owners was evidently anticipated by the bard in the following passage, where, by a permissible figure of speech, he refers to the "hammered rates," meaning the goods hammered for payment of the rates:—

"Mox reficit rates
Quassas, indocilis pauperiem pati."

THE relations of a lady who had died, leaving a legacy to a favourite donkey in order to secure its comfort, recently came into Court and asked for a decision as to who was to enjoy the legacy after the donkey's decease. "The next of kin," was the judge's verdict.



Bernard Partridge.

PASSIVE ASSISTANCE.

FRENCH TAR. "YOUR PAL AND MINE LOOK LIKE HAVING A ROW! DON'T SEE WHY WE SHOULD CHIP IN, DO YOU?"

BRITISH TAR. "LOR' BLESS YOU, NO! PASS THE 'CORDIALE'!"





NOT THE FIRST TIME THEY DON'T AGREE TOGETHER.

Wife. "ISN'T IT JOLLY TO THINK WE HAVE THE WHOLE DAY BEFORE US? THE BOATMAN SAYS WE COULDN'T GO HOME, EVEN IF WE WANTED TO, TILL THE TIDE TURNS, AND THAT'S NOT FOR HOURS AND HOURS YET. I'VE GOT ALL SORTS OF LOVELY THINGS FOR LUNCH TOO!"

"ARE WE DEGENERATING?"

Of late we have heard it said that Britain's trade
Is moving swiftly on the downward grade;
That while our statesmen lie supine as logs
Old England's fame is going to the dogs.
We heard it mentioned—not without some heat—
What time Sir MICHAEL put a tax on wheat;
The thing was pointed out to us as plain
When Mr. RITCHIE took it off again.
Some said Protection caused the dreadful hitch,
And some Free Trade, it didn't matter which.

But now a deadlier rumour fills the air,
And lifts the patriot by his utmost hair;
The wan alarmist starts a new refrain:
"The Englishman's physique is on the wane."
Oh, can it be that honest beef and beer
No longer form the Briton's staple cheer;
That owing to the recent slump in trade
England must feed on scones and lemonade?
Oh, can our youth be growing more effete
For want of nice nutritious things to eat?
Have all the patent foods they advertise
Failed to preserve us at our normal size?
Time was when we were famous as a race
For massive strength combined with easy grace;
When (not so long ago) "policemen's twelves"
Were articles peculiar to ourselves;
When every Englishman that you might meet
Measured—without his boots—at least six feet;
When he, of all men, threw a finer chest
And waved a larger biceps than the rest;

He only kept completely cool, and knew
Just how to pull a toughish business through;
Alone he braved the angry tyrant's frown,
And never failed to knock the villain down;
And when the savage, with disgusting glee,
Tied him head downwards from a prickly tree,
And placed tarantulas inside his shirt,
He only smiled as if it didn't hurt.

But now, alas! the times are changed, and we
Are not a bit the men we used to be;
Alarming prospect! What are we to do
To wake Britannia's manhood anew?
Passive Resistance? 'tis a thing designed
To train the aim and elevate the mind;
Than which no better exercise is known
Both for the muscles and the moral tone.
Indeed, a dozen things one might suggest,
But where's the Master-mind to do the rest?
Oh, where is he, that godlike man of power,
To rescue England in her darkest hour?
Where now that Statesman who can touch the spot,
And stay the progress of the deadly rot?
Where is that man? Methought a voice replied—
A spirit voice—"The remedy must bide;
JOSEPH is just at present occupied!"

SUGGESTED AMENDMENT TO THE MOTOR-CAR BILL.—Every motor-car shall emit a separate and distinct odour which shall be registered with the County Council, and shall be easily recognisable at a distance of not less than half a mile.

THE METHOD—AND THE RESULT.

(RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE M.C.C.)

I.

Very Private and Most Confidential.

DEAR SIR,—My Committee instruct me to ask you whether you will form one of the representative team which will be sent to Patagonia in the course of the autumn. As a large proportion of the 245 players previously invited have declined, you will perceive how great an honour this request implies. Complete secrecy in the matter is, of course, essential. A masked representative of our Committee will await you on the centre of Hampstead Heath at midnight to-morrow, when all details can be discussed. Yours, etc.,

A. BLANK, *Secretary.*

W. YORKER, Esq.

II.

SIR,—I have no wish to meet your footling messenger, and even if I did, a lot of silly jaw about a simple matter which, as anyone can see, should be fixed up in two minutes, would do, except to waste time, no sort of good. The questions which, because I'm not a great hand at letter writing, I want a plain answer to are these. First, what about exes? On £10 a day I might try and work it, but otherwise not. Second, will it be arranged for me always to go in first wicket down, bowl as long as I like, and field cover when I'm not bowling? Kindly drop me a line about these things, and I'll consider the matter. Yours, etc.

W. YORKER.

III.

DEAR SIR,—My Committee desire me to acknowledge your letter and to state in reply to your questions that, while due regard must be had to economy, all reasonable financial demands will be satisfied so far as the income of the Club permits. The answer to your other enquiry is a conditional and strictly hypothetical affirmative. I am to add that the Committee are preparing a cipher code, in which all future correspondence relating to their invitations will be conducted.

Yours, etc., A. BLANK, *Secretary.*

IV.

SIR,—Yours to hand. But here's another thing. We were playing Loamshire the other day, and SNICKSON was among their lot. While he was in the pavilion the bar-keeper's boy distinctly heard him say that he had been invited to join your Patagonian XI., and that he had been promised the place of cover-point in the field for every match. He was tying up the lace of his left boot when he said this. So the sooner

you let me know exactly where we are the better for both of us.

Yours, etc. W. YORKER.

V.

(Telegram.)

SNICKSON states report wholly false.

BLANK.

VI.

SNICKSON is a liar. You are a liar. Decline to join tour.—YORKER.

VII.

DEAR SIR,—*Surely* your decision is a little too hasty? My Committee propose holding another meeting in an underground cellar, the exact locality of which will be communicated to you later. *Please* come and talk the question over. Yours, etc., A. BLANK.

(Interval of three months.)

VIII.

Wire in evening papers.—“Patagonia has won the third test-match by an innings and 327 runs.”

ICHABOD!

(With the accent—or accident—on the second syllable.)

AND so it has come to this at last!

The question of cab dangers was raised by Sir CHARLES CAYZER in the House of Commons on July 28. The honourable Member inquired as to the advisability of compelling drivers to place handles on each side of their cab to prevent anyone (note the *anyone!*) from being thrown out.

The pride and glory of the Metropolis, her unique contribution to civilisation, the gondola of her often flooded streets, *alias* the Hansom Cab, is being blown upon, suspected, sniffed at, and avoided. The fetish of the nineteenth-century Londoner is now a shattered idol, and we can no longer exalt it above the fiacre and the droshky of the Continent.

Will a pair of handles ensure its stability and generally redeem its character? And where will the handles be put? On the shafts, the horse's back, or inside, above your head? Are they for prevention or for cure, for use before, or after, the accident? One would need to be indeed a “handy man” to master these complications in the excitement of a spill.

Meantime the glass that decapitates you, or smashes to pieces in your face, the roof that gibuses your hat, and the doors that play the dickens with your knees—these, too, cry out for reform.

The time for Passive Resistance is over!

Let us improve the *entente cordiale* by borrowing the light victorias of Paris (though *not* their drivers), and let the two-wheeler be left for intending

suicides, for loopers of the loop, and other certified lunatics.

The hitherto despised and benighted “Growler” should be taken in hand and generally brushed up. The horses should be repaired, the Jehus smartened and rejuvenated, and new linings, springs, seats, windows, wheels, fronts, backs, tops and bottoms put to the vehicles.

The Ideal Four-wheeler will thus take the place of the present “Safety” Hansom, and the Fare will no longer have a handle to complain. The citizen will then confidently count on arriving at his destination intact, instead of driving to his own inquest.

CHARIVARIA.

SOME recent prison statistics show that criminals are affected by atmospheric changes. The fewest offences take place in cold weather. A proposal to give our convicts ices with their meals is under consideration.

A prisoner, through his solicitor, applied to Mr. FLOWDEN last week for permission to be shaved before appearing in Court. The Magistrate was unable to comply with the request, but thought there might be no difficulty as to hair-cutting after the case had been disposed of.

It is worthy of remark that in appointing a new Fire Chief the London County Council refused to go in for a GAMBLE, thus anticipating the objection of other disappointed candidates who alleged that the election was a toss-up.

Mrs. STUYVESANT FISH's guests are much annoyed at the announcement that there were no lions at her recent dinner.

FITZSIMMONS the prize-fighter was married last week. His wife promised to obey him.

A recent case has caused it to be re-affirmed that there can be no copyright in news. This decision, however, is not expected to affect the sanctity of the foreign intelligence of some of our contemporaries.

It is announced that further attempts are to be made to cope with the hat nuisance at *matinées* by providing cloakrooms free of charge. Something also might be done by improving the quality of the plays presented. There is a good deal in the retort of the lady with the picture hat who, on being told that those behind her could not see, said that they were not missing much.



"TURN BACK, PHILIP! DON'T LET'S TAKE ANY RISKS!"

PECULIAR DISLIKES.

Mr. BRODRICK, strange to say, objects strongly to being called "BRODDER" by Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL.

Captain HANK HAFF, the veteran American racing skipper, is in the habit of drawing a bead on anyone who alludes to him as the Hanky Panky Yankee.

Mr. CADBURY becomes seriously annoyed when he is described in French newspapers as the benevolent inventor of Cocoa for the Hair.

The Rev. JOHN PAGE HOPPS is much distressed by correspondents who spell his name with one "p."

Mr. JAMES LOWTHER, M.P., holds such uncompromising views on the subject of the Game Laws that he will never touch a poached egg.

When Mr. TRUEFIT spends Christmas in Scotland, nothing will induce him to witness a curling match.

Lord ROSEBURY is quite tired of explaining that he is not the President of the Primrose League.

Mr. POBEDONOSTEFF, the Procurator of the Holy Synod, resents extremely the liberties taken with his name by foreign journalists.

Miss MARIE CORELLI becomes quite indignant when people confuse her with the composer of that name.

Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN has never forgiven the critic who said that parts of *England's Darling* might have been written by BYRON.

GYNÆOCENTRICITY.

[Mr. LESTER F. WARD in his "Pure Sociology" advocates the "gynæocentric theory," in which he maintains that woman is primary and essential; that originally and normally all things centre about her, and that man is a mere after-thought of Nature.]

HENCE, androcentric theory,
Of ignorance and male perverseness
born,

That doomst me night and morn
To endless labours, masculine and
dreary.

Cribbed in some city den,
Where fog and darkness spread their
sooty wings,
And the typewriter rings,
Thou bidst me toil and slave the long
day long

Amid the madding throng,
With painful care driving a
clerkly pen.

But come thou system, called by me
Sweet Gynæocentricity!
Make me as a cypher, nought
But a trifling after-thought,

While to woman you restore
All the might was hers of yore.
Once again command that she
Man's support and centre be,
Guiding with her wiser powers
All her own affairs and ours.
I would eling to MARY ANN,
I the woman, she the man;
Independence I would drop,
She the pole and I the hop.
Every privilege my sex
Would from MARY ANN'S annex
I would yield her up and be
Trampled under foot as she.
I would see her, sun or rain,
Hurry for the early train,
And only leave her desk to crunch
At 2 P.M. her lightning lunch.
Meantime I with prudent care
To my work-box would repair,
Draw my knitting from the box,
Or proceed to darn the socks.
Or the garden I would seek,
Where soft Zephyrs fan the cheek;
There within the chequered shade
Which the weeping willows made
In my swinging hammock I
With my favourite books would lie,
And read and meditate and moon
Through all the lazy afternoon.

This give and I will live with thee,
Sweet Gynæocentricity.

THE AGE OF LAUGHTER.

[According to Mr. W. M. GUTHRIE's "Theory of the Comic Spirit," as expounded in the *International Quarterly*, youth is a time of gloomy self-possession, and it is not till you enter the ripe fifties that the period of laughter begins.]

SOME tell you that when Age is in
Then Gaiety is out;
That Youth and Laughter are akin
They swear is past a doubt;
When such men prate, I feel I must
Refute the fallacies they thrust
Upon the world, for it is just
The other way about.

My p'rambulator days were dark:
I seldom—never, smiled;
When nursemaids wheeled me in the
Park

My infant soul was riled.
I thought it was the poorest sport
When TOMMY ATKINS came to court,
And I was left to weep—in short,
I was a mournful child.

At school I longed for something which
Was not the Fall of Troy;
The painful lessons of the switch
I never could enjoy;
My sense of humour could extract
But little fun from being whacked
Or writing "lines": I was, in fact,
A most unhappy boy.

At college, 'twas my mission high
To re-discover Truth;
The times were out of joint, and I
Must set them right, forsooth.
I poured my scorn on fools (*i.e.*,
All those who did not think like me):
I was, you doubtless will agree,
A morbid sort of youth.

But when some fifty years had passed,
And flecked my hair with grey,
And I at length had learnt to cast
Omniscience away;
When I perceived that others might
Conceivably be sometimes right,
My spirits straightway grew more light,
My soul became less grey.

All was not folly, sin and guilt;
Indeed, I soon began
To think the world might not be built
On such a tragic plan;
I smiled as I remembered how
Young self-importance scored my brow
With lines of care, and I am now
A not uncheerful man.

And when Time brings with rapid
strides

My threescore years and ten,
Will Laughter, holding both his sides,
Be always with me then?
Yes, if, till I give up the ghost,
The joke's increasing still, I'll boast
Myself decidedly the most
Hilarious of men.

MR. PUNCH'S SPECTRAL ANALYSES.

I.

THE GHOST'S POINT OF VIEW.

"PHEW!" gasped the Spectre, collapsing into a chair at my bedside, "you did give me a start."

"If it comes to that," I replied severely—for the first intimation I had had of his presence had been the touch of an icy finger on my forehead while I was asleep—"if it comes to that, you gave me a start; you nearly frightened me into a fit. I wish you would learn to be more careful what you do with your hands."

The Spectre eyed me doubtfully.

"Do you mean to tell me," he said, "that human beings are frightened when they see ghosts?"

"Did you think they were amused?"

"I always imagined that they took a purely scientific interest in the matter. Of course, we are simply terrified when we see you——"

"What! A ghost is frightened when he sees a human being?"

"Out of his wits. Did you not know that? Dear me. Well, well, we live and learn."

"But, surely," I said, interested by this time, "I should have thought that you so constantly saw us——"

"Ah, but that is not the case. We see you as seldom as—apparently—you see us. Why it is, I don't know. There are fellows at the Club who could explain it to you. It is something to do with planes or dimensions or something. I remember that, because we were discussing it only the other evening. JONES—I don't know if you have ever met him: tall, handsome man with a dagger sticking in his chest—maintained that there were no such things as human beings: said they didn't exist, don't you know. He said that the cases cited where ghosts had actually seen them were in reality pure hysteria. A ghost goes into a house which he knows is haunted, and naturally he imagines that every shadow is a human being. JONES is a thorough sceptic—hard-headed man, you know—won't believe a thing till he sees it. SMITH, on the other hand—I think you must have met SMITH, or at any rate heard him. You would know him by his get-up. He is a dandy, is SMITH. Faultless winding-sheet, chains on his legs, and so on: carries his head in his right hand, and groans."

"Ah," I said, "I have heard the groans."

"Yes, I thought you must have done. He's always practising: groans bass in our choir, you know. Well, SMITH maintained that some of the hundreds of cases quoted must be authentic.

How, for instance, did JONES account for the haunted room at Blamis Castle?"

"What was that?" I asked.

"Oh, it was rather a painful affair. The castle was said to be haunted, and a young spectre, who scoffed at the idea, offered to walk the night there. They allowed him to go, stipulating, however, that directly he saw anything supernatural he should ring the bell."

"Oh," I interrupted, "then ghosts can ring bells?"

"My dear Sir," said the Spectre a little testily, "we have many limitations, but we can do a simple thing like that. You might just as well ask if a ghost can wind up a night watch or write a dead letter. Well, at the stroke of midnight a violent peal was heard. They rushed to the room, and there lay the poor young fellow senseless. Some time after he had entered, it seemed, he had suddenly become aware—how, he could not say—that he was not alone, and, looking round, he saw a man standing in the doorway. The apparition advanced slowly, and, to his unspeakable horror, walked straight through him. Then he fainted, and knew no more until he found himself being given spirits in a spoon by his friends. He was never quite himself after that."

"And did that convince JONES?"

"Not a bit. He simply said that owing to the stories connected with the place it had been hypnotically suggested to the young fellow that there was a human being in that particular room, and the rest had followed naturally. But I know what would settle him."

"Yes?"

"If I could bring him here and show you to him. Could you excuse me for one minute?"

"Certainly."

"Then I'll just run and fetch him."

And he disappeared. I think something must have gone wrong with the dimensions, for though I waited long he never returned, and to this day I have not seen him again.

THE MAGAZINE GIRL.

I stood upon the station platform, dressed (in consideration for the artist) in flannels and a picturesque Panama hat, waiting for the train, and for Her. I knew that she would be in it—she always is. I was by no means astonished therefore when it arrived to find her there, seated in a compartment labelled "Smoking," though she was the only passenger, and all the other carriages were open to her. This, however, is only her way—it leads to complications, and thus to Romance and Short Stories. That is why she does it. I entered the compartment, and took

a seat opposite to hers, from which I could observe her in comfort. She was undeniably pretty, this little maiden, with her dark wistful eyes, and the blue-black hair which always comes out so smudgy in the illustrations. All at once, as I gazed at her, she seemed so pitiful and hackneyed that, against my usual practice, I resolved upon an innovation.

"Pardon the seeming abruptness of the course," I ventured softly, "but how would it be if we were to cut all those wearisome preliminaries about the open window and permission to smoke, and all that sort of thing, and come at once to business?"

She gave me a quick look of gratitude.

"That is exactly what I should have asked myself," she answered, "only——" she hesitated, then added shyly, "it looks so unromantic for a heroine to skip."

We both laughed musically. "Then," I said, "perhaps you will have guessed already that I am——"

"A young barrister," she interposed, "with small private means but good prospects, a clear-cut intellectual profile, strong sensitive mouth, and merry blue eyes. Oh yes, I know you, and every one of your double adjectives, *ad nauseam!*"

"For the matter of that," I retorted, piqued a little at her assumption of superior rarity, "you yourself are by no means an unfamiliar figure in the less expensive walks of literature. There is not a sixpenny magazine published but you contrive to sprain your ankle in it, or break your heart, or damage yourself in some silly way. You are almost becoming a nuisance!"

"And you are becoming rude," she said wearily, "which is infringing my special copyright. You had better fall in love with me at once and have it over."

Still I hesitated. "Of course," I said, "there is my uncle's money."

"Left to you," she responded in a bored monotone, "on condition that you marry the unknown girl whom you have never seen, but for whom you have conceived an unreasonable aversion. That invariable uncle!"

"I suppose," I asked weakly, "that you are really she?"

"Please don't be childish!" she answered. "Is it likely that I should be here if I wasn't?"

The logic of this remark was unanswerable, and I was silenced. Suddenly, however, something happened which is without a parallel in the whole course of my long and honourable career; I thought a real thought, one which actually appeared to come from within.



LOGICAL.

Little Bobby (whose Mamma is very particular, and is always telling him to wash his face and hands). "MUMMY DEAR! I DO WISH I WAS A LITTLE BLACK BOY."

Mamma. "MY DEAR BOBBY, YOU GENERALLY ARE."

Little Bobby. "OH, I MEAN REALLY BLACK. THEN YOU WOULDN'T SEE WHEN I WAS DIRTY."

"Listen," I cried excitedly, "I have a scheme which may save us both while there is yet time. If we go on like this we shall inevitably embrace each other before three thousand words are past. Now, I don't know you, and don't particularly want to; I think I am right also in supposing that you yourself are not consumed with anxiety to be my bride?"

She nodded eagerly. "Not in the slightest degree," she said.

"Then," I continued, "this is my plan. Let us make a bold stand before it is too late. Let us *not fall in love!*"

For a moment the audacity of the suggestion seemed to bewilder her. Then she clasped her hands together with a little cry of gratitude and delight.

"Oh, thank you! thank you!" she said warmly, and added, while her

beautiful eyes glowed with admiration, "How wonderful you are! I have never met anyone at all like you before. You must be original!"

I did not contradict her, for I could not but feel that her words were true.

So, during the remainder of the journey, we read our newspapers or dozed in an unwonted but most welcome quiet. Only, as I was preparing to leave the train at a station earlier than that which should have been our mutual destination, I observed that she was laughing softly to herself.

"I was thinking," she said, in answer to my look of inquiry, "that for once we shall be unlike our marriage banns."

"How so?" I asked curiously.

"Because," she answered, giving me her hand with a cordial gesture of farewell, "they will not be published!"



AUXILIARY TRAINING.

Staff-Officer. "WELL, I'VE BEEN DOING NOTHING HERE FOR THE LAST TWO HOURS. I THINK IT'S ABOUT TIME I WENT SOMEWHERE ELSE AND DID IT."

PUBLIC SCHOOL FARE.

THE subeditor-in-chief of the *Daily Meal* sends us the following choice morsels of silly seasoning which have been crowded from the columns of that entertaining journal.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN writes:—"I seldom grumbled at my food when at school; I knew too well on which side my bread was buttered. Nevertheless, the memory of those days is always clouded by the recollection that a rise in the price of tuck was never accompanied by a corresponding rise in pocket-money. I remember, too, that I frequently suffered from Bright's disease. But things have, of course, changed since then."

LORD AVEBURY writes:—"We had very little to eat when I was at school. I remember, once, standing with a circle of my playmates round me, and uttering the striking sentence (as it seems to me now), 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.' That was many years ago, and every one of those boys is still alive. A great classical writer (HORACE)

once said "*Cras*;" which SHAKESPEARE rendered by

"To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow," with what I have thought to be superfluous iteration. That schoolboy incident taught me to leave the future to itself. From that day I have battered only on what was bread in the Bohn."

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN writes:—"The head-master at my school had the most beautiful garden I have ever seen, but though his table was plentifully supplied with its early produce no new potatoes nor spring onions ever found their way to the board at which I sat. To this must be traced any note of sadness that may seem to be struck in my work, *Haunts of Ancient Peas*."

MR. ALGERNON ASHTON writes:—"One of my favourite dishes at school was a confection known as 'doorsteps.' To my liking for these I attribute my present interest in tombstones."

MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN writes:—"My schoolfellows always found it necessary to supplement the school meals, and I accordingly formed a

corner in clams and candy. Over these I got badly left, but my Great Bun Trust struck oil."

MR. SIDNEY LEE writes:—"I remember heading a deputation to protest against one of the items on our school breakfast menu. It was the most critical moment of my life. I issued a pamphlet entitled *Portia Verba*, urging that the abuse should be remedied. The head-master replied that there was no need to cure it; it was all pure gammon."

MR. G. BERNARD SHAW writes:—"We live in an age of retrogression. When I was at school I ate everything I could get; probably fifty years hence I shall eat nothing. As is well known, *The Devil's Disciple* was written entirely on a diet of flesh, whereas, after the publication of *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, I forswore everything but rabbits, and became a Burrow Councillor. *Cashel Byron* gave me a distinct liking for bruised beans, and I now wear what I happily describe as 'the white flour of a blameless life.' I expect soon to get into my salad days."



THE MOTOR-CAR BILL.

(Abolition of Speed Limit.)

RIGHT HON. WALTER LONG. "CONFOUND HIM! HE REALLY OUGHTN'T TO GO AT THAT SPEED!!"

SQUIRE PUNCH. "THEN WHY DO YOU LET HIM? YOU SHOULD GIVE HIM A MACHINE THAT CAN'T!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 27.
 —SQUIRE OF MALWOOD back after long absence, consequent on illness. Entered



A PLUCKY VETERAN.

Sir WILLIAM HERRERT reports himself off the Sick List and ready to help in quelling the (Fiscal) Mutiny.

from behind the SPEAKER'S chair with slow, stately step, recalling the old three-decker, temporarily laid up for repairs, falling into line of battle. House not very full; those present on both sides joined in hearty cheer of welcome. The SQUIRE a good hard-hitter; doesn't spare friend or foe when his blood is up. But everyone recognises in him almost the last of the old type of House of Commons man. In respect of scrupulous honour, deference to constitutional principles, jealousy for maintenance of the Parliamentary standard, scholarship and courtesy, the type was high. Over many years, through divers circumstances, it has never suffered at the hands of SQUIRE OF MALWOOD.

Apart from pleasure at return of an old favourite, there was current strong feeling of sympathy with veteran in view of special circumstances attendant on his retirement. Bad enough for old Parliamentary Hand suddenly disabled in high tide of Session. Beyond ordinary endurance to have the time of com-

pulsory retirement synchronising with opening of campaign against Free Trade led by none other than DOX JOSÉ. What over and above the discomforts of illness SQUIRE OF MALWOOD has suffered, a prisoner in his sick-room, reading DOX JOSÉ'S speeches on Fair Trade, scanning the more or less ineffective rejoinders of amateurs like LORD ROSEBURY, no tongue can tell. SARK says, if it hadn't been for the *Times*, result might have been fatal. Just as in the days of the SQUIRE'S grandfather, Archbishop of YORK, a patient at certain stages of illness was freely bled, so the SQUIRE from time to time had himself propped up in bed and "wrote to the *Times*," demolishing DOX JOSÉ and his new heresy.

Returning to-night, almost first man to greet him is Colonial Secretary, who, with evidently genuine feeling, expresses joy at his recovery, welcoming him back "to add lustre to our debates." Thus the House, in one of its best, most familiar side-aspects. Occasionally, in the hands of one of half a dozen Members of exceptional individuality, it is temporarily made to play matters a little low. But it is ever ready to return to highest level, which, after all, is, and through the ages has been, its true one. Politically, the SQUIRE and DOX JOSÉ are at daggers drawn. Chronic state of hostility on the public boards does not prevent maintenance in private life of friendly relations established more than a quarter of a century ago, nor momentary predominance of the gentler mood in circumstances like those presenting themselves this afternoon.

It was quite in order that, having said a few genuinely friendly things about the man, DOX JOSÉ straightway turned

A FISCAL AMATEUR.
(Lord Rosbery.)

and pommelled the politician who presumed to criticise details in the settlement of South Africa.

Business done.—South African Loan Bill read a second time.

Tuesday night.—Time of Session reached when necessary to review position, take stock of goods in the window,



THE MANDARIN PEI-HAI.

Chief of the Provinces of Hui-poh (Kwi-ri) and Nô-chih-pfûd.

"I shall come to the rt. hon. gentleman's Chinaman directly."—Mr. Chamberlain, in South Africa Labour Debate.

If you want a few leaflets shake his sleeves.

prepare for clearance sale. PRINCE ARTHUR approached task with most pleasant mien. Is gifted with richly developed natural talent for taking optimistic view of things. It is a family secret that in youth he turned a longing eye upon the sea as a profession. Even in undeveloped state he felt that the toils and dangers of a seafaring life would be compensated for when he reached the post of captain, and, the watch on deck coming to report "Twelve o'clock," he would be privileged to reply, "Make it so." Here were scores of Bills on the Ministerial programme in a more or less backward state. The thing was to add them to the Statute Book. At present they are waiting to be transformed into Acts of Parliament. "Make them so," says PRINCE ARTHUR in effect, looking down the long list.

As he studied it his eye fell on the Molasses Bill; had curious fascination for him. Only vague idea what Molasses is (or are). Rather favours impression

that it is a species of hair-oil. Didn't BYRON write a line something to this effect—

Save thine "incomparable oil," Molasses?

However that be, or whatever it be, a measure introduced by so respectable an authority as the Chancellor of the Exchequer ought to pass without difficulty.

"Yes," he said, turning and nodding assent to a whispered remark from RITCHIE. It destroyed the original theory about hair-oil. Happily he had not yet had opportunity of developing and illustrating it. Now, with habitual quickness, he seized the facts of the case hurriedly communicated, and made them his own.

"As my right hon. friend reminds me," he continued, nodding patronisingly at RITCHIE, as if he were conveying to him some information, "the Bill, designed to abolish the duty on raw molasses, is really a case of freeing raw material from taxation."

Here PRINCE ARTHUR was startled by rousing cheer from Opposition. It lasted so long that he had time to perceive he had accidentally dropped into heresy. Whilst the Blessed Inquiry was still going on, Ministerial hands held over the mouth of the House of Commons, here was the Leader recommending a Measure on the specific ground that it removed taxation from the raw material! Hadn't Don José openly declared that in establishing a system of Preferential Tariffs, "the only system by which this Empire can be kept together, you must put a tax on food?" Molasses turned out to be what the Lord Chancellor would call a sort of food. And here was the First Lord of the Treasury applauding a measure dealing with it on the ground that it freed raw material from taxation.

Time to think of these things as the jubilant cheer rose and fell; no sign of discomfiture on his ingenuous countenance. When cheers dropped away he concluded his sentence with air of satisfaction suggesting it was the very thing he deliberately meant to say. Hurried on to deal with other measures, every one of which he found "non-controversial." Nay, each was so attractive that the House in passing it would only regret that opportunity was not provided for spending a few more hours in its company.

Business done.—Twelve o'clock Rule suspended. May sit till any hour of the night passing Bills. Begin by shutting up at 12.35. HENDERSON took oath and seat on election for Barnard Castle. Introduced by two other Labour Members, SHACKLETON and CROOKS. All three dressed in Sunday clothes of

decent black. Associations connected therewith subtly prevalent. With eyes reverentially downcast they slowly advanced on tiptoe as if afraid of disturbing the congregation.

"Look as if they had come to bury HENDERSON, not to seat him," said the MEMBER FOR SARK.

Friday night.—Good many Members of present House remember when RIGBY was with us, Member for Forfarshire, Solicitor-General in Mr. G.'s last Administration, charged with the Home Rule Bill. Came into House with reputation of being in first flight of Q.C.s at the Chancery Bar. At first



A DEGREE OF LATITUDE FROM GREENWICH.

"Where no great accuracy is required, the altitude of the (eldest) sun is observed, and from this, with certain allowances, the latitude is obtained."—*Century Dictionary*.

(Lord H-gh makes things lively for the Chef of the "Hotel Cecil.")

sight impression favourable. Looking on his massive brow, his countenance almost stolid in its expression of wisdom and erudition, frivolous Members felt that they had found their match.

If he had never opened his mouth, RIGBY would have been as great a success at Table of House of Commons as he was at the Chancery Bar. Unfortunately it fell to his lot to explain and defend legal aspect of clauses in Home Rule Bill. A quick-witted, ably-led, avowedly unscrupulous Opposition saw their opportunity. By baiting RIGBY they not only discredited the Ministry; they obstructed business and imperilled

prospects of a hateful measure. Must be admitted that what in brief time became an organised business was at the outset unpremeditated. When Solicitor-General first stood at Table to reply to question of which notice had been given, Members glanced at him with nothing more than the ordinary curiosity to see how a new Minister might bear himself. Forget what the question was about, except that it related to some trivial legal detail.

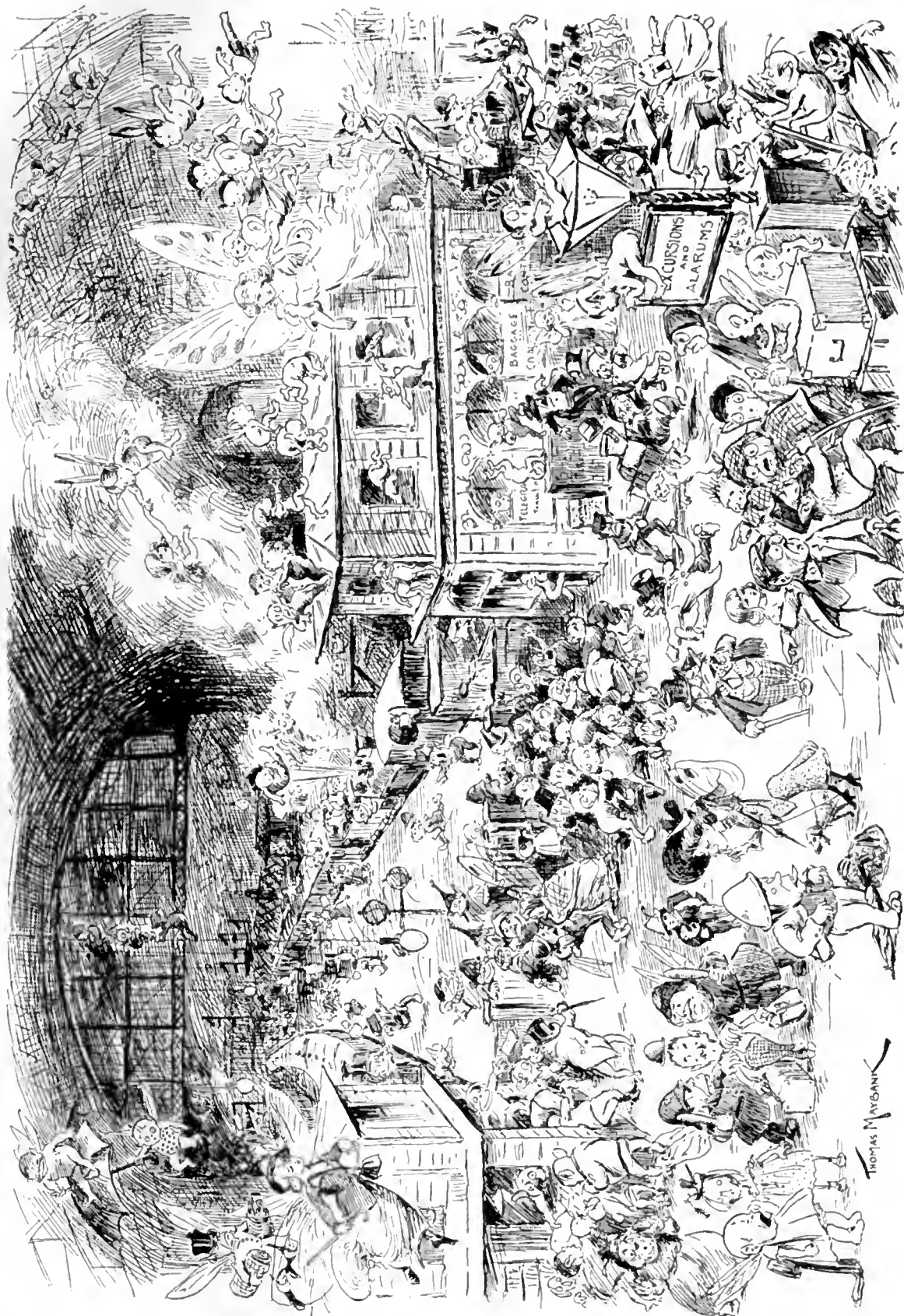
RIGBY, accustomed to being looked up to in the Court of Chancery, felt that House of Commons would remain in breathless state of expectation till he had satisfied it and the country on the question submitted to him. Accordingly he wrote out his answer, which in literary form and number of folios followed the familiar style of an Opinion delivered upon a Case sought through the agency of a solicitor, endorsed with the pleasant remark, Fifty guineas.

As a rule, RIGBY's Opinion, handed to the solicitor's clerk, would lack the advantage of elocutionary art in process of communication. In the House of Commons the thing was different. RIGBY had his opportunity; rose to its fullest height. The solemnity of his appearance and manner, the slow enunciation of his sentences, the ex-cruciating emphasis with which he thundered forth prepositions, the terrific meaning imported into the concluding syllable of any word ending with "ing," instantly attracted attention. Members, crowded for the Question Hour, sat for a few moments open-mouthed. A ripple of laughter responded to a glance of deep meaning flung at audience by Solicitor-General over the top of his manuscript as he voiced a conjunction.

This broke the spell. Burst of laughter followed; ironical cheering assisted RIGBY in emphasising nothing. Bewildered, utterly at loss to understand what it was all about, he sat down amidst storm of cheers and laughter. After this the way was clear for writtings of the Opposition. Came to be nightly habit with them when difficulties arose in Committee on Home Rule Bill to cry "RIGBY! RIGBY!" Solicitor-General said nothing in retort or rebuke. But he felt it deeply. On early opportunity retired from position he had long yearned for, laboriously striven to gain, in late life won—to find himself completely, inexplicably, a failure.

Business done.—Miscellaneous.

A FAR-SIGHTED POLITICIAN.—Mr. LONG, who is in charge of the Motor-Car Bill, recently opened a new Infirmary.



DREAMS BEFORE DAWN. WILD TIME AND BANK HOLIDAY FAIRIES.

THOMAS MAYBANK

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

XXIII.—THE PHRENOLOGIST.

It is neither religion nor politics as I had first concluded on seeing the centre of interest to be two men in the middle of the crowd. The hatless man with the closely-shaven bullet-head and the expression of stolid idiocy is "having his bumps told" by the squash-hatted individual in the frock-coat and grey flannel trousers.

"Your imagination," the Phrenologist is saying, "is very highly developed. You are a theorist."

The subject nods his head corroboratively at vacancy.

"I fear," continues the Phrenologist, "that you are apt to theorise rather than act. Your imagination is stronger than your will. But your theories are right, I may even say brilliant, if only you had the energy to carry them out."

This, I feel, may account for several points about the bullet-headed man which I cannot help noticing, notably a tendency to confine his ablutions within the natural limit of the chin and eyebrows.

"Your artistic bump," says the Phrenologist, "is remarkably prominent; in any artistic direction you should do very well indeed. An artist to your finger-tips."

I am afraid this is an unfortunate way of putting it, for his subject, as it happens, hasn't got any finger-tips, having lost them, as I learn from the man next to me, in a machine accident. But the Phrenologist continues:

"Highly strung, combative and somewhat deficient in tact. Passionately fond of the beautiful in nature. Colour and form delight you."

The subject nods vacantly again.

"There is great originality here. You are a very daring thinker. In politics, religion, literature and art you think in an entirely new and startling way."

The subject nods his head several times, and I have no doubt that he is right.

"One thing, I'm afraid," adds the Phrenologist, "is the case with you as with all theorists and artists. You are easily taken in. You have been taken in before, and you will be taken in again."

It seems to me the Phrenologist might with some justice have included the present tense also, but no doubt he knows his own business best.

"Affections very highly developed. Generous, good-natured, and musical. Sixpence."

The bullet-headed artist pays his fee and the Phrenologist mounts a small wooden stool.

"That, gentlemen," he observes,

"was a most remarkable head. I have had heads of all sorts and conditions under my hands—heads of every possible sort and condition—and I have seldom seen a more interesting one. Notice the high frontal development above the eye. There's the artist. That gentleman ought to make a lot of money in any artistic business. But the artist and the thinker are distinct. The artist makes his money by seeing, not by thinking. He isn't paid to think. Yet that gentleman's head was the head of a serious thinker as well. May I have the pleasure of giving any other gentleman a reading?"

A grinning youth, with a head that looks about the size of the late subject's fist, grabs off his hat and makes his way forward. The Phrenologist, after carefully measuring the head before him with a tape, which seems to me to border on the personal, pronounces its owner a cynic. The young man's grin increases in imbecility. I am surprised and pleased also to learn that he is a thoroughly practical man, of an analytical turn of mind, who would do well in any field of scientific investigation.

At this moment there is a disturbance at the back of the crowd, and a burly man in corduroys pushes his way forward and interrupts the reading.

"Oo's the Phrenologist?" he inquires.

The Phrenologist pauses, with his hands caressing the head of the potential scientist, and smiles blandly.

"Are you 'im?" demands the burly man. "Or ri—I'll 'avemebumpstole."

"Certainly, Sir," replies the Phrenologist. "With pleasure. Directly I've finished with this gentleman—"

"Go orn—you girron with 'im an' be lively abaht it," returns the burly man, "I wanmebumpstole." And seats himself heavily on the Phrenologist's stool.

He remains silent until the grinning youth has paid his sixpence.

"Now then, Sir," says the Phrenologist, "if you are ready—"

The burly man, still seated on the stool, gazes at him with a blurry eye.

"I wanmebumpstole," he observes dreamily.

"Would you rather be seated?" inquires the Phrenologist.

The burly man rises unsteadily and brushes off his cap.

"Tell us my bumps," he says abruptly. "My name's 'ERBERT."

The Phrenologist, with a tolerant smile, proceeds to measure his subject's head.

"There is a great deal of imagination here," he remarks; "your head shows a very fertile fancy. You have a very sensitive nature."

"Sensitive nachur!" breaks in the burly man. "I ain't sensitive. No one ain't ever corled me sensitive before. Where d'yer get sensitive nachur? Show us the place."

The Phrenologist smiles indulgently. "Sensitiveness?—Here," he replies, pressing the subject's skull with his forefinger.

The burly man gives a howl of pain. "'Ere, mind wot yer doin' of!" he roars. "That there's a bicycle ecident!"

There is a shout of laughter from the crowd. The Phrenologist seems confused, though personally I see every reason to admire his accuracy.

"Not so much sensitive," he says, "as nervous."

"Nervous!" exclaims the burly man. "'Oo yer gittin' at? I ain't afride o' no man!"

"When I say nervous——" begins the Phrenologist.

"I ain't afride o' no man, I ain't," repeats the burly man loudly.—"Or woman."

The Phrenologist strives to continue his explanations.

"P'raps yer think I'm afride o' you?" suggests the burly man threateningly.

"No, not at all,—you don't understand me," says the Phrenologist mildly.

"Don't I?" returns the burly man.

"Well, I 'ope you understand me. Go orn—girron with it."

"Feelings very keen. Much ability, but little power of mental concentration. You are by temperament a poet."

"A wot!" cries the burly man, going very red in the face. "'Oo are you a-corlin' a poit? You want one in the ear'ole, thet's wot you want. You tike care 'oo you gets corlin' poits. I works fer my livin' I do—honest. Poit yerself."

"No insult intended——" begins the Phrenologist apologetically.

"You tike care wot yer syein'," says the burly man, "comin' 'ere corlin' yerself a phreneronologist. Don't yer get corlin' me no nervous poits. Go orn—you girron with it."

The Phrenologist throws a deprecating look at the crowd and continues:

"Tactful, a good friend and a bad enemy——"

"A bad——?" begins the burly man suspiciously.

"Fond of children," continues the Phrenologist hastily, "affectionate, critical—I may say hypercritical——"

"Wot!" roars the burly man, "sye it agen!"

"What—hypercritical?" begins the astounded Phrenologist.

Without any warning the burly man makes a wild lunge at the Phrenologist, who, jumping back to avoid it, falls backwards over his stool. The burly

man also has overbalanced and falls on top of the other. Several of the foremost in the crowd rush forward and haul the burly man to his feet.

"Leagoerme!" he yells. "I ain't afride o' no man!"

"Go orn, chuck it," says one of his custodians; "woddlyer wanten go an' lose yer temper for?"

"Wot's 'e wanten go corlin' me a nippererite for?" demands the burly man.

The Phrenologist also has been helped to his feet, and is standing ruefully rubbing the back of his head. A man pushes his way through from the outskirts of the crowd.

"'Ere, 'Errn," he calls, "come orn. Woddlyer doin' of 'ere?"

The burly man turns to his friend.

"Corlin' me a nervous poit an' a nippererite," he cries.

"I never said——" begins the Phrenologist weakly, still rubbing his head.

"Come orn," says the newcomer, taking the burly man's arm, and turns to the Phrenologist. "Don't you tike no notice of 'im," he advises cheerily, "'e don't mean no 'arm. 'E's boozed," and leads the burly man through the crowd.

The Phrenologist continues to rub the back of his head, which has developed a bump of a purely inorganic nature. After a time he puts on the squash hat again very carefully and turns to the crowd.

"May I have the pleasure of giving any other gentleman a reading?"

THE LEGEND OF THE BROWN BOOTS.

It was on one of summer's early days,

When Nature smiled and all the world seemed fair,
That first of all on you I chanced to gaze
Within a shop, O bright and beauteous pair!

Thought I, "The sky above me is so blue,
The sunbeams gaily dance along the street,
Yet I am clothed in garb of sombre hue,
With boots funereal upon my feet.

"A summer suit just now I can't afford,
But other footgear surely I can don!"
I took some money from my little hoard,
Then walked into the shop and tried you on.

You fitted me—I did not mind the price—
And, wearing you, abroad I yearned to roam;
I would not listen to the man's advice
To let him wrap you up and send you home.

I paid the bill and waited for the change,
Then left the shop in all my foolish pride;
But Nature seemed to undergo a change
The very moment that I stepped outside.

The sky, as I remarked before, was blue,
The sun was shining brightly overhead,
Yet everything seemed dull and dark of hue,
Except where I so boldly dared to tread.

The passing errand-boys their baskets dropped
In sheer astonishment, as on I strode;
The horses shied—I think the traffic stopped—
As soon as I began to cross the road.

When my front door I opened with my key,
The children all fled shrieking up the stair;
My wife pulled down the blinds, "Because," said she,
"I feel a bit bewildered by the glare."

I took you off in haste and flung you down,
So that your splendour I might well behold;



SHAKSPEARE ILLUSTRATED.*

"THERE IS A KIND OF CONFESSION IN YOUR LOOKS."
Hamlet, Act II., Sc. 2.

It was a base deceit to call you brown,
You shimmered with the radiance of gold.

As weary weeks went on I vainly tried
To dim your blazing, unbecoming hue;
Though many quarts of polish I applied,
It seemed to make no difference to you.

Perehance in years to come you might be worn,
When you assume an ordinary tan;
At present you're not fitted to adorn
The feet of any self-respecting man.

FREEDOM FOR ALL.

Not Licences but Licence.

THE Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders recently presented a memorial to Mr. BALFOUR, Lord BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH and Mr. LONG, urging that, as the power of control over motor vehicles has been demonstrated to be absolute, no speed limit whatever is necessary or desirable, save such as may be imposed by the traffic actually on any road.

There is reason to believe that some other memorials will shortly be presented.

Mr. LONG has stated, with profound regret, that motorists have been "irritated." It is to be hoped that he will save these other memorialists from irritation.

The Great Western Railway Company, stating that Paddington Station is rather far from the City, and in view of the fact that locomotives can be controlled with absolute precision, may ask for authority to run six trains daily in each direction along Oxford Street and Holborn to the Bank, the speed to be determined only by the traffic, if any, actually on the roadway.

The Stock Exchange Pedestrian Society, desirous of training in convenient proximity to Capel Court, will probably ask permission to have go-as-you-please contests at noon daily from the Bank to the Law Courts.

The Association of Metropolitan Riding Masters will point out that restrictions as to speed in Hyde Park are entirely superfluous, and that lessons in galloping and leaping should be allowed on any part of the turf in the Park, the hurdles and iron fences being conveniently arranged for this purpose,



A NIGHTMARE CAKE-WALK.

(After Tommy's Birthday Feast.)

NO WONDER THAT, AFTER SEEING OR HEARING OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE, PROFESSIONALS, AMATEURS, B. T. T. WAITRESSES, BUTCHERS, BAKERS, AND CANDLESTICK-MAKERS' WALKS TO BRIGHTON AND ELSEWHERE, TOMMY SHOULD DREAM OF A GREAT "CAKE-WALK," IN WHICH HIS OWN "PARTICULAR TUMMY CAKE," AFTER STARTING WITH THE FIRST CAKE, AND GOING STRONG THROUGHOUT, WAS THE LAST TO FINISH.

with suitable flower beds to break the falls of beginners.

The Cyclists' Touring Club, in view of the fact that footpaths are usually smoother and more free from dust or mud than roadways, will urge the immediate abolition of the laws and regulations which prevent cyclists from using the more desirable track, and will point out that pedestrians can avoid all inconvenience by going on horseback or in vehicles.

The Society of Golf-Ball Manufacturers, alluding to the interest taken in the game by many Members of Parliament, will point out that several

Members can to a great extent control the direction of a ball, and that it is therefore a gross injustice and a source of irritation to forbid the game in the Green Park and St. James's Park, so conveniently near the House. As some of the Ministers are enthusiastic golfers, the Society has reason to hope that its interests will be most tenderly considered.

The Perambulator Makers' Association, stating that the need for control over perambulators and mail-carts has been demonstrated to be practically non-existent, will request that, in order to encourage the industry, perambulators and their drivers shall be permitted to go as many abreast as they choose on the footways in Regent Street, Oxford Street, Brompton Road, Kensington High Street, and other frequented shopping neighbourhoods.

The Society of Traction-Engine Manufacturers and Traders, pointing out that their engines frequently weigh less than thirty tons, and can be stopped on level ground within a quarter of a mile, will urge that they shall be treated with the same consideration as motor cycles and trailers; all speed limits being abolished.

As it is undoubtedly the case that railway trains, pedestrians, horses, bicycles, golfers, perambulators and traction-engines have "come to stay," and as it is universally stated that an "industry must not be hampered," or harassed, or killed—there are several expressions equally admired—it is perfectly certain that all these memorials will receive the consideration they deserve.



Extract from the Rules of a local Golf Club:—"RULE V.—THE COMMITTEE SHALL HAVE THE POWER AT ANY TIME TO FILL ANY VACANCY IN THEIR LODG."

ENGLAND EXPECTS—.

Proposed "Actual Service Conditions."

[We learn from the *Daily Mail* that "One of the best and newest ships in the French navy, the *Suffren*, is to be fired at by another battleship with one of the most powerful modern guns. The shot will be directed at the *Suffren's* turret, and the object of the trial is to ascertain how the complicated mechanism of the turret and the boilers of the ship will stand the blow. The crew will be on board and steam will be up."]

WE suggest for our own Admiralty and War Office:—

Experiments on massed regiments to determine relative stopping power of dum-dum and service bullets, with prizes encouraging agility in taking cover.

Bombardment of Plymouth, and siege of York, in connection with military pension scheme.

All Army exams. to include "nerve drill," every tenth man being shot; medals to be presented for coolness under fire.

Explosions of submarines during manœuvres. Results would be noted for reference, and ten years' seniority granted to survivors.

Tentative invasion of Germany under the auspices of the Transport Department.

UNSUSPECTED AMBITIONS.

OUR strenuous contemporary T.A.T. has been giving its readers some interesting information as to the irresistible ambitions, of various living celebrities. Most of these, however, harmonise closely enough with the public form and achievements of the notabilities in question. What is not so well known is the interesting fact that many remarkable men, who have already attained distinction in one sphere, are secretly consumed with the desire to shine in a totally different walk of life.

Thus it is the darling desire of M. PADEREWSKI, when he has amassed sufficient means to justify his abandoning the labours of the keyboard, to enter the arena of politics. The post which he ultimately desires to fill is, we understand, that of the Ban of Croatia, or, failing that, he would be content with the rôle of Hereditary Hospodar of Hispaniola.

Conversely Mr. SIDNEY LEE's devouring ambition, since early childhood, has been to embrace the career of a pianoforte virtuoso. Those who have enjoyed the inestimable privilege of hearing him perform in private admit that his masterly interpretations of the compositions of CORELLI augur a brilliant reception for him on his appearance on any public platform.



AT A CONCERT.

Effie. "MUMMY, WHAT'S AN 'ENCORE?'"

Mother. "AN 'ENCORE,' DEAR, IS WHEN YOU ARE ASKED TO GO OVER THE SAME THING AGAIN."

Effie. "O MUMMY, THEN MY GOVERNESS IS ALWAYS ENCOURING ME AT MY LESSONS."

MR. ALFRED HARMSWORTH'S *idée fixe* is the stage. It is, we believe, his rooted resolve on reaching the age of forty to retire from journalism and revive the *Lyons Mail*, with himself in the principal rôle.

MR. BRODRICK has all through his life paid secret but devoted homage to the Muses. His *vers de société*, printed for private circulation, have been pronounced by competent critics to be at least equal to the most felicitous effusions of Mr. WHITWORTH WYNNE, and he is credibly asserted to be responsible for some of the most diverting speci-

mens of Catesby's Drolleries. There can be little doubt that Mr. BRODRICK will one day prove a most formidable candidate for the Laureateship, should it be found possible for him to combine that post with the Viceroyalty of India.

SIR THOMAS LITTON, when quite a tiny tot, was devoted to the study of theology. He has never abandoned his study of the Higher Criticism, and will, according to latest advices from Coney Island, probably issue his long-deferred translation of the Code of Hammurabi in the course of the autumn publishing season.

ON THE TRACK OF TRUTH.

(The Prime Minister speeds the parting Questers.)

My Comrades (since at such an hour
I'll not distinguish foe and friend),
Even as fades the fairest flower
Our pleasant intercourse must end;
Permit me, therefore, on the eve of starting,
To draw attention to our solemn parting.

Some of our bloods, who might have been
The ornament of any House,
Are grassing, in another scene,
The early uninstructed grouse,
And for the keen pursuit of baffling conies
Desert our final conversaziones.

Perhaps they could not bear to trust
Their lips to say the last farewells,
Or mark with what a windy gust
This philosophic bosom swells;
(You will forgive my slight surexcitation;
This is no ordinary prorogation).

What is it sets this hour apart
From those of commonplace goodbyes?
What means this spasm at the heart,
This speculation in the eyes?
These are the symptoms, as you must have guessed,
Always associated with a Quest.

Some search for gold, and some the font
Of springs that yield eternal youth;
Our case is other; what we want
Is just the naked fiscal Truth;
I hope that each has got it on his mind
At least to seek the same, if not to find.

It is not given to all to go,
Like GILBERT PARKER,* to Berlin,
And, where the germs of Tariff blow,
Stoop down and suck their sweetness in;
But I am confident that every man
Will try and do the very best he can.

I know of some that mock at doubts;
To them the Truth's an open book;
So well they know her whereabouts
They really hardly need to look;
For me, I gladly grasp at all suggestions,
Being the merest babe in fiscal questions.

I study primers; sheet by sheet
I grope through Treasury reports;
I ask policemen on the beat
To tell me, please, where Truth resorts;
And yet I fancy, when I most despair,
Some day the Thing will strike me unaware.

When all my conscious efforts fail,
And I have sought and sought in vain,
Some trifling chance may rend the veil,
And slip the bolt inside my brain;
Perhaps a sunset, or a line from HERRICK,
Or, say, a fizzle on the links of Berwick.

Dear Berwick, by the Lothian seas!
How oft upon her bunkered greens
Have I resumed the careless ease
Of adolescence in its teens!

* The latest bulletin represents Sir GILBERT PARKER as on his way to the Prussian capital with an introduction to the highest European authority on fiscal economics.

There, there, methinks, from worldly strife at rest,
I shall (if anywhere) attain the Quest.

And now farewell! We go our ways
Each in the hope, not too precise,
On one of these fine questing days
To reach some Earthly Paradise,
Where blooms the Tree of Knowledge, rare and
fruity,
And fiscal Truth is one with fiscal Beauty.

O. S.

OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

THE difficulty my Baronite feels in appreciating *The Love that Overcame* (METHUEN) is that the man on whose behalf the potent influence prevailed was not worth the undertaking. But that, as the poet almost says, may be man's jealousy of man that makes countless women mourn. Certainly there is nothing in *Max Caledon's* character that commands respect or inspires interest. His final retributory act of self-sacrifice in fighting single-handed with the fever-stricken inhabitants of a fortuitous hamlet is a little too obvious. The best character in Miss SERGEANT's story is its heroine, *Winifred*, and she is at her very best in the opening chapter. The picture of *Madame de Quetterville* in her salon, surrounded by friends of the Faubourg St. Germain, chatting with the self-possessed, almost stately-mannered English schoolgirl, is charming. For the rest, *Sir Godfrey Bruce*, his secret marriage and his ineffective attempt at suicide, his bride *Rosamund*, with her habit of Bridge and her passion for Monte Carlo, do not exactly stir the pulses.

In *Thralldom* (JOHN LONG) Mrs. HELEN PROTHERO-LEWIS has given us her next best book after *Hooks of Steel*. It is a good story: it defies no probabilities, it interests from first to last, and all the characters, without exception, are clearly individualised. The amiable Anglican Bishop, with his keen sense of humour, and the somewhat uxoriously inclined rector, are both in their way life-like portraits; and the madcap heroine, whose faults are those of her position and education, is a fascinating creation. The weaklings of the flock are to be found in the men: but then when a lady novelist writes—well—the Baron is reminded of *Æsop's* inimitable fable of the Man and the Lion going over the picture gallery together. The finishing chapters are somewhat discursive and of the nature of an anti-climax. The authoress allows her characters to linger on the stage, doing nothing in particular. Perhaps she was as sorry to part with them as was the Baron delighted at making their acquaintance.

Persons about to make holiday and feeling the need of a counsellor are recommended to turn to Messrs. METHUEN's collection of *Little Guides*. They are portable, cheap, and, as far as my Baronite has tested them from personal knowledge, accurate. Since they comprise a whole county, as Sussex or Kent, a province like Brittany, many college towns like Oxford and Cambridge, they cannot be expected to be overloaded with details. But they serve. For their avowed purpose they are made more useful by maps, more attractive by charming illustrations.

With *Hugh Brotherton*, Curate (WARD, LOCK & Co.), by FRANCES HOME, the Baron failed to get on good terms. The reverend gentleman begins well; but, perhaps like one of his own sermons, he becomes a bit tedious when he arrives at thirdly and fourthly. It is illustrated, "which," as the song says, "is a pity"; and with this opinion agrees the judicious
BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



OFF DUTY.

BRITANNIA (to KING EDWARD). "IF EVER ANYONE DESERVED A HOLIDAY I'M SURE YOU DO, SIR.
YOU'VE DONE SPLENDID WORK."





Edith (with the parasol). "I DO LIKE THIS OUT-OF-THE-WAY SPOT AWFULLY. BUT THERE'S ONE OBJECTION I HAVE TO THE NATIVES—THEY STARE SO!"

Her Companion. "REALLY! DO YOU KNOW, THAT'S ONE THING I'VE NEVER NOTICED—AND I'VE BEEN COMING HERE FOR YEARS!"

HOW THEY DO IT.

WRITING in *Cassell's Magazine* for August on clerical playwrights, Mr. R. DE CORDOVA describes the methods of one busy vicar who, besides attending to a large parish, is a member of the School Board, the Board of Guardians, and other public bodies, so that during the hours of the day he is interrupted every few minutes by some one who wants to see him. "Writing under such circumstances would be impossible, so that when he is ready to write an act of a play or a story he sits up all night; but, instead of going to bed in the morning, he has a hot bath with a lot of liquid ammonia in it, and he is 'as fit as a sandboy,' to use his own expression, during the rest of the day. Under these circumstances he has written a play in three days."

As the result of careful inquiries, conducted with the aid of an international detective, *Mr. Punch* is enabled to give further information as to the methods of other public characters.

The Duke of DEVONSHIRE, who is one of the hardest workers in the world, finds it necessary, in order to make time for the composition of the sparkling novelettes which he publishes under the *nom de guerre* of "Gyp van Winkle," to cultivate insomnia by artificial means. These exhilarating comedies, which are the favourite reading of the *élite* of Blackpool, Bootle, Bacup and Chowbent, are generally dashed off in the small hours of the morning. By the aid of a powerful hypodermic injection of dynamite the Duke is enabled to start afresh on his official correspondence at 7 A.M., and comes down to breakfast with a smiling morning face. It is only an occasional tell-tale yawn in the House of Lords that betrays the terrible expenditure of vital energy incurred by the Duke in the effort to keep faith with his publishers.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P., owing to the multifarious calls upon his time, has to create leisure for writing his articles for the *Quarterly Review*. In

other words, he is driven to apply the maxim of the poet:—

"The best of all ways
To lengthen our days
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear."

Thus, on returning to his self-contained flat after a late sitting of the House, Mr. CHURCHILL drinks a quart of strong coffee, and sits down to his desk, never stirring from his chair till 7.30 A.M. Then, instead of retiring to his well-earned couch, Mr. CHURCHILL, by special arrangement with Professor DEWAR, plunges into a bath of liquid air, and immediately starts on the labours of the day "as bright as a button."

Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL, perhaps the most industrious and versatile journalist living, for upwards of ten months in the year never goes to bed at all. He then sleeps for six weeks on an end, is blown from a 4.7 naval gun, and resumes his Atlantean labours like a giant refreshed with Kentish fire.

IN MEMORIAM.

Phil May.

BORN, 1864. DIED, AUGUST 5, 1903.

If the death of PHIL MAY is a loss that the world of art may not soon retrieve, to his wide circle of friends it is an irreparable hurt. He had a nature made to love; so great a charm of gentleness and unaffected modesty went with his splendid gifts. The hard times of early life, that helped him in his art, as they helped another FILIPPO, to "learn the look of things," left their trace, too, in the almost reckless generosity he showed for the needs of others. Less careful for himself, he suffered as a man must suffer who has a heart too quickly responsive to the claims of good fellowship always to distinguish in others between friendship and mere *camaraderie*. Among his colleagues at the Table he inspired a personal affection not less frank and sincere than their admiration, never even faintly tinged with envy, for the genius from which they caught a reflected pride. Their only jealousy was of the happy possessor of the latest of those delightfully spontaneous sketches which he used to make on the backs of the *Punch* Dinner menus. These gifts are treasured still more dearly now, along with many unrecorded memories that linger about his vacant place.

THE SUN-CHILD.

HE really was a pretty child. Pinks and snow-drops had been mixed to make his face; and the kind sky had given him two tiny patches of beautiful violet blue, deep and shining and quiet, through which he looked at things. You and I would have called them eyes if we had seen them for the first time, but if we had looked at them again we should not have known what to call them, for they had the most beautiful light in them that seemed to come from far, far away, and shine so steadily that nothing could ever put it out. They were like clear pools in a shady place when the day is bright round about them, and the breeze has gently swept the fleecy clouds away to the edge of heaven. His hair was pure gold, not the deep red gold we sometimes see, but a light and airy gold, and it lay in waves over his head and broke into curls over his neck and shoulders. His little body was as straight as a dart, and he had a way of his own of standing with his sturdy legs apart and putting his arms akimbo. This he did when he was puzzled and wanted to think things out for himself. He wore no clothes, because he was a Sun-child, and Sun-children never wear anything except their own satin skin and their radiant hair. The fact is, the Sun-people can't make clothes or boots or hats or gloves. They have other things to do, and nobody ever got up high enough (nobody of our kind, I mean) to teach them the dignity of labour. I doubt if it would be any good talking to them about such things: they wouldn't understand you, but, of course, they would smile at you and ask you to play with them for an hour or two, and then they would let you go, for they are wonderfully polite people.

Well, as I say, this little fellow had no clothes at all, but it didn't much matter anyhow, because nobody could see him. I shouldn't have known anything about him myself unless—but I can't stop to tell you that tale now, I must keep it for another time. However, nobody else saw him, and this had made him rather sad at first, for he hadn't realised he was invisible down here. All his little Sun-brothers and sisters had seen him quite well, and you can't have a notion what splendid romps and

games they all used to have together up and down the stairs, which shone like crystal, but were so soft that any child could roll from the top to the bottom and right back again (which is a thing you couldn't even dream of doing on the stairs we know) without hurting itself a bit. And then, when they had done with the stairs, there were green meadows full of rich grass where they could frisk about all day long, and no one ever bothered them about spoiling the hay-crop, for as soon as they were gone the grass on which they had been romping just lifted itself straight up again of its own accord as if nothing had happened. Besides, nobody made hay, so it wouldn't have mattered anyhow. These were the meadows in which the Sun-horses were put out to grass when they were getting old, for the Sun-people are very kind to animals. You might live in their country for a hundred years and never see a bearing-rein on any horse or hear even the crack of a whip.

As for the Sun-dogs, they simply have a most gorgeous time, for they spend a part of every day in chasing the Sun-rabbits, such funny, frolicsome little balls of fur, and when a dog catches a rabbit (which isn't often) the rules of the game say that he must drop it directly without hurting it a bit and let it scamper away. The consequence is that the rabbits are rather impudent, but the dogs don't mind, for, as they say, they know perfectly well that they could eat up the rabbits if they wanted to, only they don't want to. I heard all this from an old Sun-spaniel, a brown one with curls on his ears and a very stumpy tail, whom I once had the pleasure of meeting.

I must tell you more about the Sun-child next week.

(To be continued.)

LINES ON THE PROSPECT OF GETTING NO HOLIDAY.

THE clerk has left his office stool, to bask on Bognor sands,
Whose air is balmy with the strains of niggers and of bands;
To Felixstowe financiers have winged an early flight,
To sport upon the links all day and play at Bridge all night;
The barrister has gone to fish off Cornwall's rock-bound coast—

Cornwall, whose mighty conger eels are England's chiefest boast;

I only, whom the cruel Fates have failed to stuff with pelf,
I only spend my holidays in London by myself!

Ah, had I but a modest sum, say twenty pounds or so,

I also might have had a jaunt and gone where others go.

I might have gone to Paris, or at least have tried Boulogne;
Ostend has charms, I understand, peculiarly its own;

I might have fared to sweet Lucerne—I've read of it in books—

I might have sampled Venice and Maggiore's lake (with Cook's);

The lovely land of firs and fiords where oft (in dreams) I roam,

I might have spent a fortnight there—but now I stay at home!

Ah, happy days of infancy, when I (at my Papa's

Expense) frequented large hotels and fashionable Spas;

I had a nurse in that far time—I think the girl was plain—

I know her hand was hard, but oh, I wish her back again!

Avaunt, aerial visions! Fond recollections, hence!

Leave me to brood alone upon my paucity of pence.

I will go stand at eve on thy incipient bridge, Vauxhall,

When darkness drops on Thames's flood and silence over all,

And wait until at Phœbus' touch the veil of night grows thin,

Then quietly remove my boots and gently tumble in;

So quietly that none shall know I've left a world of pain,

And no policeman passing by shall pull me out again!

THE RHINOCEROS IN FLEET STREET.

CONSIDERABLE local and political feeling has been roused of late by the display in the office windows of the *Daily Chronicle* of the bones of certain early British Fauna alleged to have been discovered on the premises. As it is suspected in *certain quarters* that the aforesaid bones are being exploited for *commercial or political purposes*, we feel it only right to give publicity to the following facts:—

During some alterations recently effected on the premises of the *St. Pall's Gazette*, the skeleton of a gigantic Mastodon has been discovered. As these monsters subsisted entirely on vegetable food it seems probable that at the period of 1903 B.C. English Agriculture was in a flourishing condition, which would seem to point to the existence of some form of Protective Tariff. A lecturer attends on the premises to explain the significance of the discovery to casual electors who like to call in passing.

Whilst searching for copy in the basement of the offices occupied by the *Friday Review*, the Editor and a party of friends recently unearthed quite a quantity of primitive tomahawks, flint axes, and other implements used for savage warfare in the Stone Age. These interesting remains bore traces of comparatively *recent employment*, and were in perfect order. Their practical use will be illustrated by competent professors in the next number of the *Review*.

In the course of removing some of the early back numbers of the *Terrestrial Ball* (one of our oldest evening newspapers) a large assortment of geological remains, clearly dating from ante-diluvian periods, are constantly being discovered. The Editor has never considered the occurrence sufficiently remarkable to require public advertisement. Nothing would induce him to refer to such a matter in his own columns *like some people he knows*.

HINTS FOR SEASIDE VISITORS.

Of Outdoor Opportunities.—Change of air and scene are among the advantages commonly ascribed to a visit to a fashionable watering-place, but the real attraction is the scope it affords for indulgence in mild histrionics. You live and move all day long in the midst of some hundreds of people, visitors like yourself, whose principal means of escape from boredom consists in watching you and one another as closely as good manners will permit. It will be your pleasure, if not your duty, to provide them with abundant material for humorous criticism and ingenious conjecture. They do not know that your name is SMITH, and that you live at Clapham Junction. You do not know that they—some of them—are called JONES, and live where they can. The opportunities are mutual. Choose your part and play it.

Of some Easy Roles.—The appearance, on the front, of a lady in a green velvet yachting-cap with a white veil, for example, will at once excite speculation as to which of the pleasure-craft in the bay she can have come ashore from. Should you desire rather a reputation for brains than for a sea-going stomach, a writing-pad and a fountain pen, judiciously wielded for a few mornings on the pier, are likely to lead to your being provisionally identified with at least half a dozen popular writers. To be taken for an artist is not quite so easy, as people *will* come and look over your shoulder. But musical leanings may be indicated by frequent and ostentatious examination of the programme displayed outside the handstand, or even, if you are daintily shod, by beating time with your feet. Lovers of poetry will hail you as a brother (or sister) if you, inadvertently of course, leave the Laureate face downwards for a few minutes in a deck-chair. A connection with the stage is all



DISCRETION; OR, GOING TO GET HELP.

but demonstrated by the carrying about of the appropriate journals, title-pages outwards, during the whole of the current week of their publication. In fact, almost any calling, accomplishment, or virtue, which you haven't got, may be harmlessly assumed for the fortnight, with equal satisfaction to yourself and the spectators.

Of Pleasant Evenings.—With the object of providing as much further amusement as possible to your contemporaries, you should invariably dine without drawing down the blinds, and have a little music afterwards with all the windows open. A terrace of well-filled lodging-houses where the latter part of this rule is observed will be also an attraction to the untutored natives, who will probably gratify you from the street with endeavours to imitate the concord of sweet sounds. "Of all the wives as ere y'know-o-o-o" rolls, let us suppose, from one open window. "It is not mine," replies a devout lover from over the way. "Have you forgot—ten—love—so scone?" is the immediate feminine reproach from lower down the road. Effects like this are seldom to be enjoyed at home.

Of Domiciliary Matters.—You can give the house in which you temporarily reside an unmistakable holiday appearance by hanging all your brightest bathing dresses and gayest towels from the sills of the upper windows. And when you depart it will be a graceful act of consideration for your successors if you leave them the greater part of the collection of seaweed, boulders, sand, shells and other marine jetsam you have accumulated in the recesses of your bed-room. The fish need not be extracted from the shells.

Something like a High Churchman.

WANTED. Locum Tenens, for ——. Good preacher. 300 feet high. Usual fees.—Advt. in "*The Record*."

THE ENGLISH TEAM.

(Special from our Correspondent at
Lords—and Commons.)

THE selection of the English team for the next friendly Colonial fixture has given rise to much friction in cricketing circles. Some object to the selection of the well-known Lancashire cricketer, BALFOUR, as Captain, on the ground that he is weak in handling a team, and never takes his bowlers off however severely they are punished. It is hinted that CHAMBERLAIN, the Warwickshire Demon, on account of his previous Colonial experience, would make a better captain. On the other hand, many experienced cricketers allege that the Demon, though a good captain, is never content unless he is in a position to adopt forcing tactics. It is rumoured also that some of the best umpires consider his fast underhand bowling illegitimate. The Demon's detractors say that though Balfour is not so keen in the field yet he always plays for his side and not his average.

Not many of England's crack cricketers have yet sent in acceptances. They are waiting till the questions of captaincy and financial terms are settled. Amongst the certain starters are:—

AUSTEN, the youthful Worcestershire bat. Though still lacking in experience this young cricketer improves with every match, and should be found useful on the fast Colonial wickets.

BRODRICK, the Surrey Terror. Has had an unsuccessful season here, but in the Colonies, where his style is not so well known, might come off. He must, however, cure himself of an irresistible tendency to muff catches.

LANDSLOWNE, the Pride of Wiltshire. This batsman, in spite of his pretty style, has a weak defence, as he proved during his recent tour in Asia Minor and Persia. Some cricketers say that he showed a distinct tendency to funk the fast bowling of the German professionals in the Eastern teams.

LONG, the Bristol Pet. Might succeed if he could get rid of his incorrigible habit of muddling between wickets. He has run himself out on many occasions, and his excuse that muddling is all in the game is scouted by expert cricketers.

The three last-mentioned professionals have agreed to join the team on receipt of the usual salary and on condition that the washing of their dirty linen be charged to the general expenses of the team. This in past tours has proved a very expensive item.

DOUBTFUL STARTERS.

DOOK, the Devonshire Stonewaller, prefers to wait till the question of captaincy is settled before deciding. If

he should not go, his stolid defence will be much missed by the team. It is to be hoped that if he accepts he will cure himself of his habit of sleeping at cover point.

RITCHIE, the Surrey wicket-keeper, will not commit himself. He has told a reporter that he would like to play for England, but that the Warwickshire Demon's fast bowling is so damaging to the hands that he fears to run the risk.

DOUGLAS, the Kent Lobster, declines to make any statement of his intentions till he has consulted his Committee.

HAMILTON, the Hindoo Marvel, believes that the Colonial prejudice against his race would make it awkward for him on the field. He objects to being "barracked," and is a doubtful starter.

NON-STARTERS.

BEACH, the Gloucestershire slogger, has no hesitation in saying that he will never take a place in the team, whoever may captain it. He says that the terms by which the Colonials take nine-tenths of the gate-money are absurd, and that he will be no party to the ruin of English cricket.

GORST, the Cambridge swerver, says that while he will not play for England, as he is not a sufficiently incompetent cricketer, he will have no objection to sending down a few of his trickiest balls as practice for any member of the English team. His experience of past tours has been that only the bad bowlers in the side have been given a chance. "A professional like myself," said Mr. Gorst indignantly, "never stood a chance with a mere amateur as captain."

WINSTON, the Oldham Skittler, declines to take any place in the team for three reasons. The Captaincy is unsettled, the terms are outrageous, and he has not been asked.

MR. PUNCH'S SPECTRAL ANALYSES.

II.—THE GHOST WITH SOCIAL TASTES.

THE wind whistled in the trees with the tuneless violence of the London street-boy. The moonbeams, like young authors, were thin and struggling. Twelve boomed from the castle clock, and I awoke with a strange feeling that I was not alone. Nor was I. A groan and a weird phosphorescent gleam at the foot of the bed told that the spectre had arrived, right on the scheduled time as usual. I took no notice. I wished to make the ghost speak first. A ghost hates to have to begin a conversation.

"You might speak to a chap," said a plaintive voice, at last.

"Ah, you there?" I said. "The family ghost, I presume?"

"The same," said the Spectre, courteously, seating himself on the bed. "Frightened?"

"Not in the least."

"Hair not turned white, I suppose?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Then you are the man I have been wanting to meet for the last hundred years. Reasonable; that's what you are. I tell you, Sir, it hurts a fellow when people gibber at him, as most of your human beings do. Rational conversation becomes impossible."

"But you have other ghosts to talk to?"

"Only for four weeks in the year, and on Bank Holidays. You see, these things are managed on a regular system. After a house has been built for a century or two, a ghost is formally appointed to haunt it. He draws a salary for the work, and gets so many weeks' holiday in the year. It's not all beer and skittles, I can assure you. But then there's the honour, of course. It's the career of a gentleman. To be appointed to a house is a sign that a ghost is of good family. None of your parvenus need apply. No, Sir. Such an appointment is a hall mark. It stamps a ghost. 'Where's No. 1058673 Gerard now?' you'll hear a ghost ask. I am No. 1058673 Gerard. We all have telephonic numbers in the spirit world. It saves a deal of confusion. 'Oh,' someone else will say, 'he's been appointed to old SANGAZURE's place in the Shires, spare-bedroom department. Capital billet.' 'Oh, ah, yes,' says the first speaker, 'of course. A very good post. A sort of cousin of mine haunts the Armoury there. I hope they'll meet.' And so, you see, I get a reputation for moving in the best society. But on the other hand," continued the Spectre, crossing his legs, "the life is dull; there are few excitements. Nobody talks to me. Nobody loves me. Oh," he went on with modest fervour, "Oh, to be received into the Family Circle, to be the Honoured Guest. Do you know our host's little daughters?" he broke off suddenly. "I met them in the passage yesterday. I believe that in a few minutes we should have been as jolly and sociable as anything. Unfortunately I vanished. That is the worst of being a ghost. You are always liable to vanish without the slightest warning. When I came back they were not there. Now, look here, could you do me a favour? Get old SANGAZURE to let me play with them in the nursery occasionally. It would cheer me up like a tonic. My tastes are simple and domestic, and I love children. Then again——"

He vanished.

I informed Lord SANGAZURE of the ghost's request. I said that he seemed

a perfect gentleman, and had a fine easy flow of conversation. I thought the children would like him.

"Doesn't drop his aitches or anything, eh?"

"Oh, no," I said.

"Then I see no reason—if he wishes it—by all means tell him we shall be delighted if he would look in."

On the following evening No. 1058673 Gerard was the life and soul of the festivities in the nursery. His genial *bonhomie*, and his never-failing anxiety to please, speedily won the hearts of all with whom he came in contact. The only blot on the evening's pleasure, his inability to play hide-and-seek in the dark fairly, owing to the advantage his habit of night-walking gave him, was soon removed by the wholeheartedness with which he flung himself into Puss-in-the-Corner and Hunt-the-Slipper.

And to this day there is not in all the haunted houses in the kingdom a cheerier, happier, more contented spectre than No. 1058673 Gerard. But, being the soul of tact, he effaces himself when strangers are present.

A PESSIMIST'S HOLIDAY SONG.

DAPHNE, since (the papers say)
Everybody goes away,
Since DE VERES and MONTMORENCYS
Hurry (blowing the expenses)
Out of town—for very shame
We must also do the same.

You must strain your weary back
In a wild attempt to pack;
You must spoil your best apparel
While, like herrings in a barrel,
In a stuffy train we ride,
Crammed with people five a side.

Many guineas we shall give
For the cupboards where we'll live;
While the joints we do not finish
Will mysteriously diminish,
As with feigned delight we share
Costly but inferior fare.

Daily by the SMITHS annoyed
(Whom we went there to avoid),
Scared by dangers of infection,
Scorched without the least protection,
We shall watch with weary sigh
Day by day pass slowly by.

Thus when, all our money spent,
We return to whence we went,
Where, while we were rusticated,
Bills have been accumulating,
Let this thought our solace bring—
We have done the proper thing.

Small Boy (inexperienced in golf but expert at football, on seeing golfer take a furious smite at the ball and drive it exactly four yards). Daddy, isn't he allowed to kick it?



Smithers. "Do you know anyone who has a horse to sell?"

She. "Yes. I expect old Brown has."

Smithers. "Why?"

She. "Well, Papa sold him one yesterday."

THE BART'S PROGRESS;

OR, LIPTON DAY BY DAY.

II.

July 16.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON called in to act Paris in the matter of the beauty of two rival actresses. *Shamrock III.* turns a yellower shade of green.

July 17.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON orders a golden apple at TIFFANY'S, reads BURKE *On the Sublime and Beautiful*, and commits to memory GOLDSMITH'S lines on "Lovely Woman."

July 18.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON, after a careful scrutiny of both claimants, decides that they are equally beautiful, and presents the apple to *Shamrock III.*

July 19.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON visits Polonville, Pa., and is kissed at the station by 3000 ladies, each of whom remarks, "This is a great day for Polonville." *Shamrock III.* resumes yellowish tinge of green.

July 20.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON at Harvard. Is made honorary D.C.L. (Disappointed Cup-Lifter). Returns thanks in an affecting speech, and presents the students with a portrait of himself in oleomargarine.

July 21.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON entertained by Mr. DOOLEY to a clam-chowder supper. Replies to the toast of his health in a rich, syrupy brogue. *Shamrock III.* refuses to go home till morning.

July 22.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON receives the freedom of Newport, and is presented with his statue in gold. Successful motor gymkhana in the afternoon at which nine persons are killed and fourteen injured. Mr. O. P. Q. VANDERBILT reaches a speed of 133 miles an hour.

July 23.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON contributes an article entitled "My Impressions of America," to the *Minneapolis Magazine*. Having used only ninety-nine superlatives he narrowly escapes lynching.

July 24.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON takes refuge on *Shamrock III.* and makes for the high seas. Indignation meetings at Tammany Hall.

July 25.—Tammany issues ultimatum by Marconigraph. Offers to pardon Sir THOMAS LIPTON if he will add another superlative. Sir THOMAS agrees. Led back to the Waldorf Astoria by torch-light procession.



BIRDS OF A DIFFERENT FEATHER. THE UGLY DUCKLING.

SCENE—A School Cricket-Match. Telegraph Board reads 20—1—0.

Music-master (to returning batsman). "ACH, SO YOU HAVE—HOW SAY YOU?—ZWANZIG RUNS GEMACHT."

Batsman (gloomily). "SWAN'S EGG? NO. DUCK'S EGG, UNFORTUNATELY."

FOR BRITISH CONSUMPTION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—This morning I was strolling in the Strand, meditating on the sad fact that I am now three thousand miles from Broadway and can't swim, when I suddenly found myself in front of the American Quick Lunch Restaurant.

Says I to myself, "Here's where I get glad. I shall go get a piece of pie like mother used to make, and listen while the girls use language to the chef."

The outside of the place looked all right, with the chef browning the sinkers in full view of an admiring crowd, but the first step inside gave me a jolt. This was no Nassau Street quick lunch, but a cross between Dehmonico's and Dennett's,* that had suffered "a sea change into something rich and strange."

Thinking it might improve on acquaintance, I took a seat in front of a palatial mirror and tried to imagine that I had just stepped around the

* Dehmonico's—the most expensive restaurant in New York.

Dennett's—the regulation cheap restaurant—the original "quick lunch."

corner off Park Row to wrassle some sustaining hash before going to do my afternoon stunt in the famine district of a yellow journal. (The famine district is familiarly known as the literary department.)

"Buckwheat cakes and a cup of black coffee," I said to the waitress, and then perked up my ear expectantly.

"Thank you, Sir," she said as politely as if she had never walked "farther than Finsbury."

What's the use of having an American Quick Lunch without the local colour? If I had given that order in a New York quick lunch bean emporium it would have been translated to the chef's department in this fashion:—

"Three up and draw one on the dark!"

Think how that would have toned up the frayed system of an exile, and what an exhilarating fillip it would have given to a correct islander!

What does it matter to me that the pies, shortcakes, beans, and all American dishes are as advertised, if I can't have the language with it? When I order an omelette in a hurry I want to hear the waitress sing out:—

"A slaughter in the pan, and no waiting."

Poached eggs can never be the same to me unless they come as "White-wings, sunny side up," and I want my veal cutlet as "A slab of a yearlin' for a gummer." Pork and beans should come as "Chicago and Boston," and a small coffee as "One in a shell."

Besides, they served me pie without cheese!

While the new Quick Lunch appears to be thoroughly convincing to the untraveled Englishman, it somehow lacks flavour to a homesick

INVADER.

'ARRY PUTS 'EM RIGHT.—The *Daily Chronicle* recently suggested that the plural of Rhinoceros is a disputed point. 'ARRY writes: "What O, Mr. P., 'disputed?'—not a bit. Any kiddy as 'as 'ad 'arf an eddication knows what the plural of 'oss' is, don't he? No matter as to its bein' spelt 'os' or 'oss.' Plural anyway 'osses.' 'Bus-os'—'Bus-osses.' 'Rhinocer-os'—'Rhinocer-osses.' That's as plain as an 'aystack, ain't it? Yours, 'ARRY."



RECKLESS.

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE. "IF HE GOES ON SHOOTING LIKE THIS, I SHALL GO HOME!"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, August 3.—
"England grants Treaties, it does not ask for them."

Thus Cousin CRANDORNE—Ajax of the Foreign Office defying the lightning of the world in arms. Early in the Session, trouble threatening in the Far East, he was asked whether we had invited a Treaty with Japan, and rebuked a humble Member with this magnificent reply.

Similarly, though on a lower level, Parliament makes Bank Holidays; it does not enjoy them. Whilst all the world is out in the strangely smokeless streets, Lords and Commons are not only at work, but peg away through exceptionally prolonged sittings. Members are, after all, only human; cannot utterly turn aside their thoughts from what might have been. COUNTY GUY, waiting to move second reading of Irish Land Bill, with pretty effort at the casual, asks LANSDOWNE whether it is true Rosherville is, or is to be, resuscitated? A softened look chastens the countenance of the Foreign Secretary as, making reply, he thinks of olden times when he knew "the place to spend a happy day."

In the Commons BRODRICK, seated on the Treasury Bench in charge of troublesome War Office Vote; closes his eyes and thinks of Hampstead Heath, its remounts of donkeys, its abundant rations of tinned meat above reproach,



THE COURTEOUS YEOMAN.
(Capt. B-t-l-r, Yeoman Usher of the Black Rod.)



Don José Quixote goes off to Tarifa in the Recess in search of Windmills.

and its canteen beer, warranted as the cask empties to leave a quantity equal to one-fourth to the credit of the management.

Truly, sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things. No use lamenting the inevitable. Thing for brave men to do is to get to work. So COUNTY GUY, pulling himself together, took Irish Land Bill in hand. Only sign of resentment at forfeited Bank Holiday appeared in opening passages of speech. Made flesh of noble Lords creep by hinting at design to review history of Irish Land legislation during past thirty years as preliminary to summary of the forty Land Bills launched during that period. This, he thought, would in the course of the night bring him to the measure actually before their Lordships and preface brief but, he trusted, comprehensive description of each of its hundred and one clauses.

An audible gasp resounded through Chamber. Noble Lords gazed furtively towards the door. Lord Chancellor anxiously looked to see if Chairman of Committees, *locum tenens* on the Wool-sack, was in his place.

"I wonder if it's raining," observed

the Minister of Education with studiously absent air.

"It generally is in July," said the First Lord of the Admiralty; "I'll go and see if you like."

"Not at all," said LONDONDERRY hastily, "I'll take a look round myself presently."

Only the Duke's fun. Having enjoyed it for a few minutes he confessed he didn't mean to do anything of the sort, and was nearly as good as his word.

Pretty incident in debate escaped general attention. The Peers saw GEORGE WYNDHAM sitting radiant on the steps of the Throne, watching his Bill continuing its triumphant course in another place. But they did not see, immediately opposite him, his father, listening with delight to the encomiums showered on his son. The MEMBER FOR SARK, who sat with him in the Commons during the latter half of his quarter of a century's representation of West Cumberland, pointed him out to me. In spite of his nearing the borderland of threescore-years-and-ten, PROR WYNDHAM is still handsome, alert, even better dressed than his son.



JUDGES AND JOURNALISM.

Lord Brougham of Hall Barn (lately Sir Edward Lytton) takes his seat in the Lords, introduced by Lords James and Brampton.

Thus for a while Youth and Age were "housemates still"—Youth seated within the sacred precincts reserved for Privy Councillors, Age modestly looking on from obscurity of the Strangers' Gallery. SARK fancied he heard PERCY WYNDHAM conning over COLERIDGE'S most musical lines:—

Ere I was old? Ah, woful Ere,
Which tells me Youth's no longer here.
O Youth! for years so many and sweet
'Tis known that thou and I were one;
I'll think it but a fond conceit—
It cannot be that thou art gone!—
Life is but thought: so think I will
That Youth and I are housemates still.

Business done.—Second reading Irish Land Bill passed without division.

In the Commons animated debate on £80,000 worth of rations destroyed at Pretoria. Sent out for nurture of Army in the field; examined by committee appointed by General commanding, were reported unfit for food. That bad enough. Disposition to regard a mere £80,000 as nothing in expenditure of over two hundred millions. Still, Income taxpayer who contributed fifteen pence in the pound to the levy, doesn't like to hear of management resulting in this kind of thing.

To-night's debate threw new, more lurid, light on ghastly story. What and if the rations were not bad, but were wantonly sacrificed in moment of ignorant panic? Admitted that the countryside made fine thing out of the transaction. The natives, making off with arms full of condemned stores, never had such a good time in their life. Whatever may take place in communications from Pall Mall, War Office

never publicly gives up its subordinates when attacked in Commons. Stands by them even when they themselves have not a leg to stand upon. And an excellent principle too. Only it makes more significant STANLEY'S admission to-night that the Commanding Officer would have done well if, before making this costly sacrifice, he had arrived at a decision after closer inquiry and further consideration.

House of Commons, Tuesday night.—As WILLIAM BLACK used occasionally to remark in the course of a novel, "Lo, a strange thing happened." It befell just now, whilst WALTER LONG was moving second reading of Motor-Car Bill. The romance, like some others

of high repute, must have a prologue. Last Wednesday night as ever was, *Mr. Punch's* young men, gathered under the old mahogany tree beneath whose boughs THACKERAY once sat, after their manner from time immemorial, discussed the subject and treatment of the cartoon for the following week. Appropriateness and up-to-dateness of *Mr. Punch's* weekly cartoon naturally suggest that it is all done the very night before publication. Well, it isn't. It is not revealing secrets of the prison-house to say that *Mr. Punch* has to peer through the unknown a week ahead in order to come out on the spot on the Wednesday following his weekly dinner. Pretty usually there; never such startling evidence of second sight as flashes forth to-day.

Anticipating second reading of Motor-Car Bill as likely to be topic of mid-week, and designing beneficially to assist in settling question, *Mr. Punch* instructed his Head (Pencil) Boy to draw a picture of President of Local Government Board, upset in ditch by motor-car scorchers, impotently protesting against the indignity. Like the remarks of *Captain Bunsby*, the bearing of the observation lay in the application thereof. *Squire Punch*, looking over the wall, comforts WALTER LONG with the remark that the only way to stop similar outrage is to limit not the rate of speed, but the car's capacity for speed.

Of course it was a purely fancy picture. This afternoon President of Local Government Board related to sympathetic House thrilling story of personal experience which in every



Toby hauls down his flag for the Recess.



WITH YE DEVONSHIRE STAGHOUNDS IN YE TIME OF YE ROMANS.

From a rare old frieze not in ye British Museum.

essential detail confirmed the pictorial record! The thing had actually happened exactly as, six days earlier, *Mr. Punch* and his young men (certainly having dined) conceived it.

Psychical Society please note.

Business done.—WALTER LONG, none the worse for his accident, by dextrous driving carried without division second reading of Motor-Car Bill.

House of Lords, Thursday night.—EDWARD LAWSON, Baronet, takes his seat to-night as Baron BURNHAM of Hall Barn. Birnam Wood, as we all know, once came to Dunsinane. Burnham Beeches do not accompany the new Peer. Lord JAMES of Hereford and Lord BRAMPTON (*né* 'AWKINS) did. But to kindling imagination, they form fine back-ground for title of new peerage. The honour conferred by the KING was well won. It has wider than personal range, since it is an honour paid to the profession of journalism. For journalism it is a far cry back to the time when Dr. JOHNSON furtively took notes of debate in Parliament on pain of being sent to gaol if he were discovered. Equally remote in Literature are the days when he sat in the ante-chamber of Lord CHESTERFIELD, long after repaying the Peer's impertinence with a rebuke conveyed in one of the finest passages in the English language. GEORGE THE SECOND would for greater fluency have relapsed into the German tongue had he been asked by PITT to raise a journalist to the peerage.

Throughout a long, arduous, honourable life, the new Peer has been no amateur journalist, no hereditary proprietor, fobbing princely profits to which he has contributed nothing but his signature to the cheque that regularly withdraws them. EDWARD LAWSON began at the very foot of the ladder, and, unaided, won his way to the top. He is not ashamed to tell how under the shrewd direction of his father—whose full reward was withheld since he did not live to see this day—he began his career at the printer's case, learning to set up type before he dabbled in manuscript. Thence, through all grades of journalistic work and managerial vocation, he shouldered his way, shoving his paper before him, till the mustard seed planted nearly half a century ago has grown into the great tree whose branches overshadow the world.

If the motto were not appropriated for another peerage, in similar way won by sheer merit and hard work, *Probatum est et labore*

would admirably serve the new peerage.

Business done.—Commons in Committee of Supply.

LIVE AND LET LIVE.

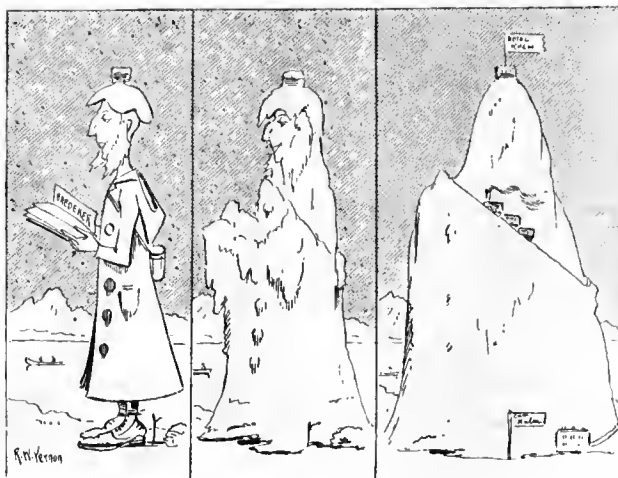
THE attempt which certain interested parties are making by means of the press to strangle in its birth the ennobling pursuit of motoring cannot be too strongly condemned. It is no exaggeration to say that the industry is daily providing an outlet for the fallow energies of incalculable numbers of the wealthy unemployed. But it has even greater claims than this on our gratitude and admiration. To take only one case, we feel sure that even Mr. GEORGE WYNDHAM is too modest to claim as his own the solution of the problem which has defied the efforts of every politician who has honestly tried to grapple with it, from OLIVER CROMWELL to Mr. JOHN MORLEY. Without doubt it was the Gordon-Bennett Cup, and not the Land Purchase Bill, which originated, in the distressful children of our sister isle, their present phase of sanguine hilarity. And yet, day by day, the risk of injury to life and limb which the votaries of the new pursuit are cheerfully prepared to face is enormously aggravated by the crass and selfish folly of their fellow men.

Numberless examples of this want of consideration for others might be quoted. The following is a typical example. A representative of the bigoted old coaching type, now happily almost extinct, was with difficulty tooling a team of fiery young chestnuts along a narrow lane, while clumsily flirting with the lady on the box-seat, when a motor was heard approaching from behind. Being a fussy and irritable old gentleman, instead of driving quietly along he

completely lost his head, and the excitable animals in front of him, naturally affected by his nervousness, began kicking and plunging, in spite of all the efforts of the grooms who were by this time standing at the leaders' heads. The driver of the motor at once grasped the situation, and put on full steam ahead so as to pass the terrified beasts as quickly as possible, contemporaneously sounding his hooter for the first time as a warning of what was to follow. This clever device would no doubt have succeeded to perfection had not one of the wheelers, obviously sharing the panic of his master, swerved violently across the road, thereby causing the motor to run up the bank and come to an abrupt standstill in the ditch. The old maniac on the box had meanwhile jumped down, and rushed to the overturned motor. "Anyone hurt?" he cried. "No? Then, by —, there will be." And forthwith began lashing the owner and chauffeur with his four-in-hand whip. "Why didn't you stop?" he yelled. "Didn't you hear me shout? Do you know I've got young horses here, and ladies? You grimy mechanic, you! You—you filthy oil-rag! Take that, and that!"

One more instance must suffice to call attention to the increasing and criminal carelessness which the public display in the matter. The offending parties on this occasion were some half-dozen children, all below the age of ten, who were picking buttercups in a lane, unaccompanied by anyone of maturer years; they had even neglected the obvious precaution of deputing one of their number to keep a look-out round the corner. Suddenly a well-appointed 50 h.p. Panhard, which was taking the curve beautifully on one wheel, appeared in their midst. All that

the driver could do was to choose the line of least resistance, and with such super-human skill did he steer that only one child paid the penalty of the culpable rashness which they had all displayed. But the child's folly will not be fruitless if its parents and all other non-motoring members of the community take the lesson seriously to heart, and endeavour to control their prevailing habit of selfishness. Let them keep their own eyes open, and their children and animals under proper supervision when they take their walks abroad, and we shall hear less of the terrible risks to which motorists are at present so recklessly exposed.



THE PHLEGMATIC TOURIST;

OR, THE ORIGIN OF THE DON'T-MATTERHORN.

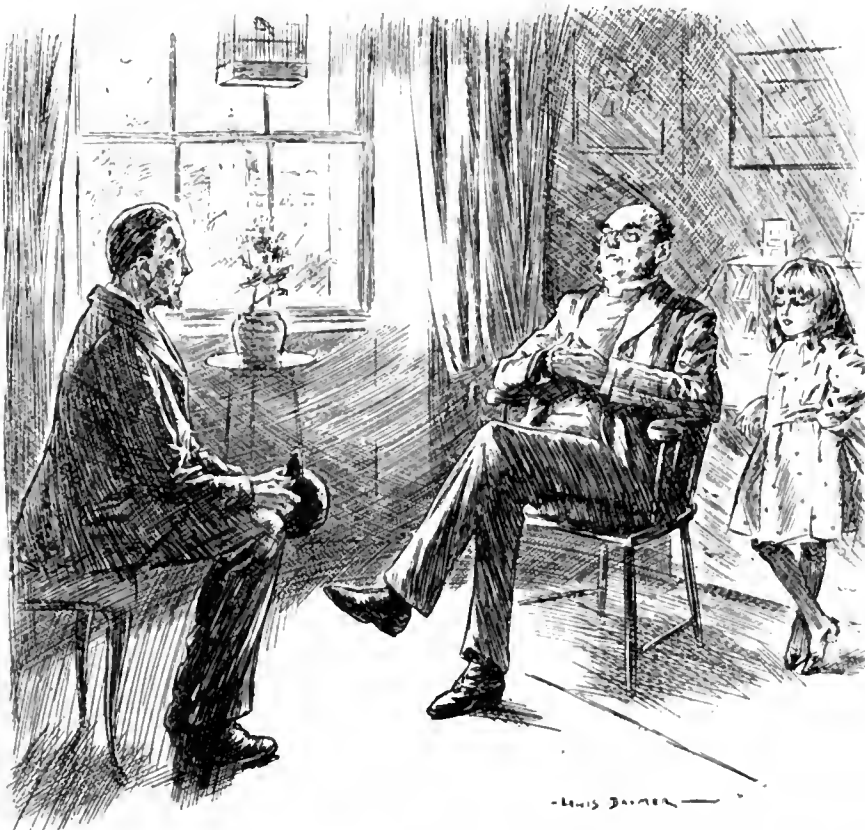
LES ANGLAIS CHEZ EUX.

(Par Emile Bonhomme.)

I.—LE JEU DE "CRIKET."

Voici pour mes compatriotes qui ne voyagent pas, et qui pourtant désirent un aperçu digne de confiance sur nos aimables voisins, vu que l'entente cordiale est de toute actualité. Je viens de passer tout dernièrement quinze jours en Angleterre, de sorte que j'ai eu, pour étudier à fond les gens et les mœurs d'Outre-Manche, une occasion exceptionnelle. Je dois avouer que je ne parle pas l'anglais, ce qui m'a tant soit peu "handicapé," mais j'ai lié connaissance avec un Anglais polyglotte, qui a suppléé à mes propres observations, en fournissant des renseignements précieux. C'est lui qui m'a mené voir un "criket." Tout le monde là-bas se passionne pour ce jeu, si typique du génie anglais. Cela se joue sur une grande pelouse par deux équipes de onze personnes—soit vingt-deux personnes en tout. Mais ce qu'il y a de plus intéressant pour nous autres Français, c'est que le "criket" a un but purement militaire—une petite découverte que j'ai faite à moi tout seul! Tout d'abord j'ai été vivement frappé par une phrase très usitée en Angleterre: "Waterloo was one on the playing-fields of Eton" (Waterloo fut gagnée sur les champs de récréation d'Eton). Eton c'est le St. Cyr de l'Angleterre. Après avoir vu un "criket," j'ai trouvé le fin mot du mystère. On croit chez nos voisins que ce jeu exerce l'œil de ses adeptes, les endureit, et surtout qu'il produit des tireurs, des "marksmans" hors ligne.

Pour donner une petite idée de ce qui se passe. Au beau milieu de la pelouse se dressent deux "wikets," à une distance l'un de l'autre de 20 mètres. Chaque "wiket" se compose de trois bâtons, à peu près de la grandeur de cannes ordinaires. Tous les membres des deux équipes s'acharnent à tour de rôle à lancer d'un "wiket" à l'autre, avec une vitesse et une précision étonnantes, une balle en cuir, d'une solidité à toute épreuve. Un des joueurs se met devant chaque "wiket" pour le garantir de la balle avec son propre corps. Mais, pour adoucir la chose, il est fourni d'une légère armure pour se protéger les jambes, et d'une espèce de massue dont il se sert pour frapper la balle avant qu'elle ne lui enfonce les côtes. L'équipe rivale fait tout son possible pour arrêter la balle ainsi fouettée de toutes les forces du "batsman." De temps en temps les "batsmans" prennent leurs jambes au cou, et s'élancent entre les deux "wikets." En ce cas, il est permis de les estropier, si cela peut se faire, en



Vicar of Country Parish (interviewing new vergier). "Now, Mr. Jones, with regard to the COLLECTIONS. WHEN THERE IS A SERMON, I SHALL WANT YOU TO MAKE THE COLLECTION IMMEDIATELY AFTER; AND WHEN——"

Mr. Jones (anxious to appear intelligent). "YESSIR, I QUITE UNDERSTAND YOU, SIR; AND WHEN THERE IS NOT A SERMON, SIR, THE COLLECTION TAKES PLACE IMMEDIATELY BEFORE!"

leur lançant la balle au corps. Ordinairement ils évitent le coup avec une agilité surprenante, et ça fait autant de points à leur jeu. Si le "batsman" (l'homme à la massue) ne réussit pas à protéger son "wiket," soit avec sa personne soit avec sa machine, et que la balle y touche, il est censé être "out," dehors, piné, et il se retire sous les huées ou les applaudissements du public. C'est le cas de le dire, il y a des règles qui sont archi-bizarres! Il faut savoir attraper des coups sans sourcilier. Si, par exemple, on croit que le "batsman," en arrêtant la balle avec sa jambe, a fait preuve de quelque hésitation, il y a un cri général de "house that?" (maison, cela?) et il doit se retirer pour ne pas s'être montré assez Spartiate. Deux arbitres, tout de blanc vêtus, comme emblème de leur intégrité, émettent leurs opinions, qui sont presque toujours suivies. Ce sont des fonctionnaires de l'Etat, et ils reçoivent un salaire plus que suffisant. Les équipes se composent "d'amateurs" et de "professionnels." Les professionnels sont presque tous d'anciens militaires qui gagnent un argent fou. Partout dans le pays ils sont honorés à l'excès. Quelquefois même, par

extraordinaire, ils gagnent des titres de noblesse.

L'exemple le plus notoire d'un individu qui a reçu une pairie pour le récompenser de son adresse impayable au criket, c'est le lord Hawke. Une chose plus remarquable encore, si ça se peut. Hon. le milord Jackson est devenu duc et pair à cause des prouesses de son fils aîné au jeu de criket! Lorsqu'on a offert la récompense suprême au jeune homme, il s'est écrié: "donnez ça à mon père, il en a plus besoin que moi." Et tout le monde d'applaudir, et de citer ce trait comme digne des anciens Grecs et Romains! Aussi on l'a pris au pied de la lettre.

Il y a aussi quelque chose qui correspond à peu près à nos palmes académiques, un grade où le récipiendaire s'écrit M.C.C. (membre de criket club).

Kilting the Kilt.

THE Glasgow Herald describes Mr. STEWART, the Unionist candidate for Argyllshire, as making his bow before the electorate "attired in partial Highland costume." Surely, a *reductio ad absurdum*.

CHARIVARIA.

It is stated that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN would never have embarked on his Protectionist policy had he known that the *Daily Mail* would side against him.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL was greatly relieved to hear the Colonial Secretary's repudiation of the idea of taxing raw material. The Member for Oldham did not at all relish the recent occasion when Mr. CHAMBERLAIN taxed him with overweening self-confidence.

Captain HAMILTON, the new Chief Officer of the London Fire Brigade, has attended his first fire. He is said to have found it most interesting, and has signified his intention of attending others.

Mr. CECIL RALEIGH has constructed a "Melo-farce" for Drury Lane. The author declares it has more of the amusing element in it than is the case with plays usually known as melo-dramas. This is a boast indeed.

It is rumoured that a play entitled *The Soothing System* has succeeded in making Mr. BOURCHIER extremely angry.

A valuable and gratifying contribution to the problem, "*Could we defend our country in the event of invasion?*" has been given by some manoeuvres near Salisbury, where an irate farmer, armed only with a pitchfork, drove an entire battery of artillery from his corn-field.



LITTLE EPISODE AT LLANDUDNO.

Aunt. "WELL, SIBYL, HOW DO YOU LIKE BEING HERE, AND HOW DO YOU LIKE WALES?"

Sibyl. "I'VE NEVER TASTED ANY, BUT (with pleasant recollections of some treats at home) I'M AWFULLY FOND OF WHITEBAITS!"

It is untrue that the Military Manœuvres which are to take place on a grand scale in the autumn are to be carried out under active service conditions. The regulations, which have just been issued, prohibit officers from taking pianos with them.

The Colonial Office having conducted the Sokoto Campaign without a hitch, it is rumoured that the Somali War, in which the Foreign Office and War Office have failed, will be handed over to the Colonial Office next instead of to the Board of Trade as originally arranged.

It is not expected that the improved dietary for the Navy will come into force this year. When it does, a new form of Grace will have to be instituted. At present the men offer up thanks when their meals are over.

The Rev. Dr. CLIFFORD predicts the defeat of the Government at the next election on the Education Act. *Old Moore's Almanac*, however, does not endorse this prophecy.

According to the *Cologne Gazette* "the Russian authorities have notified Pekin that for the present foreigners are prohibited from staying in Manchuria." It is uncertain whether this prohibition includes the Manchus.

M. JACQUES LEBAUDY has proclaimed himself Emperor of the Sahara, and his followers have become Deserters.

A SUGAR CONVENTIONALITY. — "Dear sugar! How sweet!"



THE DISORDER OF THE BATH.

How BELINDA BROWN appeared with "WAVES ALL OVER HER HAIR" BEFORE TAKING A BATH IN THE SEA—AND



How SHE LOOKED AFTER HAVING SOME MORE "WAVES ALL OVER IT."

THE AUTHOR'S PROGRESS.

[With acknowledgments to the recently published *Vera Historia* of an anonymous writer.]

YOUTHFUL ANANIAS, gifted
As few chieesemongers can be,
Eyes of envy often lifted
To the literary tree;
For when in the glass he squinted,
Very palpably it hinted
Genius on his brow was printed,
Genius with a big, big G.
So he longed to leave the Stiltons
And to soar with souilly MILTONS—
MILTONS who were such as he.

ANANIAS, all ambition
From the counter up to rise,
Entered for a competition,
Frenzy rolling in his eyes.
O! the pathos of his story!
It created a *furore*,
For he wrote it *con amore*,
And of course it won the prize;
E'en the judges had to borrow
Handkerchiefs to dry their sorrow,
Handkerchiefs of extra size.

Scarcely had the tale been printed,
Twenty minutes—nothing more—
When a nimble JAGGERS sprinted
Swift to ANANIAS' door.
In his hand a note. What said it?
"Story much admired. Just read it.
Would you be prepared to edit
Times to-morrow?" Off he tore,
And that night you might have found
him
With a dozen subs around him,
Subs that by their chieftain swore.

ANANIAS laboured nightly
For a year and toiled away,
Writing leaders grave and sprightly,
Solemn, witty, wise and gay.
Then he thought: "Enough I've wasted
Of my talents; time I hasted
To Pieria and tasted
Of the fountains there that play.
I will write an epic one day;
Let me see, I'm free next Sunday:
Sunday is a blessed day."

On the day of publication
ANANIAS woke to find
He was hailed with acclamation
As a mighty master-mind.
If the publishers could show him
Fame and fortune in a poem,
Fleet Street should no longer know him,
Nor the weary nightly grind.
He would be a man of letters,
Free from all such cramping fetters:
Fetters kill the soul they bind.

In his busy study seated,
Now he toiled the long day through,
Once a week a play completed,
Once a week a novel too.



A CASE OF 'MOTOR A TAX IS!'

She. "I WANT PAPA TO BUY ME A MOTOR, BUT HE SAYS HE CAN'T AFFORD IT, IT'S TOO EXPENSIVE. YOU'VE HAD A MOTOR FOR SOME TIME, MR. BODGELEY, AND YOU DIDN'T FIND IT RAN INTO MUCH, DID YOU?"

He (who has had several accidents). "WELL, YOU SEE, THE MOTOR COST £1200, AND AS WE MANAGED TO KILL OR MAIM ALL SORTS OF PIGS, COWS, AND CHICKENS, BESIDES KNOCKING DOWN FALINGS AND PLOUGHING UP SOME SIDE-PATHS, AND AS I HAD TO PAY £1800 DAMAGES, YOU SEE, IT DID RUN INTO A LOT BEFORE I HAD DONE WITH IT!"

In his intervals of leisure
Others' merits he would measure,
And for recreative pleasure
Scores of books he would review.
Thus at dinner 'twixt the courses
He'd employ his mental forces—
Forces which were matched by
few.

Daily grew his balance, daily
Grew his list of stock and share,

As the cheques came trooping gaily,
Thick as snow-flakes in the air;
Till, possessed of more than plenty,
He retired at three-and-twenty
To a *dolce far niente*
And a mansion in Mayfair.
This the story told *sans bias*
By the truthful ANANIAS,
ANANIAS, millionaire.

GROUND RENTS.—Earthquakes.

THE SUN-CHILD.

(Continued.)

Now the manner in which the Sun-child had got down here was something of a mystery. He had slid on the opal banisters many and many a time before, and nothing had ever happened to him, or, indeed, to any of his little brothers and sisters. On this particular morning, however, they had all gone out into the meadows and left him alone. He walked up to the top of the stairs (those are the crystal stairs I told you about) and turned on the broad landing and looked down, and he saw most wonderful sights that he could not remember ever having seen before. Glowing balls of fire were rushing and circling through the blue like great birds with outstretched golden wings, and far down he thought he saw a beautiful country of green valleys and silent, magnificent mountains and cool streams sparkling and rippling on their way. These streams were fringed with trees, and no tree was like his brother tree, though they were all leafy and beautiful. And the walls of the palace in which he dwelt had faded away (otherwise, of course, he couldn't have seen all this) and the crystal stairs with their opal banisters seemed to stretch down and down and down, till they were lost in a pale violet haze. And something—he never knew what it was, so he couldn't explain—seemed to be pulling at his heart, pulling ever so gently, but never letting go, and strange sad beautiful music came up in wafts and thrilled right through him, so that he didn't quite know whether he ought to smile or to sigh.

Now the Sun-child was, as I have said, a very brave and sturdy little fellow, and he didn't feel a bit afraid when he saw these sights and heard the music. On the contrary he said to himself, "I'm glad I didn't go into the meadows this morning, for, if I had, I shouldn't have seen all this, and, oh, what fun it'll be to slide right down the banisters into the haze. And then, of course, I'll roll up the stairs again as I always do, and I'll tell the others all about it." So he clambered up and got astride of the banisters, and away he went. He hadn't slid very far—about to the place where the stairs usually ended—when he saw his dear Sun-mother standing a little way off and stretching out her arms towards him. Her white gauzy dress was torn and her diamond belt had fallen off, and her breast was panting, for she had been running fast, and her fair hair had come undone and was streaming to her feet. Her eyes were filled with tears, and as he passed she cried, "My little boy, my darling little boy, you mustn't leave me. I can't bear to part with you. Oh stay with me, stay with me." But he smiled at her—he couldn't wave his hands, for he was holding on with them—and slid on, and he saw her no more. But her cry kept ringing in his ears, and he never forgot it. Afterwards in the quiet nights when the wind had died down and all the leaves were still and the sad moon made pale shadows on the grass, and the stars were blinking warily in the black beyond, he would wake sometimes and hear it again, and he wondered why he had not answered, but only smiled and passed on. It would have been kinder, he thought, to have said something.

Well, he slid for a long time, and the violet haze that he had seen from above never seemed to come to him. If he had slid into it he must have known, for the colour was beautiful. And the music had ceased, and the gentle hand suddenly stopped pulling at his heart, and then, before he realised what had happened, he slid no more, for the banisters came to an end, and he dropped off and lay quite still for a moment where he had fallen. And when he got up and looked about him he was in a strange place, and, though he tilted up his curly little head and gazed as hard as he could, he could see nothing of the opal banisters and

the crystal stairs. They had vanished away, and not even a trail of light was left to show where they had been. And, of course, the palace was gone too, and the Sun meadows with the Sun-horses grazing peacefully in them, and all the things that had made him a happy little boy up there in the kind and shining country that he knew so well.

(To be continued.)

THE HOLIDAY TASK.

[Dedicated, with profound sympathy, to any Member of Parliament with an open mind on fiscal questions.]

LET others take their pastime by mountain, stream and moor,
Imbibe from saline waters their swift stomachic cure,
Perambulate the meadows knee-deep in morning dew,
With hearts at peace with Nature—but this is not for you.

In vain you'll sniff the zephyr with wide receptive nose,
Or take on cool verandahs a soporific pose,
In vain with draughts of ozone invite a dreamless rest,
For still the same old incubus will couch upon your chest.

You may repair to Margate and sport with spade and pail,
Erecting sandy castles—but that will not avail;
A prey to Import-problems your brain will itch to know
Whether the ebb, in volume, is equal to the flow.

For one erotic moment you'll smile upon the Muse
Of minstrels emulating the Ethiop's dusky hues,
Then gravely question CHAMBERLAIN'S retaliative tone,
Since here in native output the country holds her own.

And when at wayside hostels your hungry organs ache
Over the foreign article, a 50 h.p. steak,
This fiscal crux will further derange your ravaged jaw:—
Ought we to tax material when obviously raw?

Or should you sweep the ocean aboard a bounding barque
The voice of fiscal bogeys will haunt you after dark:—
*What of our Island commerce? Where would our Free
Trade be*

If some preposterous Serpent should swallow up the sea?

Will golf provide the anodyne? I answer, Not at all!
Your eye will be forever meandering off the ball;
For still the jealous bunkers that guard the home-made
greens

Will symbolise *Protection by artificial means.*

And if you seek your solace for summer lying dead,
And turn your mind to shooting a pheasant in the head,
This thought will blind your vision and leave your arm
unnerved:—

Would CORDEN, were he present, approve of game preserved?

And when with each diversion your questive moods increase,
And you resort, despairing, to pure domestic peace,
And crave, to soothe your spirit, communion with the mild,
The touching fiscal innocence that breathes from wife and
child—

Yes, when, as fathers ought to, you share some nursery meal,
One doubt, too rude to silence, will make your senses reel:—
*Can England stem the crisis, or must she cease to be,
With threepence on her Manhood's bread, and threepence off
its Tea?*

O. S.

THE *Daily Telegraph* stated that King EDWARD'S visit to the Austrian Court was to be on "all fours" with his recent visits to Portugal and Italy. We know HIS MAJESTY spares himself nothing in his efforts to take his kingly duties seriously; but would not this literal carrying out of the traditions of the British Lion be too severe a strain?



HIS FIRST BOOK.

(At a Provincial Race Meeting.)

Novice. "LOOK HERE, I'VE TAKEN TEN TO ONE AGAINST *BLUEGLASS*, AND I'VE GIVEN TWELVE TO ONE AGAINST HIM!
WHAT DO I STAND TO WIN?"



HIS FIRST WIFE

(The first Mrs. J. P. Morgan)

and the first Mrs. J. P. Morgan

and the first Mrs. J. P. Morgan

OUR "ONLY" COLUMN.

(With acknowledgments to "Pearson's Weekly.")

MR. C. B. FRY.

MR. C. B. FRY is the only journalist who has ever had an average of 80 in first-class cricket.

PRINCE RANJITSINGHJI.

PRINCE RANJITSINGHJI is the only Sikh who was ever born in Sussex.

MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN.

MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN is the only Cabinet Minister whose father wears an eyeglass.

THE MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY.

THE MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY is the only Peer qualified to play *Paula* in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*.

POPE PIUS THE TENTH.

POPE PIUS THE TENTH is the only living Pope who has not asked advice of the author of *The Eternal City*.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE is the only English Poet about whom MISS MARIE CORELLI knows more than MR. SIDNEY LEE.

MADAME HUMBERT.

MADAME THÉRÈSE HUMBERT is the only person who knows whether her banker's name is CATANI or CATAUL.

MR. HOOLEY.

MR. HOOLEY is the only Financier who does not appreciate *England's Darling*.

EARL BEAUCHAMP.

EARL BEAUCHAMP is the only Peer who is in danger of being asked whether his products are really worth a guinea a box.

MR. N. Z. GRAVES.

MR. N. Z. GRAVES, the Philadelphian, is the only cricketer who has the right to put the initials N. Z. before his name.

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE is the only Peer who fell asleep over *Wee MacGregor*.

MR. W. W. ASTOR.

MR. W. W. ASTOR is the only American millionaire on speaking terms with ANNE BOLEYNE.

DR. CLIFFORD.

DR. CLIFFORD is the only Nonconformist divine who sleeps with a Mauser pistol under his pillow.

MR. A. C. MACLAREN.

MR. A. C. MACLAREN is the only English cricketer who puts *amour propre* before the advancement of his country's prestige.

MR. SWINBURNE.

MR. SWINBURNE is the only English poet who bathes.



"THE LIGHT THAT FAILED."

(An Appreciation.)

She. "THEY DON'T SEEM HAPPY TOGETHER. HE ONCE TOLD ME THAT HIS WIFE WAS THE LIGHT OF HIS LIFE."

He. "AH—BUT THE LIGHT WAS ALWAYS GOING OUT."

She (catching the idea). "AND LEAVING HIM ENTIRELY IN THE DARK."

LITERARY NOTES.

IT IS rumoured that MISS MARIE CORELLI's new novel is to be called *Concerning Andrew Carnegie*. We understand that the book is practically a defence of the Public Library system.

NO definite date has yet been fixed for the publication of MR. HENRY JAMES's new volume of short stories, to be called

The Longer Kind. There will be two of them in all.

A well-known lady novelist has been telling an interviewer how she writes her books. "I let the characters work it out themselves," she says. "When I sit down to write, I have no idea what the story is going to be about." With her readers, it appears, the same symptoms occur on rising, and are retrospective in their character.

CONSEQUENCES.

(A Cricket Sketch.)

THE last man took guard carefully, as if he proposed to stay at the wickets for ever. He scratched the turf with a bail, looked carefully round him to take note of the position of the fieldsmen, and settled his cap over his eyes. The bowler, who had been bowling well all through the innings, despatched him first ball, and he retired, trying to look as if that was what he meant to do all along.

The bowler strolled over to where the Philosopher and I were sitting. The Philosopher had made his customary duck's-egg, and seemed to me to be taking rather a jaundiced view of things.

"Eight for forty-one," said the bowler cheerfully. "Not bad. What?"

"You were on the spot," I assented.

The Philosopher eyed him thoughtfully.

"You don't mean to say that you're glad about it?" he said.

"Why not? I don't get eight for forty-one every day."

"That," said the Philosopher, "is a mitigating circumstance, I allow, but it does not alter the fact that you've done it on this occasion. Man, how can you sit there gloating over it in that ghoulis manner?"

"Here, I say," protested the bowler.

"Even now," continued the Philosopher, warming to his subject, "you don't seem to realise what you have done. Can't you see what blank, hopeless misery you have sown broadcast this afternoon? Not that I mind personally. I have trained myself to bear this type of trial. But what of the other seven? What, indeed! Take the case of SMITH. Let us examine it. You got SMITH leg before wicket when he had made three. What happens? SMITH goes home a changed man. He came on to this field to-day buoyant, hopeful, bubbling over with optimism and faith in his fellow-man. He will go back soured, full of dark suspicions, and burning with a sense of his wrongs. What's that you say? His leg was right in front? What does that matter? Do you think that he believes that? No one believes in the justice of an adverse leg before wicket decision. DAVID would have doubted JONATHAN if he had given him out l.b.w. SMITH will go home brooding. He will quarrel with his wife, send his children to bed early, possibly to the accompaniment of snacks. He will bore all his friends for the next week by telling them that the ball broke a yard, and that he hit it and it didn't strike him on the leg at all but on the chest, and all the other things usual in such contingencies.

Thus, you see, in the case of SMITH you will have broken up a happy home, and caused him to be shunned for days, perhaps for weeks, by friends formerly true to him. Now, how do you feel with regard to that eight for forty-one?"

"Oh, come," said the bowler uneasily.

"Oakum?" said the Philosopher. "Possibly so. Very possibly. But not in the case of SMITH. That enters rather into the future of JONES. Oakum-picking will—or I shall be surprised—take up a great deal of his time in the near future. You know what JONES is. Passionate, hot-headed, prone to violent anger if thwarted. And you got him caught at the wicket. Now JONES—I know, though he has not confided in me—is absolutely certain that he did not hit that ball. He had made twelve when he was given out. Consequently he feels that he had just got set, and would have made a century if he had gone on. And that will so embitter JONES's mind that he will go out to-night to a music-hall to try and forget. There he will take too much to drink. His head is weak, though he is headstrong. Subsequently he will assault a policeman, and go to prison for a fortnight without the option of a fine. JONES, my friend, has a white-haired mother. The disgrace will send that white-haired mother into a decline. She will die while JONES is still serving his sentence. He, on coming out of prison, will go completely to the bad, commit a sensational burglary, and get fourteen years' penal servitude. Now how do you feel with regard to that eight for forty-one?"

The bowler writhed.

"In the case of ROBINSON," continued the Philosopher, "financial ruin will be the result. ROBINSON, as you are doubtless aware, is a rising author of more than average ability. You bowled him first ball. What happens? ROBINSON goes home full of that fatal yorker. He finds waiting for him on his table a letter from the editor of a popular weekly, asking for an article by return of post on 'Marquises I have met.' It is the opportunity he has longed for for months. Let him succeed in this, and regular and lucrative work will fall to him. But his mind is so full of that yorker, so full of aching remorse that he tried to pull it instead of smothering it, so full of vain yearnings for another opportunity, that 'Marquises I have met' remains unwritten. The editor, not receiving the MS., writes informing him that all is over between them, and gives the regular and lucrative work to ROBINSON's rival, BROWN. ROBINSON goes from bad to worse, and dies in the workhouse. We now proceed to the case of SIMPSON. SIMPSON——"

But the bowler had heard enough. With the wail of a lost spirit, he fled.

Next day the following advertisement appeared in the papers:—

"TO BE SOLD.—Bat, pads, and other cricket apparatus. As good as new. Splendid bargain. The property of a cricketer who is about to collect Picture Postcards."

The name attached to the advertisement was the bowler's.

THE PURSUIT OF BEAUTY.

I SAW an aged, aged man

One morning near the Row,

Who sat, dejected and forlorn,

Till it was time to go.

It made me quite depressed and bad

To see a man so wholly sad—

I went and told him so.

I asked him why he sat and stared

At all the passers-by,

And why on ladies young and fair

He turned his watery eye.

He looked at me without a word,

And then—it really was absurd—

The man began to cry.

But when his rugged sobs were stayed—

It made my heart rejoice—

He said that of the young and fair

He sought to make a choice.

He was an artist, it appeared—

I might have guessed it by his beard,

Or by his gurgling voice.

His aim in life was to procure

A model, fit to paint

As "Beauty on a Pedestal,"

Or "Figure of a Saint."

But every woman seemed to be

As crooked as a willow tree—

His metaphors were quaint.

"And have you not observed," he asked,

"That all the girls you meet

Have either 'Hockey elbows' or

Ungainly 'Cycling feet'?

Their backs are bent, their faces red,

From 'Cricket stoop,' or 'Football head.'"

He spoke to me with heat.

"But have you never found," I said,

"Some girl without a fault?

Are all the women in the world

Misshapen, lame, or halt?"

He gazed at me with eyes aglow,

And, though the tears had ceased to flow,

His beard was fringed with salt.

"There was a day, I mind it well,

A lady passed me by

In whose physique my searching glance

No blemish could descry.

I followed her at headlong pace,

But when I saw her, face to face,

She had the 'Billiard eye!'"

CHARIVARIA.

For some time past a discussion has been raging in one of our halfpenny papers as to which is the nicer sex. Last week the matter was summed up in a leader, and the glad tidings were published that "On the whole, there is no cause for either sex to hate the other." This has brought a sense of relief to the entire civilised world.

Those who are on the look-out for seasonable reading may like to know that *Lloyd's Weekly News* has started a column with the cheery heading "Holiday Accidents."

A contemporary follows up an article on "Sun Bonnets for Horses" with one on "Cowes Hats."

It seems that the Irish in New York object to the new practice of giving Irish names to the ugliest animals in the Zoo, and we now learn that their indignation is shared by the poor dumb brutes themselves.

In an accident to a circus train in Michigan four elephants did good work in righting overturned cars. They did it on the Grand Trunk Railway.

Fifty Turks have been killed by a Bulgarian band. This is more than the worst German band has ever done.

THE PRIZE SHOT IN ACTION.

"Ah! here's an enemy at last coming over the ridge to the right front. Wish he'd turned up sooner; light not anything like so good as it was an hour ago. Still, may as well have a try at him. About eleven hundred yards I should fancy—must be quite three feet of left wind at this distance. Bother! I haven't painted my white line."

(Produces miniature box of water-colours from haversack and proceeds to paint line.)

"Hullo—he's come a good bit nearer! Must alter sight to 950."

(Adjusts backsight with vernier.)

"H'm!—not sure if I shouldn't do better with a white spot on foresight." (Paints spot.)

"Confound him!—where's he got to now? Why, he's down among the rocks! Must alter sight to 800—now where on earth have I put my vernier?"

(Finds vernier and alters sight.)

"Hang the fellow, why can't he keep still! He's got to within 600, and coming for me, I do believe. Better not allow so much windage at this range. Think I'll put in another line."



OPPORTUNITY MAKES THE THIEF.

(Paints fresh line and readjusts sight.) "Now where are my orthoptics? I'm sure I had them half an hour ago."

(Turns out pockets and haversack, hunts in surrounding scrub, and at length finds orthoptics in lining of hat.)

"Hul-lo! Why the beggar's close here!"

(Hastily lowers leaf of backsight, and takes a snap shot, forgetting that he has not yet loaded. Enemy, who is unarmed, rushes in, knocks P.S. on the head with a stone, and collars rifle and ammunition.)

QUOD ERIT DEMONSTRANDUM.

[Another Hyde Park Demonstration has been held, this time to protest against the decision of the House of Lords in setting aside the claim of "Viscount HIXTON" to the Poulett peerage.]

THE passing over of Mr. EDWARD THOMPSON for the vacant post of shopwalker in the establishment of Messrs. HOSEA AND AMOS has caused very general surprise. Mr. THOMPSON has long been doing very valuable work among ladies of title as salesman, and it was universally expected that he would receive promotion. He has, we learn, given his consent for the holding of a demonstration in Trafalgar Square to protest against the methods of the capitalists who employ him. Several of the staff will speak, and the opinion of the nation will be sought on the system of importing shopwalkers from other establishments, thus making it almost

impossible for a salesman to rise from the ranks to the highest positions.

Lovers of abstract justice are expected to attend in great numbers the demonstration to be held in Regent's Park against the decision of the Guardians of Poddleton-on-Slosh in the matter of the vacant almshouse. The claims of the unsuccessful candidate, Mrs. ROMIXSON (who received 7 votes as against Mrs. Brown's 13), will be set before the fair-minded public, and it is quite possible that the Guardians of Poddleton-on-Slosh may find it expedient to have a fresh ballot, in which case it will be well for them to remember that the eyes of the Empire are upon them.

The Queen's Hall is certain to be crowded on the occasion of the Caledonian demonstration. The meeting, which has been summoned in consequence of a book published some time ago which has just been discovered to be an unspeakably bad joke, will be addressed by Mr. DUGALD STATIPEFFER, who will base his appeal to the Anglo-Saxon race on two grounds: (1) that BURNS was a Scot, (2) that a man is a man for all that. Interest will be added by the fact that there will be several lady-speakers, and it is anticipated that the vexed question of the identity of woman may be settled in an amendment.

"Animæ dimidium meæ."

A PARSEE YOUTH intending to visit Cashmere wants with him any European or Parsee Gentleman who can go in halves with him.—Advt. "Times of India."

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.

WHEN'EER I take my PHYLLIS out
For moonlight walks, I like to stroll;
It gives me—I am rather stout—

More chance of laying bare my soul.
My tender pleading, I reflect,
Is robbed of all the charm that's in it
If my remarks are rudely checked
By gasps and puffing every minute.

Yet nothing less is now my fate;
Each night we wander to and fro:
Our normal pace has been of late
A good six miles an hour or so.
Sadly the moments flit away:
No rays of joy my burdens lighten;
My PHYLLIS, I regret to say,
Is training for a walk to Brighton.

When I let fall a gentle hint
That I'm no devotee of pace,
She answers, "Now, suppose we sprint?
I must get fit before the race.
Unless I exercise my limbs
I feel my chances wane, diminish;
And I should *die* if that Miss SIMS
Arrived before me at the finish."

So off we go. No more her ears
May I enchant with honeyed phrase;
No more I win her smiles and tears,
As once I could—in happier days.
We don't fall out; we've had no tiff;
My passion glows without cessation;
But still, I'd love her better if
She'd choose some calmer recreation.

A NEW TERROR.

["Automobile Perambulators are now being used in Paris. A small seat is fixed at the back for the nurse, who controls the motor."—*Daily Paper*.]

GREAT CENTRAL POLICE COURT.

ROBERT ELLESMERE SMITH, a clean-shaven youth, aged one year and three months, was brought before Mr. PLOUGHDEN, charged with driving a motor perambulator to the common danger, and with violently assaulting the police.

The prisoner, who had apparently no visible means of support, was carried into court by his chauffeur. He was understood to plead "Guilty," though it was difficult to understand what he said, owing to an unfortunate impediment in his speech.

Police Constable '03X stated that he was on duty in Edgware Road when he saw the prisoner, in the momentary absence of the chauffeur (who had descended to do up a boot-lace) deliberately start the mechanism. The machine darted forward at a terrific pace, scattering a sparrow and two dogs in all directions. A serious accident was only averted by the presence of mind of a bystander, who pulled the lever just in time. He (the constable) asked prisoner his name. Prisoner then made hideous

faces at him, said "Goo-goo, ga-ga," and used other expressions that he would not care to repeat. He next made a grab at his whistle and tried to pull his moustache.

The constable then went on to say that on the way to the station prisoner laughed and waved a rattle, and altogether behaved in the most childish way, making light of the whole affair.

At this point prisoner became very excited and expressed his desire, as far as could be made out, to see the internal arrangements of the magistrate's gold chronometer, calling out "Dada" and "Tick-tick."

Mr. Ploughden. It's a wise child that knows its own father. (*Laughter, which there was no attempt to suppress.*)

Ultimately the prisoner was remanded in order that inquiries might be made into the state of his mind. Bail was allowed, and prisoner was removed by the chauffeur, gesticulating wildly and using language which it is impossible to render in print.

A MOVING SCENE.

BRAGSBY wrote pressing invitation to spend Saturday to Monday at his new house in the country—threw dress-suit into kit-bag and started.

Arrived Market Mudboro', BRAGSBY met me at station.

"Delighted you've come, old boy," he exclaims. (Awfully genial fellow, BRAGSBY.) "Of course you mustn't expect too much—we are hardly settled in yet—no pictures hung—no carriage, at present—by the way, you don't mind walking up to the house? it's not two miles."

Hate walking—especially carrying bag—no sign of cab or porter anywhere.

Waded through slush and stepped persistently into puddles for certainly *three*—not two—miles, and then came to house. Furniture still being delivered at front door, and straw, bass sheeting, &c., lying about on garden path. BRAGSBY waves hand airily and says, "We shall have this all right next week."

Rather reversing order of things to receive guest in advance of furniture, I thought.

Mrs. BRAGSBY discovered in act of nailing her fingers to the wall as she endeavours to hang picture. Deposit my bag on floor and spring to her assistance. Mrs. BRAGSBY so pleased that she keeps me hard at work hanging pictures for next two hours before remembering to give me tea. Quite exhausted by time I have dressed for dinner (in room with one chair and no carpet.) Struggle down to dinner at eight, falling over rolled up carpet *en*

route. At half-past, Mrs. BRAGSBY comes in and says, "Sorry dinner is a little late, but we expect these *contretemps* until things settle down."

I, personally, do not.

At two minutes to nine, dinner announced by butler with black smudge over left eye, acquired in assisting cook to clean flue whilst dinner cooking.

Soup smoked, fish spoiled, mutton raw, chicken apparently armour-plated. Then BRAGSBY administers what is to me—though strictly modest drinker—the *coup de grâce*.

"I suppose I really ought to apologise, my dear boy, for the wine not having arrived in time; however, we have the run of the children's nice refreshing beverages. Now, what'll you have? Ginger beer, orangeade, lemonade—ah! I have it! Some ginger ale! Ginger ale's the very thing for you. COOPER" (to Butler), "Mr. PHADDY will drink ginger ale—bring him up three bottles."

Next morning's train bore me far, far away from "the new house." But I shall get even with BRAGSBY. I have sent him tickets for an amateur concert *where I sing!*

THE FORCE OF ETIQUETTE.

["Man is a great respecter of persons and a devout lover of ceremony. . . . If it were not for the uplifting and restraining influence of etiquette, those of us who did not turn criminal from inclination would probably do so from despair."]

PAUSE, gentle Sir, and think of it!

If it were not for strict convention,
With fiendish glee you would commit
Crimes much too horrible to mention;
Conversely, men of flawless mould

With brutal hands would maim and hurt you;—

'Tis etiquette alone can hold
Man's feet upon the path of virtue!

If that restraining force were lost,
You'd view, with savage approbation,

Of bores a mighty holocaust,
Of prigs an utter decimation;
And like those "dragons of the prime"
You'd start your homicidal gambols;
The drawing-room would reek with crime,

The *salon* soon become a shambles!

Henceforth let scorn forsake your brow,
Nor treat as superficial graces
The vacant laugh, the lavish bow,
The dinner-table's commonplaces;
They're burdensome at times, perhaps,
But bear them meekly, like a martyr;
Just think! Without them you would lapse

Into a Hottentot or Tartar!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. JOHN COLEMAN'S *Reminiscences of Charles Reade* (TREHERNE), and incidentally of JOHN COLEMAN himself, are generally interesting and occasionally amusing. "*Je vois Ulysse dans cette affaire*," but, on the whole, *Ulysse* has practised self-effacement with no little success. But why doth the Baron lug in the hero of the *Odyssey* who was so masterful at the long-bow, since the veracity of this memoir is as unquestionable as is its writer's admiration for the clever gentleman who was Oxford scholar and fellow (for a while), then both novelist and dramatist rolled into one.

To anyone who in sultry autumn weather wants to enjoy the luxury of feeling his flesh creep, my Baronite recommends *The Baptist Ring* (MEIHUEN). It is a novel of the good old-fashioned type of melodrama. Among his *dramatis personæ*, Mr. WEATHERBY CHESNEY musters twin brothers who, parted at birth by the space of "an hour," as the author is particular in stating, are in the matter of virtue and vice separated by an age. There is the irascible father appropriately killed in a railway smash. Before his removal he disinherits the elder son, endowing the wicked younger with all his estate. There is a gloomy gamekeeper with a pretty daughter whom the younger brother betrays, and says it was the elder. There is hidden treasure the secret of which is concealed in a ring bequeathed to the elder brother, which nearly leads to his murder at the instance of the younger who hankers after it. But the gloomy gamekeeper also wants the ring. So he batters the owner on the head with an oar, flings him into the reservoir, whence he is rescued by the betrayed daughter, the gamekeeper himself finding a watery grave. As for the younger brother, he is buried alive in the tomb where he surreptitiously sought the hidden treasure. From these hints the gentle reader will gather what is in store for him. Disclosure of the place where the treasure is hidden is cleverly conceived.

The Triumph of Jill (JOHN LONG), by F. E. YOUNG, is a simple story charmingly told. From the first page to the last the characters, unheroic and perfectly natural, bear the light burden of the plot, and the interest in all they say and do is well sustained throughout without any appeal to sensationalism, or, indeed, without any startlingly original departure from an old road in this department of fiction.

My Nautical Retainer writes: Mr. MACILWAINE stands almost alone among writers who enjoy at once an intimate knowledge of Australian life and the gift of presenting it in literary form. In *Fate the Fiddler* he showed his capability for sustained narrative, and now his new volume, *The Undersong* (CONSTABLE), establishes his claim to recognition in the equally difficult art of the short story. His feeling for colour and atmosphere is intense, and so vividly conveyed as to leave one almost physically parched by the drought he pictures, and in turn refreshed by the rains. Perhaps at times he misses the strength of sheer simplicity; but in these days of slipshod work one gladly welcomes style, even if a little conscious and elaborate. Mr. MACILWAINE knows the art of embroidering realism with imagination. That his imagination will not serve him apart from close acquaintance with detail is seen in the two stories whose scenes lie far from Australia, and their treatment equally remote from the regions of experience and probability. His greatest successes are won in "Jasper Townshend's Piccaninny" and "The Twilight Reef," this last a tale of adventure in which he proves himself, like LOUIS STEVENSON, possessed of that rare gift, the power of producing the effect of romance without any feminine



A "CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR."

Governess. "NOW, JUST ONE MORE SUBTRACTION SUM—"

Dolly. "OH, MISS CRAWFORD, I DON'T FINK MUMMIE WOULD LET ME DO ANY MORE OF THOSE SUMS, 'CAUSE IN THEM YOU BORROW TEN AND PAY BACK ONLY ONE, AND THAT'S CHEATING!"

element. I commend the book very sincerely, whether for light reading or for a serious study of types and environment.

The Baron heartily welcomes *Highways and Byways*, by INGLIS ALLEN, most appropriately published by a "CONSTABLE," without whose guardianship it would be no easy task for most of us to venture into these out-of-the-way corners of a St. Giles-ish sort of *quartier*. The author's knowledge of the slums is, as was Mr. Sam Weller's of the City of London, "extensive and peculiar." A considerable number of his admiring readers must take his word (not Mr. Weller's but Mr. ALLEN's—another Pickwickian name, by the way) for the correct conveyance of the low language—the very low dutch, of the courts—and for the gutteral sounds that he reproduces in these clever sketches, allowing always for the process of filtration through which the conversation has to pass in order to render it fit for ears polite. We may take it that the scenes he depicts are absolutely true to the life, and the Baron is happy to know that there is still plenty more in similar strain to come from the same hand.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

Through Darkest Africa in a Train de Luxe.

SCENE—Platform of suburban station. Small crowd looking out for the KING EDWARD'S Special, due to pass through on its way to Port Victoria.

City Man. What's it all about?

Porter (with knowing wink). Dook o' Lancaster going through directly, Sir.

City Man. Never heard of anybody with that name!

Porter. Well, 'e calls 'imself the Dook o' Lancaster, but it's really the KING travelling in congo.



COMMON OBJECTS OF THE SEA-SHORE.

THE STRAW HAT AND ITS USES.

POST-CARD NOTES.

[Limited editions of 1000 sets of six cards each are now issued at five shillings nett.]

CANDIDATES for the new Geographical Tripos at Cambridge will be expected to show proficiency in identifying picture post-cards of various places, scenes and landscapes. Travelling Students will have to forward to the Board of Studies complete sets of post-card views of all the countries they visit.

It is no longer customary for callers to leave visiting cards. Post-cards embellished with portraits of yourself or your family are distributed instead. Cards of humorous design, however, must be used with caution, unless they are intended as P.P.C. for good.

A large extension of premises is about to be made at the British Museum. The new building, as well as the old, will be entirely given over to the storage and display of picture post-cards. The previous collections of books, &c., have been sold *en bloc* to Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN, thereby defraying a part of the

immense cost of the new national treasures.

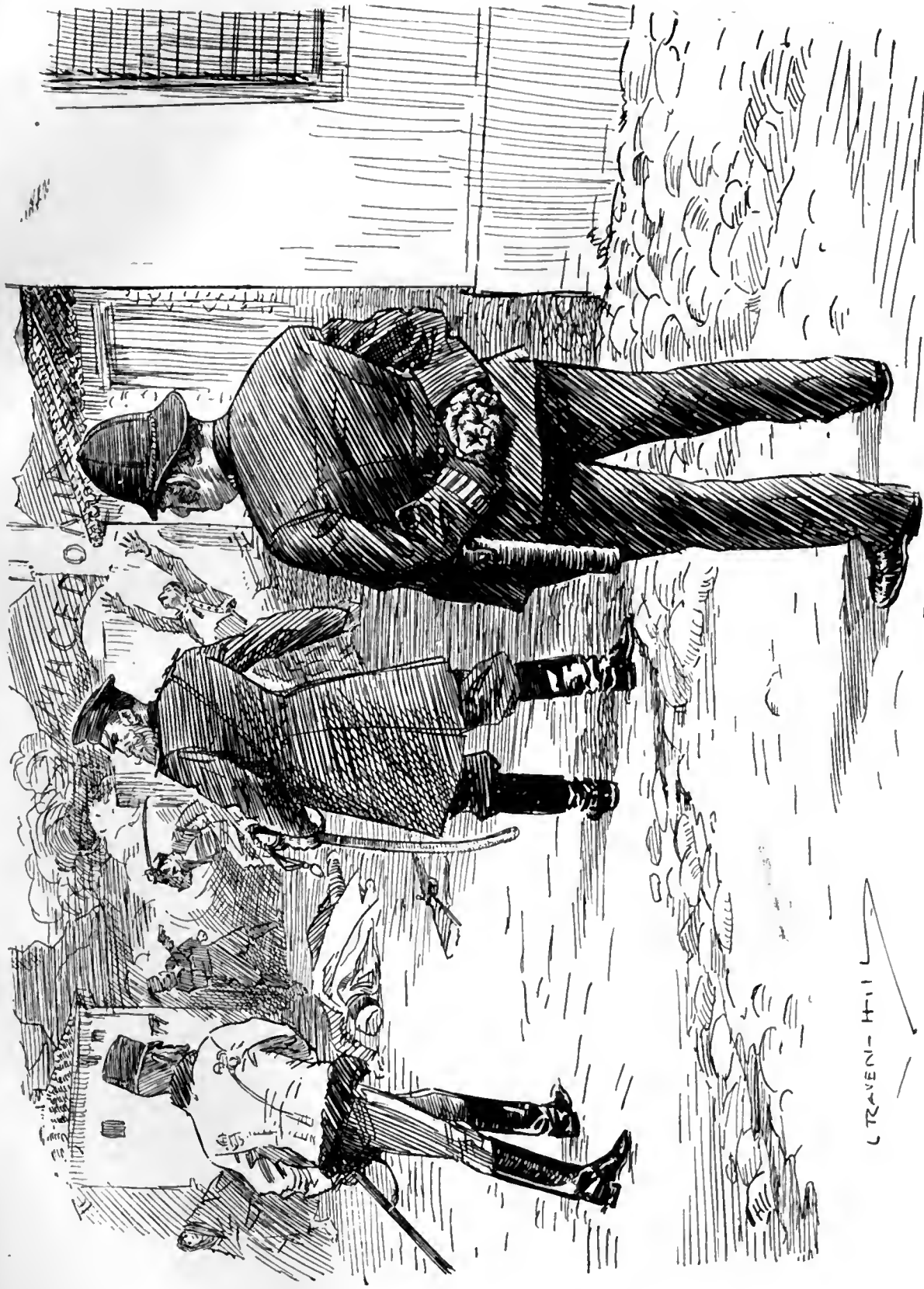
Sets of the more valuable cards may now be bought on the *Times* Instalment System. You pay five shillings down and a guinea a month subsequently. As a training in concentration of the mind the *Times* Post-card Competition may be expected to prove of immediate use to every competitor. The same amount of mental force that the average man dissipates in a thousand idle thoughts will, if directed to one purpose at a time, accomplish a great task. The habit of fixing the mind upon one subject to the exclusion of all others cannot be formed in a day, any more than bodily strength can be gained without continued effort, but it is a habit the force of which can be increased to a surprising degree by even so simple a course of exercise as that which this Competition affords. It is true that the Competition is a form of recreation, and that no sort of amusement can be as stern a discipline for the mind as an enforced task, but if a pastime can be made to yield even a

slight service of this kind it possesses a double recommendation.

A post-card *Who's Who* will shortly be published, containing only those celebrities whose portraits have been thus immortalised. Such persons will be entitled to affix P.W.W. to their names, this distinction ranking next after the Order of Merit.

The next General Election will be conducted entirely by post-cards. Everyone will send a political specimen to everybody else. The revenue will thus be so vastly augmented that there will be no Fiscal Question left to solve. To this happy consummation the Cobweb Cartoons, the Little Leaflets, the Starvation Squibs, the Famine Fancies, and other alluring and alliterative sets, are expected largely to contribute. Candidates' addresses are to be printed on one side only of the cards, thus ensuring desirable brevity, if not wit.

UNPLEASANTLY SUGGESTIVE NAMES OF "CURE" PLACES ABROAD.—*Bad Gastein*. Which must be worse than the first day's sniff at *Bad-Eggs-la-Chapelle*.



“WHEN CONSTABULARY DUTY’S TO BE DONE.”

MR. JOHN BULL. “IT’S NOT MY BEAT; BUT THEY HAVE MY MORAL SUPPORT.”

[In the House of Commons the PREMIER advocated “the more modest and simpler plan of admitting that it is Russia and Austria who are chiefly concerned in this problem, and that it is the duty of the rest of Europe to support them.”]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Aug. 10.—Shadow of Prorogation hovers low over House; it is indeed so dark that with hand pointing to three o'clock of a summer afternoon the gas is flaring through the glass roof. This, however, is not the shadow of Prorogation alluded to; merely one of those thunderstorms that mark the humour of our summer-time. For the first time in memory is seen the lightning darting under the illuminated ceiling, momentarily dulling its blaze. The rain beats in torrents on the windows; the thunder rattles ominously round Victoria Tower. On the Bench, for the time in sole charge of Ministerial business, sits Don José. By and by is going to say something about Cyprus, that famous place of arms bequeathed to the Empire by the dead-and-gone Dizzy. Since *Macbeth* met the witches in an unnamed "open place," there has been no such thunder and lightning. But then, as SARK says, never before has a Session closed by passing a measure like the Sugar Bounties Bill, to open out on a recess devoted to campaign against Free Trade.

DON JOSÉ, who has long lost the tan of South Africa, sits pale and highly wrought, whilst ALBERT ROLLIT and PIERPOINT prattle about Cyprus. In a diadem starred with brilliants representing forty Colonies, poor Dizzy's place of arms is a very small thing. The Sugar Bounties are something like, being estimated by trembling economists to cost the country relinquishment of



Chauffeur Joe and his Racing-Motor.
(Speed unlimited.)



The safer, if more old-fashioned, Devonshire Bath Chair.

seven millions a year, hitherto contributed (to serve his private ends) by the foreigner. Cyprus costs the Empire mere trifle of thirty thousand a year. Don José had almost forgotten Cyprus. But the scanty audience learn from ROLLIT's personal testimony that Cyprus has abundant reason never to forget DON JOSÉ. Before South Africa, lean kine among Colonial cares, swallowed all the rest, DON JOSÉ took the island in hand, dealing with it very much as, when he was Mayor of Birmingham, he managed that thriving city.

Blessed is the man who makes two blades of grass grow where there was but one. Thrice blessed the man who takes a congeries of slums, pulls down the reeking nests of disease and wretchedness, plans broad thoroughfares, builds rows of stately shops, and, instead of thereby saddling the town with debt, endows it with a perpetual revenue in reduction of rates.

Thus the Mayor of Birmingham thirty years ago; thus the Colonial Secretary in Cyprus when he first entered office. Under the pressure of other matters DON JOSÉ has forgotten the island set in the Mediterranean Sea that saw the birth of Venus and is now under the rule of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. He listened with keen interest to ALBERT ROLLIT's narrative of his tour, what time the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled, signalling the close of a memorable Session.

Business done.—Heaps. Meet early and sit late, dashing through work dawdled with whilst the Session was still young.

Tuesday.—HORACE PLUNKETT's knight-hood gazetted to-night. Among many tactful, gracious things done by His MAJESTY during his visit to Ireland, this recognition of modest merit strikes the widest chord of approbation. We are all rejoicing in new dawn of prosperity in Ireland, accompanying the rising of

the Land Bill sun. Years before influences that led to that happy consummation were at work HORACE PLUNKETT was. The secret of success of GEORGE WYNDHAM's Bill is, first, the conciliation of Landowner and Tenant, next their co-operation. Fifteen years ago HORACE PLUNKETT discovered this great truth, and, in a small way limited by personal exertions, he began the crusade.

After six years' hard labour it had prospered to the extent of making possible the founding of the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society, a birth preceded by a conference in Dublin much on the lines of that presided over by LORD DUNRAVEN that laid the foundation of the Bill this year. Only an Irishman above suspicion of an axe to grind could have gathered on a single platform, working for a common end, landlord and tenant, Nationalist and Orangeman, priest and parson. In Ireland it is hard even for honest men to rise above such suspicion. HORACE PLUNKETT succeeded, and whilst politicians wrangled, he, obscurely labouring, brought increased prosperity to remote, long time hopeless, districts of Ireland.

A very perfect knight before the Sovereign's sword-blade touched his shoulder, it is nevertheless pleasant to greet Royal recognition of sterling merit.

Business done.—Lords'. Amendments to Irish Land Bill disposed of.

Wednesday night.—Amid a daily diminishing muster Mr. CALDWELL is still with us, busier than ever. For others the charm of moorland or loch; for Mr. CALDWELL the deathless pleasure of looking after men and things generally at Westminster.

"I don't shoot," he said; "and as for the LOUGH, my friend the Member for Islington is enough for me."

This is perhaps the first time Mr. CALDWELL ever attempted a joke. Certainly there is no earlier record. A



"Prattling about Cyprus."
(Sir Alb-rt R-ll-t.)



"Bid me discourse, an' I'll discourse
Until the Judgment Da-a-y."

Mr. Caldwell obliges at a Glasgow "Sing-song."

poor thing, it may be said, but it's his own. Its emission is accurate indication of an exceptionally enjoyable Session. It is true he has lived to hear CONINGSBY DISRAELI publicly allude to him as "a dummy seated on the Treasury Bench." He sadly admits that the ancient orders of the House impose restrictions on the volubility of the Member in charge of private Bills. Instead of enlarging upon the merits of each, as Mr. CALDWELL would be pleased to do, his action is confined to dumbly raising his hat in signal of moving a second reading.

In other relations of his Parliamentary life—as was shown the other day when he triumphantly defeated effort to pass Marine Insurance Bill—Mr. CALDWELL may not with accuracy be described as a dummy. But vituperation knows not nice distinction. Mr. CALDWELL comforts himself with the recollection that CONINGSBY DISRAELI's illustrious uncle in his time applied more stinging and equally inappropriate epithets to a statesman whom, in the family circle in Glasgow, its head is thought closely to resemble—to wit, Sir ROBERT PEEL.

Whilst other Members kept in by the Whips sit physically wearied, their countenances darkened by look of unutterable boredom, Mr. CALDWELL moves about with added briskness, the voluminous tails of his frock-coat quivering with new delight as he bustles round. He has killed the Musical Copyright Bill in which DISRAELI, the Very Younger, was warmly interested. Hence the unscrupulous attack upon his alleged incapacity for speechmaking.

What Mr. CALDWELL had to do with the Musical Copyright Bill is a matter as obscure as Hecuba's relation to him or his to Hecuba. It is whispered that in the recess the Member for Mid Lanarkshire is accustomed to take prominent part in what south of the Tweed are known as Free-and-easies, and that he resents interference with his freedom of selection of pieces suitable to his voice and style. Why should he pay the extravagant price demanded by music-sellers when on a Saturday night in Sauchiehall Street he can buy off a stall the same song for twopence? However that be, what is certain is that, in spite of strong pressure and personal influence of various kinds, Mr. CALDWELL stood firm, and the Musical Copyright Bill is drummed out.

Business done.—Appropriation Bill read second time.

Friday.—Parliament prorogued.

THE BEST JUDGES.

[Of a certain novel it is written in the advertisements:—"In the Publisher's opinion Mr. BLANK will, with this book, attain to the high rank predicted for him by the principal critics of '—' and '—'. The New-Work deals with questions of Imperial Policy, which are at present uppermost in the minds of the Anglo-Saxon races, and may even embody suggestions that will prove contributory to the solution."]

THE Publisher of *The Tragedy of a Sewage Farm*, although not of a sanguine disposition, is convinced that in this novel Mr. CONDY SCRUBB has surpassed not only himself but DICKENS, THACKERAY, and JANE AUSTEN. The attention of the East Ham Borough Council is particularly drawn to Chapter XXI, where the question of sanitation is wonderfully worked out. It is not often that Mr. POUCHER, the publisher, indulges in criticism, but he cannot resist the temptation in connection with the powerful romance which he has just been privileged to issue. That Mr. SCRUBB here touches high-water mark he is more than confident. All Anglo-Saxons should read the book, for it treats of men and women who speak their language and share their ideals.

There is but one feeling in the office of Messrs. DODDER AND THYNE, the Publishers, at No. 85, Paternoster Alley, and that is one of supreme satisfaction that Mrs. FUSSCAT's new novel, *Lord Hugh's Hallucination*, is so extraordinarily good. Many novels have been issued from this address and have thrown the firm, from principals to packers, into a state of rapture, but never has the emotion been so acute or so genuine as in the present case. Here is genius indeed. It is MAUPASSANT writing with the pen of STEVENSON. No Passive Resister in doubt as to a suitable

weapon with which to fell an unpromising auctioneer should miss the opening chapter.

MESSRS. BOODLE AND CHUMP beg to announce that in the opinion of all their travellers, both town and country, *The Chimney-pot*, the new novel by Mr. CHRISTIE HEATH, which they have just issued, is a superb work of art, absorbing to the last degree, and wittier than Miss FOWLER. How people can bring themselves to read anything else they cannot imagine. The chapters dealing with the shellac industry may possibly be found to contain the solution of the fiscal problem which is at present agitating the mind of the nation.

Good wine needs no bush, but that is no reason why Messrs. GUPPY should be debarred from expressing their deliberate conviction that they have never brought out a nobler or more high-toned romance than *The Ordeal of a Grand Duke*. The chapter describing the hero's sufferings from hay fever cannot be read with dry eyes.

"PLUS ÇA CHANGE—"

["Of course croquet is no longer quite the game of the sandy-whiskered curate and panier-skirted maiden of the 'seventies."—*The World*.]

PHYLIS, in these latter days
Croquet is once more the craze.
Not the game you wondered at,
Practised by the expert curate,
Who through roomy hoops would pat
Balls at such a slow (if sure) rate,
Till at length the game was done,
I had lost—the curate won.

No! those leisured days are past—
Even croquet now is fast;
Now the massive mallets smite,
And the balls fly ever quicker;
Time brings changes with its flight,
And the curate now is vicar,
On whose lawn with courteous hand
You, the gracious hostess, stand.

Yet, as thus I watch the game,
Many things seem just the same;
As your daughter there I view,
While in reverie I wander,
I could swear that it was you,
Flirting with the curate yonder;
Yes, the world may change and will—
But it has its curates still.

A RECENT cricket report says, "Though a heavy thunderstorm raged through the early hours of the morning, the wicket was in no way affected." The Wicket had strong nerves. How did the Bat like it! But of course the Bat must have retired to roost before daylight, and was not in the least disturbed. Fortunately No Ball was given on that night.

**EVIDENCE OF AN EYE-WITNESS.**

Guest. "WHY DO YOU BELIEVE IN SECOND SIGHT, MAJOR?"
Major Darby (in an impressive whisper). "BECAUSE I FELL IN LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT!"

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

XXIV.—A FAMILY TIFF.

THE last bus from the West End has just arrived and discharged its two sole passengers, a nondescript man from the top, and a belated chorus girl from inside. The comely woman with the baby, who has been walking up and down for the past ten minutes, kisses the conductor, exchanges her infant burden for his square tin box, and hastens homewards at his side. The empty bus departs round the corner, and I am left alone outside the District Station save for the policeman on duty and a solitary cabman by the kerb, who, with one wary eye still on me, has lapsed into fatigued conversation with the keeper of the coffee-stall opposite.

"Ot?" he is remarking, "I call it fair 'ot."

It certainly is hot. Returning a hearty thanks under my breath to the paternal Government that has saved me from the disgrace of paying for alcohol after midnight, I stroll across to the coffee-stall and test the quality of an unintoxicating gaseous fluid which, I understand from a placard hanging at the back of the stall, is admitted by all to be the best. I only hope I may never taste the worst.

From this debauch I am aroused by the sound of hurried footsteps on the pavement. I turn and see that the policeman has left his post and is marching off up the road, while a bare-headed woman, half running, half walking, precedes him by a few yards in a state of breathless volubility.

Confidently leaving my unfinished beverage on the counter of the stall (let him take it who dares!) I make my way after them. The excessive volubility of the lady's utterances, together with a somewhat bold use of syntax, make their sense rather difficult to follow, but I am able to gather that Father is half a-killing of him coming back from the "Aaron Ounds" as he does without no money and getting into bad company on the top-floor front all because he's joined a Slate Club with blood a-gushing from him and there'll be murder done same and still worse than happened o' Thursday after the party if the policeman doesn't come quick.

The policeman makes no comment, but treads stolidly on without quickening his pace. A little further he is joined by another constable, to whom in his turn the lady, still panting on ahead, addresses a repetition of her confidences. From him she obtains if possible still less attention. He addresses a dissyllabic query to his colleague.

"Assault Pope's Alley," returns the

other impassively (a lesson to me, this, in condensation), and the pair plod on together in silence. Suddenly the woman turns to the right, and we follow under a low archway into a short narrow court flanked on either side by a mere ribbon of pavement, and terminating in a grimy blank wall. One solitary lamp-post that almost leans against the house at the further end lights the scene; nearly every door and window are open, and an expectant garrulous crowd of both sexes in various stages of undress, several of the men with bare feet, stand about among the vegetable and other refuse that strews the road. The heat here is oppressive—almost a tangible thing.

Still following the woman, the two policemen march on towards the end of the court. At the same moment there issues from the door of the corner house by the lamp-post a man clad in corduroy trousers and a night-shirt, his face decorated by what to-morrow will be, I should say, two of the most gorgeous black eyes in England, Scotland, and even Ireland. There is a brief conference in the doorway; then the policemen enter the house, followed by the woman, the man remaining outside under the lamp-post, where a little interrogative group quickly assembles.

Feeling some natural curiosity as to whether the man under the lamp-post is the same that got into bad company on the top-floor front, or the eccentric party who joined a Slate Club with blood a-gushing from him, I venture to seek enlightenment on the situation from my neighbour, a young man of unattractive countenance, who is nonchalantly raking with a dirty bare toe among the little heap of garbage in the gutter, now and again passing a bored remark, after some preliminary expectation, to an equally unattractive companion. He glances towards me coldly.

"Only a bit of a rar, guv'nor," he replies, with a distance of manner and a formal abstinence from expropriation which are obviously meant as a snub for my impertinence.

I have more success, however, with a lady of the shape of a seltzogene machine standing in the doorway of the house behind me, from whom I learn that the man with the black eyes is the husband of the lady wot fetched the coppers, and has just had another crool 'idin' from his father-in-law, in return for keeping that gentleman and his daughter in the lapperluckshery.

I gather in further conversation that this state of affairs has been regularly recurrent during the past six months, and that if she (the seltzogene machine) was 'im (the black-eyed husband) she



MIXED BATHING.

A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE.

wouldn't never have married into a family of vulgar people like them there, with the father a-drinking himself to glory, and the daughter no better than she should be. But then there ain't no accounting for tastes.

While I am assuring her what a lesson this will be to me in my choice of a father-in-law, there is a noise inside the corner house like shooting coals, accompanied by the sound of loud feminine cries. The little group by the lamp-post scatters, and the next moment the two policemen appear in the doorway holding by either arm a white-haired old man of Herculean build, half-dressed in a short-sleeved vest and trousers girt up by a formidable-looking belt. He gazes with hostility at the man beneath the lamp-post.

"Yes," he observes, "I gave y' a — good 'idin' ter-night, an' I'll give y' another ev'ry night.—Orl right" (this to the policemen), "'oo yer shovin' of?"

At the same time a female figure has run out of the house and thrown herself on her husband.

"Oh, forgive 'im once more!" she is crying. "Look 'ow good 'e's bin since Wensday!"

The husband seems embarrassed.

"A — good 'idin' ter-night," repeats the old man truculently over his shoulder, "an' I'll — 'Ere! chuck that shovin', carn't yer!"

The policemen are intimating without any superfluous ceremony their impatience of further dialogue. The prisoner begins to struggle violently, whereupon his daughter turns swiftly on his guardians.

"Shime!" she cries shrilly. "Two of yer to an ole man! Oh, yer cowardly 'ahnds!"

The policemen pay her no more notice than they did outside in the main road. Moreover, their attention is fully claimed by the old man, who has

managed to throw himself on the ground, and is kicking upwards with appalling vigour.

"That's it!" screams his daughter. "'lt a man when 'e's down! An ole man, too! Oh, yer . . .! TED! TE-ED!" (this to her husband) "are you goin' ter stand by an' allow it? Call yerself a man? Oh, yer contemptuous cur, you!"

The husband, mechanically stroking one of his injured eyes, seems more embarrassed than ever. One of the policemen has blown his whistle (the daughter's scorn and indignation rise to a climax), and meanwhile the pair, very red in the face, and one without his helmet, are having a very lively time of it. I notice that the sympathies of the crowd are with the prisoner, more, as it seems to me, as a matter of general principle than from any feelings of personal affection. My bored neighbour of the bare toes has summoned up quite an interest in life, and even so far forgets himself in the excitement of the moment as to condescend to demand of me, "'Oo sez old CLAY don't know 'ow to kick a copper?"

I readily join with him in clearing the prisoner of so foul a calumny.

It is not long before two more policemen arrive. Even now it is only with difficulty that the old man is mastered. I notice, as he recovers his helmet, that one of the policemen has an eye that should be a *proxime accessit* to-morrow to that of the prisoner's son-in-law. The daughter suddenly ceases her abuse and becomes pleading.

"Let 'im go now," she entreats of the latter constable. "'E won't do no more 'arm ter-night."

The constable, with a remark that I do not catch, brushes her out of the way, and the quartette march the prisoner ungently off towards the archway. The lady, finding entreaties of no avail, relapses once more into loud revilings. My seltzogenic friend is clucking her tongue against her teeth. "T-t-t-t. Nice people!" she observes. "I don't know what Pope's Alley is comin' to, I don't reely."

The policemen and their charge disappear through the archway. The majority of the crowd still linger among the vegetable refuse, dwelling reminiscently on the details of the scene. Turning, I make my way out of the oppressive atmosphere towards the main road. Behind me, at the other end of the court, I can hear the voice of the dutiful daughter calling to her husband, who has retired indoors, to accompany her to the police station and go bail.

SCOTCH BRANDY.

[In a prosecution under the Sale of Food and Drugs Act, at the instance of the Lanark County authorities, against a Glasgow firm of purveyors, for selling adulterated brandy, some useful information was recently obtained. Commercial witnesses contended that, no matter what the origin of spirit was—whether grapes, grain, rotten figs, potatoes, or black ants—brandy it was, if called brandy and if it resembled brandy in taste, colour and smell.]

(With apologies to W. S. Gilbert.)

If you want a receipt for the liquor called brandy,
Known to the world as "Imported from France,"
Take some potatoes—or anything handy—
The very first thing that encounters your glance:
Figs decomposing (O, sweet putrefaction!
Devised for the cheap distillation of wine!);
Ants or cockroaches, disabled in action,
Or wasting away in a rapid decline;
Maize that is damaged and meant for manuring,
Rye with the dry-rot, and unfit for food,
Fish that is tainted, and useless for curing,
Sawdust a handful, a foot of charred wood;
Squeeze from these elements all that is squeezable
(The process is easy, simple and feasible),
And the wash you produce, if in colour and smell
It resembles pure brandy, is ready to—*sell*.



A NORFOLK BROAD HINT.

Tweed (retired tailor). "AND SO, SIR, YOU ARE LEAVING THE BROADS TO-MORROW FOR THE GROUSE SHOOTING? ER—MIGHT I BEG THE FAVOUR OF A GOOD RECIPE FOR COOKING GROUSE?"

Squire. "CERTAINLY, TWEED, I WILL SEND ONE ROUND DIRECTLY I GET HOME."

Tweed. "PLEASE DON'T TROUBLE, SIR, TILL YOU REACH SCOTLAND, AND IF YOU SHOULD HAVE A FEW PATTERNS—AH, I MEAN A GROUSE—HANDY, WOULD YOU KINDLY SQUEEZE IT IN WITH THE RECIPE JUST, SIR, AS A SAMPLE?"

AYEZ PITIÉ DU PAUVRE CHAUFFEUR!

MOSSIEU,—je suis fransais. Jusqua praisent j'ai gagné pas malle dargen comm chauffeur en angleter. je vais ordinairement a cent kileaumètre leur, et je n'ais tué personn excepté des Animaux, un tas de chien de poulais de por et de Baïtes comm sa. C'est vrai que j'ai blessé 3 viyai fems 2 Homms 9 ou 10 ptis enfans et 30 ou 35 cheveaus, mais cest tou.

é ben! vos compatriotes sont enragé de teufteufs et spendant vous ne voulu plus d'automobiles ché vous. sacré nom dun chien cest Abominable! Savez vous que je ne vai jamais au pa? pas m'aimme doucemen. Mon automobile va toujours a une vitesse Vertigineuze. cest le mo, et cest un grand mo. Vertigineuze. Les patrons le désire toujours. Donc si vous empêché les patrons daller vite il naurons plu bezoin de moi.

Caisse que je vai faire? je serai Ruiné. les patrons trouveron de chauffeurs anglais calmes et corect. Et vous apelez sa la liberté et la libre angleter et le libréchange? ah siel!

je suis fransais et mes automobiles sont toujours fransais ou allemande, selon le gou du patron. Voila comm vous étranglez une Industri anglaise! cest dégoutan. Cest la m'aimme chose en belgique et aussito que possible on va régler les automobiles en france. il ni a plu de liberté aucune par.

je serai forcé de me refugier en affrique ché mossieu Lebaudie. la ba chacun ira comm il veu dans cet Empire de Sarah A.

Aggréé sil vous plai lassurance de ma aute considérasion.
JACQUES L'ECRASEUR.

THE AMATEUR HISTRION.

(A Compleat Guide to Country House Theatricals.)

FOREWORD.

It is the fear that professionalism, which, octopus-like, is choking all amusements, may clasp amateur theatricals with one of its tentacles and crush out of them all the freshness, the originality, the unexpectedness, which are their chief beauty, that impels me, as one who ever scorned to give a cue, to impart a few hints to hostesses and actors as to the manner in which an amateur theatrical performance should be initiated and carried through triumphantly.

THE CAUSE AND THE COMPANY.

A Charity, my dear lady, is almost a necessity. That there is no particular charity in which you yourself are interested leaves you free to offer to play for any charity of which the smartest lady of your acquaintance—a Duchess, it is to be hoped—is a patroness. She may possibly be pleased whether you make any money for the charity or not, and, as you care nothing about the charity, you will have no twinges of conscience if the net profits are nil, as they probably will be.

One great advantage of playing for a charity is that it gives you the right to send a polite note to the manager of the theatre in the neighbouring county town, asking him to give you his theatre free on the day of the local races or on a market day. If the manager is a nice man he will, of course, do so; but many country managers are not nice persons, and write back clumsy and unintelligible letters about the theatre being booked in advance.

If you have to pull your own house about, and if your Duchess will be abroad, or some equally good reason causes a charity to be an undesirable reason for playing, you will still find that theatricals as an entertainment have certain advantages. A buffet with cold chicken and sandwiches and some well-iced cup is all that your guests can possibly expect, instead of the supper and second supper a ball entails; you will not have to say anything to any of the bores except, "Did you really think me as good as ELLEN TERRY?"; you will be able to show your three new Parisian dresses in all their splendour, while those of the other women, who have got anything fit to wear, are becoming creased by sitting close together on hired chairs; and you will



TRAIN UP A CHILD, &c.

Father (eminent Stockbroker). "WITH THE FLOW, THE SEA RISES, MY BOY. WITH THE EBB, IT FALLS."
Son (a chip of the old block). "THEN WOULD BE THE TIME TO BUY, WOULDN'T IT, DADDY?"

be able to mop up and get done with all the crowd of hedge squires and doctors and curates who are not worth squandering a dinner on.

The selection of your company is the simplest matter possible. Any man can act if he is asked to, and you may take it for granted that if a man does other things badly, he may possibly act very well. For instance, there is Sir TIMOTHY TODDLES, whom your husband says he will never have down to the big shoot again, for he is as blind as a bat and never hits a bird. He is very useful to you when you come to London, for he lends you an electric brougham and gives you tickets for Wednesdays at Ranelagh. Ask him certainly, say something vague about his experience, hope that he can spare a week to rehearse, and tell him that you count absolutely upon him. WILLIE CHAFFINCH, of course, you must have to make love to you. He is a dear fellow, and does everything delightfully, and your husband would never allow a stranger to put his arm round your waist and to kiss you on the ear, which is the amateur theatrical kissing spot. Therefore WILLIE is a necessity. Somebody once told you of some one who was quite as good as any professional, and, if you can remember the man's name and recall your informant, write a coaxing complimentary little note to the man, and bring in the other person's name and the charity, if you are on the charity lay. Ask two of the nicest boys from the nearest garrison town, for you must have someone to amuse the girls at rehearsal, and you may want their regimental band. You can fish up the other men anywhere if you

want any more. Your husband's agent, of course, must act if he is wanted, and the same applies to the young doctor who attends the servants when they are ill.

For the ladies' parts you can ask your very best friend, so long as she is not likely to have as good dresses as you will wear, and will not pay too much attention to WILLIE. There are plenty of girls about the place, and you will have shown your thoughtfulness for them by asking the soldiers, and if there is any ugly old woman's part to be played the children's governess must if necessary play it.
 AN OLD HAND.

THE COCKNEY ANGLER.

[Lord DENBIGH recently caught a trout in the Buckingham Palace lake, and the *Express* has suggested the stocking of London waters with trout.]

I've fished persistently for trout
 In almost every kind of weather;
 In times of flood, in times of drought
 I've flogged a stream for hours together.

If hope were skill and patience luck
 I might have known old ISAAC'S rapture,
 But, as they're not, the fish I've struck
 Have nearly all evaded capture.

Then I can never get away
 Just when the water's in condition—

Towards the latter end of May
 When *fario* feeds without suspicion.
 During my holidays the breeze
 Is east, the water low and lucid,
 My fly is always caught in trees,
 My luck invariably doosid.

But now, if I can throw a line,
 Just when the trout are game and greedy,

Across the expansive Serpentine,
 Whose water's neither clear nor reedy;

If I can kill a brace of fish
 After my toiling in the City,
 What will be left for me to wish?
 What will be left to call for pity?

No torrent this, with pools to search,
 Perched on an inconvenient boulder,
 Where every stumble, slip, or lurch
 May dislocate a knee or shoulder;
 No bulls to toss you as you cast,
 No vipers by the margin hidden—
 To what a sumptuous repast
 May Cockney Waltons yet be bidden!



NO DOUBT OF IT.

Daughter of the House. "HERE COME MRS. MASSINGTON AND HER HUSBAND."

Lady Smart. "AH, SHE'S STRONG-MINDED, OF COURSE!"

Daughter of the House. "CAN YOU TELL THAT BY JUST LOOKING AT HER?"

Lady Smart. "NO—BY LOOKING AT HIM!"

CHARIVARIA.

A PASSIVE Resister at Whitechurch told the Magistrates he had as much right to be heard as a murderer. The most ardent opponent of Dr. CLIFFORD has never ventured to put it quite so strongly as this. ———

According to *The Hospital*, "The English people have accepted the white man's burden of ruling and colonising, and in the steps of the soldier follow the steps of the nurse." At home, in the Park, this order is usually reversed. But in the Colonies, where life progresses more rapidly, every year is Leap Year. ———

Germany's leading sculptor was commissioned by the EMPEROR to execute a statue of BISMARCK. The sculptor having represented the Iron Chancellor as the guardian angel of the Hohenzollerns, the EMPEROR ordered the statue to be destroyed, remarking, "We Hohenzollerns need no protector!" Free Traders please note. ———

Fifty Prussian schoolgirls have been arrested at Guesen on a charge of high

treason, and the police are said to have their eyes on several Kindergartens, where it is reported that the children have been playing "I am the King of the Castle," and other games suggestive of *Majestätsbeleidigung*. ———

The lesson of Kischeneff is not to be forgotten. The Russian Government is determined to punish any further anti-Jewish rioting with a firm hand. At Velewsky, where there was a *mélée* between some Jews and a number of Cossacks, 600 Jews were promptly arrested. ———

Owing to the continued inclemency of the weather Mr. MONTAGU HOLBEIN is now a cross Channel Swimmer. ———

We hear that, as a result of Mr. BRODRICK's disclaimer, a Royal Commission is to be appointed to find out who (if anybody) is conducting the Somali War. ———

The French military ride from Paris to Deauville turned out a poor affair after all. Only two horses were killed. ———

Dr. FÉRÉ, a well-known French scientist, has been drawing attention to the serious results that may ensue from kissing girls against their will. Cases have been known where this action has been followed by a curious smarting pain on the operator's ear. ———

As if there were not already enough bonds of cousinly sympathy between the Teutons and ourselves, a gentleman has written to the *Daily Mail* to say that for several years past the weather in Germany has been the same as in England. ———

Hastings, having been accused of not catering for the amusement of its visitors, last week invited the members of a French society, "Le Souvenir Normand," to the town. We are sure the slight was unintentional. ———

Extract from a contemporary:—"We must protest with all our power against the disgusting and degrading spectacle of a Prize Fight which took place on Saturday between Jeffries and Corbett. Full details will be found on page 6." ———

PARADISE AND THE SNAKE.

"Serpent, Sir!" repeated Mr. POTT. . . . "I said, Serpent, Sir—make the most of it."—*The Pickwick Papers*.

[The Preferential Tariff question, so far as Ireland was concerned, would be considered not on its merits, and not as a question of 'Imperial policy,' but the votes and support of the Irish party would, in the forthcoming struggle, be given with a sole view to the interests of Ireland, and more especially to the speedy restoration of Irish legislative independence.—*Mr. John Redmond at Burnley.*]

We drew a Paradise in dreams,
The home of love and settled law,
Of pearly bogs and peaty streams
Flooded with milk and usquebaugh;
Where Limericks made a lasting mirth,
And shamrock-time was never over,
And bulls of thrice the usual girth
Habitually browsed on clover;—

Where rents were paid with punctual joy,
Accompanied by festal jigs,
And bailiffs lost their late employ,
And every green was bare of wigs;
Where, as before the primal curse,
The lambkin loafed beside the lion,
And WYNDHAM, in a kilt of Erse,
Embraced a fully-breeched O'BRIEN.

A Paradise of dreams—no more!
For at the waking hour we find
The same insidious Worm that wore
A hole in ADAM's peace of mind;
Though Eden renovates her youth
In yonder green and billow-swept Isle,
There still the Serpent whets a tooth
Characteristically reptile.

Not Kingly feet that pressed her shore
Avail to dry that venom up;
Not gifts of Saxon gold galore,
Nor even Mr. BENNETT's Cup;
Mid blessings showered on man and brute
In that uniquely pampered country,
There blooms a sole forbidden fruit,
And Something coils about that *one* tree.

The old familiar "Taste and see"
Wheedles the gardener where he delves—
"Sample this brand, and you shall be
Like to the gods that rule themselves!
The other sorts—pear, peach, and nut,
Reluctant doles of niggard misers,
Are, relatively, nothing but
Mere pregustative appetisers!"

* * * * *

O Isle of Erin, could the star
That smiled upon your earlier lot
Restore, by way of Avatar,
ST. PATRICK, that illustrious Scot!
For snakes he had a drastic bane
That took, I hear, a deal of beating;
Ah, might he give them once again
A course of more than earthly KEATING! O. S.

Everything comes to the Man who waits.

Country Rector's Wife (engaging man-servant). And can you wait at dinner?

Man. Aw, yes, Mum; I'm never that hoongry but I can wait till you've done.

PHIL MAY.

WE are not left long without a souvenir, and a very lasting one, of PHIL MAY. From the *Punch* Office (10, Bouverie Street) is issued by Messrs. BRADBURY AND AGNEW, at a price within everybody's reach, a first-rate edition of PHIL MAY's pictures, all from *Mr. Punch's* collection. These pictures gain immensely by this reproduction, the pages in which they appear being free from all printed matter (except title and "legend"), that is, from typed articles, such as must necessarily hedge them in when they form part of a page in *Mr. Punch's* weekly number. Whether the incomparable PHIL gave us a gutter-snipe, a coster's wife, a coster, an 'Arriet, an 'Arry, or an actor out-at-elbows, they were all of his very best, nothing scamped; seldom more, apparently, than a mere sketch, and yet a finished picture, with every detail worked in that could possibly assist the situation.

Then his ladies, appearing rarely, 'tis true, yet when he does present them how charming are they, in "*Brown's Country House*," for example. And the soft medium that he chose occasionally, so that his work looks, to the inexperienced eye of the mere amateur, as if it had just been sketched in with delicate touches from a soft lead-pencil. But what wonderful work! what art! *Moi qui parle*, or rather, I who write this, know how many separate studies, repeated and corrected over and over again, went to make up one simple picture; perfect in its simplicity. Those who have acquired many "Phil Mays" possess a real and great treasure, and a source of perpetual delight. They are ever fresh, ever bright, ever delightful. These flowers of the genius of May will never be withered by an autumn, nor will they perish in a winter of discontent. Such leaves as these, in this present collection, go to make up his artist's crown of *immortelles*.

MORGANATIC MARRIAGE.

[Professor MORGAN, of Ruskin University, Pittsburg, is reported to ascribe much wedded unhappiness to wives not understanding men. He proposes instituting a course to remedy this.]

Come, praise with me
This novel Degree
Of a Pennsylvanian 'Varsity,
Which enables the maid who would master hearts
To graduate Mistress of Wifely Arts;
Where tutors train
A spinster's brain
Till even a man may acknowledge the gain,
And hopefully offer a fearless hand
To a wife who will take it and understand.

O the little more,
But what priceless lore!
And the little less, and two hearts left sore!
The bachelor dinner—the Bridge at the Club—
The need for excuses—ay, there's the rub!
For the best pretext
Is as bad as the next
If a wife is unlearned enough to be vexed;
But a husband's tale may be bald and bland
To American scholars who understand.

But of RUSKIN there?
O enough and to spare—
Let ATHENA be *Queen of the knowing Air*,
And let these be the *Ethics of Pittsburg Dust*,
That a MORGAN of course must be taken on trust,
And a Yankee town
Will achieve renown
By destroying the fear of a woman's frown,
When the cockatrice fawns on the infant's hand,
And Professors preach—what they understand.



LAST OF THE VI-KINGS AND FIRST OF THE
TEA-KINGS.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
CHICAGO, ILL. 60637

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. GEORGE MORTON commences what my Baronite hopes will be a prosperous career as an Edinburgh publisher by the issue of a shilling volume of short stories by JOHN OXENHAM. The enterprise does not loom large. But it deserves, and will surely obtain, immediate success. Amongst the rarest literary gifts is that of writing a good short story. JOHN OXENHAM possesses it in marked degree. There is nothing particular in the construction of any of the plots. They plod along quietly enough. Suddenly, towards the end, there is introduced an unexpected development that charms and delights the reader. Perhaps the *Episode of Mr. Joseph Scorer* which leads off, will, by its breezy humour, delight most readers. My Baronite, whilst much enjoying it, rather fancies *Captain Barnacle*, wherein will be found one of those unexpected twists which give the stories distinct originality.

The Baron has received some post-cards from Messrs. RAPHAEL TUCK AND SONS, humorously designed and, of course, capably drawn in colours by our late artistic collaborateur, PHIL MAY. These the Baron sees for the first time, at least he does not remember having already met with them. This is, however, a detail, as, new or re-issued, they are excellent, and full of "go," as they ought to be, considering how far and wide these post-cards will have to travel.

The Bâton Sinister, by GEORGE GILBERT (JOHN LONG) is a simple tale of woman's love and man's passion, well told and well written. The Baron, however, excepts from laudatory notices not a few lapses from the style of conversation peculiar to the time of CHARLES THE SECOND into that with which we are familiar in our own day. Then the author has overcrowded his canvas, and the action of the supernumeraries obscures that of the principals in the story. True it is that hero and heroine emerge at last, and also that, curiosity having been stimulated, their re-appearance is most welcome, the career of the heroine having been followed with a certain sympathetic interest which cannot be felt for the erring MOXMOUTH. That the novel would have benefited by a considerable reduction in the quantity of the *dramatis personæ* will probably be the verdict of those who take it up during the leisure of a summer vacation, and such is most decidedly the opinion of the experienced Baron.

Although the following short story does not fall within the strict limits of Our Booking-Office, yet it came very naturally into the Baron's note-book, which he keeps at hand for reference in this department. The anecdote may have already appeared in print, possibly in some biographical notice of the late FATHER JAMES HEALY, P.P., of Little Bray, which the Baron has unfortunately not come across. On board the gallant *Moldavia*, the latest production in ships of the P. & O., among the guests of those Popular and Oriental Potentates was a certain merry knight, whose memory is stored with tales of most excellent quality. He inquired of his *convives* whether they were acquainted with what he, in his humility, ventured to consider as one of the neatest *mots* ever uttered by "Father JAMES," or, for the matter of that, by any other wit. The company, individually and collectively, not far behindhand with most stories, prayed the knight to continue.

"Proceed, Sir," quoth a dramatist then present. "Proceed, sweet warbler. Your story interests me much."

Thus encouraged, Sir Knight obliged with his anecdote. He told us how, on a certain occasion, when on a visit to London, FATHER JAMES was asked by a bright young English girl who happened to be his neighbour at a dinner-party



"SANCTA SIMPLICITAS."

"AUNTIE, OUGHT BERTIE WILSON TO HAVE SMILED SO OFTEN AT ME IN CHURCH?"

"NO, DEAR. WHERE WAS HE SITTING?"

"BEHIND ME."

whether they had the same kind of amusements in Ireland at Christmas time as are common to all large house-gatherings and family parties in England.

"Indeed, then, we have," answered FATHER JAMES, courteously.

"But," the young lady went on, looking uncommonly sly, "I'm told there's no mistletoe in your country. Is that true?"

"That is true," answered FATHER JAMES, quietly, on the alert, awaiting developments.

"Then," continued the young lady, "the Irish girls can't have any kissing under the mistletoe."

"They have not," said FATHER JAMES, seriously.

"But," persisted the fair inquirer, evidently bent on mischief, "tell me, FATHER HEALY, if the Irish girls have no kissing under the mistletoe, what do they do instead?"

"Kiss under the rose," answered FATHER JAMES. And the young lady received her quietus. This may be ancient, but of all the goodly company that heard it and rejoiced that the anecdote was of the chestnut growth, though I am bound to admit that the gallant and modest wearer of the spurs expressed considerable astonishment at our "inconsayable ignorance," especially grieving over that of the generally reminiscent, but ever appreciative BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

MOTTO FOR LORD BURNHAM (SIR EDWARD LAWSON, BART.).—
"Mutato nomine D. T."

SIDE LIGHTS ON SMOKERS.

(From R. O. T.)

A MAN'S character, his disposition, and his chance of success in life may all be gauged by the manner in which he treats his cigars. The few rules we give for the guidance of our readers are the results of long-continued observation, and we will guarantee them to be perfectly accurate.

The man who snatches a cigar from another man's mouth and smokes it is of a selfish and somewhat grasping disposition. He would do well as a financier, but would fail as an ambassador. Curiously enough we gather from the records of a recent "*cause célèbre*" that Madame HUMBERT had a playful habit of snatching her acquaintances' cigarettes.

The man who bites off the end of his cigar is a *bon vivant*, but is likely to have a bitter tongue—in controversy. His success as a *chef* or a dramatic critic would be assured, but he will do well to avoid the legal or medical professions. Sir J. CRICHTON-BROWNE always bites ten cigars before breakfast.

The man who smokes his cigar hastily with impatient puffs is energetic, business-like, and keenly ambitious. So ambitious that unless he controls himself he is in danger of becoming unscrupulous. Mr. JESSE COLLINGS revealed in conversation the other day the interesting fact that since the Tariff agitation began no cigar has lasted the Colonial Secretary more than two minutes.

The man who takes a cigar from the tobaccoist's counter and passively declines to pay for it till the shopkeeper seizes him and searches his pockets is highly conscientious and of a noble disposition, but is likely to be misunderstood by the world. He would do magnificently as an advertising agent, but would be an utter failure as a Bishop.

The man who bores his cigars with a pin is of a slow, stolid disposition. He is unbusinesslike, yet has an exaggerated notion of his powers of speech and of his ability as a man of affairs. The President of the Board of Trade always bores.

The man who holds his cigar between his lips and occasionally endeavours to jerk it up in the air with his teeth and catch it is of a sanguine disposition, and an artist to his finger-tips. He would fail as Secretary of War or as a brewer, but would succeed as a diplomatist or a juggler. Lord LANSDOWNE and Mr. CINQUEVALLI both cultivate this peculiar habit.

The man who in lighting his cigar always burns his fingers is impetuous,

and often jumps to hasty conclusions. He would be a poor friend but a terrible enemy. His career is likely to be successful, but he may endanger his prospects by speaking out of season. Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE'S right fore-finger is always scorched.

The man who smokes two cigars at once has an open mind and can see both sides of a question. With a little more decision of character he might do excellently as a cricket umpire, but he would be bound to fail as an engine-driver or an editor. The Premier is never happier than when he is relaxing his mind over a French novel and smoking two cigars.

The man who collects his ash as it falls from his cigar is one who has a keen eye to his own financial interests and a strong sense of his personal dignity. He would succeed as a laundry proprietor, but would be a failure as Poet-Laureate or an auctioneer. Mr. MACLAREN brought all his cigar-ashes back with him after his last visit to Australia.

The man who keeps his cigars in his case and does not smoke them will be a success in business. He would make a perfect pawnbroker or bus-guard, but would be out of place as an actor or an archdeacon. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has never opened his cigar-case since he first filled it.

OUR ATHLETIC VETERANS.

[“Whilst playing tennis in her little fort of Belle Isle-en-Mer, yesterday, Mme. SARAH BERNHARDT received an injury to the leg, which, while not of a serious character, will compel her to keep her room for at least a week.”—*Daily Paper*.]

Mrs. JOHN WOOD, while in the middle of a game of cricket in the private ground attached to the little Battery on the Portsdown Hill, twisted her knee in running a six, and is likely to be compelled to have someone to run for her during the rest of the season.

In the course of the final set in a ping-pong tournament at Homburg, where he is taking the waters, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT on Saturday week dislocated his funny-bone, but was able to dictate his letter to the *Times* on the CHAMBERLAIN policy in the afternoon.

While playing polo at Hurlingham on Saturday last, Sir HENRY THOMPSON had the misfortune to fall from his pony and sustain a severe bruise.

During a sprinting-match at Catford Bridge one day this week, Mr. CHARLES SANTLEY was so unlucky as to sprain his tendon Achilles, an injury which is likely to keep him from the concert platform for some evenings.

In the course of a hard game of

racquets (his favourite pastime) in his private court at Southend, Mr. CHARLES MORTON, who has just celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday, slipped and fell, thus necessitating his absence from the Palace Theatre for an hour or so.

M. MANUEL GARCIA, the *doyen* of the musical profession—he was born in March, 1805—when running to catch his train the other morning, was knocked down by a 70 h.p. Mercedes. We are glad to learn, however, that M. GARCIA caught his train, and that the *chauffeur* is still detained in the Crickelewood Infirmary.

Mr. J. S. FORBES, the railway magnate, recently dived from the high spring-board at Brill's Baths when the water had been drawn off. Beyond a severe contusion to the concrete flooring, no untoward consequences have resulted from this unwonted lapse.

AUGUST.

WHEN do we dream of heather hills

And joyfully repair to

Haunts which shall banish all the ills

That human flesh is heir to?

When do we yearn for loch and burn

And sun-kissed fern?

In August.

When do the hurricanes descend

In wrath that should be winter's,

To fell the forest and to rend

The giant oak to splinters?

When do the fates pursue our pates

With flying slates?

In August.

When do we watch the drifting rack,

And fix our anxious eyes on

The clouds that lower grim and black

Upon the dark horizon?

When do we sigh and wonder why

It rains for aye?

In August.

When do we, sick of one small room,

Assume our macintoshes,

And sadly paddle through the gloom

In slippery goloshes?

When do we shrink from life and think

We'll take to drink?

In August.

When did old NOAH build his ark,

And bid his sons and daughters

And all his motley crew embark

To sail upon the waters?

I am without the slightest doubt

It fell about

In August.

When does our sorrow fly away

As we with joy remember

Our tickets do for any day

Till 31st December?

When do we pack and hurry back

On homeward track?

In August.

YORKS!

[To the *Daily Chronicle* belongs the credit of being the first to call attention to the remarkable fact that EMILY BROSTÉ and J. T. BROWN, the Yorkshire cricketer, were both born on August 20.]

Two genii, in two several eras born,
One natal day, and county, did adorn,
Both with their fellow Yorkers played
the game,
Though using different methods, not
the same;
One crushed them by the process known
as "smothering";
One lifted them to Heights sublimely
Wuthering.

SOME HANSOM ADVICE.

THE now common occurrence of hansom-cab accidents suggests that the following hints may be useful to those who have not finally gone over to the four-wheeler—or under the two-wheeler:

In entering a hansom it is important that the right hand should tightly grasp the flap of the door, while the left firmly grips the most adjacent portion of the splash-board. Should the cab then suddenly move it can be securely held, while the body will act effectually on the wheel as a brake.

Once in the cab, stop there—if you possibly can; but if you are suddenly called upon to leave it, do nothing rash. If the window should be down it is no uncommon thing to see people, in the excitement of the moment, attempt to break it with their head. This principle is entirely wrong; the hoot should always be used. There is, however, no actual necessity for a voluntary penetration of the glass. Even without this effort you will be quite easily able to follow the horse's movements.

Should the window be up, on the other hand, it is often found difficult to check a natural impulse to be the first to sit on the horse's head. If you can possibly hesitate you may not be lost.

In the case of an animal that is constantly practising skating down hill, it is customary to keep the legs and arms rigid, and the eyes firmly fixed upon the vehicle immediately in front. Do nothing of the kind. Your life may be saved again and again by the simple expedient of opening the doors and lying down at the bottom of the cab. In order, however, to be prepared for all emergencies, it is infinitely wiser to choose a cab with side-windows that open, and quietly get out of one of these.

There are several acrobatic devices by means of which it is possible to reach the driver when seeking to pay him his



SCIENCE AND MATRIMONY.

He (the accepted one, enthusiastically discussing their projects for the future). "I THINK IT WOULD BE A SPLENDID IDEA, WHEN WE MARRY, TO HAVE THE KITCHEN FITTED WITH A RADIUM COOKING RANGE!!"

The Betrothed (who doesn't believe in long engagements, very sweetly). "ER—YE-ES, DARLING, BUT IF RADIUM DOES NOT COME INTO USE—SAY, IN ONE MONTH'S TIME FROM TO-DAY, WE WON'T WAIT FOR IT, DEAR, WILL WE?"

fare, but all are attended by certain risks to life. Your only chance of safety lies either in walking quietly away, when the cabman may be depended upon to approach you on equal ground, or in employing a small child's shrimping net.

In the event of a horse stumbling with four legs simultaneously it is always worth a struggle to remain on the cab longer than the driver and your outside luggage.

When one wheel of your hansom is knocked off by an omnibus, be sure and see that the latter has driven away before you attempt to crawl out. Otherwise you stand the chance of being kicked by more than one horse.

Although the foregoing may prove beneficial, handsome is as hansom doesn't may be offered as a maxim to be com-

mitted to memory by all those who cannot carry these hints about with them for reference at the critical moments specified.

"WE hear a great deal of a 'Naval Base,'" writes to us *Vox Humana*, "but where will you find now-a-days a Naval Tenor like SIMS REEVES, who could sing 'Tom Bowling' as no man ever did afore or will after."

"READING BETWEEN THE LINES."—Whether the governing body of the G. W. R. has determined to adopt the above title for this large and well-known junction station, or retain it as now in use, has not yet been divulged to the public.

THE SUN-CHILD.

(Continued.)

At last, after he had looked up for a long time, he realised that the banisters and the stairs, and the palace itself, had truly vanished, and that he was in a different country where he had never been before. There were trees and fields and hedges, to be sure, but they were not those he knew. The green of the leaves and of the grass was dull and tarnished: it did not sparkle, and when the breeze stirred, though there was a rustle in the branches, they did not whisper the beautiful stories he used to hear up there, but just rustled and nothing more—this, at least, was what he thought at first. Afterwards, when he had stayed for some little time, he came to know their language, and then he knew that they, too, had their stories to tell.

At first, of course, the little fellow was very much surprised at what had happened to him, but he was one of those happy boys who always make the best of everything, so he just looked about him very bravely and thought to himself:—"I suppose they wanted me to come here, or they wouldn't have let me go like that. Mamma could really have stopped me, if she had liked. I'll stay here and see what's to be seen, and later on they'll fetch me and take me home again." I don't quite know who "they" were, but I rather think he meant the servants in the palace, the old nurse, who used to sing him to sleep in such a wonderful way, and the housemaids with whom he played when they were not very busy, and the fat stately Sun-butler, who sometimes let him polish the golden cups out of which his father and the palace guests drank their sunshine at dinner. Then there was the gorgeous old coachman, whose head was all covered with funny tight white curls, and who used to tell him great things about horses and how to drive them and ride them. He felt quite sure he should see them all again some day, and in the meantime he meant to keep his eyes open and see all the things that were to be seen in the strange new country into which he had dropped.

Well, he trudged along for a little, and the people he passed on the road didn't look at him, for the very good reason that they couldn't see him, but when he looked at them they all smiled and seemed to think of happy things quite suddenly. A little girl was playing by herself at the edge of the road. She was only four years old, and she was playing with an old wooden ball which had once had splendid stripes of red and blue all round it, but it was a battered old ball now and all the stripes had been worn out long ago. Still, it was the only ball the little girl had, for her father was a farm labourer and he couldn't afford to spend money on toys for his large family. Just before the Sun-child came up she had been angry with her ball because it would insist on being a ball, and wouldn't pretend to be either a doll or the vicar of the parish going on his visits. So the little girl had thrown it across the road and it had rolled into a big bunch of nettles. She knew enough about nettles not to try to pluck it out, and she stood in the road crying, with her funny fat face puckered up and the tears streaming down her cheeks. When the Sun-child came up he looked at her, and as he looked a cocky impertinent lively little fox-terrier dog came bounding along the road, ready for any fun or mischief that might offer itself. He belonged to the Squire's son, but he used often to go out by himself and play with the village children when he had nothing else to do, and the little girl who had lost her ball was one of his best favourites. As soon as she saw him she stopped crying and called him by his name, which was *Tatters*. He saw very well that she had been crying, and he was a good deal puzzled about it. He cocked his head first to one side and then to the other, and rubbed his cold wet nose into her chubby hand, and at last he made up his

mind that there was going to be a game. So he stepped back from his little friend and bent down with his front legs stretched out and his hind quarters stuck up, and his bit of a tail wagging like mad, and then he gave two very sharp little barks and looked hard at her. This was his way of asking her to throw something for him to fetch—a game he loved nearly as well as poaching. The little girl saw her chance, and she pretended to throw something into the nettle-bed. *Tatters* was off and into the nettles like a flash. They couldn't sting him—he knew that well enough—and even if they had stung he wouldn't have minded. For a short moment he disappeared, and then, oh joy, out he came with the old wooden ball in his mouth. Of course he didn't give it up directly, but he raced away with it and raced back, and then he dropped it, but as soon as the little girl tried to take it he snatched it up again and was off once more. At last, however, she said in a very firm voice, "D'op it, *Tatters*, good dog," and he put it down and let her take it. Then these two trotted off together, and were as happy as larks, and the Sun-child, whom they had never noticed, walked on.

(To be continued.)

THE NIGGERS.

[It has been said that, now so many gentlemen don the sable in August and September, the niggers have become such an attractive and mysterious element with the fairer portion of seaside visitors that bathing, boating, and rambles by the sea are falling into desuetude.]

WHEN SIBYL sits upon the beach
With KATE and MADELINE,
DICK, TOM, and JACK, the swain of each,
Loll gloomily between,
With savage glances at the throng
Of stripe-bedizened figures
Who stain the breeze with strident song,
In other words—the Niggers.

In vain the lovers hint or nudge,
Suggest a sail, a walk,
Their promised brides refuse to budge,
And beg them not to talk.
For SIBYL loves the corner man,
KATE drinks the tenor's tones,
While MADELINE, behind her fan,
Beams rapture on the bones.

They whisper of "romantic eyes,"
Of "teeth like milky pearls,"
Perceiving through a thin disguise
A row of fallen Earls.
JACK loathes the tenor's unctuous smirks,
And TOM the corner-prattle,
And frowns defy the man that works
What RICHARD calls the rattle.

Their old allurements they rehearse,
Exhaust each manly wile,
But matters go from bad to worse,
They never win a smile;
Till, hitting on a way by which
To better their condition,
They black their faces, hire a pitch,
And start an opposition.

FROM *The Scotsman*: "While out on Coileivraicht Moor Mr. A. F. C. CRESSWELL met with an accident. He tripped and sprained his foot badly at the ankle, and bagged 31½ brace grouse (1 gun)." Not bad for a single fortuitous explosion.

TALKING of sport, here is a seasonable interpretation of "*Un gage d'amour*"—a present of grouse.

THE SAD CASE OF THE "SPECTATOR."

[In the correspondence columns of the *Spectator*, which are almost entirely devoted to the fiscal controversy, a letter recently appeared asking for assistance to trace the origin of the saying "Πόλιν μὲν ὕδαρ." The Editor, greatly daring, has hazarded the surmise that the author was PINDAR. If these things are done in the days of inquiry, we may fairly look forward during the "big fight" to correspondence something in the style of the following.]

October 10, 1903.

To the Editor of the "*Spectator*."

DEAR SIR,—May I invoke the assistance of the readers of your valued journal to enable me to trace the following quotations :

- (1) *Arma virumque cano.*
- (2) *Τένυμαι, τέτυμαι, τέτυμαι.*
- (3) "POLLY put the kettle on,
And we'll all have tea."

I am, Sir, &c.,

RUSTICUS EXPECTANS.

[We believe the first quotation is from OVID. We are unable to trace the second or third.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

October 17, 1903.

To the Editor of the "*Spectator*."

DEAR SIR,—The first quotation is not from OVID, as you state in your otherwise able Editorial note, but from VIRGIL. Your readers may be interested to learn that it forms part of the first line of the first book of the epic called the *Æneid*, which is devoted to celebrating the exploits of the Trojan hero *Æneas*, a free lance and possibly a Free Trader, who, after many adventures, landed on the coast of Italy and founded the city of Rome. It may be freely rendered "Arms and the man I sing." I may add, however, that DUDELSACK regards *virum* as the contracted form of the genitive plural *virorum*, which should then be translated "I sing of the men, etc." By the way, has anyone noticed the curious parallelism between the career of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and that of *pious Æneas*? They both visited Africa, and the Trojan hero's desertion of *Dido* bears a close resemblance to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S severance from the Liberal Party in 1886.

I am, Sir, faithfully yours,

OPEN MIND.

DEAR SIR,—I have succeeded in tracing the obscure Greek passage, given in your correspondent's letter, to an anonymous author of the best period of Attic Greek quoted by the eminent grammarian BOPP in his celebrated anthology of paradigms. The meaning is a little difficult to follow, but it apparently signifies that the speaker and his interlocutor have both "been struck." But the bearing of the words on the doctrine of Retaliation is sufficiently obvious. "If you strike me I will strike you back" may serve as a fair paraphrase. Greek is a very remarkable language, and to this day is spoken in a corrupt form in parts of the Levant. My grandfather, a man of iron constitution, used to recite the entire passage of which the words quoted are a fragment, and I shall never forget the poignant emphasis which he used to throw into the peroration *τέτυμαι, τετυμμένος*. The ancient Greeks, it may be mentioned, lost their supremacy in the effort to protect themselves from the Macedonians. Had they been Free Traders their empire might have survived to this day.

I am, Sir, faithfully yours,

BENTLEY PORSON.

P.S.—I re-open my letter to add a singular instance of premonition attested by contemporary documentary evidence. My great-grandfather, who won the hop, step, and jump for Cambridge in the year of the Reform Bill, dreamed one night that he had been made a King. The following day he had to visit his dentist, and when asked what he proposed to do the dentist replied, "I must put a crown on one of your back teeth." Comment is needless. What makes the incident all the more remarkable is that the dentist was an American.

[We heartily congratulate our correspondent, Mr. BENTLEY PORSON, on



G. STAMP

THE NEW SQUIRE.

Farmer. "WELL, GILES, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF HIM?"

Giles. "I RECKON HE'S ALLERS IN AT MEAL-TIMES, SIR!"

his masterly and luminous contribution to the fiscal controversy.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

October 24th.

To the Editor of the "*Spectator*."

DEAR SIR,—I think I can appease the curiosity of your correspondent as to the origin, if not the authorship, of the couplet "POLLY put the kettle on, And we'll all have tea." When I was an undergraduate at Balliol in the "sixties" I often heard the Master quote these lines to put shy freshmen at their ease at his hospitable breakfast-table. They had their origin, as I have always understood, in the reduction of the tax on "China's fragrant herb" by Mr. GLADSTONE and the consequent gratitude of the community, the authorship being credibly assigned to BOB LOWE, who, like all albinos, never refused tea at any hour of the twenty-four. That weakness, if it is a weakness, I confess that I have always shared, and no doubt the further reduction of the tax on tea is by far the most attractive feature in Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S otherwise highly disputable scheme.

Curiously enough my father's favourite setter, whose name was *Joe*, was not only extremely fond of tea, but would sip it leisurely from a long spoon which we had made specially for the purpose. When I went to Winchester *Joe* would not take any food for sixteen days, and was only saved from suicide by hypodermic injections of BRAND'S essence of beef. With Mr. BRAND, the Speaker, my family were also on excellent terms, and a cousin of his, "Monkey" BRAND we called him, was my fag at Winchester. Of his charm and versatility I could give you many engaging examples, "did grief allow," as HORACE says, but I have already trespassed too far on your hospitable columns.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

LIONEL LONGMIRE.

[We are deeply grateful for our correspondent's courteous but scathing analysis of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S fiscal fallacies, which are now so completely exploded that we can print no more letters on the subject.—Ed. *Spectator*.]



THE HARMONY OF THE PROCEEDINGS.

SCENE—A Fancy Bazaar and Fête.

Miss Gush (arriving late, to Hon. Secretary). "HOW DO YOU DO? I'M SO GLAD I'VE ARRIVED IN TIME TO SEE THE SHAM FIGHT!"

Hon. Secretary (with hauteur). "I DON'T KNOW OF ANY SHAM FIGHT IN THE PROGRAMME. THIS IS THE MUSICAL RIDE, BY MEMBERS OF THE TENNIS CLUB IN FANCY DRESS."

THE NEXT CHAPTER.

"[There is at least one reproach from which our novelists have cleared themselves, namely, the inaccuracy with which they treated the simplest facts of science. Indeed, the opposite danger—that of over-indulgence in technicalities—is one into which they seem more likely to fall.]—*A Medical Journal*, Aug. 15.]

"It is cooler now that the sun has set," said AMARYLLIS. "Let us take a walk along the beach."

"Inasmuch as physical exercise," replied STREPHON, "provided that it is indulged in without excess, is calculated to stimulate cerebral activity, I am not disinclined to accede to your proposal. But it is with considerable regret that I hear you employ that vulgarism which speaks of the sun's 'setting.' Granted that the occultation of the solar disc may appear, to an ignorant observer—"

"Oh, bother!" cried AMARYLLIS. "Put on your hat and look sharp!"

"With pleasure. But your ultimate syllable suggests a curious philological enquiry. Why *sharp*? In what sense can a less hasty movement be characterised as blunt? In the word acute, from *acus*, a needle, there is a cognate

idea, possibly derived—To impel me with such momentum down the steps, AMARYLLIS, was an ill-conditioned act. The steps are steep, and the danger to limb (if not life) considerable, when you bear in mind the force of gravity which—"

"Oh!" cried AMARYLLIS, "I know all about the force of gravity, thank you—having talked to you for twenty chapters, or thereabouts! Do you know we're nearly at the end of the book, and the story hasn't *begun* yet! You've done nothing but gas and gas!"

"My absorption of oxygen and emission of carbon dioxide is strictly normal, I assure you. But will you tell me—in language of scientific accuracy—what you wish me to do?"

"Do?—why, do anything—except talk! You're the hero of this novel, so far as it's got a hero, and I'm the heroine. Consequently, we must get engaged before the end. And there must be some incident first!"

"Personally," retorted STREPHON, "I am perfectly willing to become engaged to you. But I must stipulate for the entire absence of any cardiac trouble in

the process. Yes, my AMARYLLIS—if you will permit the conventional but metaphorical use of the possessive pronoun—we will be married. Thereafter our life will be uniformly happy. At 7 A.M. we shall breakfast on distilled water and oatmeal. From 8 to 1 I shall lecture to you on history, ethnography, and the formation of the rarer *Diatomaceae*. At 1 we shall lunch on medicated meat-tablets and lime-juice. From 2 to 5 we shall roam the fields, and find therein abundant materials for whole pages of scientific talk. And at 5—"

"At 5," said AMARYLLIS, with much determination, "at 5 I shall kill myself."

SIR THOMAS LIPTON's first race, on Thursday last, was spoilt "for want of wind!"—a commodity that he never should have any difficulty in raising.

TOLD BY A LITTLE BIRD?—"From an aviary (*sic*) at Walthamstow," says the *Daily Express*, "honey is reported as exceedingly scarce this year." We hope there will be no similar shortage in pigeons' milk.



HEDGING.

JOE (re-considering). "P'RAPS IT WERE A BIT TOO THICK. MUST KEEP THE COUNTRY IN VIEW!"

PASSIVE RESISTANCE IN SOMALILAND.

(From the "Daily Desert News" of April 1, 1925.)

At the Police Court, Bohotle, before Sheikh ANSON, Stipendiary Magistrate, a number of ratepayers were summoned for non-payment of rates. It was agreed to take proceedings against Dr. M. MULLAH, B.D., as a test case.

Colonel WALKER, of the Camel Corps, Deputy Rate-Collector for the District, deposed that it was with considerable difficulty that he found Dr. MULLAH at his temporary residence in the Bobagob Oasis and presented the rate-paper. The rate amounted to fourteen rolls of brass wire and two pounds of beads. The defendant told witness that whilst he had no objection to Well Digging, Camel Burying, or Sand Devil Controlling and Desert Watering Rates, yet he must object to paying the whole of the Education Rate, as some part of it was devoted to the teaching of monogamy, to which he, as a sincere polygamist, had a conscientious objection. Defendant tendered in part payment fourteen rolls of brass wire and a pound and a-half of beads, which witness declined to accept.

Dr. MULLAH's appearance in the dock was greeted with loud shouts of "Maloos, kerjug, waugh," from sympathisers in Court.

The Magistrate ordered the Court to be cleared with the bayonet, and asked the defendant what he had to say.

Dr. MULLAH raised the preliminary objection that the notification of the levying of the rate had not been duly posted on the mosque doors.

The Deputy Rate Collector explained that this was due to the fact that there were no mosques in Somaliland, and the Magistrate overruled the objection.

Dr. MULLAH observed that he was delighted his preliminary objection had been overruled, as now the matter could be fought on the grounds of principle. Dr. MULLAH then proceeded to give a history of Somaliland prior to the flood to show that in those days polygamy was the normal state of mankind.

The Magistrate requested him to confine himself to the point at issue.

Dr. MULLAH replied that he was aware that the voice of truth was always disagreeable to official ears, but could the Magistrate deny that the Caliph HENRY, the leader of the English Reformation, was a polygamist, or that the golden-mouthed poet MILTON was a polygamist, or that the great religious leader MULLAH BRIGHAM YOUNG was a polygamist.

The Magistrate said that he declined to enter into any such questions.

Dr. MULLAH replied that he fully appreciated the Magistrate's wise discretion, for, with all respect to the



THE GREAT RACE. SPECIAL EDITION!

Barking Creek.

Owner of the Challenger. "ERE, BILLY, AN'T IT SICK'NIN'! I'VE BIN AN' GIV' JOE SMIVVERS TUPPENCE FOR 'IS FARVER'S OLD TROWERS, 'COS 'E SAID AS I'D WALK AWAY IN A LIGHT WIND, AND NAOW LOOK AT 'EM A-FLAPPIN'!"

Mudlark II. "NEVER MOIND, OLD MAN! SUPPOSE YER TRY THIS YERE 'BIBY-JIB-TOPS' I.E. THAT MOIGHT KETCH IT."

Bench, if Sheikh ANSON had dared to discuss the question, he would so have put him down by argument—

The Magistrate, interrupting—"Have you any further legal point to raise?"

Dr. MULLAH, emphatically, "I have to say, with all respect to the Bench, that I am a much married man. I have fourteen wives and a hundred and thirty odd children. Am I to pay rates to have my children taught that their father is a grossly immoral man? Would the magistrate feed his own children on milk from a sickly camel? How much more is it repulsive to me that my children should imbibe false and immoral doctrine? The black shadow of the monogamist has fallen upon our schools. I take my stand, and in the light of heaven say solemnly, firmly, and even reverently, that I will not pay this Rate."

When the war-dance in Court was over, the Magistrate made the usual order for distress to be levied.

Addressing a large meeting of sympathisers outside, Dr. MULLAH spoke strongly on the necessity of kindness to auctioneers. He particularly deprecated the common practice of skinning them alive before roasting them, as being likely to bring discredit on the noble cause of polygamy.

"Dual Personalities."

You're an idiot.
You're another.

"RADIUM" wishes it to be distinctly understood that he can throw no light on the present political situation. He adds that there is no affinity between him and TIM HELIUM, M.P.

THE HIGH-MINDED HOUSEMAID.

The mistress of the house smiled happily. For three months she had sought in vain for a lady-help who could do a little plain cooking. And now, at last, the treasure was found. She was of good appearance and well educated; references were quite satisfactory; beer-money had never even been mentioned; and the wages offered had been accepted without demur.

But although the interview was apparently ended, the treasure seemed in no hurry to depart. She leant easily back in the chair she had been invited to take, and produced a newspaper cutting.

"Perhaps, Madam," she said, "you will kindly listen to this extract from the speech of a worthy Cincinnati pastor to his Housemaids' Club. 'You young women,' he says, 'occupy, next to wives and mothers, the most influential position in the Social System. To a degree impossible of exaggeration you have the destinies of the household in your hands. You can turn a home into a heaven or a hell. You can drive a mother to distraction, a father to drink, and little children to crime.'"

"Yes?" murmured the astonished mistress, her happy smile slowly fading.

"Since reading those stirring words I have taken a very serious view of my position. I have no wish, Madam, to drive you to distraction and your husband to drink. I want to teach you both to appreciate the beauties of the Higher Life and a happy home."

"That is really very kind of you!"

"Not at all! I only seek, in the language of the divine, 'to measure my opportunities, and meet my responsibilities.' And all that I desire in return is to claim 'my inheritance to a position of respect and honour.'"

"Am I to understand by that that you want me to call you Miss, and my husband to clean your boots?"

"That is as you please, Madam. I have no objection to you calling me CYNTHIA without the prefix. And as for the boots, work is always dignified. There is nothing unseemly in the association of blacking and self-respect! Don't you agree with me?"

"Oh, yes. I suppose so." She yawned slightly, but the treasure did not move.

"Spare me a few more moments," she pleaded. "It is imperative that we should understand each other. The reverend gentleman goes on to say that we must 'learn to make a fine Art of cooking and sweeping—'"

"I hope," interrupted her mistress, "that you do not intend to carry out your duties on Impressionist lines—slap-dash work?"

"Pardon me! He continues, 'You

must recognise that in the eyes of all men openly, and in those of all women furtively, a perfect pie is a poem, and a perfect cook an artist.' Now, although on behalf of my sex I object to the cynical cruelty of that 'furtively,' I must confess that this discovery of the poetry of the kitchen appeals very strongly to me."

"And you intend, I presume, to send up a beef-steak pudding as a symphony in C minor, and a roast fowl as a song without words?"

"Exactly, Madam. You take me so readily that I am sure we shall get on well together."

"Ah! You must forgive me for saying that I do not think we shall. There is not room, I am afraid, for one of your American pastor's 'high-minded and respectable housemaids' in this house! You are to understand, please, that I cancel your engagement!"

"On the usual terms, Madam?"

"I do not follow you."

"A month's salary in lieu of notice," explained the treasure sweetly.

She got it.

AN IDLE HOLIDAY.

[The imagination of the poet here rises above the sordid facts of actual experience. The present month of August is, of course, quite different from his account of it.]

WHEN the days are bright and hot,

In the month of August,

When the sunny hours are not

Marred by any raw gust,

Then I turn from toil with glee,

Sing a careless canto,

And to somewhere by the sea

Carry my portmanteau.

Shall I, dreaming on the sand,

Pleased with all things finite,

Envy JONES who travels and

Climbs an Apennine height—

Climbs a rugged peak with pain,

Literally speaking,

Only to descend again

Fagged with pleasure-seeking?

SMITH, who, worn with labour, went

Off for rest and leisure,

Races round the Continent

In pursuit of pleasure:

Having lunched at Bâle, he will

At Lucerne his tea take,

Riding till he's faint and ill,

Tramping till his feet ache.

Shall I, dreaming thus at home,

Left ashore behind here,

Envy restless men who roam

Seeking what I find here?

Since beside my native sea,

Where I sit to woo it,

Pleasure always comes to me,

Why should I pursue it?

PHYSICAL EXERCISE FOR WOMEN.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am sure you will agree with me that it's very hard in our village to move with the times. Last month I was reading an article in the *Strand Magazine* on Physical Training for Women, and I privately resolved to try the effect of the exercises on my own muscles, which I felt sure must be exceedingly flabby. Full of zeal I retired to my bedroom to begin the correct training of the "walking muscles" without further delay.

Following the directions, I brought up my right knee, pointed my foot downwards, stretched it out as far as it would go, counted twenty—in spite of considerable suffering—and returned it to its original position. This I repeated first three times with one leg, then three times with the other, then three times with both legs together. I admit I fell about a good deal, particularly during the last portion of the exercise, which is difficult for an amateur; and I fancied once or twice I heard movements on the stairs, but was too interested in my own to pay much heed.

Next came the breathing exercises, and gratefully I lay on my back on the bare floor, and, following the instructions, I "relaxed the body and freed the face from any look of anxiety"—or tried to; took a quick inspiration through the nostrils, expanded the chest, counted sixty, opened the mouth and gave a violent expiration.

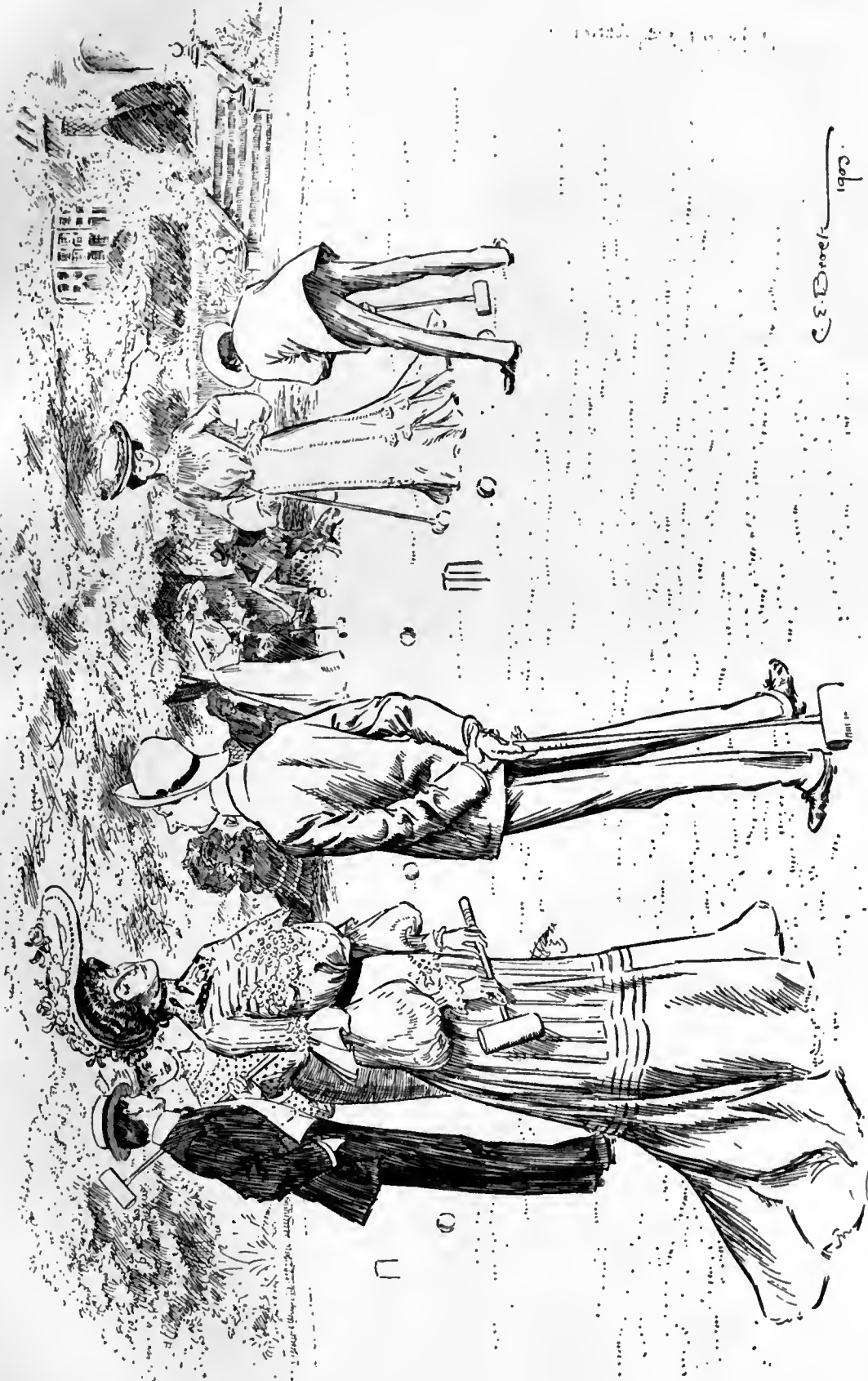
I was expiring violently for the third time when the door was flung open and Mamma, followed by Miss PORTER and the cook, rushed into the room. Mamma screamed, and flinging herself on my panting body burst the buttons of my best blouse before I could stop her, while the other two seized my arms and legs and heaved me onto the bed. Stiff and strained by the first exercise, breathless and exhausted by the second, I was a toy in their hands.

At last I managed to gasp, "Let me alone. I was only expiring violently." Mamma sobbed out, "Poor child! She knows, then; she is conscious;" and when I laughed, with tears of rage coursing down my cheeks, Miss PORTER—who never liked me—threw a jug of water over my face and began slapping me as hard as she could.

No wonder the doctor found me in a state of nervous collapse. He looked grave, alluded to another case of hysteria in the village, and wouldn't let me go to the picnic. Are you surprised, dear Mr. Punch, that now I shudder at the thought of physical exercise for women, and let my muscles just go their own way?

Always yours affectionately,

DISHEARTENED DAISY.



SO READY!

Snooks (coming out conversationally). "I THINK THAT EVERY WOMAN WHO IS NOT OUT-AND-OUT PLAIN CONSIDERS HERSELF A BEAUTY."
Miss Rinkle. "DOES THAT INCLUDE ME?"
Snooks. "OH, OF COURSE NOT!"

THE THEATRICAL "PAR" OF THE FUTURE.

["MR. JAMES WELCH, whose bulldog and monkey in 'Glittering Gloria' have created so much interest, has been approached by a female dramatist, who wrote him the other day offering him a four-act comedy, and saying, 'There is a performing bear in it which, I think, might catch on.'"—*The Era*.]

THE most striking feature in the revival of *Antony and Cleopatra* at His Majesty's is undoubtedly the educated crocodile, a small part for which has been written into the piece. This creature brings down the house with nearly every sweep of his tail, and is certainly an artist, although old-fashioned critics persist in calling him a saurian.

Owing to the *abandon* with which the intelligent cockatoo in *Robinson Crusoe* at the Lane plays the scene in which his jealousy of *Man Friday* is portrayed, the Management have considerable difficulty in finding an actor who will play the last-named character for more than one night. The dancing camel which now figures in *The Forty Thieves* at the New Gaiety has also, we understand, got the—that is to say, taken offence at some criticism passed upon his terpsichorean accomplishments by the lady who plays *Morgiana*. He considers her remarks due to jealousy, and, of course, there can be no doubt nowadays—whatever might have been the case five years ago—which of the two the public really go to see.

Additional point has been given to the revised version of *The Admirable Crichton* by the introduction of a dozen large snakes into the island. The butler-hero, though with no more previous experience of the business than he has in electrical engineering, immediately charms them, and impresses them into his service as district messengers.

MR. PUNCH'S SPECTRAL ANALYSES.

III.—A GHOSTLY CAUSE CÉLÈBRE.

"ARE you, may I ask," said my fellow-traveller, as the express rattled through a station, "a man of reasonably strong nerves?"

"More or less," I said.

"Then it will possibly interest rather than alarm you to learn that I am a ghost."

I looked at him carefully. There was nothing in his appearance to indicate the spectre.

"Excuse my apparent incredulity," I said, "but, if what you say is correct, this umbrella should pass through you. May I make the experiment?"

"Certainly. Certainly."

I executed a thrust in tierce at the third button of his waistcoat. The

ferule struck sharply against the cushion at his back. I apologised.

"Don't mention it," he said with that charming courtliness which I have so frequently noticed in ghosts, "Pray don't mention it. There is a great deal of deceit everywhere nowadays, and we spectres have our full share of it. There was that case of—but I shall bore you with my yarns. What do you think of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S Fiscal Manœuvres?"

I begged him to continue his story.

"The case I refer to was that of No. 804 Holborn *versus* No. 1263 Avenue. Perhaps you know that we use telegraphic numbers? You do? Precisely. This case, which formed our only topic of conversation in the Back of Beyond while it was in progress, was connected with Rigby-Digby Manor in Shropshire, near Bridgnorth. You know the place? Fine old Elizabethan mansion, offering all sorts of possibilities for artistic effects to whoever was lucky enough to get the haunting of it. For the last two hundred years or so the post had been held by a steady old fellow who died in the reign of JAMES THE SECOND. He was a good, sound haunter, and did very well in the unsophisticated times when people lit their houses by candles. But when the lord of the manor put in the electric light, it became quite plain that a change was wanted. A spectre more in the movement must be appointed. Efficiency is our watchword at the Back of Beyond.

"Well, after some consultation the authorities decided on No. 1263 Avenue, a fine young fellow of good family, who had only just joined us. So his predecessor was pensioned off, and he took over the post. The step proved brilliantly successful. Within a week he had scared every single person out of the house, with the exception of an old servant who acted as caretaker. She owed her immunity to the fact that she was stoned deaf, and so proof against No. 1263's best efforts, which were of such a nature as to appeal to the ear more than to the eye. We now come to No. 804 Holborn's share in the business. Just as No. 1263 Avenue's fame was at its height, and there was some talk of a public testimonial, a formal petition was lodged by No. 804 for restitution of property. You can imagine the sensation it caused! His claim was that he had been a member of the RIGBY-DIGBY family, and had actually been murdered in the manor. Such a claim, of course, if proved, would have been conclusive. If a ghost has been murdered in a house belonging to his own family, he is naturally offered the haunting of that house before all other applicants. The Rigby-Digby claimant, as No. 804 was called, did his best to prove his claim.

RHADAMANTHUS tried the case, and at the end of the first week it seemed pretty clear that No. 804 *had* been murdered, and in that house. The only question that remained to be solved was whether he was a member of the family."

"And how did it end?"

"I will tell you. All this time, you must remember, No. 1263 had continued to haunt the manor. And at last—with what must have been a supreme effort—he contrived to attract the old servant's attention, and before long to scare her to death. The news sent a thrill of excitement through Society. Here at last was a reliable witness. Directly she stepped off Charon's boat she was subpoena'd. And what do you think she said? Why, that No. 804 was a base impostor! He was no more a RIGBY-DIGBY than I am. He had been an under-footman at the Manor, and had been killed one morning in the library by a volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* falling on his head from a top shelf. What happened to him when he was found out? Fourteen years in Tartarus, of course. What do *you* think? Queer story, isn't it?"

At this moment the guard came to inspect our tickets, and my companion vanished.

THE INCOMPLETE YACHTSMAN.

UNTIL we remembered what a nautical fellow he was we failed to recognize him. On the spur of the moment we had run down to the seaside for the week-end, little thinking to meet anyone we knew. The man in the smart white-covered yachting cap, pacing a short length of pier to and fro sentry-wise, was not much like CHARLIE—the CHARLIE we were acquainted with in the far-inland town we hailed from. But it was CHARLIE, bronzed, and with a new and curious gait, and we were glad. Often during the winter months had he thrilled us with his maritime experiences. We had not always understood his language, but that only made his yarns the more impressive. And now, meeting two of his most attentive auditors in this unexpected way, we felt sure he would be obliged to take us for a sail. So we shook hands with him, and supposed he was yachting.

"M, yes," he said. He could not very well have said anything else in those clothes.

"Where's your boat?" we enquired. We heard a good deal of this boat—during the winter months.

"You can't see her from here," replied CHARLIE, glancing up at the Métropole on the cliff.

We were sorry. We wanted to see a craft that had been the heroine, so to speak, of innumerable adventures. The

hero stood before us. We expressed a polite hope that she had not been wrecked at last.

"What brings you fellows down here?" asked CHARLIE abruptly.

We explained that our arrival was the purest accident, tempered by a love of the sea that we had not had time to dress up to. "It is just the morning for a sail," we added, watching the freshening breeze covering the bay with little white horses.

CHARLIE said it was, and relapsed into silence. It was evidently very difficult to get alongside his boat, but we made another effort. "We suppose," we said, "you can hardly be expected to know whether it is possible to hire a sailing-boat for an hour or so." Surely he would never hear of our doing such a thing.

But CHARLIE, quite unmoved, said he believed boats could be hired at most seaside places.

"In that case," we remarked, "we go seal-faring. Frankly, we do not care for the public maritime conveyance, hired by the hour, but it appears there is no alternative." We paused for a reply. CHARLIE made none. "We, too," we continued, "though you might not think it to look at us, have the blood of vikings in our veins. As you have been so very kind and communicative, we will even make further disclosures to you. Our love of the sea is as yet unspoiled by much familiarity. Therefore, if you would give us the honour of your company——"

It was like asking an Admiral to take charge of a penny steamer. It was also, we hoped, coals of fire. CHARLIE, as well he might, hesitated to accept our invitation. He looked long at the lively little white horses, doubtless deeming them contemptible creatures compared with the ocean surges to which he was accustomed.

"We are aware," we said, "that you are more at home in vessels of larger capacity and greater sea-going power——"

"I'll go with you," interrupted CHARLIE, almost snappishly.

Three minutes later we were seated in a small sailing-boat belonging to one of the ancient mariners who had been listening in a circle throughout our conversation.

"Don't you want the man to come too?" asked CHARLIE, holding on to the pier-steps.

"We have every confidence in you," we answered.

It was beautiful to see the modesty with which he met our insistence that he should take control; but at last he consented, and we lit our pipes and prepared to pick up wrinkles in the art of boat sailing. The sea was



AN EVIDENT DANGER.

Mrs. Round-About. "BUT DON'T YOU THINK THIS 'CLINGING STYLE' WOULD MAKE ME LOOK SO DREADFULLY EMACIATED!"

decidedly choppy. By-and-by the little white horses began to prance lightly over the weather bow. We had quite old clothes on, and did not mind getting wet, but we were sorry for CHARLIE's immaculate serge suit. So was he.

Twice he let the tiller go in order to wipe his knees with his pocket-handkerchief, and each time the boat flew up into the wind and stopped there for some minutes. As for us, we sat upon the floor, out of harm's way, and watched the boom hitting CHARLIE first on one side of the head and then on the other.

His stoicism was wonderful. He no longer spoke to us. His eyes looked over our heads, full of unutterable foreknowledge. The colour of his cheeks had changed from the brown hue of some kinds of bronze to the rich green of others. Presently, without a word, he turned his back upon us and leaned over the stern. As far as we could

judge, he appeared to be trying to unship the rudder. As this was a manoeuvre new to us whilst a boat was under sail, we were intensely interested. We rose to watch. One of us placed a hand on CHARLIE's shoulder. He groaned. He had lost—well, he had lost his beautiful cap.

"If you love me," said he, "put me ashore on the beach." We had headed the boat back to the pier.

"Too much surf on the beach," we answered; "the band is playing on the pier. Do you good."

Again he groaned. And indeed, when we approached it, the pier laughed a good deal. But there are frivolous people on piers, and of course they did not know that CHARLIE's reputation as a tar had been built up on his own familiar boat, whereas the present craft was of a design to which he was not accustomed.

THE AMATEUR HISTRION.

(A Compleat Guide to Country House Theatricals.)

II.—TO SELECT AND CAST A PLAY.

REMEMBER, my dear lady, that any play is possible to any company of amateurs. One of the great advantages the amateur possesses over the hide-bound professional is a marvellous adaptability. For instance, a duchess may wear her tiara and all her jewels as *Polly* in *Caste*, and it is not the least incongruous for a twelve-stone society lady to play the starving girl in *Judah*.

This gives you a wide scope. You will probably commence by choosing some recent London success, partly because the name will occur to you easily, and partly because when you saw the play you thought how much better you could have played the leading part than the professional to whom it was entrusted.

Your husband or some other unenterprising person will think it impossible to mount *Dante* in your entrance hall, whereas blue paper cut jagged would have made splendid ice, and the butler, who is very clever and handy, would easily have knocked together fiery graves out of biscuit boxes.

When you are thwarted in your first suggestion, say at once, "I suppose then we must do *Ici on Parle Français* or *Dearest Mamma*, or some other silly old thing," and take no further interest in the matter for at least six hours. Remember always that you are a leading lady, and that it is one of the proofs of the artistic temperament to be difficile.

Inspiration as to the right play may come quite suddenly. Some one may say at dinner, "Why, in *Mrs. Gorrings's Necklace* you could use your big diamonds and wear your turquoises as well," and then the whole matter will come clear, and you will practically have settled everything by dessert.

If a happy inspiration of this kind does not come to you, put a postscript to all the notes you write, "We are going to have theatricals here next month. Do suggest something that will suit us. I am in despair."

Perhaps you may find an old play-book lying about, or somebody may remember the names of the comedies which PINERO and ROBERTSON have written, and these of course would be just the cheery sort of thing for an amateur show; but in any case someone, probably the governess, will decide on some play, and so long as there is some delightful character for you in it, what does it matter what the setting is?

You will have difficulties with the horrid people who own most of the plays, and who print frightening things



IN THE SHADE OF AMARYLLIS.

(In a quite recently planted Suburban Park.)

on the outside of play-books, couched in the same truculent style as that of the notices in railway stations about people riding in first-class carriages with third-class tickets, and cutting the cushions and that sort of thing. I have known ladies who had to send five pounds to London for a "prompt book," which, when it arrived, was only the same as an ordinary book, with unintelligible things about "battens" and "orange limes," and "floats," and O P and L U E mixed up with the conversation. If the play you select is not in any list, you can find out the author's address from *Who's Who*, and write him a little note asking him to send you a copy and to forego his fees because you are thinking of having your theatricals for a charity. Authors, however, are either poor undecided sort of people, who always seem to have left all their business affairs to their agents, and never mention who those agents are, or else are vitriolically impertinent, declining to be the one person connected with the performance who really subscribes anything to the charity, and refusing to entrust their work to amateurs.

The "casting" of the play, when selected, is quite a simple affair. You, of course, have the best character, and you have settled long ago who is to be the fortunate man who is to be allowed to make stage love to you. After that the rest does not matter much. It is not a bad plan to give the first man who comes to stay at the house the

longest part; for he will have more time to learn it than the others. So long, however, as there are enough brown-paper-covered books to go round, you need not trouble yourself any further. Your company are sure to squabble over the parts, and then they can swap, and go on swapping till everyone is pleased, and when anyone tries to say anything ill-natured to you, refer him or her to the gentleman you will have appointed Manager. It is his business to keep the peace.

AN OLD HAND.

THEOCRITICAL.

AS STREPHON with idyllic toot
Inspired the light Sicilian flute,
And PHYLLIS touch'd an answering lute,
Arcades ambo,

A third performer, black of face,
With swallow-tails and banjo-case,
Dispelled their eclogue with a bass
"Ark at dese, SAMBO!"

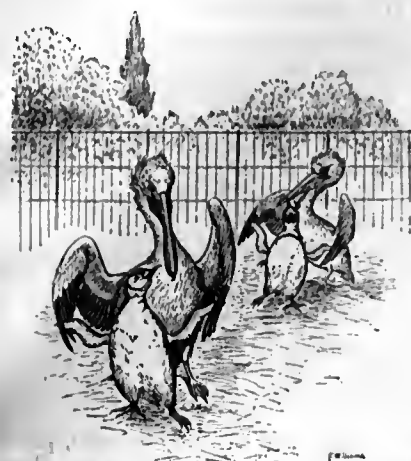
AN INDEFINITE ARTICLE—OF COSTUME.—
In a notice of a recent wedding the reporter, "dropping into poetry," described how

"The bride went away
In a dress of pale grey,

silk voile trimmed with lace, and a tulle hat to match," all, presumably, her own property, but the fact is questionable, as it is not distinctly stated, nor can it be so implied, owing to the use of the indefinite article.

TERPSICHORE AT THE ZOO.

It is suggested that the birds in the Zoological Gardens should learn to dance. Such an innovation would certainly prove a great attraction, and should materially assist the Society in raising the necessary funds for the enlargement of the animals' cages.



"Washington Post," by the Pelicans and Penguins.



"Pas seul," by the Heron.

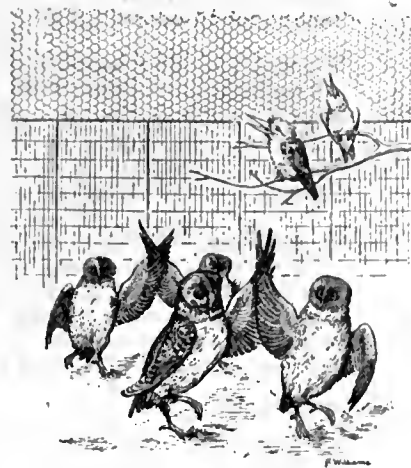


The Grand Cake-walk.

These dancing lessons will be given aviary morning: hours not yet settled, nor in which wing of the building they will take place. A sand-piper has been engaged to accompany the preliminary steps, and it is understood that terms will be made with the celebrated "Horned Owl Quartette." All applications for permission to join the Terpsichorean classes must be sent in to the Secretary Bird at his office, when they will be immediately considered.



The Penguins' Waltz.



The Barn (Owl) Dance.

DE SENECTUTE.

[A ladies' paper in a recent issue condemns that "quaint middle-class idea that one should 'sober down' after marriage. . . . Never—never ought any human being to sober down and lose the zest and pleasure and fun that might be theirs in life."]

Too long have we beheld endure
The vicious, obsolete tradition
Which banned in folk of age mature
The slightest mental ebullition;
But now at last we joy to see—
Thanks to the preaching of the papers—
Octogenarian elders free
To cut the most audacious capers.

'Tis well to lead a strenuous life
Up to the tenth or dozenth lustre,
But then, for man and maid and wife,
Arrives the time to go a "buster";
Then should we fling aside restraint,
Then plunge into the gay cotillion,
And strive unflinchingly to paint
The town and environs vermillion.

However pedagogues may frown
And view such dicta with disfavour,
The folk who never sober down
Confer on life its saltiest savour.

The grandmother who wears a cap
Incurs her family's displeasure;
But if she sets a booby-trap
And wears a fringe, she is a treasure.

SHAKESPEARE pronounced, one must admit,
Grey hairs in jesters unbecoming;
But such a creed is all unfit
To keep the universe a-humming.
The onset of old age affrights
Only the dolt who scorns to frivol,
Not him who dares to scale the heights
Of unadulterated drivel.

"CHERCHEZ LA FEMME" writes:—At this moment (Friday, 3 P.M.) I have just seen side by side the posters of two of our popular mediums for the dissemination of truth. They ran, or rather leaned against a wall, as follows:

STAR.

MISSING

LADY DOCTOR

FOUND.

EVENING NEWS.

MISSING

LADY DOCTOR
SEARCH STILL

A FAILURE.

"A TIMID INQUIRER" wants to know what Mr. CHAMBERLAIN means by keeping this food tax hanging over our heads like the sword of Monocles.

SAMSON AMONG THE PHILISTINES.

[Dedicated affectionately by the author to his friend Mr. G. S. STREET, who recently wrote a protracted letter to the *Times* entitled "Reflections Round About," in which he pictured Great Britain bereft of her Empire through a fatuous addiction to Free Trade, and finally reduced to a condition of so-called "*Indépendance Belge*." He warned the nation that she would be compelled to support a tolerated existence by ministering, even more than at present, to the tastes of Semitic and immigrant Anglo-Saxon millionaires.]

WHEN Britain, who at Heaven's behest
Emerged, like Venus, from the main,
While guardian angels, by request,
Conspired to sing a pompous strain,
Inviting her to regulate the sea,
And have her offspring permanently free—

When she, whose maritime aplomb
Once made the nations seem as fools,
Persists in drawing unction from
The fetish carved by COBDEN's tools,
Building the hope of her immortal soul on
That dismally discredited *eidolon*—

When she, within whose bounteous shade
Two hemispheres were wont to brood,
Shall see her bosky foliage fade,
Her branches nipped, her timbers nude,
And from a forest queen, maternal, stout,
Becomes a sort of skimpy Brussels sprout—

Be it not said that none was nigh
To warn her what should be her fate!
One aquiline and instant eye
Shrewdly perceived her rotten state;
One manly voice was raised in righteous heat;
That voice, that eye, belonged to Mr. STREET!

'Twas he addressed the *Times*, and wrote
At some considerable length,
Bidding a reckless public note
The germs that undermined its strength;
His treatise, partly salient, partly solemn,
Excelled the normal by about a column.

He saw, by simply glancing round,
How England's unprotected wares
Doomed her to be the dumping-ground
Of monstrous alien millionaires,
And like a seedy parasite to batten
Upon the lusts of Jewry or Manhattan.

Concerned about our failing health,
He had already marked with pain
The tendency of foreign wealth
To brutalise the virile brain
Of natives who originally skirted
All such decoys with flaming eyes averted.

Pray Heaven our Press may still be proof
Against the snares within our gates,
And stand impregnable aloof
From strange exotic Syndicates!
Ay, though elsewhere our honour downward climbs,
Still may a CATO's hand conduct the *Times*!

Frankly I cannot bear to think
That he who wrote yon strenuous lines
Should ultimately go and sink
To making sport for Philistines;
I should object to see that kind of feat
Performed by SAMSON AGONISTES STREET.

O. S.

"THE MARKISS."

WHAT time of late a sorrowing nation watched by the chair
in which the Master of Hatfield sat awaiting the kindly touch
of Death, summoning him to well-earned rest, there came
back to memory the verse of a little-known poet. It is
called "Winter Nightfall," and describes the drooping day,
the hazy darkness deepening up the lane, lowering smoke
lost in the lowering sky, the soaking branches dripping all
night, a dropping that will not cease:

"A tall man there in the house
Must keep his chair;
He knows he will never again
Breathe the spring air.
He thinks of his morn of life,
His hale, strong years;
And braves as he may the night
Of darkness and tears."

When Lord SALISBURY, resigning the Premiership, practically retired from public life, a gap was made in the House of Lords no living man might fill. Only once has he returned to the scene of memorable labour. He came with the rest of the cloaked Peers to pay homage to King EDWARD THE SEVENTH when first he seated himself on the throne which he had long regarded from the point of view of the Cross Benches. There was hope that the ex-Premier would, from time to time, still give the House and the country the advantage of his sagacious counsel, the pleasure of listening to his brilliant speech. But, like the other tall man in another chair, "his heart was worn with work." He was sick of the sometimes mean rivalry of political life, and felt he had earned his leisure.

In a manner unique Lord SALISBURY had the faculty of standing apart from his fellow men, regarding them and appraising them as if he himself did not belong to the *genus*. It was as if a man from Mars had visited our planet, studying its pigmy population with amused, on the whole, scornful interest. With one exception he was the only statesman who never bent the knee to the Baal known in political chatter as The Man in the Street. The exception is, of course, the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, who had further kinship with the Marquis in respect of absolute freedom from desire to get anything for himself out of the game of politics. Intellectually and morally—this latter more precious because more rare—Lord SALISBURY uplifted and maintained at high level the standard of English public life. He was a man whom foreigners, equally with his own countrymen, unreservedly trusted, because of a personal quality worth the whole armoury of diplomacy.

With his withdrawal from the stage, the House of Lords as a debating assembly lost its chief attraction. It was worth sitting through a dreary couple of hours for the chance reward of hearing him speak. Whilst others discoursed he sat impassive, taking no note, making no sign of hearing, or caring about, what the noble lord on his legs said or left unspoken. Only a curious rapid movement of the crossed leg betokened cogitation, betrayed closest attention, and the framing of some sentences that would presently play about the adversary's head like forked lightning.

Of late years Lord SALISBURY fell into the habit, whilst addressing the House, of allowing his massive head to sink on his broad chest. It resulted in the conclusion of some of his sentences being confidentially communicated to his own bosom. This was an anguished loss to the strained listener. But enough remained of the exquisitely framed sentences, the barbed shafts of sarcasm, to spread delight. Happily this gift of unpremeditated speech clothed in perfect literary form is hereditary. We shall nevermore see the stately, though bowed, form at the table of the House of Lords, nor hear the deep voice with slow utterance say bitter



UNREADY! AYE UNREADY!

(*John Bull on Sentry Duty.*)

[“We regret to say that we are not satisfied that enough is being done to place matters on a better footing in the event of another emergency.”
Extract from Report of Royal Commission on the War in South Africa.]

things in polished phrase and with courteous manner. But for the present generation, and, it is to be hoped, for others to follow, those who hear Lord HUGH CECIL in Opposition—his normal point of view in mundane affairs—will taste something of the delight which they, through a quarter of a century and more, were accustomed to enjoy, who sat at the feet of his father.

With the death of Lord SALISBURY we feel in indefinable manner that we have lost touch with the spacious times of Queen ELIZABETH. The blow has cost the country loss of an honest man, a patriotic statesman, who in small things and great showed himself worthy of a lineage which, for nearly four hundred years, has had a hand in making the fame and fortune of England.

Toby, M.P.

THE TARIFF SAFE.

(Latest Rumours.)

WE are authorised to contradict the report that the Highbury Safe has been opened. It has been securely sealed with stamp-edging—gratuitously supplied by the Postmaster-General—and the Duke of DEVONSHIRE always sleeps on it.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN emphatically denies the rumour that the Safe only contains a *Daily Mail* Year Book. "What I have seen—I have seen," he observed to our reporter.

Mr. SEDDON wires that the Highbury Safe is undoubtedly a meat safe.

The PREMIER, in answer to an anxious correspondent, replies that his mind will remain open as long as the Safe remains shut—possibly even a little longer.

Fourteen economists have written a round robin to the *Times* expressing an abstract opinion that safes always contain a vacuum.

Mr. WILLIAM STUBBS, of Bethnal Green, is under the impression that he heard Mr. CHAMBERLAIN say that the securities in the Safe were sufficient to provide an Old Age Pension for self and Mrs. STUBBS. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN says that Mr. STUBBS misunderstood him. "What I have said—it is not always convenient to say again," observed the Colonial Secretary with a gleam of humour.

Twenty commercial travellers dining together at the "Bull and Kettle," Norwich, have wired Mr. CHAMBERLAIN that in their opinion the Safe contains an immense treasure.

When interviewed, Mr. JESSE COLLINGS would neither affirm nor deny the report that "the cow" was in the Safe. "All I can say," he said laughingly to the interviewer, "is that the Safe undoubtedly contains the elements of agricultural prosperity for England." A naturalist of repute to whom the question was referred as to whether a



C. L. STAMP.

Beggar. "SPARE A COPPER, LADY, TO 'ELP A PORE MAN OUT OF WORK. I'M A TIMBER MERCHANT BY PROFESSION."

Lady. "WHAT KIND OF A TIMBER MERCHANT?"

Beggar. "WELL—I—UM—SELL MATCHES, LADY!"

cow could exist in a safe, replied that if the safe were sufficiently large and the cow sufficiently small it would be quite possible—though in such a case he would have expected the lowing of the cow to wake the DUKE.

Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, while not casting the slightest doubt on Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's veracity, states that he has banged the Safe on all sides, and that it sounds distinctly hollow.

Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, who, as many of his political friends will be glad to hear, is still alive, says that he believes that there is nothing in the Safe, but that in any case what Mr. CHAMBERLAIN says is there—isn't there.

Mr. LONG, addressing the Amalgamated Association of Wiltshire Pork Butchers at Trowbridge, said that he was absolutely in favour of enquiring what the Safe contained—unless Mr. CHAMBERLAIN wished otherwise.

Dr. CLIFFORD, in a speech of three hours' duration on Paddington Green, stated that he had it on the best authority that the Highbury Safe was merely a hiding place for the Colonial Secretary's copy of the Church Catechism.

Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON, in the full confidence that the Safe will prove the Tomb of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's reputation, has already prepared thirty letters to editors suggesting its renovation.

THE SUN-CHILD.

(Continued.)

ON and on went the Sun-child through the fields and along the lanes, wherever his fancy moved him to go. He did not pluck the beautiful wild flowers, but left them to grow in peace and live their little lives and make the country sweet with their delicate colours. On and on he went, and at last he came to a pretty house over which creeping plants had clustered, the *Virginia*, the *aristolochia*, and the *clematis montana* with white stars sprinkled on its thick green mantle. There was a dear old garden round the house, not too trim and precise as some gardens are, but a garden with soft lawns and shady trees, and deep retired nooks of foliage and sudden delightful patches of flowers, and old red-brick walls over which the creepers straggled. In the middle of one of the lawns stood an old stone sun-dial. Though it was summer-time, this sun-dial had been able to do but little work, for day after day there had been clouds in the sky, and the kind face of the sun, its lord and master, had been seen but rarely. But the dial had gone on patiently, hoping for better days, and bearing the gloomy weather bravely. To be sure it could do something even on the darkest day, for a motto was cut into its brass face, and to all who cared to read it the motto said, "Trifle not, your Time is short." It was not a very cheerful saying, but, after all, why should sun-dials be cheerful beyond measure? They stand and watch and see the little children who play round them grow to be boys and girls, and then to be men and women, until at last they come to the garden no more, and the old house seems quiet and dull without their presence. But soon more children come to play in the garden, and the dial watches them and hears their voices and their laughter until they, too, cease to be children—just as the dial had grown accustomed to their ways. These changes puzzle the dial, but it has to resign itself to them and attend to its business of marking off the hours whenever the weather will allow it. You must not wonder, therefore, if the dial should sometimes be just a little morose and gloomy. The wonder is rather how it manages not to be more so.

When the Sun-child saw the dial he was drawn to it at once. Something whispered to him that this carved pillar of stone with the figured brass face had had a glimpse of the splendid secrets that he himself knew so well, and had felt the magic of the country from which he came. So he went and stood beside it, and as he stood a handsome youth and a beautiful girl came out of the house and walked towards him. They looked as if they were made to love and help one another, and, in fact, they were betrothed and the wedding-day was only three weeks off. But I am sorry to say that on this day there had been a quarrel, the first and only one, but still a quarrel, and as they walked out of the house each felt that matters had become irretrievable, that the future under such conditions was impossible, and that, perhaps, it might be better to part and for each to go a lonely way through the world. And it was such a foolish trivial little quarrel too, but it had grown, feeding on reticence and pride, until everything was hopeless. He had made a remark (it was not a very gallant one, I admit) about a hat she had worn at the Vicarage garden-party, and she had replied hotly defending the injured hat. Then she had made allusions to the Vicar's youngest daughter, who was her own dear friend, and had asked him why he had walked through the pergola into the arbour with this cheerful, but mischievous, young woman. So it had gone on, surely the silliest difference that ever was, until now his face was set and stern and she was looking far away into the distance to avoid his look, and there were no tears in her eyes, only resentment and anger.

"So this is your last word?" he was saying, in a voice quite unlike his own.

"Yes," she replied, and her voice too was altered.

"In that case I have nothing to do but go. I shall always wish you well and——"

As he said this they came to where the Sun-child was standing by the carved pillar, and the Sun-child looked at them and smiled. And as he smiled their eyes fell upon the old motto and they read it and both started. He came close to her and took her hand.

"Do you see what it says?" he asked; "'Trifle not, your Time is short.' Great heaven," he went on, coming still closer, "and we were going to waste our lives for a trifle. It shan't be," and he took her in his arms and pressed her to his breast. "Oh, what fools we've been," they both murmured together, and at this the old Sun, who had been in hiding, broke through a cloud and the dial cheered up directly and became very busy, and the two lovers walked back into the house together, he smiling and she smiling as well as she could through her tears. They were both very happy.

RHYMES OF THE EAST.

"KAL!"

(= To-morrow.)

["Never do To-day what can be postponed till To-morrow, save at the dictates of your personal convenience."—*Maxims of the Wicked*, No. 3.]

SWEET Word, by whose unwearying assistance

We of the Ruling Race, when sorely tried,

Can keep intrusive persons at a distance,

And let unseasonable matters slide;

Thou at whose blast the powers of irritation

Yield to a soft and seasonable lull

Of solid peace and flat Procrastination,

These to thy praise and honour, good old KAL!

For we are greatly plagued by sacrilegious

Monsters in human form, who care for naught

Save with incessant papers to besiege us,

E'en to the solemn hour of silent thought;

They draw no line; the frightful joy of giving

Pain is their guerdon; but for Thee alone,

Life would be hardly worth the bore of living,

No one could call his very soul his own.

But in thy Name th' importunate besetter

Meets a repelling force that none can stem;

Peons may come (they do) and go (they'd better!)

KAL is the Word that always does for them!

To-morrow they may join the usual muster;

To-day shall pass inviolably by;

Beelzebub Himself, for all his bluster,

Would get the same old sickening reply.

And, for thine aid in baffling the malignant,

Whose one desire in life it is to see

Our ease dis-eased, our dignity indignant,

I move a cordial vote of thanks to Thee;

And I would add a word of common gratitude

To those thy coadjutors, *ao* and *lao*,*

Who take, with Thee, th' uncompromising attitude

From which the dullest mind deduces *jao*.

DUM-DUM.

* *Kal ao*="return to-morrow"; *kal lao*="bring it back to-morrow." Each of these phrases is the euphemistic equivalent of *jao*, that is, "go away (and stay there)."

SUITABLE AIR TO ACCOMPANY THE REMEASUREMENT OF SHAMROCK.
—"The Anchor's Weighed."



Betty (anxious to air her knowledge of social amenities—to her mother's last remaining visitor, who shows no sign of leaving).
"MUST YOU WEALLY GO?"

CHARIVARIA.

WE gather from a report of the proceedings at the monthly meeting of the Zoological Society that 98 animals have been added to the menagerie during the past four weeks, and Mr. DE WINTON now has a residence within the Gardens.

A club for Pages has been opened in Westminster. We understand this has no connection with "Ye Sette of Odde Volumes."

A correspondent who has been advised to try ear-rings for weak eyes wishes to know to what part of the eyes they should be attached.

In a case which came before Sir ALBERT DE RUTZEN last week a cabman contended that a child was "a whole person." It should be explained that the child in question had never been alone on a road frequented by motor-cars.

A paragraph in one of our papers headed "Wild Beasts under the Ham-

mer" turned out after all not to be an account of a Passive Resistance sale.

The rumour that the recent Boer War was not conducted on our side as smartly as it might have been has been confirmed by a Royal Commission.

M. LABORI has scored a great success. In his speech in defence of the HUMBERTS he said, "They have amassed nothing, but devoted their lives to toil and pressing anxieties. I am sure Madame HUMBERT has never had so much repose as she has had in prison." The tender-hearted jury, many of whom had mothers of their own, decided to extend this rare opportunity for rest to a period of five years.

Seeing that each boat built by Sir THOMAS LIPTON has been an improvement on her predecessor, and would have beaten the American boat of the previous contest, it has been suggested that Sir THOMAS might go on at once to build *Shamrock V.*, omitting *Shamrock IV.*

A slump has taken place in the stocks of all our big Water Companies. It is said to be due to the feeling that the country was being overstocked with this element.

FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE.

A DAILY paper recently announced that the barbers of Brightlingsea have issued a notice stating that in consequence of the additional expense involved by the Education Act they will be compelled in future to increase their charges by fifty per cent. Here is a new difficulty for the Passive Resister in Brightlingsea. To submit himself to a barber is to contribute towards the support of sectarian schools. We suggest that for conscience' sake the barber be requested to leave uncut, and uncharged for, just so much superfluous hair or beard as represents the portion of his fee which goes towards the payment of the Education Rate—in this case 33½ per cent. The rival parties might adopt as their respective battle cries, "Git yer 'air cut" and "Keep yer 'air on."

LIPTON MINUTE BY MINUTE.

Being a portion of the great race faithfully recorded at second-hand.

- 11.0.—*Shamrock* is away.
 11.1.—*Reliance* is away too.
 11.2.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON signals: "I have no doubt but that *Shamrock* will win."
 11.3.—BARR is pinching *Reliance*.
 11.4.—*Reliance* is shrieking with pain.
 11.5.—WRINGE is pinching *Shamrock*.
 11.6.—*Shamrock* is pinching back.
 11.7.—*Shamrock* is blanketing *Reliance* with her main sheet.
 11.8.—*Reliance* has drawn blanket over the angry pillows.
 11.9.—*Shamrock's* sheets are wet. She is catching cold.
 11.10.—*Shamrock* is sneezing.
 11.11.—*Reliance* is sneezing too. Is it influenza?
 11.12.—Betting on *Reliance* is 3 to 1, BARR 1.
 11.13.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON signals: "I am confident *Shamrock* will win."
 11.14.—*Reliance* is leading. BARR has broken out the topsail.
 11.15.—*Shamrock* has not her anchor and chain on board. Even if she wins it will not matter.
 11.16.—*Reliance* is without her burgee. This disqualifies her anyhow.
 11.17.—WRINGE has broken out in spots.
 11.18.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON signals: "*Reliance* is a grand boat."
 11.19.—BARR has begun pinching again.
 11.20.—*Shamrock's* sails are fitting better than *Reliance's*.
 11.21.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON signals: "All that I want is a good breeze, and let the best boat win."
 11.22.—Mr. OLIVER ISELIN signals: "'Better boat' would be more grammatical."
 11.23.—The excursion fleet is bearing down on the yachts.
 11.24.—WRINGE is pinching the excursionists.
 11.25.—*Reliance* is taking advantage of WRINGE's preoccupation.
 11.26.—*Shamrock* hoists her mainsail. It is going to be a great race.
 11.27.—*Reliance* is drifting on the port tack.
 11.28.—*Shamrock* is whistling for more wind.
 11.29.—*Reliance* leads, as *Shamrock* lost her wind in whistling for it.
 11.30.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON signals: "Both are grand boats, and let the better one win."

4.22.—BARR is now banqueting WRINGE.

4.23.—WRINGE and BARR are inseparable. They have lashed the two yachts together.

4.24.—Neither boat can win.

4.26.—Neither boat can lose.

4.27.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON signals: "Perfect fellowship. Long may England and America love each other."

4.30.—Race abandoned.

4.31.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON telegraphs: "Three cheers for Uncle Sam."

4.40.—*Shamrock* is to be remeasured.

WHAT ENGLAND'S GREATEST MEN THINK OF THE ONLY TOPIC.

Mr. HERBERT SPENCER, interviewed by a representative of *Great Thoughts*, described himself as dejected but not despairing. Asked to account synthetically for the result, he stated that he was inclined to ascribe it to over-anxiety on the part of the *Shamrock's* crew. In such cases processes which men in ordinary cases performed automatically with perfect success, were fumbled when people began to think too much about them. For the rest he thought that the ratio between *Shamrock's* underbody and her overman was hardly according to the principles of NIETZSCHE.

Sir OLIVER LODGE was discovered by the representative of *Sporting Life* in a state of profound despondency. Nothing, he said, had affected the heart of the nation so deeply since the battle of Fontenoy. Personally he could not help thinking that a powerful electric fan which would generate a current of air in the most perfect calm might have been profitably employed by the challenger.

Lord ROSSLYN telegraphs as follows:—"Understand unanimous wish vast majority citizens United States Sir THOMAS LIPTON should lift Cup. In these circumstances obvious duty patriotic American kidnap Captain BARR or drug crew."

Mr. C. A. VINCE stated, in answer to a circular addressed to him by the *Birmingham Post*, that he had despatched a large supply of leaflets to cheer Sir THOMAS LIPTON in his temporary disappointment. His idea was that these fascinating documents should be distributed amongst the crew of *Reliance*, who would be unable to resist reading them during the race, and so would be unable to attend to their duties.

Mr. HALL CAINE has telephoned to Mr. HEINEMANN as follows:—"The attitude of Sir THOMAS LIPTON in the face of his repeated disappointments is the most noble spectacle in the annals of modern times. He is a true disciple of EPICTETUS. Please cable him the proof-sheets of my new novel."

E. V. L. G.
C. L. G.

THE DELVER.

(Until recently a Common Object of the Wayside.)

O DELVER, why do I behold,
 Whene'er my footsteps wander thy way,
 Thy ancient figure, bowed and old,
 Delving the highway?

Wouldst thou return to nature, play
 Once more the part of father ADAM,
 That thou so many hours a day
 Dig'st the macadam?

Or art thou one of RUSKIN's school,
 Who hold it all but wicked in you,
 As muddled oaf or flannelled fool,
 To waste good sinew—

That band of academic cranks
 Who started, altruistic gownsmen,
 Great labours which should win the [thanks
 Of Oxford townsmen,

Who plied the unwonted pick and spade
 With all a novice's devotion,
 To build a useful road, and made
 A miry ocean?

Or, mindful of thy country's hap,
 And bent on saving some survivors,
 Dost thou prepare a deadly trap
 For motor drivers?

Or, as thou con'st with eager face
 Thy compass card and six-foot measure,
 Dost thou, poor delver, hope to trace
 Some buried treasure?

Dost thou, the one believing mind
 Now left among the sceptic billions,
 Still nurse a hope that thou may'st find
 The HUMBERT millions?

Ah, no; a glint of green I see
 Protruding from thy coat-tail pocket:
 The riddle's read, for here's the key
 That does unlock it.

But rest, perturbed spirit! Vain
 Is now the hope by which thou'rt
 spurred on;
 Forget ere thou become insane
 The *Tit-Bits* guerdon.

THE MOTOR-MANIACS.

["I should not be surprised if we have a new class of patient in our asylums before long. They will be called motor-maniacs."—*Brain Specialist*.]

I LOOKED about me with interest. All over the pleasantly timbered, spacious grounds were dotted the mentally afflicted, singly and in groups. I noticed that the unhappy creatures were all clad in the exaggerated diving apparatus that one has come to associate with the mania in its more acute form.

"So you allow them to keep their costumes?" I said.

"Yes," answered the kindly Doctor, regarding the afflicted ones with a

4.21.—Dead calm. WRINGE is banqueting BARR.

paternal smile. "We give them all the liberty we can. You see, before they came in here they had so much liberty—I might almost say license—that it would not be wise to deprive them of it altogether. Our method is a gradual one—to wean them from their delusions little by little."

"I see," I said. "But you don't allow them to have real motor-cars, do you?"

"No, we can't go so far as that. Many of them don't want them. The milder cases are quite content with the dress; some, indeed, have never been on a car in their lives, and are only suffering from imitative melancholia. For those who have motor-mania in its worst form we provide wheelbarrows."

The Doctor pointed to a patient who came galloping along the path towards us, trundling a bright scarlet barrow.

"One of our most amiable inmates," whispered the Doctor as he reached us.

He may have been very amiable, but it was impossible to gather any impression of character from the mask and goggles that halted suddenly and looked at us. He made a curious internal sound as he stood there, suggestive of a child's imitation of the steam-engine, only gruffer and more explosive.

"Had a good run?" asked the Doctor.

The figure wagged its head in a pleased manner. "From Petersburg in one hour two minutes and seven seconds precisely," was the answer. "Beaten the record by a week. But I can't stop. Only got half an hour to get on to New York. Goodbye." And with an alarming increase of the internal noise, the figure seized its barrow again and galloped off.

"Hullo," I said, "what's he doing?"

A patient with a chocolate-coloured barrow was repeatedly and furiously charging a tree.

The Doctor looked grave. "A bad case," he replied. "He was an actor who went mad very suddenly. He was sent here because he insisted on running foot-passengers down. Has been responsible for a great many accidents. It's all right, I won't let him hurt you," he added, as I looked rather nervous.

We approached the dramatic patient, who was preparing for a new attack on the tree. He was talking to himself. "B-er-lood, b-er-lood, naught but b-er-lood, and let it be cr-r-r-imson at that, me lor-r-r-d," he muttered.

Then he heard our footsteps and looked round. My appearance seemed to annoy him, for he reversed his barrow and charged furiously towards me, shouting, "Vile cr-r-r-eeeping earth-wor-r-r-m, come for-r-r-th that I may destr-r-r-oy thee."

I stepped very hurriedly behind the Doctor, who checked him in his career somehow. "My friend is not a foot-



Mother. "TOMMY, STOP ASKING YOUR FATHER SO MANY QUESTIONS. DON'T YOU SEE IT ANNOYS HIM?"

Tommy. "WHY, MOTHER, IT'S NOT THE QUESTIONS THAT MAKE HIM ANGRY. IT'S BECAUSE HE CAN'T ANSWER THEM."

passenger," he explained; "he has lost his car, which blew up and fell into the river."

The patient calmed down at once. "Accept my condolences," he said to me in a more normal tone. "But I hope it did not perish *alone*?" His voice suddenly became suspicious on the last word.

"Three children, two dogs, and a policeman," said the Doctor, hastily.

"Good," said the patient. "I have had a fair morning myself. Have killed ten, and mutilated seven. But I must make it up to twenty before lunch. Farewell." And so to my relief he left us and prepared to charge his tree once more.

Presently we came upon a sky-blue wheelbarrow upside-down, and close beside it a patient lying on his face, his arms and legs spread out in careless attitudes.

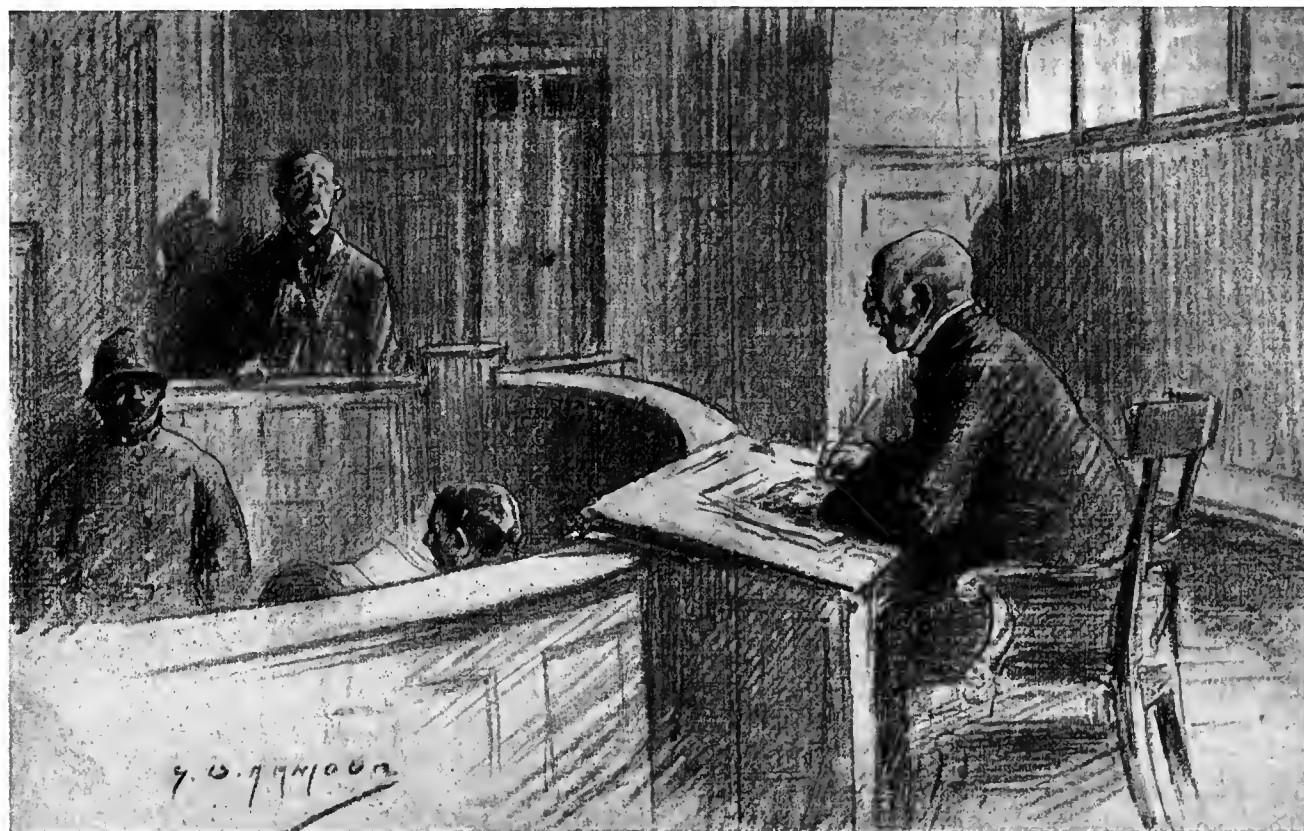
"A chauffeur," said the Doctor. "He does this every morning—under the impression that he has been killed."

Suddenly a face peeped round a tree and saw us. Then there was an unearthly scream, and a man fled wildly away. He ran for about twenty yards and then fell headlong. "Who is that?" I asked, observing that he wore a top-hat and a frock-coat instead of the ordinary diving apparatus.

"A curious case of cerebral revulsion," said the Doctor. "He was a famous and deadly motorist, who suddenly became possessed by the idea that he had been turned into a foot-passenger. We have a few such cases, but they live in a state of constant panic and are generally hiding. He is, as a rule, up the tree; I don't know what he is doing on the ground."

"A sad case," I suggested.

The Doctor shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know," he said. "He inspired a good deal of terror when he was sane. It seems only just that he should suffer a little himself now."



THE NEW ACT AGAIN. DIFFERENT POINTS OF VIEW.

Magistrate. "YOU ARE CHARGED WITH HAVING BEEN DRUNK WHEN IN CHARGE OF A CHILD UNDER THE AGE OF SEVEN YEARS."

Prisoner. "PLEASE, YOUR WORSHIP, SHE WAS A-TAKIN' ME 'OME."

THE "LOWER" CREATION.

THE man sat on a heap of clover in the hay-loft. Down below there was the rattling of a chain and a munching noise. After a time the horse spoke. He expressed satisfaction at the meal, he also made a few kind remarks about the attendance.

"Yes," added the ass, "JOHN is a faithful brute; a very faithful——"

Then the chain rattled again as the horse turned his head and remarked sagely, "You should learn to be less high-minded, EDWARD. For my part I always look upon men as humble friends; who knows, indeed, that they have not souls even as we have? They work for us, it is true, providing us with exercise and food, but, after all, they have feelings of their own, and for all we can say they may have intelligence too."

"Yes," joined in the mare from the neighbouring stall, "and you are doubtless aware that in the old age of reason, when horses had to think in order to arrive at conclusions, the equine race was not in a very high degree superior to the men of our own time. It is even supposed that there was no such thing as instinct in existence."

"Very good," said the ass; "you two stick to your 'humble friends,' dine, live, sleep with them if you will, but leave me to avoid evil communications. You may be strong-minded enough to pass through the ordeal safely, but I feel that I should take to drink and make a man of myself."

Then he relapsed into silence, the horse made no reply, the mare began eating, and the man climbed down.

TO ABSENT FRIENDS.

(By a Fox without a Tail.)

DEAR BROWN and JONES and ROBINSON and many thousands more,

Now spending dismal holidays on some dank sea-girt shore, You, who affect to pity those compelled in town to stay, Should rather envy us, because we cannot get away.

While you are hiring tiny rooms at many pounds a week, And huddle there and watch parades that run with rain, and reek,

Contrast my cheerful aspect with your discontented looks, As here I stay at ease among my pictures and my books.

Here in the trains the traveller can now find ample space, Enjoying elbow-room without a struggle for a place:

The choicest dishes are not "off" at half-past one at lunch, And no one spoils our appetite with—"After you with *Punch!*"

The dainty shops of Regent Street teem with their treasures still,

The Park with all its beauties we can now enjoy at will; No longer do the jostling crowds provoke an angry frown, But leisurely we relish the amenities of town.

Thus basking in the keen delights that empty London owns (Though from my heart I pity you—BROWN, ROBINSON and JONES),

So long as you may care to stay, and business is slack, I cannot honestly declare I long to see you back.



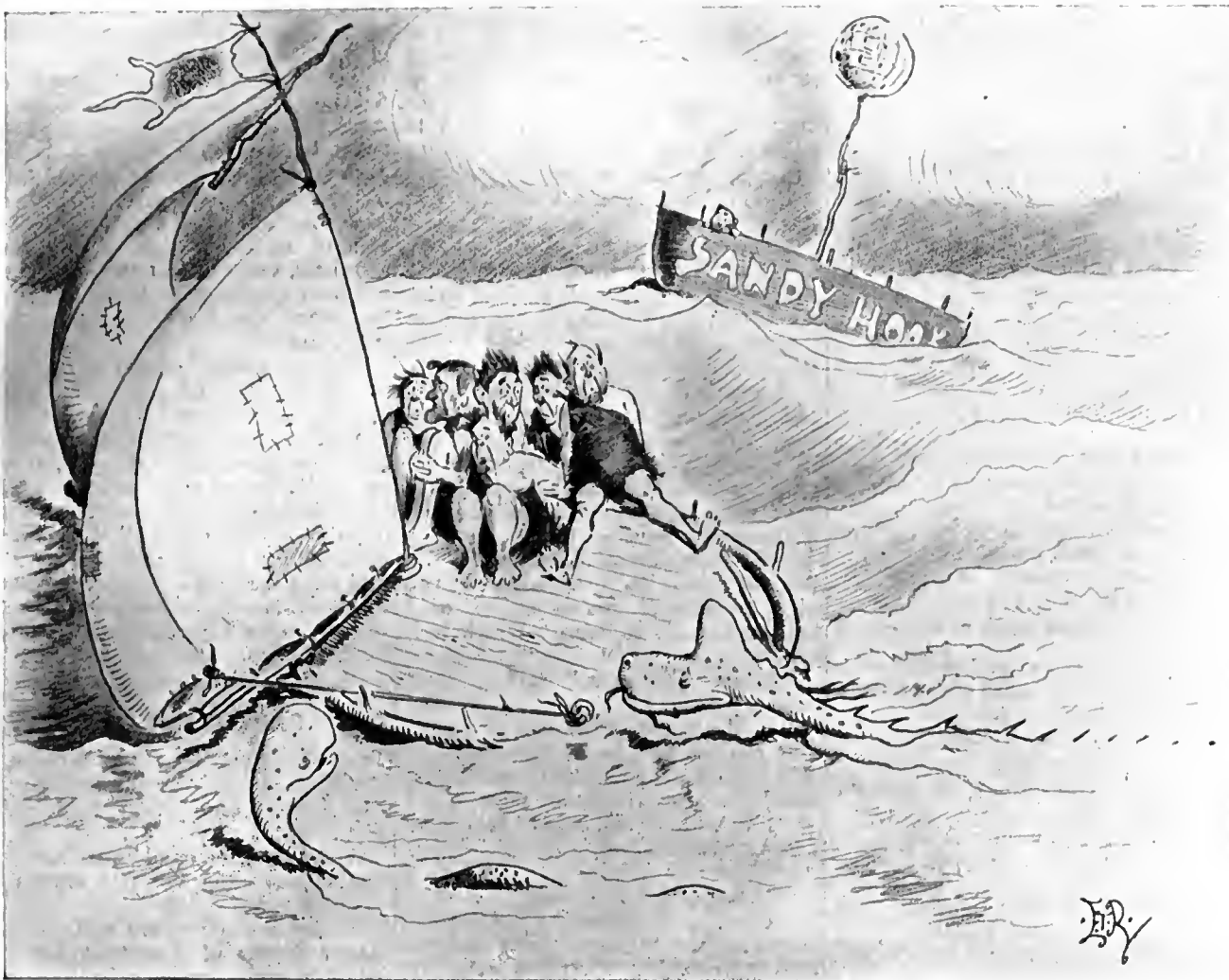
HAIL AND FAREWELL!

ROBERT ARTHUR TALBOT GASCOYNE-CECIL, MARQUESS OF SALISBURY.

BORN: FEBRUARY 3, 1830.

DIED: AUGUST 22, 1903.





"LIFTING THE CUP" IN THE STONE AGE.

In spite of adverse circumstances of a depressing nature the crew of *Old Red Sandstone III.* have by no means lost faith in their boat. For many reasons the working of the vessel throughout the race was none too pleasant. The Defender is about three miles ahead at this point, the marine monsters having favoured preferential treatment for the home-grown article.

DICK'S DEFENCES.

Dick is rather young, but he works hard—especially since he became engaged to me—and I am sure he will one day be either a Lord Chancellor or what he calls a stipe. I know they are both some kind of judge, and I think he prefers to be the latter, as he talks more about it, and so I hope he will. He certainly deserves to be made something, or he never misses attending the Quarter Sessions at the county town near to which we live. Of course he always stays with us, and I think it is very nice of the police to keep all the prisoners until just after Christmas so that he can spend his holidays in the country.

Dick has defended no fewer than three prisoners at different times: he told me

all about them. They must have been all very wicked, because they did not get off; but he was awfully clever at asking them questions. The first one had been captured, after running a few yards, with a lady's purse in his pocket; and Dick went to see him in his cell. Dick is frightfully brave; nothing prevents him from doing his duty.

"How do you account for having the purse in your possession?" asked Dick of this desperado.

"That's your business, guv'nor," said the man.

And so Dick afterwards accounted for it, and the man got two years' hard labour.

The second prisoner could not have been quite so hardened as the first, because, Dick told me, he had not been found to have anything at all in his

pockets. But Dick was rather annoyed with him because he had practically admitted his guilt to some people whom Dick calls beaks, who had been mean enough to write it down and send it to the Quartermaster, or whatever the head man at the Sessions is called. Of course it was a nasty tell-tale thing to do, and Dick was obliged to ask the prisoner how he proposed to get over it.

The prisoner said—and I think it was very sweet of the poor man, and showed how awfully he trusted Dick—the prisoner said, "Just say what you can, Sir."

And Dick said what he could for more than half an hour, and sent the jury into fits of laughter—for he can be fearfully witty when he likes—and the man was sent to penal servitude for three years.

(To be continued.)

THE CLEANING OF CLUBLAND.

CLOSED, closed is that intimate mansion
Which shelters alone the elect,
In its features, condemned to expansion,
The signs of a siege I detect;
The door that invited my entry
An air of exclusiveness wears,
In place of the porter, as sentry,
Stand implements used for repairs.

From my bus which descends Piccadilly
No face at the window I see,
Neither JONES nor ADOLPHUS nor BILLY
Can possibly beckon to me;
The table where, during the season,
I listen to ROBINSON'S gush,
Is demeaned (O deplorable treason!)
By cauldrons of paint and a brush.

O'er sofas where, after refection,
I sprawled with a monthly review,
Is cast in attempted protection
The duster's monotonous hue;
The glory of London is waning,
A charwoman armed with a pan
Is sweeping the floor and profaning
Rooms consecrate solely to Man.

What is it to me that another
Less dearly-loved house of the town
Is ready to welcome as brother
Myself or AMBROGIO BROWN?
The intent is undoubtedly gracious,
Quite sound are the wine and the grub,
The salons are airy and spacious,
But—Heavens!—it isn't *my* Club!

I cannot endure the depression
Occasioned by being denied
(Like SMITH and the others) possession
Of what is our own fireside.
To the haunts of the holiday masses
I too must reluctantly run
Till this terrible tyranny passes,
And painting and papering's done.

MR. PUNCH'S SPECTRAL ANALYSES.

IV.—AN OFFICIAL MUDDLE.

It is always my custom when I go to stop at a country house to ask my host to put me in the haunted room. I like ghosts. In my earlier literary days I was often a ghost myself, and even now I occasionally do "Cheery Chatter for the Chicks" in *Baby's Own Ickle Magazine* for my friend BAMSTEAD BARKER when he wants a holiday. I use a spirit lamp, too, and in a great many other ways exhibit a marked partiality for the spectre world.

When, therefore, I went to stay at Strathpuffer Castle last autumn, I put my usual request, and my host sent for the butler.

"KEGGS," he said, "Mr. WUDDUS wishes to sleep in a haunted room. What ghosts have we?"

"Well, your lordship," said KEGGS thoughtfully, "there's Bad Lord 'ERBERT and Dark Lord DESPARD and the man in armour wot moans and 'er late ladyship as ain't got no 'ead and exhibits of various gaping wounds, but all the bedrooms wot they 'aunts is took at present. They do say, though, your lordship, as 'ow remarkable sounds 'ave bin 'eard recent from the Red Room."

"Then let the Red Room be my bedroom," I said, dropping into poetry with all the aplomb of a *Silas Wegg*. "I have never known a Red Room yet that was not haunted." And to the Red Room accordingly I went.

It was past twelve when I went to bed. Scarcely had I got inside the room when a sepulchral voice on my right said "Boo!" and almost at the same instant a chain rattled on my left. I sat down on the bed, and spoke with firmness and decision.

"This won't do at all," I said. "No haunted room is ever allowed two ghosts. One of you must go, or I lodge a formal complaint. Which is it to be?"

"I got here first," said a sulky voice.

"Well, you'd no business here," said the second ghost snappishly. "I was definitely and officially appointed, and I give up my rights to no one."

"I've told you a thousand times that I was appointed."

"Nonsense. I was."

"Meaning that I lie, Sir?"

"Come, come, *come*," I interrupted impatiently. "I won't have this unseemly wrangling. Settle it peaceably, my friends, peaceably."

"Tell you what," said the ghost with the chain, eagerly; "we'll have a haunting competition, if this gentleman will be good enough to act as referee; and the loser quits."

"But, my good Sir," I said, "you forget that I want to go to sleep some time to-night. And besides, if you'll forgive the criticism, a haunting competition between you two would be poor sport. You are neither of you what I should describe as fliers at the game. You lack finesse. You, Sir, remarked 'Boo!' when I came in, and your colleague rattled a chain. Now, I ask you, what is the good of that kind of thing?"

"Ah," said the groaning ghost, "but I can do a deal more than that. I can imitate all sorts of things. Thunderstorms and bagpipes, for instance. And I can turn myself into a hearse-and-four and drive up to the front door. And I can—"

"Well," broke in the other, "and can't I turn myself into a luminous boy and a hideous old woman, and a variety

of jumpy and ingenious shapes? And can't I produce raps from the furniture and fill a room with a weird, unearthly glow? And can't I—"

"Stop," I said, "stop. I see it all. A bright idea has struck me. You are respectively outdoor and indoor ghosts. What has happened, I take it, is this. Your muddling officials down below have made out your papers for Strathpuffer Castle and forgotten to give details. I have no doubt that, if you make enquiries, you will find that one of you has been appointed to haunt this room, the other the Castle grounds. You follow me?"

"My preserver!" gasped both spectres simultaneously, and vanished together to make enquiries at headquarters.

That my surmise proved correct was shown on the occasion of my next visit to the Castle. As the carriage passed through the grounds I heard the sound of bagpipes mingled with thunderclaps from behind an adjacent tree, and the first sight that met my eyes as I entered the Red Room was a hideous old woman who, even as I gazed, changed into a luminous boy.

PAPER POLITICS.

THURSDAY I rose from my table in ire,

White-hot with a frenzied seorn,
And I railed on JOE as a rogue and a liar,

And cursed the day he was born,
For I heard the labourer crying for bread,

The orphan and widow wail,
Gaunt fingers of Famine I saw outspread,
And England a land of the dying and dead—

(I'd been reading the *Daily Mail*).

But Friday I smiled as I toyed with my food,

And I felt my dark fears cease,

For I saw a vision of infinite good,

A country of plenty and peace:

And a glad folk shouted from vale and hill

His glorious name to bless
Who had rescued their lives from every ill:

"Thank God," I cried, "we've a mar left still!"—

(I'd been reading the *Daily Express*).

How shall I vote at election time

With such vast issues at stake?

Shall I deem it virtue or count it crime

So fateful a move to make?

'Tis the kind of enigma I cannot guess,

Its clue is behind the veil:

For it all depends, I freely confess,

On whether I purchase a *Daily Express*,

Or go for a *Daily Mail*.



A WELL-KNOWN MANŒUVRE.

"THE FOREIGN OFFICERS WANTED TO KNOW, GENERAL, WHY THE AUXILIARY CAVALRY WERE LEFT OUT OF THE 'GALLOP PAST'!"

THE CURSE OF CAINE.

YEARS have I suffered; years
In silence have I borne
The smug reviewer's sneers,
The criticaster's scorn.
I've watched the savage hand of spite
In jealous anger rending
Those masterpieces which were quite
Beyond its comprehending.

I know to what a state
The mind of man may fall;
I've plumbed the depths of hate,
The bitterness of gall.
Yet can I laugh when envy raves,
Consoled by this reflection:
A more discerning public craves
To buy my last confection.

But though I've borne it long
Within my silent breast,
Against one cruel wrong
I must at last protest.
The thing that cuts me to the core,
And makes my anger swell, is
To see my name for evermore
Combined with Miss C-R-L-L's.

THE AMATEUR HISTRION.

(A Compleat Guide to Country House
Theatricals.)

III.—THE DUTIES OF A MANAGER.

It is as well that you, Sir, having been appointed manager of her theatricals by a charming hostess, who said many flattering things when informing you of your appointment, should be under no false ideas as to the real reasons for your preferment.

Inexperience is your first and most necessary qualification, for had you the slightest idea as to what you will have to go through in carrying out the duties of your high office you would instantly and energetically have refused it. A reputation for silly good-nature, and the fact that you are not wanted for anything more important (to play lawn tennis, or to make a fourth at Bridge, for instance) also may have had something to do with your elevation to the managership.

Your first duty will be to persuade half your company to resume their parts, which they will have resigned within ten minutes of the distribution by the hostess, who has handed on all responsibility to you. This is only to be done by making each case a personal matter. TOMPKINS, for instance, who played *Fouché* for the SMITHS of Tappington Hall last Christmas, and carries in his pocket-book a column of adulation clipped from the local paper, will be justly indignant at being cast for the small part of the family solicitor, and will hand you back his little brown paper roll, saying that *for once* he

thinks he will see a play from the front. Wrestle with him in spirit. Point out to him that it is a small part, but stands out; tell him that *he* will get subtle effects out of the character that no ordinary actor could, and finally grovel and beg him as a personal favour to retain the part, saying that as an old hand at the game you do hope that he will not make difficulties for a greenhorn like yourself.

The lady who has been cast for the part of "an old hag," and who is described in the book as "bent, shrivelled, wrinkled, toothless, and in rags," you will find more difficult to deal with, for she will be sure—probably not without justification—that your hostess and hers is jealous of her good looks. Point out to her that a little powder on the hair will be all that is necessary to suggest age, and that this improves the appearance; that brown silk cut into picturesque shapes is what amateurs always use for rags; that she can wear diamonds if she likes, and can disregard all stage directions. If these arguments fail, chat to her about the smart people you know in town, and let her gain the impression that if she is docile she is quite likely to be asked to play at Plantagenet House.

You will get plenty of healthy exercise in searching in the house and grounds for lost parts. All the ladies at some period or another will say sweetly to you, "Oh, Mr. SMITH, I am in despair; I've lost my part. I think I must have left it in the summer-house by the lake." You will then wander for miles about the grounds, and eventually find the little book on the marble seat in the yew walk. Most of the men also will mislay their dingy type-written scrolls. A half-a-crown or two coyly offered to the valets to induce them to include the parts in their schedule of retrievable property is the only remedy I can suggest for this form of the disease.

You will, after consulting your hostess, call a first rehearsal, and will as likely as not wafer a little slip of paper to the oak overmantel in the hall, giving the time. Such of the guests as see this before the master of the house tears it down will laugh, and will not allow it to interfere in any way with their arrangements for the day. You will, at the appointed hour, having placed a few chairs in the long gallery to represent doors, tables, and a piano, take your place with the prompt book in your hand facing the improvised stage, and assume an air of authority. The two or three people of no account who are present, and who do not come on till the third act, will move all the chairs and chat together

uneasily. You will see two of your "principals" fishing on the lake, and will rush out to hail them. They will be unaccountably deaf, and when you return to the long gallery you will find there only the disarranged chairs.

You will sprint backwards and forwards to the telegraph office to send despairing telegrams to CLARKSON and NATHAN; you will truckle to the house-keeper to get curtains sewn; you will beg wall lamps humbly from the butler for footlights, and grovel before the cook and gardener to obtain "properties" and plants.

It is quite unlikely that you will see the performance, even as a harmless nonentity, for as the result of some sharp words from the hostess a manager generally on the day of the dress rehearsal sends a telegram to himself stating that a favourite niece is dangerously ill, and that his presence is required at once in town.

AN OLD HAND.

THE ETERNAL FEMINE.

WHEN mid-Victorian fashions failed
To tempt the laggard lover,
Our Grandmamas in sorrow wailed
Their weakness to discover;
And modes arrived, and altered fast,
Until at length was seen,
In all its glory wide and vast,
The Crinoline!

But fickle man was never yet
Content with present blisses,
And woman's wit anew was set
To reinforce her kisses;
While Cupid simply stood apart
And watched the mental tussle,
Until in Fashion's shifting mart
Appeared the Bustle!

Alas! the struggle even then
Was only just beginning,
For still the ranks of single men
Are far too slowly thinning.
And now, to match the low-cut wear
That eve to EVE allows,
Behold by day the open-air
Pneumonia Blouse!

FROM the *Ladies' Field*: "Ladies trained as Children's Nurses; practical training; babies in residence." Mr. Punch is glad to see that the system of instruction by residential (as opposed to merely visitant) Professors is gaining ground.

A CORRESPONDENT from Freshwater writes to say that he and his friends on the island were astonished that Mr. CARNEGIE should find any difficulty in disposing of his vast wealth. If the eminent millionaire would only travel on the Isle of Wight railways he would soon be the pauper he longs to be.

MY CRICKET DRAMA.

MR. PUNCH, SIR.—It has long been my intention to submit for your delectation a few notes of my proposed cricket drama. Like myself, you must often have thought how necessary to the literature of the country such a drama was. England has waited for a man to come forward fit for the task of penning it. I am that man.

In order not to spoil the enjoyment of the thousands who will see the play at Drury Lane, I give you merely the final scene, in extracts. My heroine's father, for reasons which it would take too long to explain, has promised the hero her hand on condition that he scores a century in the forthcoming Test Match. (My hero obtained a place in the team owing to the fact that most of the other cricketers in the country refused to play.) Very well, then.

SCENE—Lord's. Captain of the Australian team discovered placing his field.

Captain. Sirs, to your posts. Friend SLINGER, you begin At the pavilion end, and place your men Exactly as you want 'em.

But hark! methought I heard applause;
Man in.

[My Hero and his Partner come in. My Hero prepares to take first ball.

Hero. Sir Umpire, does this cover both?

Umpire. It do, Sir.

Hero. Thank you. Bowler, I'm prepared;
Bowl, Sir, and do your worst; I'll brave your wrath.
Come shooter, yorker, length 'un, ay, or break back,
J'y suis, j'y reste; that observation's French.
Now, Sir, deliver.

Ah, a nice one, that.
Fair in the centre of this willow blade.
The matchless work of SLOOBURY AND WHANGHAM.
Caught I it crisply. This, indeed, is Life.

Bowler. A murrain on the fate that makes men bowl
Long-hops. But courage! Once again I'll try.

[Game proceeds. Hero scores rapidly, but at ninety-nine is appealed against for a catch at the wicket.

Bowler. Meseemed I heard a click, and lo! the ball
Rests safely in the wicket-keeper's hands.

Umpire, how was that?

Hero. Stay, Sir Umpire, stay,
Nor give your fell decision ere you've heard me.
I swear by * * *
I touched it not. Two inches clear—and more—
Inside it did I play; the click you heard
Was but the grass, or else perchance the strap,
The leathern strap that girds my snowy pad,
Which, flapping to and fro beneath the breath
Of Zephyrus, produced a bat-like sound.

Bowler. Nay, shame upon you, knave, to seek to sway
With arguments unworthy of a sportsman
This good official's verdict. Get thee hence
To the pavilion.

Hero. Umpire, heed him not.
The man is biassed. Once again I swear
This blade of mine was nowhere near the ball.

Bowler. Umpire—but who is this? Look, comrades, look,
From off a coach that stands beside the ropes
I marked a lady, young, of wondrous beauty,
And garbed right up to what they term "the nines,"
Spring. And behold! she paces now towards us,
As if to take a hand in the discussion.

[Heroine enters, and flings herself before Umpire.

Heroine. Man of the snow-white coat, I crave a boon.



FORCE OF HABIT; OR CITY SUSPICIONS.

'Arry (who is foraging for his camping party). "LOOK HERE, MY GOOD WOMAN, ARE THESE CABBAGES FRESH?"

Umpire. Say on, fair damsel; nought can I refuse thee,
Having from earliest youth been werry glad
To oblige the sect as far as in me lies.

Heroine. Then hear me. My Papa has sworn an oath
That EDWIN—that's the gentleman before you—
Shall never marry me with his consent
Unless he notch a century to-day.
Look at that board; his score's at ninety-nine.
If he should fail to score that hundredth run
EDWIN, I know, will shoot himself to-night,
While I shall be compelled by my Papa
To wed some rich stockbroker, who will spend
The fleeting moments of our wedded life
In walking now from London down to Brighton,
Now back again from Brighton up to London,
'Gainst time. So save me.

Umpire. Look on it as done.
A heart of flint would melt before such pleadings.

Bowler. I, too, am moved. I beg to waive my claims.
And, if the lady will but stand aside,
I'll send thee down a slow long-hop to leg,
And true love's course will once again run smooth.

[Does so, with result anticipated.

There is more, but you must have already caught the
general idea. Enough. I will send you a box.

Yours, &c., HENRY WILLIAM-JONES.

Mr. Seddon's Big Game.

(*Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax.*)

IN spite of the statements to the contrary, MR. SEDDON adheres to his scheme of opening New Zealand meat shops in England and Wales. By this week's mail we learn that he estimates that it will cost £2,000 to start each shop. He means to sell legs of mutton at 7d. per lb. and lions at 6d.
—*Liverpool Evening Echo.*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

In *Barlasch of the Guard* (SMITH, ELDER) Mr. MERRIMAN gives a vivid account of NAPOLEON's march to Moscow and back. After his habitual manner he has steeped himself in study of the episode, and of the stage upon which it passed. The effect of the local colour is marvellous. My Baronite does not know anything in history or personal narrative that excels the graphic power of these descriptions, whether of the march that finally became a rout, or of the little town of Dantzic, watching, waiting, whispering evil tidings as the days passed, and the Grand Army, led by the greatest captain a century had seen, turned its haggard face homeward. As for the characters and the story, they suffer a little from Mr. MERRIMAN's increasing fondness for staccato style. In passing the time of day or asking someone else to pass the salt he must needs talk between his teeth, in fashion implying, indeed conveying, fell purpose. An air of unnecessary mystery broods about everybody. It is quite in keeping with the atmosphere of the book that *Charles Darragon*, lieutenant in an infantry regiment, should, *sans* saying "By your leave," disappear within an hour of completion of his marriage ceremony, not to be heard of again till disclosure is accidentally made that, whilst courting *Désirée*, he was a spy in the pay of NAPOLEON, and was selling his bride's father to his employer. In divers fashion mystery equally broods over other characters in a stirring story.

Chris of All Sorts (METHUEN) is, as the Lord Chancellor would say, "a sort of" novel made up of scraps. Mr. BARING-GOULD evidently sat down with the self-appointed task of writing 300 pages of pretty large type saleable at 6s., subject to the usual discount. Varying earlier custom, he has come to town, and, being here, slums occur to him as a subject good for a respectable number of pages. So he supplies his heroine with a "cousin *Martha*, the daughter of her father's brother, who" (not *Martha*, but her father's brother) "had a vicarage in the East of London." This opens up Queer Street to *Chris*, and thither she goes, Mr. BARING-GOULD conducting her, note-book in hand, laboriously describing the too-familiar scene. *Chris* was in earlier chapters engaged to be married to *Captain Fenton*, heir to a baronetcy and £10,000 a year. When, on the death of his uncle, the Captain proceeds to claim his own, it turns out that the sanctimonious old sinner was secretly married and had a son, who takes possession. After a while *Chris*, being of all sorts, naturally discovers that *Lady Fenton* was already married at the time of her *seconde noce*. This, you see, restored the estate to *Captain Fenton*, who might forthwith have married *Chris* and lived happily ever after. But there were still a few pages short. So Mr. BARING-GOULD unblushingly drags in the war in South Africa, and makes up the required number. On the whole my Baronite likes the author more when he keeps to the neighbourhood of Dartmoor.

People; Nasty Remarks, by WALTER EMANUEL, is the fourth volume of the "Wisdom While You Wait" series (ISBISTER). The author's observations are marked by a charmingly spasmodic arbitrariness, and have that quality of grim epigrammatic humour that characterises his "Charivaria" notes. He is again most happy in his illustrator, in this case Mr. JOHN HASSALL, R.I. BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

FACT STRANGER THAN FICTION.—"INNER TEMPLAR" writes: "The Embankment is being repaired by means of a noisy instrument for which, in my wrath, I invented every name I could think of. But when I went to look at it and found its title on a black advertisement board, the reality put my imagination to shame. This is its full and curiously apposite description—RUTTY'S PATENT MACADAM ROAD SCARIFIER."



A PROMISING AND PERFORMING PUPIL.

Fond Mother (who is sure the visitor would like to hear her infant prodigy on the violin). "JOHNNIE IS SO FAR ADVANCED THAT NOW WE CAN ALMOST TELL WHETHER HE IS TUNING OR PLAYING."

THE LOST GOLFER.

[The sharp decline of Ping-pong, whose attractions at its zenith seduced many golfers from the nobler sport, has left a marked void in the breasts of these renegades. Some of them from a natural sense of shame hesitate to return to their first love. The conclusion of the following lines should be an encouragement to this class of prodigal.]

JUST for a celluloid pillule he left us,
Just for an imbecile batlet and ball,
These were the toys by which Fortune bereft us
Of JENNINGS, our captain, the pride of us all.
Shoemen with clubs to sell handed him rackets,
Rackets of sand-paper, rubber and felt,
Said to secure an unplayable service,
Pestilent screws and the death-dealing welt.
Oft had we played with him, partnered him, sworn by him,
Copied his pitches, in height and in cut,
Hung on his words as he dived in a bunker,
Made him our pattern to drive and to putt.
BENEDICK's with us, the Major is of us,
SWIPER the county bat's still going strong,
He alone broke from the links and the clubhouse,
He alone sank in the slough of Ping-Pong.

We have "come on"—but not his the example;
Sloe-gin has quickened us—not his the cash;
Holes done in 6 where a 4 would be ample
Vexed him not, busy perfecting a smash.
Rased was his name as a decadent angel,
One more mind unhinged by a piffulent game,
One more parlour-hero, the worshipped of school-girls,
Who once had a princely "plus 5" to his name.
JENNINGS is gone; yet perhaps he'll come back to us,
Healed of his hideous lesion of brain,
Back to the links in the daytime; at twilight
Back to his cosy club-corner again.
Back for the Medal Day, back for our foursomes,
Back from the tables' diminishing throng,
Back from the infantile, ceaseless half-volley,
Back from the lunatic lure of Ping-Pong.

THE INFANT IN ARMS.

[It is suggested that children should be trained in shooting and scouting from the very earliest age.]

My child, away with your toys and games.

No more on the floor shall roll
The painted indiarubber globe,
To gladden your infant soul.
No more shall the rattle whirr: no more

Shall the gay tin trumpet toot:
My child, it is time that you learned to drill;

It is time that you learned to shoot.

Time was when Spillikins caused you joy,

When you played with a model train,
When Pigs-in-clover was deemed enough
To foster your growing brain.

Time was when you rode on a rocking-horse,

Or petted the local cat;
Time was when you worried the patient dog—

We are going to change all that.

A strenuous life is the life you'll lead.

You will rise and dress at dawn
To practise digging a modern trench
Across the croquet lawn.

You'll work at that till seven o'clock;
From seven o'clock to ten
You'll be with your catapult out on the range.

You may have some breakfast then.

Resuming work at eleven sharp,

You'll stay on the range till one,
Or give an hour to the heliograph,
If there's sufficient sun.

Deep books on Military Law
From two till five you'll cram,
And go for a trip from five to six
In a fully armoured pram.

And when the days are dark and cold,
When it either snows or pours,
You'll shift the scene of your daily toil,
And do your work indoors,
And toy with someone's "Modern War,"
Or KIPLING's martial verse,
Or while away the hours of rest
At Kriegspiel with your nurse.

Thus when the day of battle dawns,
And merciless foes invade,
When, sore oppressed, at the nursery door

Your country knocks for aid,
When far and wide through our pleasant land

Sounds Armageddon's din,
When England once again "expects,"—
Why, that's where you'll come in.

You'll take your air-gun from the shelf,
Your catapult blithely seize,
Gaily you'll gird your shooter on,
And see that it lacks not peas.



"EXCUSE ME, SIR. I SEEM TO HAVE MET YOU BEFORE. ARE YOU NOT A RELATIVE OF MR. DAN BRIGGS?"

"No, MADAM. I AM MR. DAN BRIGGS HIMSELF."

"Ah, THEN THAT EXPLAINS THE REMARKABLE RESEMBLANCE!"

And as the hiss of your pop-gun's cork
Is merged in the general roar,
You'll bless the day when you left your play
To practise the art of War.

LES ANGLAIS CHEZ EUX.

(Par Emile Bonhomme.)

II.—UNE RELIGION NOUVELLE. LES "PASSIVESRESISTERS."

L'ANGLETERRE, comme on sait, est le pays des religions et des cultes les plus divers. Tous sont également reconnus par le gouvernement, qui ne laisse pas de se trouver fort embarrassé de temps en temps. La religion la plus moderne, et qui date seulement d'hier, est celle dont les adeptes s'appellent des "passivesrésisters." Personne ne sait au juste quels sont les dogmes de cette société secrète, qui deviendra sous peu des plus formidables. L'origine même de cette expression "passivesrésisters" est plongée dans l'obscurité, mais il est probable qu'elle dérive de l'Orient. Quoique tous les membres de la société gardent le secret sur leurs croyances intimes, personne n'ignore qu'ils ont une "conscienciosobjection" aux prêtres de l'église anglicane. Ainsi, il faut empêcher à tout prix que ces derniers ne fassent l'enseignement religieux dans les écoles primaires. Il faut "sauvegarder les enfants." L'enseignement religieux est un devoir qui incombe aux

"passivesrésisters" seuls—à leur dire, du moins—de sorte qu'ils font tous leurs efforts pour s'en accaparer. Et voilà qu'ils ont imaginé la seule cérémonie de leur culte qui se passe devant le public. Chacun d'eux choisit un meuble ou un objet d'art dont il croit pouvoir se passer, et il y a procession dans les rues de ces "offrandes religieuses" (conscienciosofferings) comme disent les croyants. Arrivés à une salle de conférence, un des sectaires, en guise de commissaire-priseur, est censé faire main basse sur les offrandes pour les vendre à l'enchère. Maintenant, remarquez bien! C'est lui qui symbolise satan lui-même, et puisque le diable s'en mêle il faut bien lui faire sa leçon. De sorte que, tout le temps que dure une vente simulée, on lui jette à la tête des œufs pourris, avec accompagnement de cantiques et chants religieux. Avouez que ce n'est pas ordinaire! Vous me demandez à quoi bon un meeting si mouvementé? Eh bien, c'est là une manière de faire la propagande. Les Anglais adorent la nouveauté en fait de religion, et cette façon de narguer le diable leur sourit beaucoup. Le général commandant en chef et l'archiprêtre de ces sectaires est un docteur en médecine qui s'appelle le *doctor Clifford*. Celui-là a renoncé à la médecine pour se dévouer entièrement à la nouvelle religion. On dit qu'il sera prochainement député au parlement anglais (*Sir Stephens*).

PLAYS PRESENTABLE AND UNPRESENTABLE.

I.—"THE CARDINAL," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

WHAT with playwrights and Conclave-reporters, the Church of Rome has had, of late, its fair share of secular advertisement. I pass over that charming comedy, *The Bishop's Move*, where the clerical atmosphere is simply employed as an artistic medium for the development of character, and the author's creed would in any case have been sufficient warrant for discretion. But we had scarce recovered from the familiarities of *The Eternal City*, and the journalistic exploitation of the secrets of the Sistine Chapel, when we must needs have the limelight turned once more on the intimate arcana of the confessional. Of course a Cardinal's red robe always makes an effective splash of colour, and to be able, when in doubt, to genuflect or make the sign of the cross, is excellent for business; but these things do not necessarily tend to edification. Admirable use for dramatic purposes has before now been made of the secrecy imposed upon a father-confessor: but I doubt if any playwright has hitherto dared the casuistic device by which in this play the *Cardinal* permits himself a breach of this most sacred trust without actually letting the secret pass his lips. Though the life of his brother, wrongly accused, is to be the forfeit, he will not give up the murderer's name committed to him under the seal of the confessional: yet he uses that knowledge to force from the guilty man his own exposure. Having first posted the chief magistrate within earshot behind a large shrub, he feigns madness and a bad memory for what he has been told, and so draws the murderer on to repeat his story at the top of his voice. Finally with the easiest of consciences he proceeds to conduct the marriage rites of his emancipated brother. Needless harrowed through a great part of the play, the gallery accepted this relief with unfeigned and indiscriminating gratitude.

From time to time the heavy air of Roman hierarchy was lightened by a little Pagan witchcraft, taking the shape of *Sortes Virgilianæ*. The *Cardinal* inherits from his father, the Magnificent LORENZO DE' MEDICI, a taste for construing the Mantuan into vernacular verse. He does it partly for the benefit of two young deacons, one of them extremely ignorant of the classics. From any casual passage on which the *Cardinal* happens to light it is his foible to deduce an omen. One such passage runs:—

Capitque dolis . . .
Quos neque Tydides, nec Larissæus Achilles,
Non anni domuere decem, non mille carinæ.

Into this he reads the suggestion that craft will serve him where other efforts, more honourable, have failed. The idea is exquisite (in the Latin sense), but otherwise does little credit either to his integrity or his appreciation of the context. Apparently it escapes him that the case of the gallant Trojans provides a singularly unfortunate analogue for the miscarriage of justice which he is anxious to correct; and that, for himself, if he is to imitate the policy of the Greeks, he must be committed to a course of rather wooden horse-play, most unbecoming in a bulwark of the Church.

Mr. LOUIS PARKER has moulded history to his purpose. In order that the lady may be somewhere in the neighbourhood for the convenience of *Giuliano* in wooing her, and of *Strozzi* in stabbing her parent, the historical *Filiberta*, of the Royal House of Savoy, is introduced as the daughter of *Chigi*, a wealthy local trader. Again—and this time without dramatic excuse—the *Cardinal*, standing in the garden of his palace on the Capitoline, cites as an instance of the decline of Rome's dignity the fact that the heights once sacred to the City's triumphs are now, in the sixteenth century, permitted to witness the execution of criminals.

But what about the Tarpeian Rock, just round the corner? Surely a sufficiently antique precedent.

The history of Art., too, seems to undergo a certain modification, if I was right in recognising, in the centre of the *Cardinal's* garden, a reduced bronze copy of the *Venus di Milo*, with the missing arms thrown in. In point of fact the original marble was only discovered in the island of Melos rather more than three centuries later than the period of this play.

Mr. WILLARD, whose entrance on the first night was the signal for a truly Capitoline ovation, played his part with intelligent versatility; but he never quite had the air of a connoisseur of the fine arts; and for a Cardinal with an anxious eye confessedly fixed on the succession to the papal chair he had a somewhat pronounced habit of wreathing himself in evergreen smiles. Mr. WARING, most *debonair* of outlaws, suffered from a similar affection. One may of course smile more than once and yet remain a villain; but that is the prerogative of another type of scoundrel. Possibly a triumphant course of swashbuckling has left this popular actor with the impression that just any situation can be carried off with a perky head and a pointed toe.

There was a moment, early in this strenuous play, when one flattered oneself with a prospect of comic relief. Mr. WARING, as *Strozzi*, had produced a titillative shudder by a sweeping statement of his methods of coping with opposition. "There was a man once in Florence who said 'No' to me. It was his last word!" A little later, that jovial collector of antiquities, *Bartolommeo Chigi* (very pleasantly interpreted by Mr. FREDERICK VOLPÉ), had the foolhardiness to reply in the negative to *Strozzi's* overtures for his daughter's hand: with the usual fatal result. Two villainous henchmen, waiting behind the door for contingencies, sprang out like the policeman in the first act of *The Worst Woman in London*, and removed the evidence of this wanton deed of blood. But here the fun abruptly ended.

Mr. FULTON, as *Baglioni*, Chief Magistrate of Rome (pronounced throughout as Ballyony), played with excellent dignity; but the women's characters were not very sympathetic, and Miss NINA LINDSEY, in a painfully lacrymose part, suffered further from a pronunciation that savoured a little of Louisiana.

The play was well received; but Mr. WILLARD's popularity would have triumphed over a much worse melodrama. It was neither very good nor very bad, but just presentable. Of the unpresentable kind of play I hope to speak next week in discussing Mr. BERNARD SHAW's *Man and Superman*.

O. S.

A SLUMP IN PRIVATE MENAGERIES.

[According to a well-known faucier of wild beasts, the fashion of keeping these as domestic pets is dying out.]

Lions.—Mrs. LEO. S. HUNTER of Cinchville, Pa., the wife of the well-known millionaire, has several of these entertaining animals to dispose of. Delightful drawing-room pets. Thoroughly broken to cooked food. From \$50 upwards, according to length of mane. Also a few with rich reverberating roar, from \$100.

Wild Asses.—The War Office having procured a number of these animals for service in the late war are now able to offer several fine specimens to the public at reduced rates.

Gulls.—A well-known company promoter (at present nameless) has still a few gulls to dispose of, though the majority of his collection have already been sold. Likewise a few well-selected guinea-pigs.

It is also reported that Mr. GEORGE ROBY is offering some lively terns to the public, and that Sir THOMAS LIPTON is seeking a purchaser for his notorious boat-billed stork. The MULLAH's fine collection of black aunts is also said to be in the market.



BETWEEN RUSSIA AND THE DEEP SEA.



CHARIVARIA.

WE hear that, as a result of the War Commission, there are to be two more Commissions—one to sit forthwith to find out what are our actual military requirements, and another to sit five years later to find out why the recommendations of the preceding one have not been carried out.

It is said that there is indignation even among the Boers at the inefficient way in which the war was waged against them.

Among many things proved by the Commission is the fact that the British officer is very seldom caught mapping.

A contemporary that does not usually joke with its readers declares that a considerable amount of evidence given before the Commission has been suppressed for fear of making foreign nations think meanly of Great Britain's military system.

The Commission has anyhow had the effect of waking up the War Office. The report had been published little more than a week when the following intimation was circulated with a view to disarming criticism: "The Secretary for War has directed that Militia frocks of the old pattern are to be converted to the new pattern."

Also, the manœuvres of the Third Army Corps in Ireland are being conducted under actual service conditions. They have been postponed for lack of sufficient transport.

It is reported from Aden that arms and ammunition supplied to the Somalis have been traced to a British firm. This is satisfactory. Great Britain may at least claim credit for the successes of the MULLAH.

It is not true that the Duke of DEVONSHIRE intends to resign his seat in the Cabinet. His Grace will continue to be a sleeping partner.

Last Tuesday's *Express* contained the following announcements:—"The challenge issued by Sir HOWARD VINCENT to a public debate on the fiscal policy of the Empire has been accepted by the Financial Reform Association," and "Sir HOWARD VINCENT has left England."

As a result of his trip over the Gordon-Bennett course, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin now recommends the motor-car for pastoral visits. This will be no new thing. For years past some people have looked



Irish Bag Carrier (commenting on the crack shot of the party). "SURE, THIN, AND I DO NOT THINK MUCH AV HIM! IVERY LOT O' BIRDS HE'LL BE AFTHER FIRIN' BOTH BARRELS OF HIS GUN, AND DEVIL A ONE HE KILLS BUT TWO!"

on the motor-car in the light of a visitation.

"Many roads in the district are unfit for motorists," is the report of the Tadeaster surveyor to his council. We understand the inhabitants have resolved to leave well alone.

Hearing that the American Consul at Beirut had been murdered, the U.S. European Squadron hastened thither to exact reparation, but only to learn that the report was untrue. The SULTAN much regrets that the Admiral should have been put to so much trouble for nothing.

Our criminals seem to begin their career earlier in life every day. A burglar aged nine has been captured in Southwark, and several papers last week

contained a paragraph headed, "An Abandoned Baby at Ludgate Hill Station."

A WORD WITH SIR THOMAS.

WHEN you, Sir THOMAS, yonder sped
And bowed and cracked your jests
and laughed

When Yankees fawned around, we said,
"He's meeting craft with craft."

Sir THOMAS, long we hoped, but now
All hope must vanish when we find
That your and Shamrock's smiling bow
Has nothing stern behind.

"THE BELDAM sans merci hath us in thrall," as the Oval poet said when G. W. B., of the Middlesex team, was punishing the Surrey bowlers in the match that decided the Championship.

ONE THOUSAND "QUID FLES, ASTERIE?"

[Public interest is still centred in the Expedition after the Arctic flea for whose acquisition Mr. CHARLES ROTHSCHILD is said to have offered £1,000.]

The common Capricornal flea,
Bounding his capers by a tropic,
His worth is not, whate'er it be,
My topic.

And him, whose blood relations teem
A hungry horde on the equator,
In present value I esteem
Scarce greater.

For captures in a temperate zone
I dare not offer fancy prices;
I leave possessors to their own
Devices.

But if in weary Arctic nights
A gain accrues to him who itches,
And ownership of parasites
Is riches,

Then come, ye budding NANSSENS, we
Will rid the Pole of all the genus,
And share resulting specie
Between us.

THE AMATEUR HISTRION.

(A Compleat Guide to Country House
Theatricals.)

IV.—How to REHEARSE.

No really talented amateur of either sex should ever attend more than one or two rehearsals. To be present at more is liable to cramp the style and to turn him or her into a confirmed cue-hunter, which is the worst form of professionalism.

The most spontaneous actor I ever knew was an amateur of great distinction who never made any attempt to learn his part. "When I act," he would say, "I speak out, from the heart, what comes to me naturally." Sometimes all that would come from his heart were "Ohs" and "Ahs" and unavailing "What's that?" addressed to the prompter, but on other occasions, when there was plenty of champagne in the dressing-rooms, he was electrifying, and so surprisingly original that, during the time he was on the stage, the ladies in the audience never knew at what moment they might not have to leave the theatre.

He was a genius—rest his ashes!—and there are few like him now, but the example of great men gone should be always before us.

The early rehearsals of any play are always called by the manager for his own amusement. It is a harmless form of pastime, and it is a pity to interfere with him.

On the very finest day of your stay

in the house, when the sun is shining and the birds are singing, just as you are starting for a walk, or a motor ride, or to play golf, your hostess will tell you, almost crossly, that you really *must* come to rehearsal to-day, and you, out of pure good-nature, will give up your own pleasure and go and listen to all the duffers, who think they have got their words off by heart, stumbling over them dolefully.

Of course it is not to be expected that you should be in a good temper, under the circumstances, when you do go to rehearsal, and the treatment you will receive will not soothe you. Somebody, probably an acidulated female of no position, will say, "At last!" when you make your appearance, and the Manager will hope that you have come "word perfect." That is, of course, his little joke; but it is one in very bad taste, and if you can think of anything cutting to say to show that you resent this, say it. Of course you will have lost your part, and if the Manager has not found it for you you should say that you will read it from the prompt book. As likely as not the Manager will refuse to give up the book to you because the "positions" are marked in it. You can prove to him at once that this is a ridiculous excuse, for all the "positions," as he calls them, are put down wrong in the book. If you sit down beside him you can show him in a minute that he is always telling people to go to the left when an R is written in the book, and *vice versa*. He will be stubborn, no doubt, but that is one form of managerial rudeness.

Your hostess will be called away by her housekeeper, or to see a morning visitor; the two nice boys from the neighbouring garrison will be flirting with the two girls who are playing, and will be arranging what waltzes they will keep at the next dance. Probably the only other person in the room you care to talk to will pretend to be busy learning a part.

All this is merely wasting your time when you might be enjoying yourself out of doors, and you have a right to resent it. Saunter away into another room and look out of the window, saying, "Oh, am I wanted?" when somebody rushes at you and tells you that you have missed your entrance. Fumble with your part if it has been found for you when you come on, and declare that you cannot find the place. Read your words as if they had no interest for you. If you are kept waiting on the stage while a "cross" is arranged, or some tomfoolery, which is alluded to as "business," is invented, draw, if you are a lady, someone else aside to a window-seat, and give her details of a duck of a hat you saw in

Sloane Street; and if you are a man whistle a breakdown and try some steps you once saw a coster do at a music-hall.

On the day of the dress rehearsal, when you will put on some musty clothes that do not fit you, and a wig that gives you a headache, and have your face smeared with sticks of coloured grease, you may on appearing on the stage have your part taken out of your hand. Say at once that "these things," meaning your clothes and wig, have sent all your words out of your head, repeat the sentences sulkily as the prompter, if there is one, reads them out to you, and state testily to the world in general that you may be a bit "fluffy" now, but that it will be all right on the night.

AN OLD HAND.

EVOLUTION.

SHE sketched a husband strong and brave

On whom her heart might lean;
None but a hero would she have—
This girl of 17.

Her fancy subsequently turned
From deeds of derring do;
For brainy intercourse she yearned
When she was 22.

The years sped on, ambition taught
A worldly-wise design;
A man of wealth was what she sought
When she was 29.

But Time has modified her plan;
Weak, imbecile, or poor—
She's simply looking for a man
Now she is 34.

LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

["Mr. HAMILTON AIDÉ has some idea of publishing a volume of verse."—*Athenæum*.]

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE is credited with harbouring the intention of bringing out a collection of poems entitled *The Love Sonnets of Morpheus*.

Mr. WHITELEY is seriously contemplating the possibility of issuing a volume of epigrams.

LORD KITCHENER, according to latest telegrams, has some idea of publishing an Epic Poem.

Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, in response to a round robin from his Kentish neighbours, has intimated his readiness to consider the desirability of casting his next play in a non-metrical form.

Miss NORAH CHESSON is alleged to have some sort of a notion that she might possibly contribute another poem to the *Westminster Gazette*.

CANON RAWNSLEY, according to latest advices from Keswick, has completed his Sonnet-Gazetteer of the Lake Country.



FORE AND—

Sergeant. "BACK A LITTLE, NUMBER FIVE!"



—AFT!

Sergeant. "UP A LITTLE, NUMBER FIVE!"

A SOUTH-EAST KENTISH AND RATHER SUSSEX-FUL TRIP.

Why do we, happy British Islanders, go abroad, visiting many foreign places, enduring the worry of custom-houses, wearying ourselves with packing and unpacking when, at an eighth of the expense and a sixteenth of the trouble, we can see as picturesque sights as Brittany or Normandy may have to show us, without quitting the regions of Kent and Sussex, by simply making our headquarters at one of the most frequented towns in the Hoppiest of Hoppy counties. As the old ditty has it:

"Happy Land! Happy Land!
Ne'er from thee my heart shall roam."

And with two such old-world places, so attractive to the artist in brush and in drama, to the novelist, the historian, and the romancist, so close at hand too to the jaded Londoner, as are Rye and Winchelsea, this wayfarer would like to know why on earth cross the sea, to France, Belgium, or Holland, merely to go further and not fare so well?

Halte là! "fare so well?"—ahem. No, there is the difference: at any small *auberge* in France you will probably meet with daintier fare and cheaper than you will ever come across in the pretentious hotels, or inns, mainly commercial, in outlying, and outlandish, English towns. Has an ordinary country landlord or landlady in Great Britain and Ireland any idea of so treating fresh eggs, or a chicken (and there are a hundred inexpensive ways of dealing with the fowl and its offspring) as to present the guest with an appetising variation? No, not a bit of it: roast joints, thick slices, ordinarily boiled vegetables, heavy-crustured fruit pies only offered to be avoided by the wary wayfarer, and cheese as a rule strong enough to attract all the mice for miles round, these form the usual pabulum for the tired and hungry visitor. It is "something for him to cut at" in order to satisfy his hunger, but it offers no inducement, after he has "cut," to "come again." How short-sighted are these provincial landlords! How many good customers do they not lose by neglecting to provide them with something that delights the nostrils, gratifies the palate, and satisfies the temporary need, at a reasonable price!

Anything *recherché* the experienced traveller will not expect to find at Winchelsea or Rye, though "on coming through the Rye" he will light upon a good old hotel brought up to date, where he will lunch in a spacious saloon which has served, and may so do now, as an "Assembly Room," with an old-fashioned gallery up above wherein were wont to play the fiddlers on a county ball night and on similar occasions.

When at Winchelsea—which name was originally pronounced with the "ch" hard (much as "church" is "kirk") and was so called on account of the enormous amount of periwinkles that were found in this inland arm of the sea—"Winkle-sea"—we paused, after our walk of three-quarters of a mile from the station, to admire this most delightful old town. The sturdily defiant gates, the battered walls, the ancient inscriptions, the fine old tombs of still finer old crusaders resting within the grand old Norman church—all this made us say to one another, "Why travel to foreign shores until you have explored the treasures of our own?" And then the view! Magnificent. Rye is a fortified town "perched up aloft," like the sweet little cherub in DIBDIN'S ballad, to keep watch o'er the ships that used once upon a time to sail up the river (if so permitted by the two

fortified towns with their eyes on them) some seven hundred odd years ago. Then to see the ruins of old towers and walls and gateways that were built *tempore* WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, or before his day, and strengthened, repaired and added to by him and his successors, so that they might have a quiet day's outing to Gallia and back, and prevent the incursions of marauders during their temporary absence,—*ça donne à penser*; and when you once sit down to meditate, it is necessary to have a "Man from Cook's" or a *Bradshaw's Guide* at hand to tell you that time and train wait for no man.

At Winchelsea we saw the cottage of our leading actress, with its magnificent old-world garden, and such a view of river and sea over the plains and right away to Rye on one side, and with Kentish hills for a background; and having seen this, merely as "outsiders," we "did get a-talking" with amiable, confidential *bons villageois*, who told us of grand ruins to be seen within certain grounds whereunto the five-barred gate, near which we were standing, would admit us, that is if we asked permission at the Lodge, as the grounds belonged to Major Somebody, who, so it was asserted, allowed the public in "on Mondays only." But this was a Tuesday!

Well, we were not "the public," we were but three poor travellers, and with only this day at our disposal. We held council. Suppose the Major were a member of one or other of our Clubs? That would ensure his welcoming us as brothers, even though it was not on a Monday. At all events, if this kinship of Clubland could not be established beyond possibility of doubt, he, the Major, whatever his name might be, was sure to be a "real old English gentleman, one of the good old time," whose old-fashioned Sussex hospitality was unbounded, and whose heart and house would be open to all honest comers, and he himself ready to show his ruins not on Mondays only but at any time to those who honestly and earnestly and scientifically wished to make their acquaintance. So, having



THE FICKLE POPULAR BREATH.

Cabby (to beaten crock). "COME UP, SHAMROCK!"

decided what sort of English squire this retired, or unretired, "military man" (like *Bouncer*) should be, we charged a very civil servant at the Lodge to walk up to the house and present the worthy Major with a card bearing a name and address that would be a fair guarantee for the good faith of the party; and on this card was scribbled an apology for intruding and a politely worded request for a favour. In a few minutes (it did not take the Major long to decide), the civil servant returned with a verbal answer to the effect that the Major was "very sorry, but he could not depart from his rule of 'Mondays only.'"

By way of grateful acknowledgment for this polite and most considerate verbal message, intended as an answer to our humbly-worded address on the back of the aforesaid visiting card, we expressed, *vivâ voce*, our extreme regret that any importunity on our part should have given the worthy Major (evidently a *Martinet*, which was suggestive of an officer in the "Martineti Troupe") any cause for sorrow, and we ventured further to express an earnest hope that the Major might soon recover from the temporary fit of despondency into which our unexpected visit had cast him. That this message was not delivered *cela va sans dire*.

"Hem!" quoth one of the party, "Major Boldwig—eh?"

Yes, we remembered our DICKENS perfectly, and admitted that this conduct was undoubtedly reminiscent of that tremendous personage, who "gave his orders with all due grandeur and ferocity," whose "house was a villa, and his



POLITICAL GARDEN PARTY IN THE PROVINCES.

Great Lady (speeding the parting guest). "So GLAD YOU WERE ABLE TO COME!"

Mayoress. "OH, WE ALWAYS TRY TO OBLIGE!"

land 'grounds,' and it was all very high, and mighty, and great." We felt that in the Major's view—specially as on our *carte de visite* was, perhaps, inscribed "Garrick Club," we were no better than "rogues and vagabonds by Act of Parliament."

Taking our rebuff in a truly christian spirit, we left Winchelsea, and made across the marshes to Rye, where there was such a lunch as can be imagined from our early allusion to it in this brief paper. Afterwards we feasted ourselves on all that was to be seen in the rare old church, wherein the pendulum, some eighteen feet in length, swings backwards and forwards, never stopping for the service nor for the sermon. How disconcerted a novice at preaching must be when he gets up in the pulpit to deliver his first sermon, and sees this perpetual timekeeper steadily going to and fro, to and fro, marking time for him with irritating persistency. A very ancient verger informed us that this clock was one of the oldest in England, and if anyone ought to know, he ought, though he was not quite so old as the clock. We must repeat this visit (we come to this conclusion, avoiding the "Major premises"), and in the meantime let those who are still hesitating as to where they shall take a holiday accept our advice, buy a L. C. & S. E. ticket (ask for exceptional excursionist fare and see that you get it—it is most satisfactorily moderate, with trains at convenient

hours) and visit Rye and Winchelsea, or Winchelsea and Rye, as it is better, in view of lunch and return, to begin with Winchelsea and end with Rye. But, N.B., go on a Monday if you want to see "the ruins." But as to whether these ruins are, or are not, worth seeing, we cannot offer an opinion, thanks to the courtesy of *Major Boldwig's* representative.

Culture.

[In the University of Cambridge the word Telegram is considered by the academic to be derivatively incorrect.]

SCENE—At the Post Office.

Pedant. Please give me a form. I desire the immediate despatch of a telegrapheme.

Clerk. This is not a form but the symbol of absolute superficiality, the hieroglyphics dividing off imperfectly enough that which for the want of a better term we are compelled to name Space.

ACCORDING to the *Daily Mail* Mr. HALL CAINE has had a very warm reception from the Icelanders. It seems that they even went so far as to "skald" him at a parliamentary dinner.



Petit Jaques (who has frequently "assisted at" the arrangement of Mamma's supplementary hair). "DIS, PAPA, QUAND TU T'HABILLES LE MATIN, QU'EST-CE QUE TU METS LE PREMIER?"

Papa. "MAIS FRACHEMENT, JE NE SAIS TROP."

Petit Jaques. "MOI, JE SAIS. TU METS TA BARBE."

Papa. "MAIS NON, JE NE METS PAS MA BARBE."

Petit Jaques. "COMMENT! TU PORTES TA BARBE TOUTE LA NUIT?"

THE CADT'S IMPROMPTUS.

BEING THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MERRY
MAGISTRATE.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. Chichele Plowden and "The Evening News.")

I WAS, I believe, born a jester: I became a magistrate later. My birthday was July 14, which is, of course, St. Swithin's Day. Family records, which cannot lie, state that, being carried to the window by the wet nurse, I gazed gloomily at the torrents of rain that were falling, and remarked, "Forty days without the option of a fine." I have joked ever since.

Magisterial tendencies soon manifested themselves. At the Kindergarten which I attended, I was frequently found, during recess, on an improvised Bench distributing punishments. I may perhaps remark, just as an indication of how the tide was setting, that I used to obtain silence in court by shouting out, "Beak quiet."

Some of my best jokes have never got into the papers, careful as we are to

encourage the reporters at our Court. For example, I once had a case turning upon wood pavement. The question of Pall Mall being paved with wood coming up, I remarked without an instant's pause, "The War Office clerks need only lay their heads together and the thing is done." On another occasion, in private life, I chanced to be watching one of my little friends (for I love the dear children) stroking a tortoise. On my asking why she did so, she said it was to please the tortoise. "Why," I said, "you might as well stroke the roof of the Law Courts in order to gratify the Master of the Rolls."

Providence, I have noticed, is kind to the true wit. One day during the hearing of a case a piece of plaster fell from the ceiling upon the counsel for the defence. He was very angry, but I pacified him with the remark, "*Fiat justitia ruat ceiling.*"

My wit has never failed me. One day, for instance, when acting as Junior to a great K.C., I was reprimanded for dilatoriness.

"Why," said he, "you come later than anyone in the place."

"Yes," I replied, "but see how early I go."

There are of course drawbacks to so much humour, as the foundations of our Court have to be renewed every year owing to the gusts of laughter which rock the walls; and Counsel frequently cannot proceed with the case for some hours on account of the state of hysteria to which I reduce them. Reporters are often removed shrieking. I remember once nodding over the tedious address of a young barrister in a furniture case.

"Your Worship," he said at last, "I will now address myself to the furniture."

"Ah," said I, "you have been doing that for a long time."

The effect was terrific. Four women at the back of the Court fainted, two reporters had *delirium tremens*, the magistrate's clerk told me the next morning that he had laughed all night, and the usher (a man without humour) tendered his resignation.

(To be continued.)



THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

THE WAYFARER (long troubled by *Philosophic Doubt*). "WELL! NOW I SUPPOSE I REALLY MUST MAKE UP MY MIND!"

"FORTY YEARS ON."

CONTEST FOR THE AMERICA CUP, 1903.

6 A.M. (Sandy Hook). *Shamrock XXIII.* is preparing for the third race, which is over the triangular course to-day. Sir THOMAS LIPTON, despite two defeats, has still implicit confidence in his boat. He gives it as his opinion that the Challenger is even a better boat than *Shamrock XVII.*, which made such a close fight for the cup twelve years ago.

7 A.M. (New York). Wind is now blowing 6.3 knots from S.S.E. Sir THOMAS says, "This is *Shamrock's* weather." Pressed to say more, he added, "The Defender is certainly a wonderful boat, but the Cup is never won until the best boat takes three races."

7.45 A.M. (Sandy Hook). *Shamrock XXIII.* was re-measured after yesterday's spin, and supporters of the British boat will be pleased to learn that, by taking six inches off the boom and two feet from the baby jib-topsail, her time-allowance has been increased by nearly twenty minutes, making the total one hour forty-two minutes. This will add greatly to her chance of winning. Sir THOMAS LIPTON is reported to have said, "May the best boat win."

Yesterday Sir THOMAS LIPTON was presented with another mascot by the PRESIDENT's daughter. It took the shape of a handsomely-bound album, containing photographs of the twenty-two previous *Shamrocks*. At the end of the book was a photograph of the much-coveted Cup, with the inscription underneath:—

Lifted by "*Shamrock No.....*"
Date.....

Sir THOMAS was much touched, and is reported to have said, with a catch in his voice, "May the best boat win."

10.59 A.M. The competitors are jockeying for the windward berth.

11.0 A.M. (Sandy Hook). They're off! —(From Our Special Correspondent.)

[Copyright in both Hemispheres.]

11.0 A.M. (Sandy Hook). The yachts have started.—(Central News.)

11.1 A.M. The Defender has secured the windward berth for the one hundred and thirty-third successive time.

11.20 A.M. *Shamrock XXIII.* seems to point higher than ever, and is footing it very fast. The Defender refuses to split tacks, and is eating her way greedily into the wind, being pinched for all she is worth. *Shamrock* is slowly but surely forging astern.—(Anti-Mareconi.)

Later. 11.40 A.M. *Shamrock* is going about.

11.40½ A.M. *Shamrock* has gone about.



A SAFE MORTGAGE.

Angelina. "EDWIN, PROMISE ME YOU'LL NEVER DESCRIBE ME AS YOUR 'RELICT.'"

Edwin. "DEAREST, I NEVER WILL! I'D DIE SOONER!"

Much later. 1.50 P.M. *Shamrock* has rounded the mark and has gone to look for the Defender, which is out of sight. Sir THOMAS LIPTON is as confident as ever, and has just remarked, "The race is not over yet. However, may the best boat win."—(Reuter.)

Later still. 3.41 P.M. *Shamrock* is nearing home and has reduced her disadvantage, as far as one can judge, to 12½ miles. Her baby jib has given a lot of trouble.—(Central News.)

4.10. Result. *Shamrock* was beaten by 56 minutes, after deducting her time allowance.

The news created little or no surprise in New York. Sir THOMAS LIPTON, after the race, is reported to have remarked

(with a catch in his voice), "The only thing I can say is that we did better to-day than we did this time ten years ago. Perhaps with more or perhaps with less wind the result might have been different. It is hard to admit it, but 'the best boat won.' I had previously expressed a wish to that effect." —(Our Special Correspondent.)

ANOTHER AMERICAN RECORD.—*Cassell's Magazine* for September contains an admirable photograph of the bathing-hour at Atlantic City, U.S.A., "where," we are told, "75,000 people are sometimes upon the sands and in the water at the same time."

A UNION OF ARTS.

Prefatory Note.—DEAR MR. PUNCH,—In a serial now running in *Longman's Magazine* "M. E. FRANCIS" has adopted the pleasing novelty of placing a few bars of music at the head of each chapter. But, glancing at *The Queen*, I see that Miss BEATRICE HARRADEN has gone one better. In the chapter of her tale which is printed this week her characters sing four songs, and the music of them all is given in full. Of course the rest of us who write fiction will have to follow suit. My musical knowledge is limited, but I've done the best I can. This is a brief extract from my next novel:

And so, in the mysterious twilight hour, LEONARD and MARGARET found themselves in the drawing-room—alone. For some moments there was silence. At last the man's pent-up emotion burst forth.

"MARGARET!" he cried, "adorable, divine MARGARET! You know what I would say—but words are all too weak and inadequate! Therefore I have taken the precaution of bringing my violin with me, and with your permission—"

As he spoke he lifted tenderly from its case his cherished Stradivarius.

And there resounded through the room, in all its rich fulness, that superb, unforgettable strain:



MARGARET was deeply moved. Her lips trembled as if she would have spoken. Then, changing her mind, she rose and moved to the piano. Clearly and decisively rang out her reply:



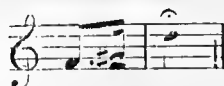
"Ah, thank you, thank you!" cried her lover; "my doubts are ended at last! But yet—what will Lady FULHAM say? Of course you will think me a silly—"



—put in the piano derisively. "But all the same—"



expostulated the girl, "you are really too ridiculous! So long as we love each other I don't care—oh, I don't care"—she touched the piano again—

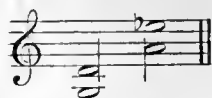


—"that much—for anyone!"

"Perhaps not," he sighed, rather dubiously. "Yet, from the point of view of ordinary prudence—"

"Oh!" cried MARGARET, "I have been mistaken! You are a coward! I don't love you at all! Go quite away at once!"

LEONARD, pale with anger, rose to his feet. He seized his bow and played:



"Life," he added bitterly, "is like my E string. It has gone suddenly half a tone flat. And—MARGARET—is this the end?"

The girl could not speak. But beneath her touch the awful, fate-laden tones trembled forth:



And, hearing them, LEONARD flung out of the room.

THE AGE OF RESEARCH.

(A Fragment from the *Social History of England*, edition of 2003 A.D.)

... ABOUT this period (i.e., towards the end of August, 1903) a curious mania attacked the population of the United Kingdom, and more especially the inhabitants of London. Every man, woman and child, including the more able-bodied idiots who were at large, began to investigate, and were incessantly going in search. The hunt was after buried treasure, solutions of "picture-puzzles," a missing lady, a lost identity, the truth about the Fiscal Question, and so on—in fact, every elusive individual or article which could effect a disappearance served equally well. The very streets were not safe. One morning Piccadilly would be "up" from end to end, the road-breakers being in search of something—they knew not what; another day the County Council would take it into its head to explore the subsoil of the Strand or the morasses of the Embankment. "Tubes" were bored in all directions on the off-chance of striking against an auriferous lode, and even the bed of the Thames was turned up periodically in the quest after "finds." It was a golden time for clairvoyants and the occult fraternity in general who "worked the oracle" in Bond Street.

Nor were humbler practitioners less active in the business of research for

accidental enrichment. The art of extracting specie and valuables from the pockets of the unconscious wayfarer was regarded by the public as a praiseworthy accomplishment.

No person could venture abroad without being pursued by amateur detectives, who were themselves shadowed by similar inquisitors, and so on in an endless chain. Every newspaper and book that was published contained hidden ciphers, which were eagerly discussed and scanned between the lines by the various Gallup Societies of the Metropolis. Each bus-ticket or luggage-label was regarded as a possible clue and reverently safe-guarded. The most innocent public utterances of so plain-spoken a statesman as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN were twisted into oracular indications of the whereabouts of hidden national wealth; while every syllable uttered by Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN was regarded as cryptic and requiring the aid of "Old Moore" as commentator.

The *furor* was started by the proprietor of a popular periodical, who secreted £500 in gold in a place "accessible to all," which turned out to be a roadside near Hitchin. It is surmised that this happy thought was suggested to him by the action of his favourite terrier in burying a bone in the back garden. From this simple incident it came about that the British character underwent such a marked transformation, with the further result that the old divisions of Tory and Liberal were completely effaced, and the people ranged themselves into an aristocracy of Hiders and Buriers and an overwhelming majority of Excavators and Followers of SHERLOCK HOLMES.

MIDLAND, NOT MIDDLING.

"TODGERS's can do it when it likes." So can the Midland Railway Company. They were pioneers in the work of Railway Passenger Reform. As our TOBY, M.P. said, responding recently to the toast of the Press at a representative gathering in Manchester, the Midland were first in the field with the great revolution that practically abolished the second-class passenger. But, like the aggressive gentleman mentioned in the *Ingoldsby Legends*, they were cruel only to be kind. They gave the second-class man compensation for disturbance in the form of a railway carriage exceeding in comfort the first-class of twenty years ago, and charged him third-class fare. The Midland Company, sighing for new worlds to conquer, have now endowed their Manchester Station with a hotel, which, like their railway service, embodies all the resources of civilisation.



UNRECORDED HISTORY. SUGGESTED BY "HOLBEIN'S ATTEMPT TO SWIM THE CHANNEL."

[It may not be generally known that Rembrandt also had shocking bad luck in his attempts to beat the Zuyder Zee (shore-to-shore) record.]

DICK'S DEFENCES.

(Concluded.)

THEN there was a third prisoner who, a few months afterwards, desired to avail himself of Dick's services. I don't know how Dick manages to get to know so many prisoners, but he does. My brother Tom says Dick's aunt has a cook who knows a lot of people in the constabulary, and that they for their own purposes advise the prisoners to retain Dick. Of course Tom means to make some horrid kind of insinuation about someone, though I don't quite understand it. All I can say is, I should think it very jolly of the constabulary if it were true. As a matter of fact, it *was* a policeman who asked Dick to defend this third client, though he was probably really a poet, or an artist, in uniform and reduced circumstances.

Now, of course I admire Dick awfully, but if there is one quality of his I love more than another it is his conscientiousness. He reflected, he told me, when requested to undertake the third defence, upon the fate of his two previous prisoners. If the sentences passed upon his clients tended to increase in a sort of arithmetical progression, surely the latest comer was entitled to be made aware of what appeared to be a curious scientific fact. This is something like the way Dick talks. And he accompanied that dear, discriminating policeman to the cells to see the man.

"You're sure nothing was found on you?" asked Dick, remembering his first experience.

"I wor found on *it*," replied the prisoner, referring to the horse he was accused of stealing.

Having thus adroitly established this point, and bearing in mind his second case, Dick proceeded to ask if the man had not said he was guilty on a previous occasion. The man got quite angry at the idea.

"No!" he roared; "think I'm a fool? I'm guilty right enough, but I niver said it!"

Dick at once began a little calculation.

"The first time," he said, half aloud, "it was two years, last time it was three, *this time*—"

"What're yer talking about?" interrupted the prisoner, "last time? Last time it wor ten."

Well, I don't exactly remember what happened to this man—Dick did not go into particulars, and of course the man had been very rude and did not deserve

to get off. But these stories interested me so much in Dick's work that I begged him to take me to the courthouse last Sessions to hear some cases, and perhaps one of his defences. He said it was possible that he should have one, and events proved that he was right, as of course he generally is. Dick put me into a gallery, and himself went back into the pit where the barristers' stalls are. There was a prisoner standing behind some railings ready to be condemned, and an old gentleman on the bench was saying that it was rather a serious case, and then he asked the prisoner in the bar if he was defended by counsel. Dick was standing up in the gangway leading into the pit, looking very nice and somewhat conspicuous, for he is rather tall, and his wig was much whiter and prettier than any of the others. I was not at all surprised that when the prisoner answered the old gentleman's question with a sulky

says there are none of them out yet. And I hope it was not wrong of me to feel pleased when, owing entirely to his refusal to let Dick defend him, the stupid man got a month.

MUSICAL GOSSIP.

PROSPER DERIANTOMSKY, the celebrated Esthonian pianist, was married at Prague yesterday to the lovely Princess BOLOSSY CZIMCEK, Archbishop KIELMANSEGG officiating. The bride wore a magnificent dress of purple taffeta with insertions of bullion, and M. DERIANTOMSKY appeared in full Klephtic costume, with twenty-three gold snuff-boxes slung over his right shoulder. The witnesses were Count BOLESLAS GOGOL for the bride, and Herr KRAG-JORGENSEN for the bridegroom. M. DERIANTOMSKY, who, at the urgent wish of his bride, has renounced his nationality and taken the Bohemian appellation of HANUSCH JIRZIK, will of course retain his famous patronymic of DERIANTOMSKY when performing in Kensington Town Hall.

Considerable consternation was caused in cultured musical circles by the appearance of a recent concert notice in the *Pall Mall Gazette* from which the words "accomplishment," "vital," "distinguished," "sincere," and "achievement," were conspicuously absent. Consols dropped to 88, and the gravest fears were entertained as to the condition of the gifted writer. Happily, on the very next day a notice appeared in the journal in

question, in which it was stated that "GOUNOD's *Faust*, allowing for all temperamental ineptitudes, is an incomparably distinguished, sincere, and vital achievement," and public confidence was immediately restored.

It is announced that Sir HUBERT PARRY has postponed his attempt to swim the Channel until after the Hereford Festival. The eminent composer will be accompanied on his great natatory effort by his trainer Mr. HENRY BIRD, and a tug containing Dr. HANS RICHTER, Mr. J. P. SOUSA, Mr. STEPHEN ADAMS and Herr RICHARD STRAUSS, who will at intervals join Sir HUBERT in the water as pacemakers.

THE *Publishers' Circular*, in citing the account recently given by "The Baron de Book-Worms" of a *bon mot* of Father HEALY's, heads its quotation with the title "*Ex Lucy lucellum*." The Fair One in question, while blushfully appreciating this *jeu d'esprit*, is compelled to deny the soft impeachment.



"THE CHOICE AND MASTER SPIRITS OF THIS AGE."

Julius Caesar, Act III., Sc. 1.

"No" the latter should have immediately looked straight at Dick.

"Perhaps, Mister Er—, you will be good enough," he said. He was really quite old, and so I forgave him for having forgotten Dick's name.

Dick bowed gracefully, and actually blushed a little—I had no idea that he could—and then turned to go and speak to the prisoner. I suppose he wanted to ask him what he had in his pockets when he was caught, but the man fixed him where he stood with a stare of unutterable disdain.

"Im?" he shrieked, looking down on Dick's head. "Your loship!" he added, in an injured tone, "I'll defend myself."

I have often heard the Mater say that the lower classes never know when they are well off. I never attached any meaning to the remark—except that JANE had given notice again—but I see now that it has a wider application. I thought at first the man must be one of Dick's previous clients. But he

THE SUN-CHILD.

(Continued.)

AFTER this last little adventure the Sun-child walked on through a deep country lane, on either side of which rose a thick green hedge set on a grassy bank. It was summer-time, and the birds were chirping and singing and hopping from twig to twig, and the butterflies, the modest white ones and the gay fritillaries, were flitting aimlessly about in the calm air. At a little distance was heard the tinkle of a sheep-bell, and every now and then there came the sound of children's laughter, for it was the middle of the day, and morning school had ceased. And as the Sun-child walked he heard voices behind him and soon he saw a little girl on a pony coming towards him. By her side rode the old coachman on a steady grey horse, and the two were talking together very merrily. The little girl tossed her fair hair as she spoke, and her blue eyes were bright, and her cheeks glowed with the beautiful colour that the kind and gentle pink roses lend to children whom they love:—

"MATTHEW," she said, "do you know what I'm going to do when I'm quite grown up?"

MATTHEW had heard the question before, and he knew what he was expected to answer:—

"Lor', Missie, that'll be a long time first, won't it?"

"Not nearly as long as you think, MATTHEW, for I'm growing very fast. Now guess."

"You'll marry a Duke, sure enough."

"No I shan't. You're wrong. Guess again."

"Wear silks and satins, and live on strawberries and cream all day long."

"Yes, I shall do that—p'raps, but that isn't what I mean."

"Well, Missie, I give it up."

"MATTHEW, you're not a clever man to-day, or you ought to have guessed. Now I'll tell you. I'll build you a big house, and there's to be a beautiful room in it for *Dapple* and *Peggy*, and they're to do no work at all—only eat sugar out of my hand, and you're to have splendid clothes and a great big writing-desk like Papa's and a gold pen—"

"Lor, Missie, I shouldn't know what to do with a gold pen. Steel's good enough for the likes of me."

"Never you mind, MATTHEW, you shall have it, you see if you don't. Now let's canter."

At this they set off, the pony titupping gaily and the grey rumbling along in a sedate and sober fashion suited to his years and the weight of coachman that he carried. They swept past the Sun-child, and turning a corner of the lane, passed for the moment out of his sight. He did not hurry, for the day was quiet and warm, and the pretty new things that he saw at every step pleased him and caused him to linger. But at last he too turned the corner, and as he did so a pitiful sight met his eyes. The old grey had fallen and lay by the roadside, and MATTHEW, his hat off, was standing beside him. The little girl sat on her pony looking frightened, and tears were in her eyes. "Help *Dapple* to get up, MATTHEW," she said; "I want him to get up again."

"I can't, Missie; he's past getting up, poor old *Dapple* is. His leg's broke."

"Oh, MATTHEW, what shall we do? We must do something for him directly," and she wrung her little hands together as she spoke.

"Now, you ride home quick, Missie—you're close to the gate—and tell them, and I'll stay here by *Dapple* and do what I can."

She rode off swiftly and the old man looked after her:—

"Poor little thing," he said, "she'll feel it, ah, and so do I."

In the meantime a small crowd had collected, and one of the men volunteered to help.



Elsie. "YOU KNOW, DOROTHY, BOBBY IS OUR FIRST COUSIN."

Dorothy (on whom Bobby has made an unfavourable impression). "IS HE? WELL, I HOPE HE'S OUR LAST, THAT'S ALL!"

"It's a bad break," said MATTHEW; "there's only one thing to be done. Run in, TOM, and get me my gun. You'll find the cartridges hanging by it."

But, as he said this, the Sun-child came up, and his heart was filled with pain and pity. He looked at the old horse, and *Dapple* raised his gentle head and looked at him with bright eyes. Then his head fell back; a shadow, like that of a cloud on a pool, came over his eyes; he stretched his legs and then lay quite still.

"He's dead," said TOM, and MATTHEW stooped down and examined his old friend.

"Yes, he's dead. His heart's broke. It's better so, for I couldn't have brought myself to pull a trigger to him."

And the Sun-child passed on his way. He knew that death was often merciful to dumb creatures as well as to those who can give voice to their sufferings and can call on their fellows for help.

(To be continued.)

A CORRESPONDENT writes to say that he is sure he has found out the answer to the pictorial conundrum asked in the *Daily News* fiscal poster. The artist's design represents two highly-coloured blobs of what appears to be Old Terracotta Sandstone, one large and one small, and labelled respectively, "The Free Trade Loaf," and "The Zollverein Loaf"; and below this runs the question, "Which will you have?" Our correspondent says that if he is bound to have one or the other he would like to be let off with the smaller kind, please.

A DAILY paper states that "Mr. W. H. LEVER is a probable challenger for the America Cup." This sounds like lifting it at last. We trust it is a "Lever of the first class."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN holiday time you want a story to interest, to excite and to amuse. In fact, a melodramatic novel. Here in *The Tickencote Treasure, the Story of a Silent Man, a Sealed Script, and a Singular Secret*, by Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX (GEORGE NEWNES LTD.), the "vacuous viator" or recessionist reader, will find the best companion, either for his travels or for his rest, that his heart could desire. A good story, "well found" in every respect; neither dawdling over poetic descriptions nor dropping into dialogues which like Gilbertian "flowers that bloom in the spring tra-la" have "nothing to do with the case." The reader must not pause at the very commencement and ask "why were not the police immediately put on the track?" No, he must be content with the story as it is, and be thankful for a plot sufficiently strong to have provided materials for a Drury Lane drama, some Sherlock Holmes stories, and a few adventures in which Monsieur LECOCQ the French detective might have figured with advantage. The experienced novel-reader may be reminded now and again of STEVENSON with his "Ho, Ho, Ho, and a bottle of rum" and of certain other popular romancists, but Mr. LE QUEUX could do without these if he chose; and, after all, his "dropping into" STEVENSON only shows in what a thoroughly good school he has studied his sensationalism.

Johanna (METHUEN) is the story of an Irish peasant-girl driven from her home in Kerry by a loveless step-mother. She takes service in a lodging-house in Dublin, where for a wage of £6 a year she slaves from six o'clock in the morning till midnight. Honest, pure-minded, thinking no evil, she suffers much. My Baronite is inclined to murmur that B. M. CROKER is somewhat monotonous in her picture of *Johanna's* daily trials. Only towards the end does a gleam of sunlight fall on her sad lot. The book provides glimpses of peasant life in Kerry which, it is to be hoped, are more fanciful than accurate. Otherwise, drinking, fighting, ignorance, and the lust of other people's money, are the most striking characteristics of the peasantry. The cleverest chapters of the book are those containing the letters of *Johanna's* betrothed, *Shamus*. Written from the camp during the war in South Africa, they present vivid pictures of a soldier's life and his way of looking at things.

Admittedly the proper study of mankind is man. But the wise will not object to make supplementary inquiry into *Animal Life* and *Butterflies and Moths*. They will find full opportunity in two sumptuous volumes just published by Messrs. HUTCHINSON. The first, a magazine of natural history, has among its contributors Lord AVEBURY (more familiar in the world of nature as Sir JOHN LUBBOCK), Sir HARRY JOHNSTON, Sir HERBERT MAXWELL, F. C. SELOUS, and many other popular authorities, each writing on a special subject of which he is recognised master. The text is illustrated by some seven hundred pictures engraved direct from photographs. There are thirteen coloured plates, one being reproduction from an original painting by that



"IN PERIL OF PRECIPITATION."—*Coriolanus*, iii. 3.

Stout Party. "Hi! Boy, stop! I'M GOING TO GET OFF."
Donkey Boy. "YER CARN'T, MARM. THERE AIN'T ROOM!"

Admirable Crichton, Sir HARRY JOHNSTON, who can establish a Protectorate, write graphic notes of travel, stand for Rochester, or paint a picture you shall find on the line at the Royal Academy. The companion volume, *Butterflies and Moths*, forms a volume in the Woburn Library of Natural History, edited by the Duke of BEDFORD. It is the sole work of Mr. EDWARD HULME. Alone he did it, the comprehensive text and the coloured plates, producing with lifelike fidelity over three hundred distinct species of butterflies or moths. To lovers of nature, young and old, my Baronite recommends these marvellous literary and artistic works.

JAMES KNOWLES gives us a good number of the *Nineteenth Century and After* this month. Mr. MACDONAGH's sketchy article

on the "Ballads of the People" is amusing, though less lengthy quotations from utterly vulgar and hopelessly idiotic songs, and a greater variety of them, would have been preferable. Mr. EDWARD DICEY's paper concerning "The Story of Gray's Inn" is a subject that would have delighted CHARLES LAMB, and his anecdote of Lord RUSSELL of Killowen conscientiously and fearlessly refusing to drink "to the pious and glorious" Queen ELIZABETH is told with honest admiration for the man who had the courage of those opinions with which the writer has evidently no more sympathy than had the Benchers of the Inn present on that occasion. To not a few will the Hon. Mrs. MAXWELL-SCOTT's story of JOAN OF ARC offer one of the chief attractions in this number in which it is commenced. Very interesting, too, is Miss IDA TAYLOR's short paper on Lady CARLISLE and "King PYM." Altogether a most readable number. THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

OPERATIC NOTES.

If the performance of *Tannhäuser*, at which Mr. *Punch's* Representative assisted, affords a measure of what the Moody-Manners Company can do, then Grand Opera is enjoying a most generous aftermath.

Mr. O'MARA, though in personal appearance he did not perhaps quite realise the romantic figure of the hero, met all other demands with untiring energy and adaptability: and in the difficult last Act, so easily made tedious, he sustained his trying part with great dramatic force.

As *Elizabeth*, Madame ALICE ESTY, both in voice and gesture, was a pure delight. Her natural interest in the competition for her hand was unfortunately tempered by an obvious effort to keep from fainting; from this, however, she bravely emerged in time for her cue.

Mr. DEVER, in the part of *Wolfram*, made a dignified foil to the impetuous *Tannhäuser*; and Miss ENRIQUETA CRICHTON, happily less bountiful of form than some operatic Venuses, played with intelligence and right feeling. The great third Act was very memorable for the fine singing of the chorus and the splendid setting of the scene. The audience, who came for the most part in decent undress and so escaped the usual distractions, took sincere pains to appreciate a performance which the Season might well have envied.

THE ASCENT OF MAN.

[From an article by Dr. Woods HUTCHINSON in the *Contemporary Review* we gather that everything a child does is right. "No instinct," he tells us, "for that which is seriously injurious can develop." Moreover, the child passes through all the stages of evolution: "he is born not an Anglo-Saxon, but a Cave-dweller," &c.]

THE nursery is but a stage

Wherein the eye may scan,
Minutely mirrored, every age
In the ascent of man.

Each babe plays many parts, and we
In this small institution
May read in brief epitome
The tale of evolution.

So, nursemaids, when your charges play,
Give o'er your ancient wont,
Nor say, as you of old would say,
"Whate'er you're doing, don't!"
They simply follow Nature, who
Should best know how to guide them;
Then, whatsoever they may do,
Forbear, forbear to chide them.

When EDWARD, crawling on the floor,
Invades the eight-day clock,
Pray do not spank him any more
For dirtying his frock.
He is a little troglodyte,
As were our sires before us,
Who vanished when there hove in sight
The grim ichthyosaurus.

When, *cetat.* four, with savage joy
The hunter's art he plies
Upon the panes, don't scold the boy
For torturing the flies.
He has but reached the second scene
When men were all the scions
Of mighty NIMROD, and were keen
On slaying bears and lions.

At six, ambitious EDWARD yearns
A pirate king to be;
The tables into ships he turns,
And sails the fireside sea.
Then if the things are smashed to bits,
Don't give the boy a licking;
He's reached a further phase, and it's
The æon of the Viking.

A little, and the pirate hold
A patriot becomes;
He fights the racial imps who hold
In force the neighbouring slums.
Pray don't repress his noble rage,
E'en though his nose be gory;
He is but passing through the age
Of good Queen Bess's glory.

Last scene of all that ends this slight
But most eventful play
Is symbol of the lofty height
Achieved by man to-day.
At ten can EDWARD understand
What money means: he's willing
To be a saint for sixpence, and
An angel for a shilling.



A DIFFICULTY IN THE WAY.

He. "SHALL WE ELOPE?"

She. "I DON'T THINK MOTHER WOULD LET ME!"

THE PEOPLE'S PULSE.

THE account given by the *Daily Mail*, in Saturday's issue, of its daily circulation for the last eight months, together with the leading event of each day, ought to be kept up from time to time as a Permanent People's Pulse Report. Nothing could be more instructive than to note, for instance, that while the Delhi Durbar only attracted 844,799 readers, the "Oyster Scare" allured as many as 846,501; while "Lord DALMENY'S Coming of Age" brought the

figures up to 847,080, and the "Sardine Famine" accounted for a further increase of 14,586. Or, again, there is a world of significance in the fact that the relative attractions of the "Poet Laureate's Play" and "Mr. SEDDON'S Meat Shops" are represented by a balance of 5,291 in favour of the Napoleon of New Zealand.

THE NEW CARPENTERING.—MR. BALFOUR is said to be busily engaged during the holidays in building a platform out of a fence.

PLAYS PRESENTABLE AND UNPRESENTABLE.

II.—MR. BERNARD SHAW'S "MAN AND SUPERMAN."

ONE advantage of writing a play for the reading, rather than the theatre-going, public is that your characters may deliver treatises of a length intolerable to a stalled audience. Another is that you may define the purpose of your drama, not always likely to be intelligible on the boards, in a preface indefinitely protracted. A third is that, having introduced among your *personæ* a clever author, whose brilliantly heretical volume may figure among the stage-property, you can plead the necessity of furnishing actual evidence of his cleverness in support of your bare statement, and at the same time further develop your views, as merely adumbrated in the actual drama, by publishing the entire contents of this brochure in an appendix.

All these privileges Mr. BERNARD SHAW appropriates in his *Man and Superman* (CONSTABLE). In a preface addressed to the dramatic critic of the *Times* (how fortunate Mr. WALKLEY is in the gratuitous advertisements he gets!) the author recalls a challenge in which he (Mr. WALKLEY) invited him (Mr. SHAW) to compose a *Don Juan* play. "The challenge," says Mr. SHAW, "was difficult enough to be worth accepting, because . . . we have no modern English plays in which the natural attraction of the sexes for one another is made the main-spring of the action." So the *Don Juan* play which he here composes "is to deal with sexual attraction . . . and in a society in which the serious business of sex is left by men to women as the serious business of nutrition is left by women to men." Man is no longer to be represented as the hunter and woman as his spoil, but the rôles are to be reversed, in recognition of that instinct for reproduction which makes it "the determination of every woman to be married at all costs."

All this and much more is set forth in an introduction which proves that Mr. SHAW has taken an intelligent interest in other natures besides his own. But when we come to the play itself we find that it is the old marionette business of modern English drama over again, with just the difference that we have exchanged a conventional for an unconventional puppetry. "And this civilisation," says Mr. SHAW's *Devil*, "what is it after all?" "An excellent peg," replies his *Don Juan*, "to hang your cynical commonplaces on." So, in the play any one of at least four characters—*Tanner* (author of *The Revolutionist's Handbook*), *Don Juan*, the *Devil*, the *Commandant's Statue*—serves equally well as the inanimate mouthpiece of Mr. SHAW's world-shattering platitudes. Sandwiched between preface and appendix—with most of the meat (and the mustard) on the outside—the drama itself rather modifies than enforces the theories which it sets out to present in palatable shape; because its characters, as distinct from the doctrines which they reiterate, appeal to no sort of human experience. Indeed Mr. SHAW is most effective when he takes himself least seriously; when he is most fantastic and capricious of malice prepense. Thus the situation in the Third Act is delightful, where we have a group of cosmopolitan ruffians posted in the Spanish Sierras and dividing their time between socialistic debates and the puncturing of tourists' motor-cars. The author of *The Revolutionist's Handbook* falls a victim to their infamous manoeuvres; but a common bond of contempt for established institutions binds the wreckers and the wrecked, and darkness ultimately falls upon them sleeping peacefully side by side on the mountain.

The comparative inaction (so subversive of dramatic principles) which is always liable to ensue when every single figure on the stage lies motionless in slumber is relieved by the apparition of several ghosts selected from MOZART'S *Don Giovanni*, who are represented as

wandering, somewhat arbitrarily, on the confines of hell, of which an emergency exit seems to open out upon this same picturesque locality, namely the Sierra Nevada. One may complain that most of them are gifted with a quite inhuman verbosity; but all other criticism is disarmed by the frankly farcical improbability of the scene. It is otherwise when the author is dealing with possible social conditions. Thus in the First Act there arrives a rumour that a certain lady, who was supposed to be in another neighbourhood, has been seen somewhere "with a wedding-ring on her finger." Everybody leaps instinctively to the conclusion that she has been guilty of an illicit intrigue. It comes as the rudest shock to them all when they hear that this hallowed symbol actually represents the very thing which it was always designed to signify. The reader needs to take his credulity, like his courage, in both hands if he is to get beyond this early defiance of the probabilities.

The title, *Man and Superman* (would not *Overhomo* have been a more devastating hybrid; or might not Mons. WALKLEY have suggested *Hyperhomo*?) is misleading; for, if we except *Hector Malone*—and even he is less realisable for what he does, or says, than for the description of him, in 700 italicised words, enshrined in the stage directions for his entry—there is scarcely an example of a real *Man* in the play, and certainly not of a *Superman*. For myself, I suspect that the latter (apparently a kind of philosopher-artist-Apollo) is really Mr. BERNARD SHAW himself; but as I gather from the appendix that the abolition both of marriage and of the inequalities of wealth is an essential preliminary to the establishment of a race of Supermen, the world will clearly have to wait till Mr. SHAW gets himself reincarnated.

In the meantime, pending such an apparition, we have matter in this present homily for instruction tempered with amusement. The style throughout is of the most admirable; and there are not five consecutive dull pages in the whole book. To say more than this would be to risk the calling down of the fire of Mr. SHAW's contempt. He has himself very modestly and properly protested against his own apotheosis. No longer does he leave us in doubt (originally shared by himself) as to the kind of way in which he wants to be taken. "In vain," he says, in his present introduction, "do I redouble the violence of the language in which I proclaim my heterodoxies. . . . Instead of exclaiming 'Send this inconceivable Satanist to the stake,' the respectable newspapers pith^e me (*sic*) by announcing 'another book by this brilliant and thoughtful writer.'" Being therefore apprehensive lest I may have overdone the language of eulogy, I will hedge with the criticism that Mr. SHAW's latest essay must be classed among "unpresentable" plays; and not because of its audacity—for that is harmless—but simply because, not being a mirror of humanity in point either of character or action, it has to-day no dramatic excuse for visible existence. There is still, of course, a reservation; since, for what goes on under the earth, and especially the Sierra Nevada, I must defer to the author's superior judgment.

Mr. SHAW, for all his cynicism, has a generous heart; and I am sure he would be the first to say that SHAKESPEARE had not been given a fair chance if I placed a notice of one of the older master's plays in close juxtaposition to this review of his own work. I will therefore postpone till next week all comments on the brilliant production of *Richard the Second* at His Majesty's.

O. S.

* PITH.—"To sever the spinal cord or marrow of, as by thrusting in a knife;—a mode of putting animals to death."—*Webster*.

THERE is no truth in the statement that a race has been arranged between *Shamrock III.* and Mr. MONTAGUE HOLBEIN. It is however rumoured that Sir THOMAS LIPTON intends to enter for the next Derby with *Shamrocking Horse I.*



Bernard Partridge.

THE UNREADY RECKONER.

PRINCE ARTHUR. "O, DEAR OPHELIA, I AM ILL AT THESE NUMBERS; I HAVE NOT ART TO RECKON. . . ."—*Hamlet*, Act II., Sc. 2.





Irish Dealer. "ACH, BEGORRA, WOULD YE RUN OVER THE CUSHTOMERS? SURE, IT'S SCARCE ENOUGH THEY ARE!"

LINES BY AN INSOMNIAC.

(Addressed to the Expedition that has recently started in pursuit of the germ of Sleeping Sickness.)

MEN of Science, you that dare
Beard the microbe in his lair.
Tracking through the jungly thickness
Afric's germ of Sleeping Sickness,
Hear, oh hear my parting plea,
Send a microbe home to me!

By the Congo's turbid flood
When you drag him from the mud,
Interrupt his nightly romp
Through the dank and matted swamp,
Try and capture two or three
Soporific germs for me.

Though your early toils be vain,
Noble fellows, try again!
Keep it up for goodness' sake;
Think of one who lies awake,
Crying out across the sea,
Send a microbe home to me!

I am one who vainly woos
Morpheus of the baffling snooze;
I have counted scores of sheep,
Quaffed narcotics, long and deep;
Sleeping Sickness ought to be
Just the very thing for me.

When at last the happy day
Brings you thirsting to the fray,

When you leap upon the foe,
Bottling hundreds as you go,
Send some spare ones, duty free,
Home by parcel post to me.

I would sleep till I were sick
Gladly, if I knew the trick;
But, until you send some germs,
Sleep and I are not on terms;
Men of Science, hear my plea,
Send a microbe home to me!

DUM-DUM.

AN ARTISTIC EPISODE.

[Incapacity for work has come to be accepted as the hall-mark of genius. . . . The collector wants only the thing that is rare, and therefore the artist must make his work as rare as he can.]—*Daily Chronicle*.]

JOSEPHINE found me stretched full length in a hammock in the garden.

"Why aren't you at work?" she asked; "not feeling seedy, I hope?"

"Never better," said I. "But I've been making myself too cheap."

"We couldn't possibly help going to the JONESSES last night, dear."

"Tush," said I. "I mean there is too much of me."

"I don't quite understand," she said; "but there certainly will be if you spend your mornings lolling in that hammock."

The distortive wantonness of this remark left me cold.

"I have made up my mind," I continued, quite seriously, "to do no more work for a considerable time."

"But, my dear boy, just think——"

"I'm going to make myself scarce," I insisted.

"GEOFFREY!" she exclaimed, "I knew you weren't well!"

I released myself.

"JOSEPHINE," I said solemnly, "those estimable persons who collect my pictures will think nothing of them if they become too common."

"How do you know there are such persons?" she queried.

"I must decline to answer that question," I replied; "but if there are none it is because my work is not yet sufficiently rare and precious. I propose to work no more—say, for six or seven years. By that time my reputation will be made, and there will be the fiercest competition for the smallest canvas I condescend to sign."

She kissed me.

"I came out for the housekeeping-money," she remarked simply.

I went into the house to fetch the required sum, and, by some means I cannot explain, got to work again upon the latest potboiler.

CHARIVARIA.

THE rumours of Mr. BRODRICK's impending resignation are untrue. Mr. BRODRICK does not intend to retire until the War Office system has been entirely remuddled.

General BULLER's historic struggle on the Tugela has been re-enacted by the 1st Army Corps at Aldershot, and the enemy's position was brilliantly carried after eleven hours' fighting. Which proves that if it had not been for the Boers, we should almost certainly have won the day at Colenso.

During the Italian army manoeuvres two Austrian spies were discovered taking notes. They were seized by an excited crowd of Italians, and were only saved from a violent death by a strong force of police, who reminded the infuriated populace that the gentlemen in question were their allies and dear friends.

It is satisfactory to know that the Report of the War Commission is proving a great success. No Blue Books of recent times have sold anything like so well, and, if the demand continues, it is just possible that, after all, the Boer War may be turned into a financial success.

By the by, Colonel GUBBINS made the following statement before the Commission:—"The present hospital tent is an atrocious pattern. I do not think it could be worse." This, of course, was wild talk. He had not seen the next pattern.

The fact that Colonel SWAYNE, who originally held the command, is back again in Somaliland, lends colour to the rumour that the Foreign Office is to have another shot at bringing the War to an end. It would certainly be a pity if Lord LANSDOWNE's War Office experience were thrown away.

THE SULTAN, who is being urged on all sides to crush the Macedonian Insurrection, has pointed out that it is impossible for him to make an advance without an advance.

Meanwhile it is announced that the Bulgarian Government has decided to keep peace at all costs—even at the cost of war. This looks as if they had more capital to work with.

Mr. CARNEGIE has delivered a lecture on "The Temptations of the Rich." The occasion was the opening of another free library.

Discussing the diseases of steel at the Iron and Steel Institute, Mr. CARNEGIE said that steel had a soul, and he never passed a bar without a feeling of reverence. A strange admission for a teetotaler.

During the election campaign in the St. Andrews Burghs several young ladies at Anstruther threw bags of flour at the Liberal candidate. He is still a supporter of the Free Food League.



HUMOURS OF MOTING.

Little Girl (hesitatingly). "IF YOU PLEASE, HERE'S A PENNY, AND MOTHER SAYS WILL YOU PLAY 'THE HONEYSUCKLE AND THE BEE'?"

A SPORTING OFFER.

A PUBLISHING house offers a prize of £5 for the best nonsense-rhyme advertising one of its new books. Mr. Punch, having extended the project to other works and authors, offers the result to publishers at the same figure.

I.—For a pamphlet on Stratford-on-Avon.

There was once a recluse named M. C., Who was horribly bored by a LEE.

A pamphlet she's penned To prove there's no end To the guilt of a Shakspeare Trustee.

II.—For another pamphlet on Stratford-on-Avon.

There once was a Stratford Trustee, Who said, "Oh, I'm sick of M. C."

My last spear I've shaken, And taken to BACON— St. Albans, St. Albans for me!"

III.—For any forthcoming volume of the Diary of Sir M. E. Grant-Duff.

Eight volumes of side-splitting stuff Held the anecdotes penned by GRANT-DUFF.

When his readers said, "Lor', Can he write any more?" He replied, "I think ten are enough."

IV.—For the new edition of "The Little White Bird."

By the wise is the Little White Bird To gaudier songsters preferred. And though critics may howl At the sensitive fowl This edition's the seventy-third!

V.—For Wee MacGreegor.

There once was a lad named MACGREGOR, Whose frame was pronouncedly meagre. Yet the boom of the kirk So prevailed, that his circulation grew beeger and beeger.

VI.—Another. (Price 10 francs.)

Il y avait un petit MACGREGOR, Qui aimait la Comtesse de BIGORRE; Il demanda "Whit way! Voulez-vous m'épouser?" Elle répondit, "Ma foi! Oui, MAC-GREGOR!"

VII.—For a new Collection of Verse, Political and Otherwise, by the Laureate.

There once was a Swinford Old Manor-man, A Banjo-Byronic-piannerman. In the principal pome Of his imminent tome, He's a Standard- but far from a banner-man.

VIII.—For a new edition of "Sir Richard Calmady."

There was once a young Bart named CALMADY, Whose feet were undoubtedly shady. Though sadly fore-shortened It wasn't important, For he married a beautiful lady.

IX.—For an MS. in a Red Box.

A parson of authorship fain Once sent a red box to JOHN LANE. Lacking name and address He achieved a success, And may purchase a castle in Spain.

X.—For the "Nemesis of Froude."

There was once a bad person named FROUDE, Who Veracity strictly eschewed. That shy lady dwells At the bottom of wells By CRICHTON exclusively brewed.

XI.—For several new books by Mr. Andrew Lang.

A brindled but erudite Scot Exclaimed, as he drained the ink-pot, "Ten volumes I've written To-day for Great Britain, And twenty for Scotland—all hot!"

XII.—For the new Sherlock Holmes Tales.

A knight of the pen (and the war), With readers like sands on the shore, Once invented a 'tec Who, since breaking his neck, Is livelier far than before.



WHAT PRELIMINARY ORDERS FOR AUTUMN MANŒUVRES MAY COME TO.

["A set of Orders concerning the Manœuvres has been issued. It deals with the equipment to be taken into the field and the scale of rations issued to the soldiers. With reference to the latter, the Orders state: 'A charge of 3d. per day for the grocery ration will be recovered from all ranks. The remainder of the grocery ration will be charged to the Manœuvre vote, except possibly a small portion of it, not exceeding 3d. per man per day, which it may be necessary to charge to canteen funds.' This, in plain English, means that the soldiers will have to contribute something like £5,000 towards supplying a daily grocery ration."—Daily Telegraph.]

NOT FAR OUT.

(Being the record of an evening spent at Boulogne en route for Le Touquet.)

A WEEK or so ago, when dilating on the beauties of English coast scenery, and asking what could you wish for more, the answer, in effect, was, "cookery, simple, good, at a moderate price such as is to be found in most continental inns at such small country towns as would be of the same status as, for example, Rye and Winchelsea," which we were at the moment visiting.

"I entirely agree," said our excellent friend Colonel LUKE KULLUS, "a picked man of countries," or rather a "picking" man, as, all over the world he has picked

"A little bit here and a little bit there,
Here a bit and there a bit.
And everywhere a bit,"

and—being one who, of his own experience, knows what to order and where to order it, what to drink and where to get it, likewise what is to be avoided wherever you may be—he is entitled to be listened to deferentially.

"There is," quoth our Colonel, "on the French coast, some twenty miles or so distant from Boulogne, a rustic, rising and appetising 'health resort,' where you will be served with as perfect a *déjeuner à la fourchette* as is to be found at the best restauration in Paris."

"Indeed?"

"And," continued Colonel LUKE, "you will enjoy it all the more because, if the weather be favourable, it will be brought to you 'out in the open' under a broad-spreading verandah, in full view of pine and fir woods. The distance from the *cuisine* to this *al fresco* lunching-place is so short that, the way being covered, the temperature of the *plats* as they leave the kitchen hot will not be thereby affected."

"'Caterer, thou reasonest well!' And the wine?" was our deeply-interested inquiry.

"That's all right," answered the Colonel, emphatically.

"The place is called?" we asked.

"Le Touquet," LUKE KULLUS informed us. "And now you know how to spell it you had better act according to the 'practical mode of teaching' adopted by Mr. Squeers in his 'regular education system'—you remember?—When a boy has learned that b-o-t-t-i-n-e-y spells bottinney, a knowledge of plants, he goes and knows 'em'—so now that you know how to spell and pronounce 'Touquet,' go there and try the *déjeuner*. For my part, as the poet has it, 'I have been there and still would go.'"

"Et nous aussi!" we exclaimed in inspired French. It may be here explained that "We" represents two units united.

So, *via* Folkestone and Boulogne, we started. The prospect held out was a new place in an old land. With the locality we had become acquainted some years ago, when visiting Berck-sur-Mer, Paris-Plage, Etaples, Montreuil, in which last-mentioned town, not far from the grand old monastery (now, alas, closed, its rightful owners being among the *expulsés*) is a wonderful old inn, with a perfect picture of a kitchen, whence, on the occasion of our visit, issued an exceptionally good and inexpensive *déjeuner*. Thus our memories were of pleasant places through which the railway lines passed *en route* for Paris.

A Boulogne. A glorious day for crossing, the gentle breeze just freshening our appetite for the excellent dinner that we knew beforehand would be awaiting us at the

Hôtel de Folkestone, whose proprietor bears the Dickensian Martin-Chuzzlewitty name of BAILEY—spelt BAYLY we grant, but in pronunciation absolutely the same. For "i" and "ey" substitute two "y's," and you have the name of a landlord who is "too wise" to give you anything but what is of the very best, and at such reasonable prices as are compatible with fair profit, thus ensuring "quick returns" on the part of the visitors, who, when compelled to "cut" are perfectly certain to "come again." Then the "service" is so good: all, from *la charmante maîtresse d'hôtel* down to the *conciierge*, not forgetting on any account the most obliging *commissionnaire*, are so frankly polite and so entirely "at your service."

At Boulogne be sure to let the *Parc aux huîtres* have a portion of your patronage. No need to add that a pleasant evening can be passed at the Casino, where, on this occasion, "a strange thing happened."

Everybody is aware of the utter astonishment of the canny North Briton when, on his first arrival in London, "bang went saxeence!" The surprise of that inexperienced Highlander was as nothing to that of the crowds that filled the various *salons* at the Casino, when, in the midst of the evening's gaiety, while dancing was going in all its early freshness, when, in the *cercle*, players at *baccarat*

were sitting down in earnest to their stakes, when the sportsmen and sports-women were anxiously following the *petits chevaux*, and in the theatre actors and audience were warming to their play, and while carriages of all sorts were bringing eager dancers and more jockeys (*pour les petits chevaux*)—in fact, when everything and everybody was *dans le mouvement*—Bang!—out went the electric light! And the situation of the crowds all over the place (many parts of the town included) was that historical one of the great Hebrew Lawgiver's on the extinction of the solitary candle. Never was so con-



A STRAW WILL SHOW HOW THE WIND BLOWS.

spicuous an example of "The light that failed!"

What a *coup de théâtre*! The play in the rooms stopped. "Rien ne va plus!" the play in the theatre is brought to a standstill; the dancers stand just where they had taken their last step, with leg in air for the next caper; the musicians, suddenly compelled to take several bars rest, pause in the utter darkness, not a fiddler among them daring to draw a bow at a venture! Never since the Princess, having accidentally pricked her finger with the knitting-needle of destiny, fell fast asleep, she and all her court, her pages, maidens, oxen, horses, dogs, cooks, waiting-maids, and the whole lot of them, *toute la boutique*, tumbling into the arms of Morpheus, and so remaining for a hundred years, has there been so dramatic and unexpected an effect as this sudden and utterly dumbfounding extinction of the electric light in the Grand Casino of Boulogne!

The only gas on the premises was in the gardens, where a row of lumps was conspicuous.

So incredible was the event, that *habitués* could not trust their own eyes until they plainly perceived that there was nothing to see! Absolutely, "Darkness visible."

Visitors, from within and without, came flocking to the entrance. There was chatting, commotion, and puzzlement. Officials went about reassuring everyone by the statement that in the space of time peculiar to France, known as "*un petit quart d'heure*," all would be well.

Bravely everybody stayed on. Had we not all paid? Were we going to be done out of our franc's worth? If the heart be light, what matter about the electric wire? When you've paid your franc, or your subscription by the

month, are you not to have your money's worth? What matters the fracture of a wire so long as the bank has not been broken? Shall there be no cakes and ale because electricity takes a holiday? We only want some light refreshment, and on the little horses will go as fresh as ever!

Ha! Gently does it! Now one lamp, now another—and now “all in!” “Re-enter omnes.”

The Prince has arrived, the charm is broken; the fiddles fiddle, going on where they had left off; the dancers take their next step, the little horses recommence their gallops, the croupiers call the winning numbers, rake up and pay out the money, and the Princess herself La Belle Princesse Boulogne-sur-Mer, is once again all light and life.

The oldest inhabitant observed that such a catastrophe had never happened before. Will it again? The moral clearly is, putting it proverbially, “Forewarned is forearmed” with “auxiliary gas.”

What had been the matter with the electric light? Was it “took bad” suddenly after a feast of unripe currents?

We must pause. We were on our road to *Le Touquet* when the electricity extinguished itself and put us out. Now we resume the wire of our narrative. After all we’re “not far out.”

A BALLADE OF THE BROOM.

[“Mother of Five” writes to the *Daily Mail*:—“The best exercise any woman can take is to sweep a room every day and not be sparing of running up and down stairs. I have done this from sixteen to sixty-two, and there is nothing I enjoy more. This form of exercise is always to hand, wet or fine, and I am certain it has been the means of keeping me in perfect health.”]

My countrywoman, sad of mien,
A prey to many maladies,
Upon whose brow black care is seen,
Whose bosom is surcharged with sighs,

Forgive me, sweet, if I surmise
Your cheeks have lost their youthful bloom

From lack of proper exercise.
Why don't you go and sweep a room?

The golf links and the putting green,
These are the pleasures that you prize,

The bicycle (a vile machine)
You sedulously patronise,
Domestic duties you despise,
And yet the wielding of the broom
Hath unimagined ecstasies!

Why don't you go and sweep a room?

Would you possess a mind serene,
Luxuriant locks and bright blue eyes,

Pink cheeks, the figure of a queen?

All these and more the broom supplies.



WASTED SYMPATHY.

Kind-hearted Lady. “Poor Child! What a dreadfully swollen cheek you have! Is it a tooth?”

Poor Child (with difficulty). “No ‘m—it’s a sweet!”

Leave cricket-bats to C. B. Frys,
Leave riding horses to your groom,
Fling to the winds your salmon-flies;
Why don't you go and sweep a room?

My countrywoman, pray arise
And chase away dyspepsia's gloom.
Would you be healthy, wealthy, wise?
Why don't you go and sweep a room?

SEASONABLE GREETING. — Hallo, old man! Haven't seen you lately. Been for a change of rain!

An Irish Bull on the Line.

DUBLIN, WICKLOW AND WEXFORD RAILWAY.

OLD PERMANENT WAY MATERIALS
FOR SALE.

“The Directors of the Company are prepared to receive Tenders for the purchase of about 750 tons of old steel rails and permanent way scrap. The Directors do not bind themselves to accept the *lowest* or any tender.”—“The Engineer.” [Italics by Mr. Punch.]



HEBRIDEAN SPORT.

Shooting Tenant (accounting for very large species of grouse which his setter has just flushed). "CAPERCAILZIE! BY GEORGE!"

Under-keeper Neil. "I'M AFTER THINKING, SIR, YOU'LL HAVE KILLED WIDOW MCSWAN'S COCHIN COCK. YE SEE THE CROFTERS WERE FORCED TO PUT HIM AND THE HENS AWAY OUT HERE TILL THE OATS IS RIPE!"

OUR BOYS.

[*"In some London schools the masters are obliged to be good boxers in order to cope with the more unruly of their scholars."*—*Daily Paper.*]

From the "Sporting Man" of the week after next.

THE final bout for the vacant mastership at the Hoxton Road Board School was fought out yesterday under Queensberry rules at the Passive Resistance Auctioneers' Club between Messrs. BRADLEY HEADSTONE and WACKFORD SQUEERS. The former, who is a London man, was favourite, and 3 to 2 was freely offered on him from the outset. SQUEERS, who hails from Yorkshire, was handicapped by the loss of an eye, but looked very fit. Indeed, as regards condition, there was little to choose between the two men when they entered the ring. Both had trained to the last ounce, and a keen struggle was anticipated.

The referee having explained the conditions of the fight, and cautioned the men against unfair holding and roughing on the ropes, the contest commenced.

Round 1.—A quiet round. The men sparred for an opening. At the end of the first minute HEADSTONE landed lightly on the face with his left, but was

heavily countered on the body. Clinches were frequent, and in one of these SQUEERS struck up while the pair were still in holds, and was cautioned by the referee.

Round 2.—Both masters came up to the scratch fresh, and lively rallies ensued. In the last minute SQUEERS received a hook on the jaw, and went down for six seconds. On rising he cut out the work, rushing his man across the ring. HEADSTONE put in some clean counters. This was HEADSTONE's round.

Round 3. This proved to be the last round. SQUEERS resumed his rushing tactics, but HEADSTONE showed himself to be the cleverer man, and half a minute from the end of the round brought his right across, putting his rival out. SQUEERS stayed down the full ten seconds, and the referee formally awarded the decision to HEADSTONE, who left the ring as fresh as he had entered it. The new master will take over his duties at once. It is rumoured that WAG JONES, who was at the ring-side, and whose pupil, IKE SAUNDERS, is a scholar at the Hoxton Road Board School, is trying to arrange a match between his novice and the new master, and that the winner will fight BILL BLOKER, better known as the Hoxton Pet, a member of Standard IV., and the champion of the school, for a purse of £20,

provided by the National Sporting Club. BLOKER, as our sporting readers do not need to be told, beat the headmaster last June on points in a keenly-contested encounter of fifteen rounds. SAUNDERS's record, though less sensational, is nevertheless a sufficient index of his form. His best-known fights have been with the masters of Standard II. and Standard V., the former of whom he knocked out in six minutes, losing to the latter, after having had all the best of the exchanges for eight rounds, on a foul. From what we have seen of Mr. HEADSTONE's prowess with the mittens, we may safely predict an interesting encounter.

THE *Daily Mail* announces the approaching publication, at 2, Carmelite Street, of a new paper for ladies, to be called the *Daily Mirror*. No gentlewoman's toilette will be complete without this article of necessity. We await impatiently the imminent appearance, from "another House," of the *Daily Puff*.

THE rumour is denied that Mr. CARNEGIE proposes to present a famous battle-field to the public. This would have been to go one better than ALFRED THE GREAT, who merely let the bannock burn.



AN UNHOLY ALLIANCE.

Mrs. BRITANNIA (to Miss HELLAS). "WELL! I AM SURPRISED TO SEE YOU IN SUCH COMPANY!"

Miss HELLAS. "WHY, HE'S JUST TOLD ME THAT HE'S AN OLD FLAME OF YOURS!"

[“If England, scarcely half a century ago, saw no harm in siding with the SULTAN, because this was the policy dictated by her interests, surely we cannot, without laying ourselves open to the charge of hypocrisy, blame Greece for pursuing a similar policy in defence of her interests.”—*Daily Paper*.]



THE AMATEUR HISTRION.

(A Compleat Guide to Country House Theatricals.)

V.—THE PERFORMANCE.

ALWAYS begin a performance in high spirits. Excitement is the ozone of life. You will naturally not have tried on the clothes sent down by the costumier, and if, half an hour before the play begins, you find any garment too tight or too loose, rush about the corridors of the house looking for a lady's maid or the housekeeper to put in a stitch or two or to unrip a seam. Squabble as to priority of occupation of the chair in the "making-up" room, and get up and sit down again half-a-dozen times before you are quite sure that your eyebrows have the right curve or your wrinkles are dark enough. If you are a man and are playing a comic part, pay no heed to the perruquier's idea of what your face should be like, but take away a stick of bright red from the "make-up" box and give yourself a crimson nose in the privacy of your own dressing-room. If the manager or any of the other performers object to your appearance, pay no attention to their protest; they are jealous that you will raise the hearty laugh from the audience which they cannot command.

As soon as you are ready, go on to the stage and look at the audience through the hole in the curtain; if there is not one, make one. If your particular friends have not yet arrived, follow the manager about, asking him not to "ring up" until they come. When the band, or the piano player, have finished a ten minutes' overture and commence a waltz, begin to dance to it with any partner who may be handy. Then remember that you can never act without a glass or two of champagne, and run through all the dressing-rooms clamouring for some.

When the curtain has gone up, as it will eventually, try and remember whether there is not a letter, or a snuff-box, or a newspaper that you ought to carry on to the stage, and ask everybody you meet behind the scenes in a loud voice whether they have seen it anywhere. Owing to the remissness of the

manager and everybody else connected with the show, you may have forgotten what are the exact words which should herald your appearance on the stage. If so, go back to your dressing-room to look at your part. If a long period of silence should occur before you step into the view of the audience, it will enhance their pleasure at seeing you, and it will be taken for granted that the people on the stage have "dried

vent the curtain from slipping down, or else crawling out to get at a foot-light that is flaming and threatens an explosion. It is not a bad plan to ask everybody on the stage, in a clear whisper, "What do I say next?" for you sometimes are told; but the most certain way is to bring on your part written on a fan, or on note-paper placed in the inside of a hat. This gives you firmness, and conveys to the audience, if you are a lady, an idea of your coquetry; if a man, of your deference.

It is better, however, to trust to the inspiration of the moment rather than to follow the lead of an author, who is probably quite second-rate even in his own thread-bare profession. I can recall an occasion on which a very genuine amateur sent an audience into convulsions of laughter. He was a good shot, and as the month was September he of course had not had time to do more than glance at his part. When he came on to play a love scene in selections from a costume comedy—something by SHERIDAN or GOLDSMITH, or "one of the other Elizabethan dramatists," as he put it—he tried in vain to catch the words that six people, three on each side, whispered to him. So he advanced to the footlights, told two good after-dinner stories in Lancashire dialect, whistled a jig air, danced the double shuffle, and then turned a "cart-wheel" as he made his exit. He was encored again and again; but the lady who was playing with him never forgave him to her dying day—such is the jealousy between distinguished amateurs.

The intervals between acts should never be less than twenty minutes, and are almost invariably more.

AN OLD HAND.

Splendid Isolation.

[A South Foreland lighthouse will probably be put up for sale.]

DETACHED, airy residence to let. Lofty situation; close sea. Uninterrupted view. Would suit escaped company promoter, missing lady, unpopular War Minister, American heiress, wireless telegraphist, or lunatic gentleman. Well lit throughout. Bathing, boating, fishing. — Address "SOLITAIRE," lat. 50½° N., long. 5° 20' W.



THE CHAPERON.

up," not that you have missed your cue.

The manner of playing your part you will leave, of course, a good deal to chance. If you are received with applause, that will naturally enough put all the early sentences out of your head, just as surely as a chilling silence will, so that if you intend to adhere slavishly to the author's jargon you will have to obtain some temporary help. It is of no use looking at the prompter or walking over to where he is supposed to sit, for either he will have induced a pretty girl to share his snug corner with him, or he will be trying to pre-

THE SUN-CHILD.

(Continued.)

Now as the Sun-child went on he became aware that he was walking up a steep hill, and when he had reached the top he passed along a broad road shaded by tall trees, and then, turning a corner, he came at last to a large building of red brick, in front of which was a fair space of gravelled yard entered through a gateway. Here he paused for a few moments, and then, making up his mind suddenly, he walked in and crossed the yard, stepped bravely through a range of cloisters, and found himself in a broad flagged passage. There were several doors leading off this passage, and, one of these standing partly open, the Sun-child passed through it into the room beyond. He found himself, so he afterwards discovered, in what is called a class-room (for the large red-brick building was a school), and he had arrived, unobserved of course by everybody, just at the moment when the fifth form was being called upon to show the vigour of its memory by repeating thirty-six lines of *Virgil*, supposed to have been learnt overnight. There were twenty-eight boys in the class-room, of ages varying from fifteen to sixteen, and they all sat very quietly, no one knowing when the master (who sat at a big desk on a raised dais) might put him on to repeat. As the Sun-child entered this was what he saw and heard:—

A fat boy was standing up, and his eyes were gazing at the ceiling as if he expected inspiration to reach him from its whitewashed surface, but no words came from his lips:—

"Now then, BACKHOUSE," said the master, "I can't wait all day for you. Begin."

"Please, Sir, I seem to have forgotten just the beginning."

"Nonsense, BACKHOUSE. *Est in*—"

"*Est in*?" said BACKHOUSE, with a pitiful note of interrogation in his voice. "*Est in*? Is that there, Sir?"

"One more chance I'll give you," returned the master. "*Est in conspectu*—" and he paused, "looking at me," as BACKHOUSE afterwards declared, "like a cannibal." For a moment BACKHOUSE hung back, but as he saw a terrible purpose gleaming in the master's eye he screamed out "*Tenedos!*" Please, Sir, I remember. *Notissima fama*—" But here he stopped; the black waters of oblivion swept over his mind, and he sat down.

"Come to me after school, BACKHOUSE," said the master, "and in the meantime write me out the lesson while the rest are saying it. Now then, MASON. Begin at '*Panduntur portæ*.'"

Now the Sun-child had been watching MASON for some little time, for he thought that MASON must himself have been a Sun-child once. His blue eyes were clear and dreamy, and his fair hair clustered about his head in crisp curls, and his face was frank and pleasant and smiling. But while poor BACKHOUSE had been struggling and failing MASON's thoughts had strayed away from the class-room and the lesson, and in his mind he saw himself doing great deeds of valour in battle and protecting defenceless women, and, finally, jousting with other knights in armour at a brilliant tournament held before the King and Queen. And the Queen had smiled at MASON, and had thrown him a white rose, which MASON had thrust into his plumed helmet, bowing low as he did so to the beautiful lady who had thrown it. And just as the trumpets were sounding, and as MASON, setting his lance in rest, had spurred his thundering charger down the lists to meet his antagonist, the false knight from Illyria who had done much wrong, but was now about to be brought low and own his wickedness, and slink away to pass the remainder of his days in an ignominious obscurity—just as all these gorgeous visions were sweeping through MASON's mind, came the master's voice saying, "MASON, begin at

'*Panduntur portæ*.'"

And MASON awoke with a start and got up.

"Come, MASON," said the master reproachfully, for MASON, like BACKHOUSE, was saying no word. "Come, come. What's the matter with all of you to-day? You've never failed yet. Now try hard."

But a poet's mind—and this is what MASON had—is subject to queer fits of forgetfulness, and *Virgil's* sounding lines had passed away. The Queen who threw the rose had obliterated them. Yet MASON had learnt his lesson, and had known it from beginning to end only a few moments before. So the Sun-child, who, of course, knew all poetry by heart and who thought it a shame that MASON, whom he already loved like a brother, should suffer and become even as the blockhead BACKHOUSE, came up and whispered to MASON—but his whisper was heard by none, and MASON himself thought that a breeze had stirred his thoughts and caused him to remember:—" *Panduntur portæ; juvat ire et Dorica castra*," whispered the Sun-child, and MASON's face cleared, and he repeated the lines right through with all the glow and force of his ardent nature.

"Very good, MASON," said the master; "very good, indeed."

(To be continued.)

THE FALLEN RANGER.

["Indignation prevails among the Park Constables employed by the L.C.C. against the new regulations, which compel them to do cleansing work."—*Daily Telegraph*.]

O THOU, whose full yet not ungraceful form
Looms large before the peccant urchin's mind;
Whose awesome hand has often made him warm
Behind:

Whose courtly mien is ever skilled to win
The hearts of maiden ladies, and instil
A chaste desire to leave thee something in
Their will:

Whose wingèd feet o'ertake the unleash'd bound,
And haply earn the recompense of half-
A-crown if it should chance to bite thee round
The calf:—

Alas for thee! Unfeeling men have said
That thou with sordid scavenging must soil
Those lily hands that never thus were wed
To toil.

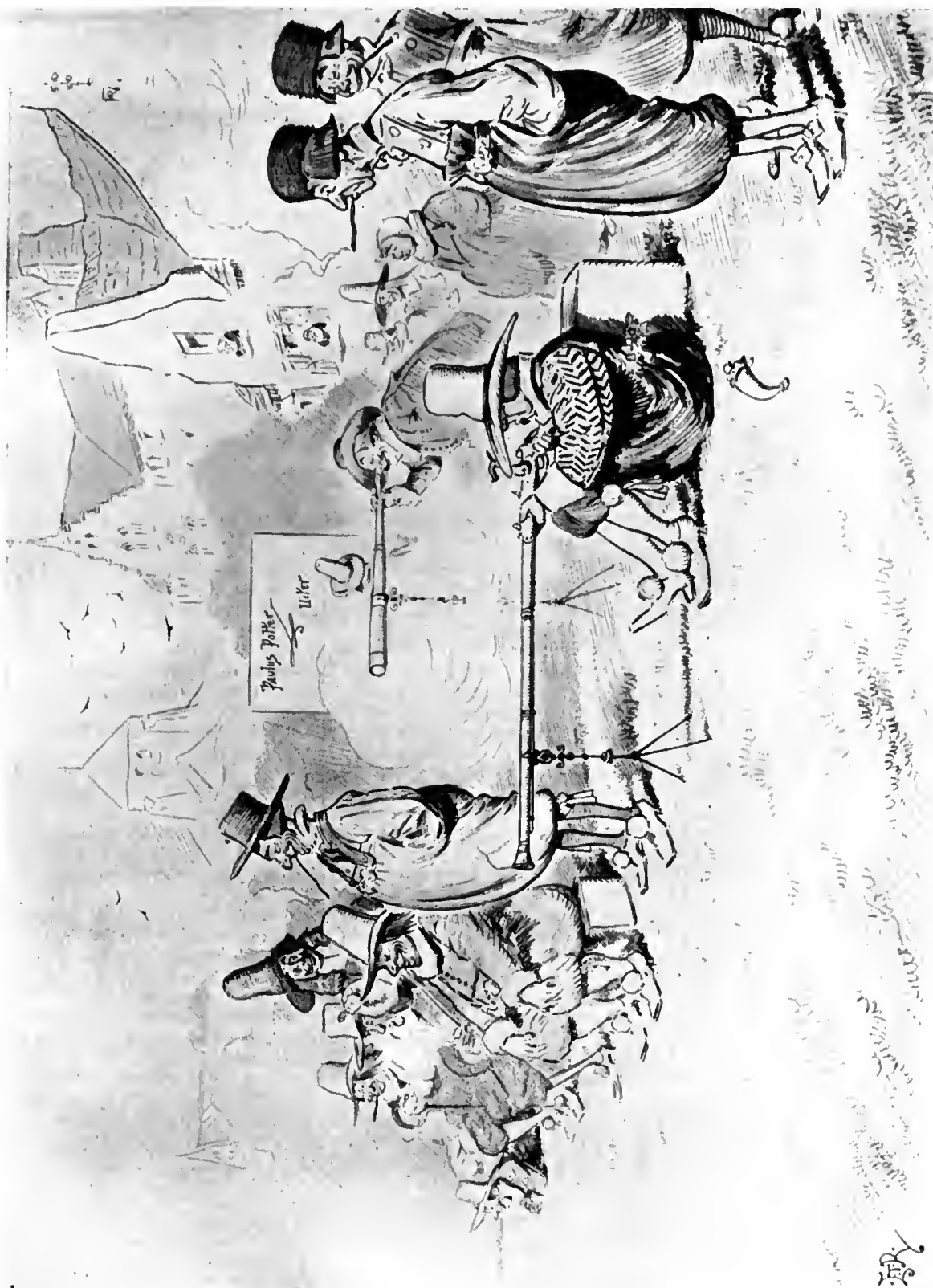
The paper bag, once corpulent with cake,
The skin wherein the coy banana lay,
These they have bid thee gather up and take
Away.

The base will jeer, the underbred will scoff,
The young will mock thee loudly as they pass,
Not heeding when thou biddest them get off
The grass.

Thou art condemned to be for evermore
The pearly'd populace's primal wheeze:
Yea, hers whose ample waist thy arm of yore
Would squeeze.

Ay! even She will deem thee but a churl,
And throw thee over for some likelier swain,
Nor ever be thy heart's exclusive girl
Again.

And when at length thou diest, men will tell
How tyrants crushed a soul by nature free,
Saying, "Here lies a victim of the L.
C.C.!"



UNRECORDED HISTORY. SUGGESTED BY "HOLBEIN'S ATTEMPT TO SWIM THE CHANNEL."—No. 2.

[Paul Potter's annual attempt to lower the Rotterdam record by making twenty-five consecutive "Bulls" (Contemporary archives draw a veil over the painful fact that he suffered from a surfeit of "Magpies.")]

MR. PUNCH'S SPECTRAL ANALYSES.

V.—THE BAFFLED BANSHEE.

WHEN the Banshee heard that the ancestral castle was about to be occupied once more, he felt pleased. He had been feeling a little hipped of late for want of society, for he was always a clubbable spirit. There had been a certain amount of mild fun to be derived at first from howling suddenly at the caretaker in dark passages. But even this had palled after a time, and lately the caretaker had refused to be frightened, electing instead to be merely rude. When she had requested him to "get along with his nonsense, and stop worriting, do," the Banshee, who was the soul of tact, had felt instinctively that this form of indoor game was played out.

On the newcomer's arrival the Banshee went down to inspect his boxes.

"PILLINGSHOT," he murmured, as he read the label, "PETER PILLINGSHOT. Not Lord PILLINGSHOT. Just plain Mister. One of these parvenus, is he! Never seen a ghost in his life, hasn't he! Doesn't believe in any such nonsense, doesn't he! I'll give him fits. I'll make him feel all-overish!"

In moments of excitement the Banshee, in spite of the fact that he had mixed extensively with the aristocracy, was apt to become a little slangy.

At this moment a footman, carrying a whisky decanter and a syphon on a tray, walked through the Banshee, and made his way upstairs.

"Insolent menial!" hissed the spectre. He hated people who walked through him. "Oh, he's going to the Blue Room, is he? The best place in the castle for our interview. Dear, dear," mused the Banshee, who had a taste for statistics, "the hairs I have turned white in single nights in that room would reach, if placed end to end, from Paris to London."

He passed silently through the wall. In a chair before the fire sat a stout, prosperous-looking man, dressed in a somewhat boisterous tweed suit.

The Banshee cleared his throat, coughed, and ran softly up and down the scale. Then he rendered a favourite piece of his. In spite of the fact that he rendered it with a good deal of expression, the stranger took no notice. The Banshee tried again, fortissimo, and making the *pizzicato* slightly more *rallentando*.

"Eh?" said the man, turning round. "I am a Banshee," said the spectre; "I should say," he added modestly, "the Banshee."

"What say?"—"Banshee."

"Black sheep? Dear me. Sorry to hear it. Though I am bound to admit that you look it."



Wife. "YOU ASK 'HOW DID HE GET INTO THIS OBESE STATE?' WELL, DOCTOR, I'LL TELL YOU. HE'S SIGNED A PLEDGE ONLY TO DRINK AT MEALS, AND I'M AFRAID HE'S OVER-EATEN HIMSELF."

"No, no," said the spectre irritably, "you don't take me. Not black sheep. Banshee."

"Ah. And what can I have the pleasure—Ahem. I mean, to what am I indebted for the pleasure of this visit?"

This, thought the Banshee, was disheartening. As a rule he hated having to puff himself. He thought it vulgar. But he cleared his throat again, and began:

"When Lord BOHAN DE MONTMORENOY went forth to the wars, I foretold what would come of it. When the fair Lady ROWENA DE MONTMORENOY rode on her Arab courser to the boar hunt, did not I prophesy her doom? When——"

The man in the tweed suit began to display some signs of interest.

"A sporting prophet, are you?" he said. "Excellent. Now if you could put me on to a really good thing—don't go."

But the Banshee had fled.

The following evening they met again, this time on the battlements. The scenic effects were all that could be desired. The fitful beams of a waning moon struggled through the cloud rack. An eerie breeze rustled in the ivy.

"Evenin'," said Mr. PILLINGSHOT.

Whether the Banshee would have replied in suitable terms is doubtful. He was about to say something, when at that moment remarkable things happened to the wall of the keep.

Suddenly letters of fire blazed out upon it. "PILLINGSHOT'S Peppermint Paste!" they said.

The Banshee tottered. As he tottered more letters met his eye.

"What is PILLINGSHOT'S Peppermint Paste?" said the letters. "A Delicious Sweetmeat. Adults like it. Youths dote upon it. Children rave about it. Try it."

"Wha—what's this?" stammered the Banshee.

"Oh, a little idea of mine. Makes the old place more like home. Brightens it up, as you might say. If you look behind you, you'll see some more."

The Banshee looked. On the wall behind him appeared in letters of flame these words:

"WHAT! NOT tried PILLINGSHOT'S Peppermint Paste! You amaze me! Take some home to tea to-day!"

"PILLINGSHOT'S Peppermint Paste," observed the lord of the castle, "is the most astounding invention of the age. Just ask for a sample. In shilling and two-shilling boxes."

"Are these—er—decorations permanent?" inquired the Banshee feverishly.

"Bless you, yes," said the man in the tweed suit.

"Our readers will be interested to learn," said the *Spectral News and Hades Advertiser* two mornings later, "that the resident Banshee having applied for the Chiltern Hundreds, the haunting of Castle Montmorency is once more left vacant. It is rumoured that the post will be given to No. 25073 Holborn, who has done good work as assistant hunter at Blamis Castle."

BORDEAUX.

THE *rapide* from Paris to Bordeaux is perhaps the finest train in France. It takes you 578 kilomètres in seven and a half hours as smoothly and as comfortably as possible, and then it lands you at the Gare St. Jean, which is so far out of the city—lost in a squalid suburb, almost in the country—that the subsequent drive into Bordeaux, over street pavements of the middle ages, shakes you almost to pieces. You step into your hotel feeling as though you had come all the way third class in a *train omnibus*.

For a city of the wealth and importance of Bordeaux the street pavements are extraordinary. Sometimes the sidewalk is of flat artificial stone, but the roadway is always of cobbles. Naturally the noise is terrific. The excellent Parisian system of putting noiseless wood pavement outside hospitals has been imitated in only one place, as far as I could discover. Apparently the *conseillers municipaux* resolved on some occasion to follow this humane plan. After careful study and investigation they discovered the one place where noise was harmless, and triumphantly laid down their wood pavement outside the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb.

I had been told that there was no very remarkable hotel at Bordeaux. But a search in trusty *Baedeker* revealed one that was remarkable, since it had four names. In my limited experience I have seen Swiss, Italian or Southern French hotels with two and even three names, but the *Hôtel de la Paix, des Princes, Richelieu et des Ambassadeurs* excels them all. Who would go to a mere *Hôtel de France* when he could sleep under the shelter of such a name as that? And in spite of its title it is a well-managed, old-fashioned hotel, recommended by the infallible *Leipziger*. The head waiter confided to me that it has even a fifth name, acquired like the others by purchase or inheritance, and that it might be called the *Hôtel de la Paix, des Princes, Richelieu, des Ambassadeurs et Lambert*, if human endurance could go so far.

Bordeaux has named a street *Rue Esprit des Lois*, after the work of *MONTESQUIEU*. Streets often bear the names of authors, but I know of none called by the title of a book. Bordeaux



SECOND-HAND EVIDENCE.

Our Artist. "WHAT A LOVELY VIEW YOU HAVE HERE, MY GOOD LADY."
Old Lady (who has lived there all her life). "AH, SO I HEAR FROM ALL SIDES!"

has shrunk from *Rue Considérations sur les Causes de la Grandeur et de la Décadence des Romains*, in honour of *MONTESQUIEU*, and it has been compelled to neglect the masterpiece of its other great citizen, *MONTAIGNE*—curious that the two greatest names of a city so perfectly flat should begin with *mont*—since *Rue Essais* could only suggest an unfinished street.

The idea seems to be one which we might use in England. Why should not Stratford-on-Avon have a *Hamlet Road* and a *Sorrows of Satan Street*? What a joy for the trippers to the Isle of Man to find *Eternal City Villas*! But it is in London above all that our great books should be honoured, by a County Council which has shown itself really capable in the invention of street names. It would be worth altering some of the existing ones. I leave the task to that illustrious body, for I am writing this on the Pyrenees, where the "*vent d'Espagne*" is blowing, and it is too hot to think of anything. But I might suggest for Piccadilly, torn up and heaped in mounds of rubbish all the year round by different authorities, the simple name of "*Pilgrim's Progress*."

ROBINSON THE ROVER.

CUBING THE SPHERE (being a variation on "*squaring the circle*").—The proposed "corner in ball-clay."

A "GENERAL" KNOWLEDGE PAPER.

[The "*Arachne*" is the name of an institution which has been formed for the benefit of domestic servants. Quarters have been taken near the Marble Arch. A teaching staff of trained gentlewomen has been organised, and examinations will be held periodically and certificates granted on good results.]

1. How do you pronounce the name "*Arachne*?" Is it intended to imitate a sneeze, and if so, do you propose to sniff at it?

2. Can "*perks*" be regularly declined? Would you regard it as a singular case?

3. Should the hitherto dependent particle "*Ann*" be a subject or an object under modern conditions? When may "*Ann*" be followed by a proper noun, e.g., "*police-man*?"

4. Ought "*fringes*" to appear in "*caps*" when in print, or should the old rule be infringed?

5. Compare "*master*" and "*missus*." Why is the latter generally and needlessly

positive, while the former is usually superlative?

6. When are the following phrases to be used:—

(a) It came off in my 'and.

(b) It's not been done since I've been here.

(c) I won't be put upon.

Can you suggest any plausible variations of the first two expressions?

7. Which is the best way to cook accounts? Is it safer to mince matters, or make a general hash of the books?

8. What is the difference between a person who keeps her wardrobe locked and a real lady; between the decipherment of torn-up letters and a dull evening in the kitchen; between a "*character*" and the reality; and between a prospective employer in the registry-office and the same individual at close quarters in her own household?

9. Define a "*place*," and describe one or two of the many hundreds you have been in, keeping clear of the law of libel.

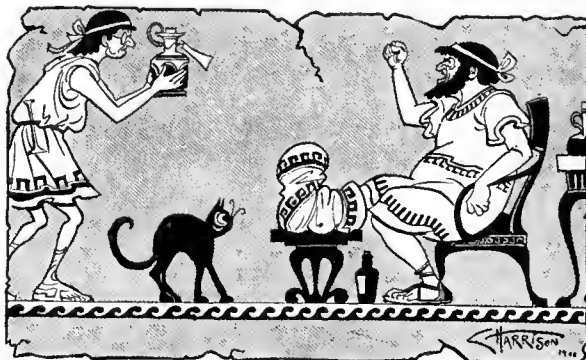
If you are properly "*equipped*," and have matriculated with honours and an academic gown at the *Arachne University*, kindly apply to *Mr. Punch* and he will put you in communication with a number of deserving ladies with no encumbrances and excellent references, who are only too anxious for you to engage them, and will do their utmost to oblige.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

It is quite certain that when Miss ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER sat down to write *Place and Power* (HUTCHINSON) she intended to devote her principal effort to the creation and development of the character of *Conrad Clayton*. She had in mind a capable, strenuous, unscrupulous man, who, neither fearing the Devil nor knowing God, resolved to make his way to place and power. The moral, not absolutely new, was that on such terms, success, apparently gained, would be built on slight foundation. Happily, Miss FOWLER's genius, after long effort, dragged her out of this pit. It forced upon her *Mark Stillingfleet* and *Eileen St. Just*. These really are flesh and blood, whereas *Conrad Clayton*, remorselessly fighting his way to the position of Home Secretary, is a lay figure, an Awful Example made to order. His unfortunate existence hampers the book. In spite of the young couple he must needs be preached at and prophesied against. Miss FOWLER has two voices. In one, conversation sparkles; in the other, she lapses into a style of preaching dangerously akin to that of the strolling "Major" or "Colonel" of the Salvation Army. To my Baronite's fancy, the performance is somewhat akin to going out to dinner and filling in pauses in cheerful conversation by handing round tracts, or limp copies of *The Dairyman's Daughter*. Good work is marred by commendable, though misplaced, desire to "improve the occasion." Still, there remains enough to lift it above the level of the average novel of the day. Its dramatic secret is original in device and hidden with great skill. *Archie Clayton's* proposal to *Eileen* is delightfully told.

It is comparatively to small purpose that M. LE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS should give his valuable opinion on a collection of stories by W. E. NORRIS, grouped under the covering title of *An Octave* (METHUEN), seeing that they have already appeared in various public and popular prints. Still, it may so happen that those who read the *Graphic* may not be regular patrons of the *Illustrated London News*, and thus many who have enjoyed "A Préfet of the Second Empire" in the former may not have read "Citizens of the World" and "A Daughter of the Hills" in the latter, and *vice versa*. The same probability may be considered in regard to students of *Longman's* and *The Cornhill*, as affecting the remaining five stories. Therefore the judicious Baron will confine himself to recommending this book as a whole, and begs to select the first story, "Miser Morgan," as one of the best where all are good.

Mr. PALMER is entirely at home in *In Lakeland Dells and Fells* (CHATTO & WINDUS), and has the gift of making his reader feel so. By the magic of sentences of severe simplicity



THE FIRST RECORDED CASE OF GOUT.

From a fragment recently discovered near the old Port of Athens.



Doctor. "DON'T FEEL WELL, EH? APPETITE ALL RIGHT?"

Tommie. "EAT LIKE A WOLF, SIR."

Doctor. "SLEEP WELL?"

Tommie. "AS SOUND AS A DOG, SIR."

Doctor. "OH, YOU'D BETTER SEE THE VET!"

he conveys to the pleased townsman sense of the very atmosphere of the fells, the colour and perfume of the fern-and-flower-carpeted dells. He knows the people too, the dalesmen, the boatmen, and the rest. He has found himself (accidentally, of course) at a cocking-match, and receives the startling confidence that, so far from cock-fighting in the Dales being a played-out game, there is more going on now than has ever been since the law complacently assumed it had put it down. There is vivid description of shepherd life among the fells, an existence that occasionally involves being dug out of the snow. Also, there is something quite new in fox-hunting, a sport pursued on foot, once at least lasting through a winter night. As a guide the volume is useful. As a record of life

among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,

my Baronite finds it charming. BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

Lines for a Young Lady's Album.

(New style. After Charles Kingsley.)

BE smart, dear girl, and let who will be other;
Break from the fold, not stick there like a lamb;
So shall your lot, as maid or wife or mother,
Be one Grand Slam!

"*Facta non verba.*" What's that mean?" asked a lawyer's clerk of his companion.

"*Deeds not words.*" It's a motto," was the reply.

"An' what 'ud be the good of that?" retorted the clerk.
"How can there be any 'deeds' and no 'words'? What price 'folios'? Bosh!"

THE CADI'S IMPROMPTUS.

II.

(A further instalment of the Autobiography of a Merry Magistrate.)

ON becoming a magistrate at Marylebone I hastened to put my intellectual house in order. It had long been my theory that a joke existed for every situation in life, and I now set out to find and codify those jokes. Just as the hero of a classic work began an alphabetical list of repartees, to be employed upon all varieties of men—so would I prepare sallies for all varieties of prisons. The frequency of the occurrence of the phrase “(laughter)” in the reports of Marylebone cases shows how ably I have succeeded.

Mem. of suitable sallies to be addressed to prisoners in the Marylebone dock.

ABBOTS. This is not an abbey sight.¹
 ACTORS. I fear you've been out in the lime-light.
 AERONAUTS. Here's air.
 APIARISTS. To bee or not to bee.
 BAKERS. Don't look so crusty.
 BANK CLERKS. A little off your balance, I fear.
 BARGEES. Well, my lord, and what have you to say?²
 BEADLES. *Quis custodiet?*
 CARMEN. Been BIZET, eh?

I must say that the officials at Marylebone have always been very good, and have done their best to make these jokes go well, and to conceal the fact that they have heard them before. I am, however, not without resources of my own. For example, if two actors were to be brought up before me in one morning I should not repeat the lime-light joke. I should make it to the first, and to the second I should say, “Ah, if you would only keep to lime-light and lime juice, how much better it would be for all of us!” What would happen if a third actor appeared I cannot say—but I could hardly squeeze the lime again.

After long experience of the London backslider, my opinion is that he likes to be joked with. But of course there are exceptions. I remember one surly fellow, a burglar, who before a single witness had been heard or the charge read addressed me in these words:—“If I make a clear confession now, your Worship, will you send me to gaol right away? I'll admit everything if you'll stow the humour.” While another man whom I had sentenced as pleasantly as I could to six months with hard labour said, “Won't you let the joke stand in the place of the hard labour?” But in the main I am convinced that I have

¹ I have not had occasion to use this excellent jest. ² The joke here resides in the difference between a bargee and a lord.



“FOR WOMAN IS NOT UNDEVELOP'D MAN.”—Tennyson.

Gentleman of the Old School (to new athletic daughter-in-law). “MY DEAR, I WANT YOU ALWAYS TO LOOK TO ME AS YOUR FATHER AND PROTECTOR.”

contributed to the happiness of my daily visitors.

I have only to say in conclusion that as I look back upon my career I am more than ever impressed by the illustration which it affords of the doctrine of heredity. Descended on one side from a long line of Danish noblemen—my grandfather, I may incidentally remark, was probably the most majestically handsome man who ever trod the earth—and on the other from the great prelate who founded All Souls College, the motto *Noblesse oblige* has always been prominently before my eyes. It is true that I once struck a cabby full in the face, though I have always detested an appeal to physical force, but the man had called me a liar, and was I, the scion of the HALITZKYS, tamely to submit to such an indignity? Besides, the result fully justified my prompt action. The man, though a perfect Hercules in build, burst into tears, returned me

his fare, which I wear still on my watch-chain, and swore eternal friendship. A passion for justice was always my leading characteristic.

But I am not unsusceptible to tender emotions. To this day nothing gives me greater pleasure than to be addressed by my old Oxford nickname of “Barr.” All my life, again, I have been a chivalrous admirer of the fair sex, and were I writing these reminiscences for my own delectation I should dwell most freely on those passages of my life in which the blue or the black eyes of some goddess or other have played a leading part. Yet let no man write me down as a philanderer. I have never felt the smallest desire to emigrate to Utah, and am never so happy as when, surrounded by my adoring family, I sit on my lawn, basking in the autumnal sunshine, and listening to the “popping” of the first ripe chestnuts as they fall from the wind-swayed branches.

PLAYS PRESENTABLE AND UNPRESENTABLE.

III.—“RICHARD II.” AT HIS MAJESTY’S.

If the main purpose of the stage is to assist the halting imagination of the reader, then the most “presentable” play should be one in which the shapes and colours of pageantry are the dominant distinction. It is more than ever so when its author sets out to realise history, and its presenter has at his service such expert cunning in the sciences of heraldry and antic gear as Mr. TREE commanded from the erudition of Messrs. AMBROSE LEE and PERCY ANDERSON. This makes it such idle work to condemn indiscriminately the luxury of modern stage-appointments, or to urge that the greatest plays, as *Hamlet* or *Lear*, can afford to dispense with any more elaborate dressing than SHAKESPEARE gave them in his day. Such plays are primarily concerned with the machinations of destiny or the effect of circumstance on character—elemental problems whose appeal is moral and intellectual rather than æsthetic; and so are least “presentable” in the particular sense that the intelligent reader draws least additional profit from their presentment. In any case *Richard II.* is not one of these.

But, waiving further platitude, let me say that since the Review of the Native Retainers at the Delhi Durbar I have seen no more fascinating circus than the pageant of the Coventry Lists at His Majesty’s. I confess that I always suffer from sympathetic nervousness on the appearance of the larger kinds of quadruped before the footlights. For one crowded moment of the first night (I had inexcusably forgotten the details of a play to the study of which I had devoted some of the best months of a chequered childhood, and I did not then know, what I have since gathered in private conversation with *John of Gaunt*, that Mr. OSCAR ASCHE is a rough rider of the first calibre, and that *Norfolk*, in the person of Mr. HAVILAND, has a knowledge of horsemanship that might put our noblest Yeomanry, including the present Duke, to the blush)—for one crowded moment I was a prey to the rudest apprehension, being under the mistaken belief that these two sportsmen actually proposed to tilt before my horrified eyes. Happily disillusioned in this respect, my worst fears were to be realised in another form. Mr. HAVILAND, it is true, rode off into permanent exile at an easy canter; but his adversary was compelled to retire as a dismounted infant. Fragility of form was never a distinguishing mark with Mr. ASCHE; and here, encased in ponderous armour, he had rendered nugatory the complacent advances of *Richard* at the point where the monarch had remarked:

“We will descend and fold him in our arms.”

Once already, at the first mounting, his charger (well-trained, no doubt, in the alarms of the ring, but impatient of this welter work) had shown a touch of naughtiness; but at the second time of asking, he frankly went stern foremost and sat down under the barrier. For a breathless pause the house supposed the poor beast crushed to death by his rider; but Mr. ASCHE, with surprising agility, had flung himself free; and both resumed their normal footing amid enthusiastic applause. But into the subsequent words of *Bolingbroke*, fresh from his embrace of mother earth, a pathetic poignancy was infused, when he said:

“Then, England’s ground, farewell; sweet soil, adieu!”

In an excellent and instructive pamphlet which was distributed with the programme, the audience was made familiar with the villainous defilements to which the play has from time to time been subjected in stage versions. The present acting edition, though it necessarily curtails the original, has admitted only one line of actual interpolation. This occurs in the tableau of the progress of *Bolingbroke* to London, a veritable *via crucis* for the humiliated King. Here

the future claimant turns in his saddle and cries to the crowd, “Fair Sirs, behold your King! Consider what you wish to do with him!” The words happen, as I am told, to be historical; but this is less an excuse than a fresh grievance. Apart from the outrage to sentiment (whether we are more sorry for SHAKESPEARE who has this speech foisted on him, or for *Bolingbroke* who never, after this brutality, recovers the sympathy of the audience), it was surely an indiscretion thus to impose a patch of raw material upon a ground-work of artistry.

Another memorable scene was the interior of Westminster Hall, with the peers’ robes red against a sombre background. I never remember to have seen so many gloves flung about on the stage at one time. There they lay, thick as greengages in Vallombrosa. Mr. BASIL GILL, who made a most handsome *Aumerle*, had his work cut out merely to retrieve them; and if he was to survive the satisfaction of all his challengers, there was a busy fortnight before him. I cannot help thinking that a certain piquancy would be added to modern political life if something of these methods could be introduced, say, into the fiscal debates of the Cabinet.

The scene was further distinguished by the courageous bearing of the loyal *Bishop of Carlisle* (Mr. FISHER WHITE), and by Mr. TREE’s subtle interpretation of the King’s moods, shifting ever from irony to self-pity, from dejection to defiance, and constant in nothing but the passion for verbal jugglery. The manner of his exit was an inspiration.

For a Plantagenet, *Richard* has a remarkable turn for poetry. But in this matter SHAKESPEARE carried his *penchant* for self-projection to the point of absolute bravado. Still shackled by the linked sweetness of Euphuist traditions, he would refine the sugared phrase, or elaborate the rhetorical artifice, let his medium be what it might. When the Queen (the strain of her position made her look more than her real age, which was just nine years at the opening of the play, and ten at this juncture: but let that pass) accosted the *Gardener* as

“Old ADAM’s likeness, set to dress this garden,”

Mr. LIONEL BROUGH was too well-mannered to be shocked; and, indeed, he himself had already adopted the embroidered language of poesie, and vainly sought to impart to it an air of homeliness by the dropping of an aspirate or two.

The stage-management on the first night was a miracle of smoothness and expedition. It is true that in the street scene on the way to the Tower a detached column, belonging to another set, floated for a time in mid air; but apart from this defect, the carpenters did their work bravely, though their consultations behind the scene compelled Mr. BRANDON THOMAS (admirable as *John of Gaunt*) to force his voice with an energy that belied his moribund condition.

Throughout the play scarce a single line lost its significance for lack of intelligent rendering; and, even in a walking part, the King’s hound betrayed a quite human appreciation of the political crisis. Hitherto devoted to *Richard*, he had a *flair* for the changes of the popular breath, and at the psychological moment went over, with the *Percies* and others, to the favourite’s camp, throwing a few remorseful glances after the retreating figure of the King. But he was too noble of heart to be happy for long under this new *régime*; and on the pretext of another engagement in the wings, he strolled off quite soon by the opposite exit.

O. S.

Lacrimæ Mewsarum (A Fitte of Doggerel).

[During the past few weeks a large number of stray cats have been admitted to the Dogs’ Home.]

ALACK; through Summer’s rains and fogs

We roamed about and starved, till now

We’re simply going to the dogs—

Me-ow!

THE HORRORS OF WAR. AT THE MANŒUVRES.



The Bivouac. A sketch during the storm.



I give some valuable information to one of our future Generals.



THE BATTLE OF HUNGERFORD.



Historical Picture. Famous Generals meeting on the field of battle.

The enemy could be dimly discerned through a glass.



Through foreign spectacles.

THE PRODIGAL.

[It is rumoured that SHERLOCK HOLMES, when he reappears, will figure in a series of stories of American origin.]

I MET him in the Strand. It was really the most extraordinary likeness. Had I not known that he lay at the bottom of a dem'd moist unpleasant waterfall, I should have said that it was SHERLOCK HOLMES himself who stood before me. I had almost made up my mind to speak to him, when he spoke to me.

"Pardon me, stranger," he said, "can you tell where I get a ear for Victoria?"

I told him.

"Do you know," I said, "you are astonishingly like an old friend of mine. A Mr. SHERLOCK HOLMES."

"My name," he said coolly.

I staggered back, nearly upsetting a policeman. Then I seized him by the arm, dragged him into an A.B.C. shop, and sat him down at a table.

"You are SHERLOCK HOLMES!" I cried.

"Correct. SHERLOCK P. HOLMES of New York City, U.S.A. That's me every time, I guess."

"HOLMES!" I clutched him fervently to my bosom. "Don't you remember me? You must remember me."

"Name of—?" he queried.

"WATSON. DR. WATSON."

"Wal, darn my skin if I didn't surmise I'd seen you before somewhere. WATSON! Crimes, so it is. Oh, this is slick. Yes, Sir. This is my shout. Liquor up at my ex-pense, if you please. What's your poison?"

I said I would have a small milk.

"Why, the last I saw of you, HOLMES—" I began.

"Guess you didn't see the last of me, sirree."

"But you did fall down the waterfall?"

"Why, yes."

"Then how did you escape?"

"Why, I fell over with MORIARTY. The cuss was weightier than me some, so he fell underneath. If two humans fall over a precipice, I calculate it's the one with the most avoir-du-pois that falls underneath. Consequently I was only considerable shaken, while MORIARTY landed in his checks."

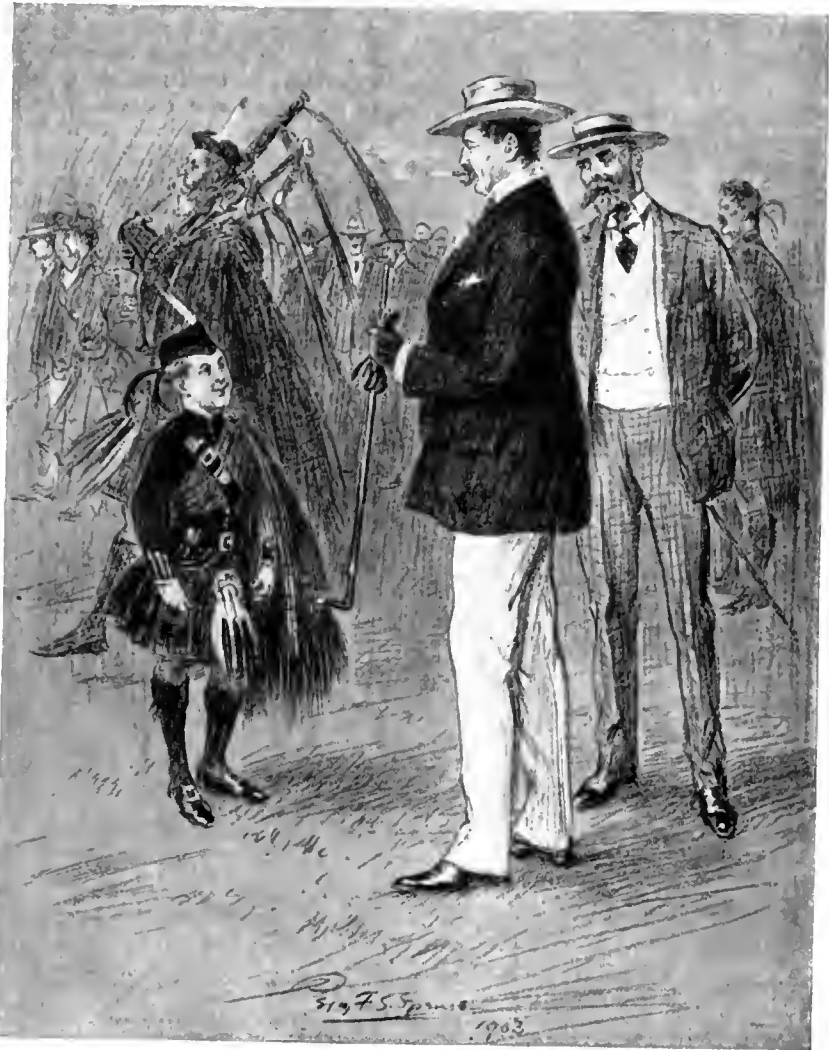
"Then you weren't killed?"

"My dear WATSON, how—? No. Guess I sur-vived. But, say, how are all the old folks at home? How's Sir HENRY BASKERVILLE?"

"Very well. He has introduced baseball into the West Country."

"And the hound? Ah, but I remember, we shot him."

"No. He wasn't really dead. He recovered, turned over a new leaf, and is now doing capitally out Battersea way."



YOUNG AUSTRALIA.

SCENE—Highland Gathering in the Antipodes.

"WELL, MY LITTLE MAN, SO YOU'RE SCOTCH, EH?"

"NAE, NAE, A'AM NAE SCOTCH, BUT MA PAIRENTS IS."

Just then a look of anxiety passed over my friend's face. I asked the reason.

"It's like this," he said; "I've been in the U-nited States so long now, tracking down the toughs there, that I reckon I've ac-quired the Amurrican accent some. Say, do you think the public will object?"

"HOLMES," I said, "it wouldn't matter if you talked Czech or Chinese. You've come back. That's all we care about."

"It's a perfect cinch," said HOLMES, with a happy smile.

DECEIVING THE NATION.—Only a poor attempt to imitate "actual Service conditions" seems to have been made at the Manœuvres. The rations were edible, the boots made of leather, the cavalry

had horses, several had had previous riding lessons, and staff officers possessed rudimentary maps of the district.

A WOBBLING BRASSEY?

ON the actual day of the announcement of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's resignation, the PRIME MINISTER, playing at North Berwick, "made," according to the *Daily Express*, "a most unfortunate start. He was bunkered off his approach, struck the rocks, and was again trapped on the beach" (? Sir MICHAEL HICKS-) "with his third. Eventually he tore up his card." This is regarded as very significant; and in the same connection we note that the *Daily Mail*, in its fiscal catalogue of Saturday's date, classes Mr. BRASSEY, M.P., as a "wob- bler."

THE AMATEUR HISTRION.

(A Complete Guide to Country House Theatricals.)

VI.—THE AUDIENCE.

THERE are various reasons which induce people to sit through an amateur performance. Some people will travel long distances to a great house, and even pay considerable sums of money in the hope that their devotion may be recognised, and that they may be promoted to the dinner list; some people go because their friends are acting, which shows that friendship is not yet dead in this callous world and that deeds of self-sacrifice are still performed in its name; others because they like a crush and a chat; and a few old cynics enjoy the performance immensely for reasons that need not be stated.

It is etiquette to admire everything. When you have shaken hands with your hostess and have given up your ticket, in those cases where a charity is used as a stalking-horse, you find your way to the narrow chair that is apportioned to you, and after smiling round comprehensively and nodding like a mandarin you settle down in your seat, just as a cork goes into a bottle, knowing that your dress or your evening coat will be irretrievably creased; but, nevertheless, you admire the curtain and the footlights. During twenty-five minutes or half an hour while the little band supplied by the music-shop of the county town, or the piano player, worry out the "*Flying Dutchman*" overture, a waltz and "*Whistling Rufus*," you will have plenty of time to remark that biscuit-tins make splendid reflectors, and that chintz curtains look so much fresher and prettier than the dusty heavy velvet things that the London theatres have; or, should a friend of the family have painted a blue lake and violet mountains on calico as a "drop," you will describe it aloud as being "quite Turneresque and perfectly lovely."

When any performer appears, be pleasurably surprised that you recognise him or her. If he is a man applaud and say, "Why, that is Mr. SMITH," and if she is a lady tell your neighbours all about the dress she has on, and how she gave 120 guineas for it at

PAQUIN'S or WORTH'S to wear at this particular performance. Amateur theatricals are full of palpitating excitement. If the play is a costume piece, you can say, as each man appears with a heavy moustache soaped down and powdered over, "He looks as if he had a sore lip, doesn't he?" just as if it was the highest ambition of mankind to have sore lips; and if the lady who is playing the parlour-maid, with all her

of the other performers are attempting to play a serious love-scene at the time; but in disregarding their efforts you are showing real critical acumen, for their love-making is pretty sure to be unnatural, whereas the person who drinks out of the bottle probably knows exactly how to do it, and the man who simulates the catching of flies was an adept at the sport when a school-boy.*

It is customary for the favoured people

amongst the audience to wander freely about behind the scenes during the intervals, though the grooms and under-gardeners who are changing the scenes often interfere with their comfort. To obtain admission behind the curtain an interchange of sentences somewhat resembling military "sign" and "countersign" is necessary. The first performer you meet says, "How is the piece going?" and you reply, if your questioner is a lady, "Splendidly! You are delightful, charming!" If a man asks, you answer, "Ripping. You are first-class, old fellow."

When the performance is concluded, and the audience are genteelly struggling at the buffet, it is customary to couple *sotto voce* cautions as to the food and drink with out-spoken eulogism of the play and performers. Thus, *pianissimo*, "Don't touch the champagne, it's gooseberry," and then, *fortissimo*, "Better than professionals, I call them."

It is a very usual practice next morning after breakfast for the performers to compile an account of their successful efforts, the scribe adding a particularly cordial few words for himself at the end, and to send it to one of the ladies' "weeklies" with a snap-shot of the company taken before the hall door. The reporter

who has been sent by the local newspaper always knows his duty

* Amateurs who indulge in comic business during a sentimental scene between two of the principals should refer to *Nicholas Nickleby*, Vol. I., Chapter XXX., and take warning from the fate of the comic countryman who, for pretending to catch a bluebottle while Mrs. CRUMMLES was making for her greatest effect, was dismissed by Mr. CRUMMLES at the shortest possible notice. The amateur who should imitate the example of this very low comedian will find that he won't be asked again to those delightful country house parties where private theatricals are the *vogue*.



JOSEPHUS CORIOLANUS.

"RATHER THAN FOOL IT SO,
LET THE HIGH OFFICE AND THE HONOUR GO."

Coriolanus, Act II., Sc. 3.

rings on her hands, comes on to the stage with a black smudge across one cheek and scrubs at a boot with a clothes-brush as she speaks her lines, you will exclaim enthusiastically, "Quite the real thing, isn't it? Quite the real thing!"

If the play is alleged to be a comic one, keep on the titter throughout. Sooner or later one of the minor characters will pretend to drink out of a bottle, or to catch flies on a door, or to pick flowers off the back-cloth. Then roar with laughter. It may be that two



Uncle (about to start for a concert at *Marine Pavilion*). "BUT, MY DEAR NORA, YOU DON'T SURELY PROPOSE TO GO WITHOUT YOUR SHOES AND STOCKINGS?"

Nora. "I'M IN EVENING DRESS, UNCLE—ONLY IT'S THE OTHER END."

and does it. He supplies three superlative adjectives for the most important people in the county, and grows less enthusiastic as social rank dwindles. A stray Londoner or a visitor from another county can be treated with scant courtesy. It is galling to the man who in the north is always alluded to as "the CHARLES WYNDHAM of the amateur stage" to find that in the south he is only credited with giving "useful support"; but such is the way of the world.

AN OLD HAND.

CHARIVARIA.

OWING to a number of prompt arrests, the threatened assassination of the assassins of the late King of SERBIA has been postponed. Meanwhile, at a great popular meeting held at Belgrade to protest against Turkey's behaviour in the Balkans, the SULTAN was denounced as a murderer.

M. LEBAUDY, the Emperor of the Sahara, having lost his own head, has now ordered a guillotine from a Paris firm.

The International Exhibition of Inventions which will be held at Brighton in November relies on the loyal support of the Press.

The "newspaper for gentlewomen" which is to be produced by the proprietors of the *Daily Mail* is, after all, not to be called the *Daily Female*.

Russia has added one more condition to her promise to quit Manchuria. It is that she shall be allowed to remain there until the evacuation actually takes place.

The Turks at Salonica are desirous of British interference, and some are even going so far as to advocate the murder of the British Consul in order to bring this about. His Majesty's representative, however, throws cold water on this part of the scheme.

Further changes in our Navy are announced. Chaplains are to be abolished, and the navigating officers are to include in their duties those of sky-pilots.

School Board inspectors have apparently been extra vigilant lately. The special correspondents at the Manœuvres report that very few "little Brodricks" were to be seen with the troops.

A school for the training of motor-car drivers is to be established at Long Acre. Under the new Act, this method

of learning will be cheaper than practising, as hitherto, on the public roads.

Titles are sometimes misleading. We are requested to state that *The Donkey Book*, just published by Mr. GRANT RICHARDS, is not a re-issue of the War Commission evidence.

A Willesden Passive Resister has announced in open court that he "cannot sell his conscience." It seems that there are no buyers.

"OVER."

When days are drawing in,
And evenings are chilly,
And when the throngs grow thin
In crowded Piccadilly;

When people in the street
Write letters, wise or witty,
To ask, "Do tradesmen cheat?"
Or, "Are our women pretty?"

When FRY is out, and HEARNE
Has taken his last wicket,
And football, in its turn,
Usurps the place of cricket;

When partridges must fall,
When singing-birds grow dumber—
These herald, one and all,
The passing of the Summer.

THE POET-POLICEMAN.

IN the preface to his new edition of *Ballads in Blue*, P.-C. MITCHELL remarks: "Not a few persons have been interested by the fact that long spells of prosaic police duty, amid the most depressing scenes of the great Metropolis, have been unable to subdue the instincts of an aspiring Constable. My own opinion is that this was the very place for developing latent power." Doubtless other members of the Force will act on this hint, with results somewhat like the following:—

SCENE—*The Strand*. Poet-Policeman X 742 on fixed-point duty. He soliloquises.

Vastly mistaken was the bard who held
The policeman's lot devoid of happiness
When doing his constabulary task!
Far from unhappy, all my present care
Is to unearth a rhyme to "burglary"
Wherewith to end my sonnet.

Anxious Old Lady (interrupting).
Could you kindly direct me to Waterloo?

Poet-Policeman.

Waterloo—a name in story which is
redolent of glory,

Eternally revered by everyone!
The way to it's no mystery—just recollect
your history,

Turn opposite the street of Wellington.

Chorus, if you please, Madam—

Yes, the Bridge of Waterloo will be
clearly in your view

Just opposite the Street of Wellington!
(Old Lady flies in terror; P.-P. resumes)

A perfectly impromptu bit of verse,
Yet exquisitely fashioned! . . . Hullo!

Why,

What have we here? A furious motor-car

Doing an easy sixty miles an hour!

Hi! Stop, I say! You murderous
motorist, stop!

[The Motorist stops.]

Your local habitation and your name? . . .
You spell it with an "e"? . . . I thank
you, Sir;

The summons will be served without
delay.

Hearken, moreover:

The man who from mere scorching
will not shrink,

His motor and his reputation stink.
That is an epigram. No extra charge!

[The crest-fallen Motorist departs.]

P.-P. (continuing). What shall I sing
of next? Ah, there I see

A kitten misappropriating milk—
And there the milkman comes—a theme
for song;

He comes, resembling vengeance (or
myself)

To punish theft. *[Sings.]*

Grubby little kitten,
Sorely thou art smitten—

[A seedy-looking man, not a tectotaler, lurches heavily against the P.-P. P.-P. (furiously).]

Impudent varlet!

Look where thou'rt going!

Else will I hale thee

Swiftly to Bow Street!

Dissolute tippler and

Servant of Bacchus,

Move on, I tell you!

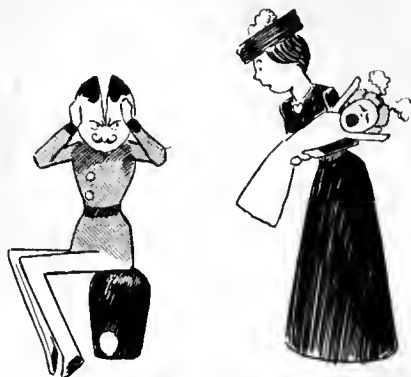
[Seedy-looking man stares in amazement and then hastens away.]

P.-P. (complacently watching him).

Such is the glorious magic of the muse!

(Meditates a sonnet beginning—

Bracelets, the pledges of imprisonment,
Linking thy hands together, love, in one,
as scene closes.)



"FOR GOODNESS SAKE, JANE, KEEP THAT CHILD
QUIET! MY HEAD'S POSITIVELY SPLITTING!"

LOST MASTERPIECES.

(Mr. Punch's own Collection.)

A YEAR or two ago the world was thrilled by the intelligence that a hitherto unknown poem by SHELLEY was about to be published. More recently a fragment of BYRON'S *Don Juan*, never before printed, was issued from the Press and aroused great interest. While early in the present year the entire works of an unpublished poet—THOMAS TRAEHERNE—saw the light for the first time after languishing unread for more than two hundred years in manuscript.

The interest excited by these and similar "finds" being usually out of all proportion to the merits of the thing found, Mr. Punch also has applied himself to the task of discovery, and has succeeded in unearthing several hitherto unpublished works of our most admired authors. Among these, two poems by WORDSWORTH, each written in the poet's most characteristic style, should arouse special enthusiasm. Into the details of the search for these lost masterpieces, the routing through manuscripts, the grubbing in the British Museum, it is unnecessary to enter. Nor need their genuine Wordsworthian origin be

insisted on. Everyone who is even slightly acquainted with the work of the master will immediately recognise them as his. The title of the first of them is singularly characteristic of the poet. It runs:—

LINES

Written on a beautiful day in early summer while a friend was putting on his boots preparatory to accompanying the writer.

Up, friend, your work is surely done,
And it is glorious weather,
So let us out into the sun
And take a walk together.

Observe the linnet on the bough,
His note how clear and ringing!
His voice was mute at dawn, but now,
I notice, he is singing.

See how my dog comes running up
In answer to my whistle;
This flower is called a buttercup,
And that, I think, a thistle.

Birds in the trees are building nests
In various directions,
And every sight and sound suggests
Appropriate reflections.

Thus Nature to the poet's eyes
Shows more than other men,
And every hour a theme supplies
To occupy his pen.

The limpid simplicity and rural charm of this little gem can scarcely be matched among the poet's most famous productions. The other is equally precious in its way. It is called:—

DOROTHY;

Or, The Pleasures of Youthful Conversation.

Each afternoon, from two to four,
I take a walk by Rydal's shore—
So fair it seems to me,
And often, if the sun has dried
The path, I turn my steps aside
To talk with DOROTHY.

Her father and her mother dwell
A mile away in yonder dell,
And all the neighbours own
That 'tis not possible to see
A fairer child than DOROTHY.
(Her other name is BROWN.)

Her eyes are blue, her years are nine,
And when she puts her hand in mine
And charms me with her talk,
Full oft the prattle of this child
The poet's sadness hath beguiled
Upon his evening walk.

That these two masterpieces should not have seen the light till now only shows the chances to which the work even of the greatest poets is exposed. It may safely be prophesied that no future edition of WORDSWORTH'S Works will be considered complete without them.

MR. PUNCH'S SPECTRAL ANALYSES.

VI.—A TECHNICAL ERROR.

WHEN Mr. GEORGE HERBERT STUTTLEBUCK, of the firm of STUTTLEBUCK and JONES, returned to his suburban residence, The Moated Towers, Acacia Road, Upper Tooting, late one night, and mounted the stairs just in time to see a shadowy form, negligently draped in a winding-sheet, pass smoothly through the door of the spare bedroom, his first act was to utter a piercing shriek. After this he charged into his room with an agility that would have been creditable in a Bounding Brother of the Pyrenees.

"M'dear," he gasped, addressing his startled wife, "A ghos'! A shade! A spectre! Spare bedroom. Fact."

And even as he spoke there was a slight groan and a blast of icy air, and the spectre shimmered into the room and vanished through the opposite wall.

From that moment onward the existence of the Ghost became a recognised fact. The servants fainted in half-companies, and, on recovering, instantly gave notice. The cat as a stock excuse below stairs became out of date. Did JANE demolish a dinner-service? It was the Ghost, Mum, as startled her, coming up sudden-like from behind and groaning that awful. Was cook detected in the act of purloining the best port? It was the Ghost, Mum, as frightened her to that extent as she felt in need of a little somethink as a stimulant in a manner of speaking. In fact it soon became evident that, as long as the spectre remained, domestic peace would be an impossibility.

Mr. STUTTLEBUCK consulted his partner JONES on the subject. JONES said ghosts never haunted you unless you had murdered someone. He warmly advised Mr. STUTTLEBUCK to give himself up to justice. Mr. STUTTLEBUCK's opinion of JONES as a counsellor in time of need underwent a complete revision.

At last Mrs. STUTTLEBUCK's brother ALFRED came to stay for a week-end. On the first night after dinner the news was broken to him.

"Object?" said he in his cheery way. "Not at all. I shall enjoy it. But, look here, GEORGE, it seems to me there's a mistake somewhere. Are you sure you're entitled to this ghost? I always thought it was only the oldest houses that were haunted. Hullo, here is the Ghost. Let's ask him. Here, you, Sir, one moment."

The Ghost paused and groaned. "Come, come, there's no call to be silly about it," said ALFRED. "What right have you in this house? Hey? Tell me that."

"This is The Moated Towers, I believe?" retorted the spectre coldly.



SCENE—Country Vicarage.

Burglar (who has been secured by athletic Vicar after long and severe struggle). "I THINK YOU'RE TREATIN' ME VERY CROOL—AND A CLERGYMAN TOO!"

"Very well, then. That's the name of the house I was appointed to."

"But are you aware that this house has only been in existence half-a-dozen years?"

The Ghost's jaw dropped limply. "What!" he gasped. "Then where—why—what the dooce? They told me it dated from the Conquest."

"What was the name of the family you were told to haunt—STUTTLEBUCK?"

"STUTTLEBUCK!" said the Ghost scornfully. "It was DE CLARENCE."

"Then I think I see what has happened. GEORGE, have you a Peerage anywhere?"

"Of course," said Mr. STUTTLEBUCK.

"Then look up DE CLARENCE. His family seat in Wiltshire is called The

Moated Towers, is it not? I thought so. That's where you ought to be. You've come to the wrong address."

"Well, of all the chuckle-headed muddlers, I'm——"

"Exactly. But don't let us detain you. The DE CLARENCES will be wondering where you can have got to. The Moated Towers, Wilts, is the place you want. Go to the end of this street, and turn to the left. Better take a green omnibus. You can't miss the place. Good-night."

Next morning the postman, walking down Acacia Road, noticed that Mr. STUTTLEBUCK's door-post no longer bore the words, "The Moated Towers." They had been scraped out. And in their place was the legend "No. 389."



Boy (to Cabby with somewhat shadowy horse). "LOOK 'ERE, GUV'NOR, YOU'D BETTER TIE A KNOT IN 'IS TAIL AFORE 'E GETS WET, OR 'E MIGHT SLIP THROUGH 'IS COLLAR!"

THE NEW PROFESSOR.

[At a meeting of the Library Association a speaker remarked that "the Librarian had become the Professor of Literature to the multitude."]

I MARVEL men still cling to-day
To out-of-date devices
For gaining lore, for which they pay
Unreasonable prices;
I marvel they will go and cram
A culture which is only sham
Beside the antiquated Cam
And mediæval Isis.

What culture lies in Latin prose?
What boots the comprehension
Of Plato, Æschylus, and those
Whose names I need not mention?
Nor can I, as so many do,
With much less disapproval view
That later institution—U-
niversity Extension.

Here I behind my counter stand,
Amid my shelves, provided
With all the tomes which my own hand
In order due has tidied;
And I with all my cultured sense
Myself am here for reference
To be consulted *sans* expense
By all who would be guided.

Young ladies flock to me for books;
They crowd the trams and buses,
Sweet schoolgirls, dainty spinsters, cooks,
And tweeny maids and nusses.
Fair Tooting tries her prentice hand
On all the learned of the land,
And DARWIN, HERBERT SPENCER and
Prof. HÆCKEL she discusses.

Or if more brainy still their aims,
So that they only crave an
Acquaintance with the greatest names
On glory's scroll engraven,
Then I decide, as only can
The cultured Free Librarian,
The merits of the Isle of Man
And Stratford-upon-Avon.

To the Modern Girl.

[A widely-read and well-informed journal states that the modern girl's athleticism has destroyed her muliebriety.]

THOUGH much ill-chosen exercise
Has spoiled your curves and strained your eyes,
Though you are weak and pale,
Take comfort from this cheering fact—
You still are able to attract
The notice of the *Mail*.



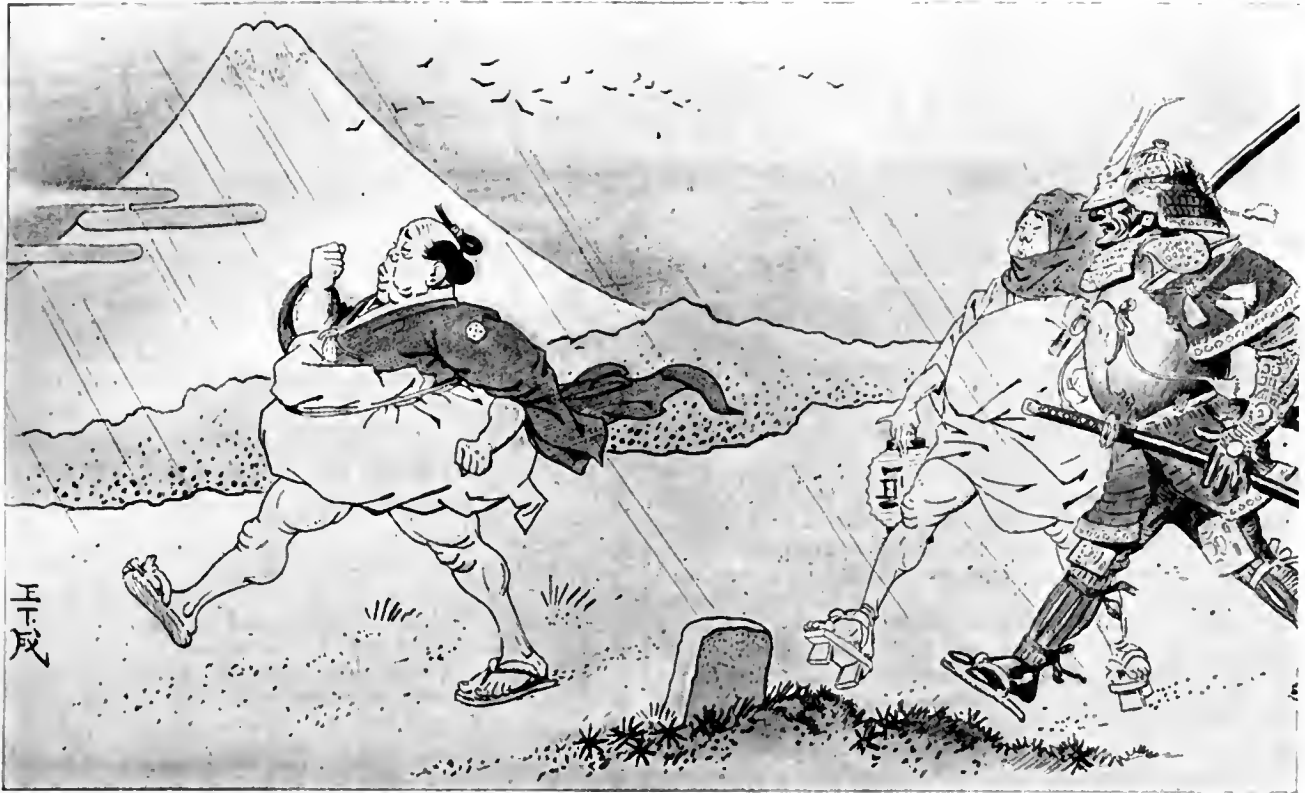
THE PREDOMINANT PARTNER.

Lady Macbeth . . . MR. CH-MB-RI-N.

Macbeth . . . MR. B-L-F-R.

LADY MACBETH (*about to retire*). "GIVE ME THE DAGGER LYING DISENGAGED;
I'LL DO IT ON MY OWN."

Shakspeare (Birmingham Edition), Macbeth, Act II., Sc. 2.



UNRECORDED HISTORY. SUGGESTED BY "HOLBEIN'S ATTEMPT TO SWIM THE CHANNEL."—NO. 3.

[The unavailing efforts of another great artist, HOKUSAI, to beat the road-record round Fuji-yama aroused much sympathetic interest in artistic and sporting circles in Japan.]

THE SUN-CHILD.

(Continued.)

BUT MASON'S troubles, as the Sun-child was to discover, were not over for that day. A day or two before there had been an examination in the fifth form, and the result was to be declared at the end of this morning's work. When the time came the master drew some papers from his desk, and all the boys sat rapt and attentive.

"I will now," said the master, "read the result of the examination and the marks:—First, MASON 520, a very good total out of a possible 600, and especially good considering that MASON has only recently come into the form."

MASON blushed with delight, and a murmur of applause went up from the class—from everybody, that is, except from one dark-haired overgrown boy, who sat with a black scowl on his face.

The master continued: "Second, BAWTREY 498, also a very creditable examination."

The dark-haired boy, whose name was BAWTREY, lit up for a moment and then relapsed into a scowl.

"Please, Sir," he said, half getting up in his place.

"Yes, BAWTREY, what is it?"

But, whatever it may have been, BAWTREY had apparently altered his mind as to the advisability of uttering it. "Oh, it's nothing, Sir, after all. I'll ask you about it another time," was all he said.

The reading of the list went on until it concluded with the name of "BACKHOUSE 52," and then the master shut up his desk and dismissed the boys. There was a banging of desks, a scuffling of feet, a chatter of many released tongues,

and, in less time than it takes to tell, the class had streamed out into the passage, all except MASON, to whom the master was giving a few special words of congratulation. In the passage there was a knot of boys gathered round BAWTREY, who was talking angrily.

"I tell you the little skunk cribbed from me," he was saying. "I suspected him all along, and all but caught him looking over my papers several times. Now I'm sure of it. Oh, don't tell me that a chap like that, who's only just got into the form, could beat the lot of us. I know he cribbed from me, and I'd bet any amount of money he'd got tips written out on paper and took them in. He's a skunk, and I'll tell him so."

At this moment MASON appeared, and a hush fell on the boys.

"MASON," said BAWTREY, "you're a skunk. You cribbed from me, and you know it. Better own up at once."

Everybody was watching MASON. He flushed to the roots of his hair and said nothing, but his eyes looked straight into BAWTREY'S, and then he pulled himself together.

"That's not true," he said.

"Oh, I'm a liar, am I?" retorted BAWTREY.

"Yes, you're a liar, BAWTREY."

"A fight, a fight!" shouted two or three jubilant small boys, and a move was immediately made to a corner of the yard removed from public view, and consecrated by hoary tradition to the settlement of disputes. In a few moments seconds had been appointed, the principals had removed their coats and waistcoats, a prefect had been secured to see that everything passed off fairly according to the ancient rule, and the fight began.

It was an interesting meeting. The two fighters formed a striking contrast. The one was tall and dark, an ugly, surly-looking lad, with loose limbs and no grace of body. The other was fair and handsome and lithe, active and well-knit, but he was shorter than his antagonist and much lighter. It seemed all Lombard Street to a China orange on BAWTREY, and in fact the first two rounds went entirely in that disagreeable champion's favour. At the end of each he had knocked MASON off his legs with a swinging right-hander on the side of the head.

"You'd better chuck it," whispered his second; "you can't beat him."

"I won't chuck it, and I will beat him," was all MASON'S reply, and the third round began.

But now the Sun-child thought the moment had come to intervene. He posted himself by MASON, and looked hard and straight at BAWTREY, and BAWTREY began to feel a singing in his head where MASON had struck him in the last round, and his eyes were dazzled as with strange gleams of light. MASON made a rush, and both his sturdy little fists found their mark on BAWTREY'S face, and all the while BAWTREY'S arms were windmilling aimlessly through the air. Again MASON danced up to him, and again those two busy fists struck upon BAWTREY'S chin and on his nose. With the last blow BAWTREY pivoted round and fell in a heap, and was dragged to a corner.

"Time," said the prefect a little later, but BAWTREY came not up to time, and his supporters gave up the fight.

At this juncture the master appeared upon the scene. He took in the situation at a glance, and prepared to move away. "I suppose it's all right, JOHNSON?" he said to the prefect.

"Yes, sir, quite right."

"What was it about?"

The prefect told him.

"Stuff and nonsense," said the master so that all the boys could hear. "There wasn't the remotest resemblance between MASON'S papers and BAWTREY'S. In treatment and in expression they were wide apart. MASON got his place fairly, and deserved it. And he deserved to win the fight, too."

Then the Sun-child departed, feeling that his morning's work had been good.

(To be continued.)

THE SPANK TRUST.

ACCORDING to the *Daily Mail* of Sept. 17, the latest development in progressive American educational methods is a machine for administering corporal punishment, just introduced in the State training school at Redwing, Minnesota. The machine supersedes punishment by hand power, and is said to work satisfactorily and to be easily regulated.

It is pretty clear what is in store for the youth of Great Britain, nothing more nor less than the formation of a "Spanking" Trust. The information has been sprung upon them at a psychologic moment, namely, the beginning of the Michaelmas Term. No doubt this fresh outrage upon the rising generation is the work of the War Office, who (together with Mr. CHAMBEELAIN) are of course responsible for everything that now goes amiss, including the defeat of Shamrock and the deplorable weather. Very probably also it is covertly provided for in the Education Act, if you can read between the lines of that "unholy" enactment (*vide Nonconformist Press*) which is causing so many obscure worthies to make dramatic appearances in Police Courts at the present moment.

Anyhow, the insidious introduction of the Spanking Machine must be passively (and actively) resisted by the British school-boy. The sacred persons of the Board School brat and the unattached hooligan are at present safeguarded

from assault by a sentimental public, but they will not long enjoy their immunity. Eton, however, and similar institutions, lie open to a flank attack, and must defend their privileges to the bitter end. They have enjoyed for centuries the right of maintaining and employing a Headmaster to execute this particular ceremony. It would run counter to all the conservative instincts of the juvenile Briton to substitute a base mechanical flagellant for the cultivated dominical triceps. Besides, what guarantee is there that irrational clockwork would know when to stop?

Let, therefore, Dr. CLIFFORD or some other perfervid orator be engaged to stump the country in this holy cause. The halfpenny papers will supply the necessary war cries, such as "Big Spank or Little Spank," "The Supreme Betrayal," "No Surrender of the Sovereign Rights of Swishing," "You may Spank, but we will not be *Trussed*," and similar heroic head-lines and tail-pieces. We shall then hear no more of the Minnesota Castigator.

RHYMES OF THE EAST.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION.

I AM tired of the day with its profitless labours,
And tired of the night with its lack of repose,
I am sick of myself, my surroundings, and neighbours,
Especially Aryan Brothers and crows;
O land of illusory hope for the needy,
O centre of soldiering, thirst, and shikar,
When a broken-down exile begins to feel seedy,
What a beast of a country you are!

There are many, I know, that have honestly drawn a
Most moving description of pleasures to win
By the exquisite carnage of such of your fauna
As nature provides with a "head" or a "skin";
I know that a pig is magnificent sticking;
But good as you are in the matter of sports,
When a person's alive, so to put it, and kicking,
You're a brute when he gets out of sorts.

For the moment he feels the effects of the weather—
A mild go of fever—a touch of the sun—
He arrives with a jerk at the end of his tether,
And finds your attractions a bit overdone;
Impatiently conscious of boredom and worry,
He sits in his misery, scowling at grief,
With a face like a pallid *rechauffée* of curry,
And a head like a lump of boiled beef.

I am sick of the day (as I happened to mention),
And sick of the night (as I stated before),
And it's oh, for the wings of a dove or a pension
To carry me home to a happier shore!
And oh, to be off, homeward bound, on the briny,
Away from the tropics—away from the heat,
And to take off a shocking old hat to the Shiny,
As I shake off her dust from my feet!

DUM-DUM.

MUSKETRY AT THE VATICAN.—("I wish," says the author of "Notes from Paris" in *Truth*), "I could have his (the POPE'S) ingeniously contrived *mousquetaire* (*sic*) to keep off Parc de Monceau mosquitoes. . . . An angel in solid gold, made to be fastened like a suspension lamp to the ceiling, holds the *mousquetaire*." But surely, quite apart from the strain on the angel, if the darkness was constantly being rent by a musketeer (one of the Swiss Guard?), blazing away at these small pests, the cure would be almost worse than the disease. Why not be content with the usual *moustiquaire*, or mosquito-net?



ENTER AUTUMN.

A SHORT VACATION RAMBLE.

(How we went to *Le Touquet*, and what happened on the second night of our visit, which has here the precedence of earlier history.)

My last notes of a short trip described the *unique* experience of the exodus and return of the gas at Boulogne, with some remarks on the state of the *établissement* under a cloud—temporary of course. I said I was going on to *Le Touquet*, which is a name that includes the hotel of *Le Touquet* in the "domaine du Touquet," within twenty minutes' walk (or less, according to wind and weather) of *Paris-Plage*, a bathing-place by this time popular with not a few Parisians and well-to-do persons from the inland towns round about within a radius of fifty miles. The *Paris-Plagiens* (which sounds rather like a heretical sect with the "e" omitted after the "P," as if it ought to have been the *Paris-Pelagiens*) keep to their own *plage* for business, which is bathing, but they come for pleasure to the gardens of *Le Touquet*, where are provided first-rate grounds for lawn tennis tournaments (highly popular competitions with valuable prizes in cups, jewellery, and coin), and all sorts of such attractions as are enjoyed by children and grown-ups in the *Champs Elysées*. Of *spectacles*, concerts, conjuring exhibitions, and such like, NAPOLEON ROBINSON (descended in direct line from the *Crusoe* family), manager, or managing director, of *Le Touquet*, who is as energetic as he is undefeated, provides almost a surfeit. But, of Monsieur N. ROBINSON DE CRUSOE more "in our next," as it is to the charms of delightful *Le Touquet* that I am devoting these memoranda. At present I will limit myself to describing, as graphically as may be, the night I spent there, which will be remembered here, there and everywhere, as September 10, Thursday, the night of the great storm, when the most violent wind that has been experienced for many years swept over English and French coasts, doing a vast amount of damage inland in both countries, and after lasting for something like fourteen hours, dropping off to sleep, compelled thereto by sheer exhaustion, having blown itself out and done its very worst.

We, my fellow-traveller and I, had had a delightful day in and out of the *Château de Sacaterre*, the charming seaside residence of the distinguished Franco-Italian lady—*La Contessa de Villa-en-Bois de Sacaterre* (the title seems a bit mixed, but so is the architecture and ornamentation), where we had the great good fortune to be the guests of its temporary tenant, the Baron HAMISH DE SEPTÉTOILES, of Franco-Scotch extraction, whose ancestors did good service in the Jacobite cause. We strolled about the sands of *Paris-Plage*, noticing how the owners of the *chic* cabins and pretty *châteaux*, of all sorts and sizes, had fancifully named them *Le Berceau*, *La Retraite*, *Le Bijou*, *La Cabine Bleue*, *La Moulinette*, *Ma Fantaisie*, *Au Bon Repos*, and so forth, names charmingly suggestive of tranquillity, picturesqueness, Watteau-like daintiness, and undisturbed enjoyment. Delightful! Then, after wandering about the woods of *Le Touquet*, inhaling the life-giving air of pine-forests and sea-front (not enervating at this season as are our fir woods and watering-places in southern England), we, having thoroughly appreciated our perfect little dinner, rose from the table; and, as we did so, the wind outside politely took the hint and got up also.

To quote once again the introduction to *The Cricket on the Hearth*, "Kettle began it." Some wind, representing aforesaid "Kettle," asserted itself, being promptly contradicted by another wind: then, other two joined in the dispute, whereupon up flew the sand, and—"that's how the row began."

At first, looking into each other's bedrooms by communicating door, we tried to ignore the facts or to minimise their importance. We spoke of the matter in a casual sort

of way, observing, "I think there will be a bit of a breeze to-night," when each of us felt in our inner consciousness that we had before us an uncommonly nasty prospect of bad weather for the next six hours. Later the rain arrived, discharging itself, every five minutes, in pailfuls, against the window-panes. It may have entered into the family quarrel as a peace-maker, just to throw cold water on the antagonists. Whether it was so or not I cannot say: it had no effect beyond that of adding a variation to the hurly-burly of noises.

We had sat up, now in one room, now in the other (we were housed on the second floor), till somewhat past eleven, and the storm was then (being a late riser) only just getting up. But, within a brief quarter of an hour, we were startled by such a rapid series of violent shocks from the wind as soon showed us that for "that night only" sleep would be "a consummation devoutly to be wished," but unobtainable on the premises.

Bang-bang-rattle—Boom—went the wind at my window. No shutters—except outside, fastened back, and impossible to be reached. So, after arranging the room for a state of windy-siege, I knocked at the door which led out of my room into that of my "stable companion," and looking in I asked him how he was getting along.

"It's awful," he growled as he disappeared beneath the bed-clothes. Then he came up again as if after a dive, breathlessly, and said in broken accents, "*I say, will the Château stand it?*"

"Oh yes, the *Château's* all right," I answered, with a confidence in my tone that I was far from feeling, as the gale banged, the window bolts cracked, the floor shook, and the roof rattled. It did not sound safe, I admit.

Then I retired. For a while I braved the elements by reading, thinking that the book would induce soundest sleep: its title and author I will not mention. Then came the row: *Boom—Boom—ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay—Bang—rattle—BANG!!!*

No, the *Château* had *not* collapsed. The roof was still sheltering us. We were alive. Well—"if the *Château* will stand this," quoth I to myself, "it will stand anything."

Rattle-rattle-rattle from window bolts—Bang! boom—BOOM!!!

"It can't be worse," I whispered to myself, but I didn't believe myself one bit. I was only trying to be hopeful, and praying that my expressed opinion might be accepted as a compliment by the storm fiends. To "have done their worst" ought to have been taken by them as a compliment. But it wasn't: on the contrary, it seemed as if they had been encouraged by "approbation from Sir HUBERT STANLEY," and were going in for it again with more wanton and malicious fury than ever.

I closed my book. "Put out the light"—and then?

The storm fiends took advantage of the obscurity. The *Boom*-bangs were three times as loud as before, and the rattlings at the window fastenings suggested the idea of a band of demon burglars attempting an entrance, and, just when they were on the very point of success, failing, thank Heaven, in their attempts.

A line from some opera occurred to me and haunted me: "Locks, bolts, and bars will fly asunder!"—I fancied too that the opera was "*Lock's*," which made it all the worse.

The *Château* swayed ("This," I explained to my companion, for we were by this time both in the double-bedded room, "is a sure sign of a house being well built.") But what were the foundations? why, on the sand; for every house in *Paris-Plage* is built on the sand. Then there came into my mind at the moment the parable of the House "built on the sand," and again I murmured to myself quiveringly, "What a fool this builder must have been!"

The beds rocked. I remembered that babies are rocked to sleep, but the storm was not introducing this movement out of kindness to me. Then the frame-work of the beds seemed to separate; then to shake, as if the beds would suddenly take to "making" themselves; furniture cracked, washing-stands rattled, basins and jugs quivered with excitement, the wind—that is, one of the winds, for there were a whole lot of them let loose, whirling about madly everywhere as if they were having a football "scrum" with the chalet for football; every single pane of glass was resisting the attacks of the blustering army with all its might and main; the bolts stood to their guns, stood up bravely to the great guns of the tempest, and held the fort against the desperate assaults of the reckless and wrecking enemy. Brave Bolts! their name should be changed after this! no "bolting" about these iron warriors, although they were violently assaulted all night and had to stand the brunt of the enemy's artillery from minute to minute, with scarce a second's rest, for eight mortal hours, during which dreadful time it seemed that at every fresh attack the iron hinges and every stalwart fastening must break, give way and fly before the enemy. "If the bolts yield and the windows be burst open!" exclaimed my companion, "what shall we do?"

I could only reply, "I'm hanged if I know." And, honestly, I didn't. But, *grâce à Dieu*, the windows resisted successfully to the very last; yet only at about eight in the morning was there the slightest sign noticeable of any diminution in the violence of the assault.

Oh what a night!

No composer or conductor ever made such use of "the wind"—bassoons, ophicleides, the *grosses-caisses* and side drums—as did this rampant *Æolus chef d'orchestre* in his mad drunken revel, leading and directing his ruffianly hordes of inharmonious instrumentalists. And the west wind was in it too!! the mild gentle Zephyr! He too was in this atrocious company, in the utterly disreputable society of roystering winds out on the loose for a whole night, and as bad as the very worst of them. "*Corruptio optimi pessima!*" Never was such a tumultuous orgie of Out-of-Bedlamite Breezes!

Crack! Bang! "here we are again!" howl the winds in a chorus to which that of "*Guerra, Guerra,*" in *Gli Ugonotti* bears some mild resemblance. Beds quiver—crockery quakes—*whack—B-r-r-r*—rolls of drums *fortissimo*—then *bang* with the thump of a giant's fist on the windows—*crack—whack—gr-r-r* (giant foiled, is growling savagely)—*shakissimo—bang—crack—Boom!*

"Something's gone somewhere!" whispered my friend, fearfully. And I devoutly wished that everything connected with the storm *would* go somewhere—somewhere else, and as far off as possible. Then, cautiously, I ventured out of bed, and on to the floor. *Darkness impenetrable.* The ingenious idea of striking a match got over that particular difficulty.

Boom—boom—crack—whack—gr-r-r—Bang!! Had the boards gone? Had the floor?—the walls?

No—the little candle shedding its quiet light around gave me comfort. "So shines a good deed in a naughty world." Oh, what a "good deed" was the lighting of that candle! I saw that all things were in their places. The jugs, glasses, and crockery, were undisturbed, looking as prim as if nothing were happening—but—*Bang—gr-r-r Bom!!* Has a thunderbolt struck the windows? No: yet the bolts and bars are having a most trying time of it. Bravo bars and bolts! The Old Guard will never surrender.

I remember that ancient ruffian in *David Copperfield* with his "O my eyes and limbs! O goroo, goroo!" "O goroo! goroo!"—that is just the expression of the savage despairing cry of the spirits directing the wind-tempest without. I



THE PROGRESS OF EDUCATION.

Fond Mother. "WHY ARE YOU SO LATE, BABBAGE? I'VE BEEN QUITE ANXIOUS ABOUT YOU."

Babbage. "NO NECESSITY FOR ALARM, MOTHER. MY PROFESSOR DETAINED ME FOR A SHORT PERIOD BECAUSE HE FANCIED I WAS SLIGHTLY IMPERFECT IN MY LOGARITHMS."

have not an idea what "goroo, goroo" means, but it has a wild weird savage sound—and so *bang, whack, crack, Boom! Boom!! BANG!!! "O goroo—goroo"*—and then for a second there is a sound as of wailing without, as though damage had been done, or were being done, to some living being; or it may be they are cries of distress at sea—but only for a second. While I quickly examine bolts in both rooms, my travelling companion, with bed and bedding, has moved into the next compartment, where, in addition to the howling and growling, banging and blowing, he finds himself with the "additional attraction" of instantaneous flashes of brilliant light recurring every thirty seconds added to the programme, so that he is compelled to keep his eyes shut. It is not lightning, that is a comfort: it is the "searchlight" from the neighbouring Phare, whirling round and round at regular intervals of fifteen seconds, as if it were machine-made lightning doing so many turns a night. "I can't stand this," exclaims my companion, and, with his *impedimenta*, he returns whence he came.

Bang, whack, boom!—the bolts are holding—the fastenings are good. 'Tis outside that unfastened shutters have

turned traitors, and are struggling to get away from their iron hinges in order to join the enemy. They cannot effect their treacherous purpose, and so are simply crazy. Impossible to reach them. They must go on now—they can't quite escape—and they will be carefully tied up in future and not allowed the slightest liberty.

Morning breaks!—many things have broken all over the place, causing much terror, but this breakage brings joy! Oh the blessed light of day! It comes like the sound of the pipes at the relief of Lucknow. "Out, out, brief candle," you have served your purpose well and nobly. Welcome to the day! It is the restoration of sight to the blind man. With the approach of the Forces of Day, we feel that the Black Guards of Night must be compelled, willy nilly, to retreat. And so they do, growlingly, sulkily, gradually. But we, my travelling companion and I, have to return to old England (if old England stands where she did, and has not been blown away), and we will do so—weather permitting.

The Baron's faithful valet appears at seven A.M. He has not had a wink of sleep. Nor has his master the Baron; nor, indeed, has anyone in the Château.

His master makes us his compliments and is sure that to cross the sea to-day will be impossible. He will be delighted if we will remain his guests this day, next, in fact for as long as we like.

A thousand thanks to M. le Baron, but we must return to England at once.

Subsequently we assure the most kind and hospitable Baron that "we have had a rattling time of it here," which statement, remembering the hardly tried window-fastenings and door-latches during the storm, is literally true.

And, looking out of the window on the morning of September 11, what do we see? *Cabines bouleversées*. Huts broken up. Bathing cabins unroofed and knocked silly. *Petits Châteaux* looking all the more wretched from being associated with their fancy names. *Le Berceau* has had a severe rocking; *La Retraite*, a mere bathing cabine, has been knocked over; a window of *Le Bijou* has been blown inwards; dainty *La Cabine Bleue* has got some tiles off; *Au Bon Repos* is smashed about in all directions, hopelessly disturbed by fearful nightmares; and *La Moulinette* has been reduced to matchwood. *Sic transit gloria*.

We drive to Le Touquet. Tents ripped open, knocked over; wooden buildings unroofed; pines and firs unearthed and lying across the road. An army of pioneers has gone out into the forest to clear the way for the tram of civilisation. Then comes the news of wrecks at sea, of passenger boats not crossing, of those that did cross doing the distance in treble the time, and in the face of frightful difficulties. But I must here record the positive triumph, as it subsequently appears, of the *Queen*, the new Turbine steamer which crossed from Dover to Calais within some thirty minutes of her regular crossing. She did the return journey with comparatively little motion (this deponent can personally answer for the fact) and the wind still strong against her, from Calais to Dover in about twenty minutes over her regular time. Bravo, Turbine! espe-

cially when time for catching a late train across country is an object!

And now in calmer moments to return to Le Touquet.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Story of my Life (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) records the marvellous progress a deaf and dumb girl made in the effort to come in closer contact with her articulate kindred. HELEN KELLER writes her story herself, the narrative being supplemented by the lady by whose patient, sympathetic teaching the miracle was wrought. Intellectually richly endowed, with rare force of character, Miss KELLER was not satisfied with overcoming her infirmity just enough to enable her to enjoy the companionship of those around her. She passed an arduous examination that secured her admission to College. The medium of her communication with the silent world beyond her darkened eyes is her hand. "I sometimes wonder," she writes, "if the hand is not more sensitive

to the beauties of sculpture than the eye. I should think the wonderful rhythmical flow of lines and curves could be more subtly felt than seen. Be this as it may, I know that I can feel the heart-throbs of the ancient Greeks in their marble gods and goddesses." She went to the theatre to see IRVING and ELLEN TERRY when they visited America. Admitted later to their dressing-rooms, she touched the face and costume of ELLEN TERRY, who had been playing one of her queenly parts. She "found about her that divinity that hedges sublimest woe." Lightly fingering IRVING's face as he stood in kingly robes, she recognised "a remoteness and inaccessibility of grief which I shall never



Old Gentleman. "WAITER, THIS MEAT IS LIKE LEATHER!"
Waiter. "YES, SIR. SADDLE OF MUTTON, SIR!"

forget." Of her good friend MARK TWAIN she writes, "I feel the twinkle of his eye in his handshake." My Baronite feels one has to be blind and deaf before he could rise to the graphic imagery of this last sentence.

Most of us have heard of *Strutt's Sports and Pastimes*. The first edition, given to the world a hundred and two years ago, took, and has kept, its place as a classic. It has long been out of print, accessible only in old libraries. Messrs. METHUEN now republish it, cunningly imparting to the volume, by black type and tone of paper, seductive appearance of the original. Under the editorship of Dr. Cox the new edition is enlarged and corrected. My Baronite finds it retains all the original matter, including descriptions of the rural and domestic sports and pastimes of the people of England—May games, mummeries, pageants, processions, pompous spectacles and the like. All STRUTT's engravings from ancient paintings are beautifully reproduced. His introduction, dated January, 1801, is a picturesque summary of the recreations of the people as far back as Saxon times. It is a rare treasure of the past, dug up for the edification of people of the Twentieth Century, who play golf by day and bridge by night.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

FISCAL FRENZY.

As I let my spirit wander retrospectively and ponder
On the problems and the marvels of our age,
From the misty past uprising certain incidents surprising
My amazement in particular engage.

I have known a hansom cabby (though he was extremely
shabby)

To refuse a more than statutory fare.

I have seen two Russian poodles in the billiard-room at
BOODLE'S

With wreaths of orange-blossoms in their hair.

I have watched a Shetland pony chewing strings of macaroni;

I have heard a Bishop sing a comic song;

I have seen a Judge endeavour—O it was a joy for ever—
To acquire a back-hand service at ping-pong.

I have seen a Bond Street tailor motor-biking in a trailer;

I have seen an Archimandrite with the mumps;

I have heard Sir ROBERT GIFFEN, as he munched a Norfolk
biffin,

Expatiate upon the phrase, "She bumps."

These incidents were serious, but they were not deleterious

To the calmness and composure of my soul;

For though certainly erratic they were hardly symptomatic
Of the ruin of the nation's self-control.

But when sober evening papers in their preferential capers

Take to quoting MILTON'S *Lycidas* on JOE! *

Well, one feels that things are tending to the cataclysmic
ending

That involves the Empire's utter overthrow.

For, until the recent crisis cut the Unionists to slices

And dislodged the weary wobbler from his fence,

I have never seen my fellows ply exaggeration's bellows
To a climax of inflation so intense.

Such emotion Corybantic, so fanatical and frantic,

Fills my bosom with unutterable pain;

So I'm off to far Glengariff, where, remote from tax and
tariff,

I shall rusticate till editors grow sane.

* See leading article in *St. James's Gazette*, September 18.

PROSPECTUS OF THE DAILY FEMALE.

SPECIAL features will include daily Fashion Forecast (to
be read before dressing); "Hats hour by hour," and
"The movement in Crinolines"; Shopping Notes (by wire
and telephone) dealing with sales and "remnant" days;
"Man's Realm," "The Nursery" (by the Football Editor);
"Beauty Competition" (decision of the Fighting Editor
final); "Snips about Servants"; and Agony Column (hus-
bands lost and found, umbrellas stolen, etc., etc.).

There will be signed articles on "South Africa as a Field
for Decay," "Spinsters," "India as a Last Resource," "Aus-
tralian Test Matches" (brought about through our matri-
monial column), and "The Fistic Problem—Should Women
Box?"

There will be verbatim reports of all *causes célèbres*.

The "Behind the Grille" column will contain "Last
night's Orchids," "Dresses at the Full-dress Debate," and
a "special" on "Eligible Bachelors in the House," with
incomes and favourite vices.

SPECIMEN WIRE FROM OUR WAR CORRESPONDENT.

Constantinople, Tuesday.—The sun dreadful; my com-
plexion ruined. Hospital Ball immense success, deficit only
£53. Been flirting with Colonel of Bashi-Bazouks—(passage
erased by censor) . . . Lord Gus (attached to Turkish



Uncle. "WELL, BOBBIE, I HEAR YOU'RE LEARNING TO SWIM."

Bobbie. "YES, SO ARE YOU, AIN'T YOU, UNCLE?"

Uncle. "NO, MY LAD. WHY?"

Bobbie. "OH, I HEARD FATHER SAY YESTERDAY THAT YOU HAD A HARD
JOB TO KEEP YOUR HEAD ABOVE WATER!"

Staff) in hospital here—such a dear; says "the women are
splendid," but deplores insufficient supply Polo ponies and
playing cards. Circulation of *Daily Female* much com-
mented on.

P.S.—Awful battle somewhere between Turks and some-
body. Thousands of Russians massacred—no, mean Macedo-
nians. My new parasol a dream. Did not accompany
column; General speaks of "plague of women correspon-
dents" (!) Yours ever, LADY PUSSIE.

The paper folded makes a baby's bib, unfolded a pretty
counterpane, and can be torn into ten full-sized handkerchiefs.

Being exclusively for women, it should have enormous
circulation among men.

TO MY AIRSHIP.

[The Poet is being piloted on his aerial flight by a prosaic mecha-
nician. It is to the latter that the interpolations are due.]

Thou elfin Puck, thou child of master mind!

(Look out! the ballast's slipping off behind.)

Thou swanlike Siren of the blue sublime!

(Screw up that nut, and never mind the rhyme.)

Thine 'tis to fathom Æther's highest pole!

(This wind will fairly get us in a hole.)

Thine to explore the azure-vaulted dome!

(I wonder how the deuce we're going home.)

Up, up, thou speedest, flaunting, flaunting high,

Thy glist'ring frame emblazon'd 'gainst the sky;

And myriad-minded fancies still pursue

Thy gliding—(Blow! the anchor's fouled the screw!)

Thou stormy petrel, kissing heaven's height,

(Petrol! The rotten stuff declines to light)

Onward thou soarest o'er the City's dust,

Shimmering, triumphant. (Gad! The motor's bust!)

THE GRASS WIDOW'S FAREWELL.

[Dame ARTHURIA, châtelaine of Castel Cabinet, bids godspeed to her better half, the good knight Sir JOSEPH, who is cutting domestic ties and starting as a lonely free lance on his unofficial crusade.]

AND is it fixed that we should part,
And must you really, really go?
Why, then, let courage steel my heart
To bear the stupefying blow;
Since Honour bids you seek the battle's press,
What can a woman do but acquiesce?

I would that I might share the shock,
And partially relieve your pains.
Myself I boast a fighting stock,
And BURLEIGH's blood imbues my veins;
Concealed below an outward lack of nerve
I have a fund of Amazonian verve.

But, though my nature calls to arms,
My duty clearly lies at home;
I may not risk the rude alarms
That surely wait you where you roam;
Your mission keeps you moving; it is cursory;
While mine is straitly bounded by the nursery.

Our restive children claim my care,
And I must mould their plastic limbs,
And teach them tales of what is fair,
And how to hum protective hymns;
Or, should I find their conduct very rank,
Mildly administer the lumbar spank.

There's little DERRY—he must pay
Closer attention to his books;
There's LANNY, so inclined to play
In lesson-hours with fishing-hooks;
And darling DOOKY—I could often weep
To see how constantly he falls asleep.

Thank Heaven that AUSTEN, splendid boy
(Your speaking image), stays behind,
For he should prove a lasting joy,
Bringing your features back to mind;
Dear fellow! how he fumed to join the fray,
Yet nobly undertook to stop away!

Go, then, my JOSEPH; have no fears;
Glory and Glasgow call you hence;
And, though the war goes on for years
(No doubt entailing much expense),
Still in my heart, unalterably true,
A warmish corner shall be kept for you.

Here is your shield! Come back with it
In triumph or yourself inside!
And know that I have got the grit
To wait unmoved whate'er betide;
Whether you win or make a howling mess,
Trust me, in any case, to acquiesce. O. S.

A Sad Lapse of Time.

THE Metropolitan District Railway announces that "there is now on Sundays no interval between 11 A.M. and 1 P.M." Up to yesterday the police had heard nothing so far about the missing hours. Meanwhile the journalistic conundrum, "Why don't men go to church?" (or words to that effect) has received an unexpected solution. But to people who breakfast late on Sundays the announcement has been a great shock. Where is their appetite for luncheon to come from?

THE QUICK GRUB STREET CO.

THE QUICK GRUB STREET CO. BEG TO ANNOUNCE THAT THEY HAVE OPENED AN ESTABLISHMENT FOR THE SUPPLY OF LITERATURE IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Every Editor should send for our Prices, and compare them with those of other houses.

POETRY DEPARTMENT.

We employ experienced poets for the supply of garden verses, war songs, &c., and undertake to fill any order within twenty-four hours of its reaching us. Our Mr. RHYMEESI will be glad to wait upon parties requiring verse of any description, and, if the matter is at all urgent, to execute the order on the spot.

DRAMA DEPARTMENT.

Actor-Managers before going elsewhere should give us a call. Our plays draw wherever they are presented, even if it is only bricks.

Testimonial.—A Manager writes: "The play you kindly supplied, *The Blue Bloodhound of Bletchley*, is universally admitted to be *unlike anything ever before produced on the stage*."

Musical Comedies (guaranteed absolutely free from plot) supplied on shortest notice.

FICTION DEPARTMENT.

For Society Dialogues we use the very best Duchesses; while a first-class Earl's Daughter is retained for Court and Gala Opera.

For our new line of *vie intime* we employ none but valets and confidential maids, who have to serve an apprenticeship with P.A.P.

THE KAILYARD DEPARTMENT

is always up-to-date, and our Mr. STICKIT will be pleased to call on any editor on receipt of post-card.

N.B.—We guarantee our Scotch Idyll to be absolutely unintelligible to any English reader, and undertake to refund money if it can be proved that such is not the case.

Our Speciality, however, is our *Six-Shilling Shocker*, as sold for serial purposes. Editors with papers that won't "go" should ask for one of these. When ordering please state general idea required under one of our recognised sections, as Foreign Office, Police, Mounted Infantry, Cowardice, Rome, &c., &c.

BIOGRAPHY.

Any gentleman wishing to have a biography of himself produced in anticipation of his decease should communicate with us.

The work would, of course, be published with a note to the effect that the writing had been a labour of love; that moreover the subject with his usual modesty had been averse from the idea of a biography.

Testimonial.—Sir SUNNY JAMESON writes: "The Life gives great satisfaction. No reference made, however, to my munificent gift of £50 to the Referees' Hospital. This should be remedied in the next edition. The work, however, has been excellently done. You have made me out to be better than even I ever thought myself."

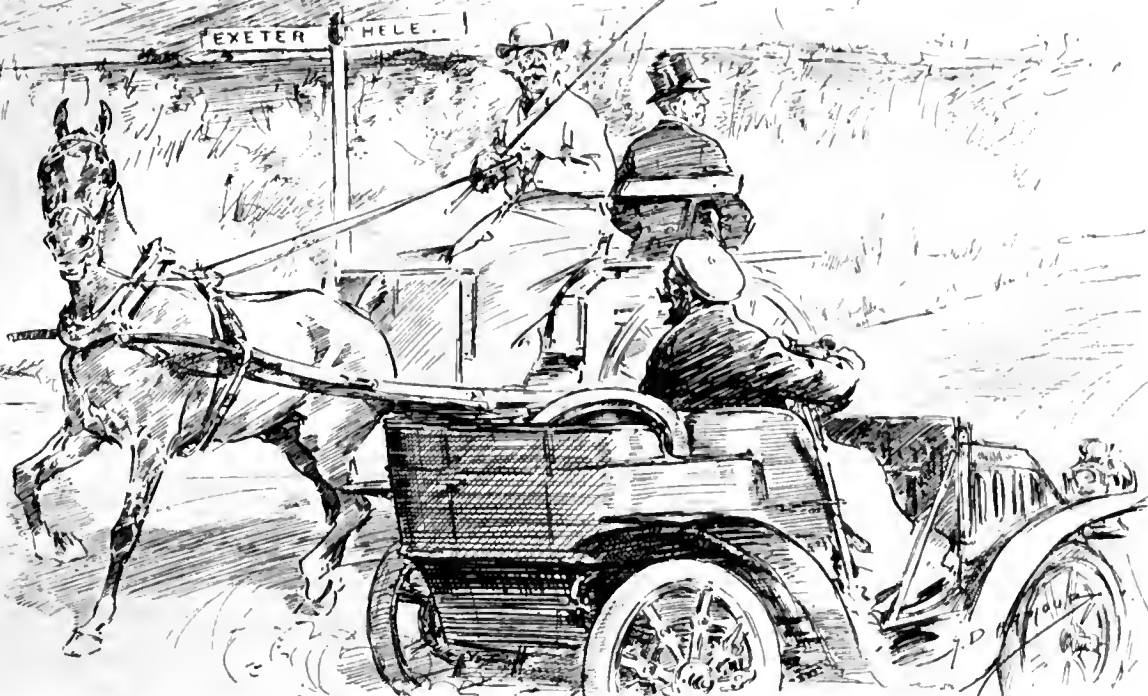
For Love Letters,
For the Elizabethan Vogue,
For every description of Garden Meditations,
GIVE THE QUICK GRUB STREET COMPANY A TRIAL.

OVERLAND ROUTE FOR IRISH STEAMERS.—"On the up journey the steamer which formerly left Dublin (North Wall) at 10.15. A.M., now sails at 11 o'clock, arriving at Euston at 8.50. P.M."—*The Times*.



JOE THE VENTRILOQUIST.

PROFESSOR CH-MU-RI-X. "YOU SEE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, HE TALKS JUST AS WELL
EVEN WHEN I GO RIGHT AWAY!"



Chauffeur. "PARDON, MONSIEUR. THIS WAY, CONDUCTS SHE STRAIGHT TO HELE?"

Major Chili Pepper (a rabid anti-motorist and slightly deaf). "CERTAINLY IT WILL, SIR, IF YOU CONTINUE TO DRIVE ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE ROAD!"

THE WORRY CURE.

(Some Extracts from our Medical Advice Column.)

[The *Family Doctor* (as quoted in last week's *Westminster Gazette*) says:—"When the symptoms of worry begin to manifest themselves, loosen your garments completely and lie down in the most restful position you can assume. Now close your eyes for a few moments and, raising your arms, let them fall and lie loosely and naturally above your head. Lie thus for a minute or two, and then begin to take deep long breaths, as deeply as possible. Keep this up for five minutes, and you will then feel in a physical condition to take up the mental work you need to do."]

Replies to Various Consultants.

"QUARTER-DAY."—You say that, as September 29 is approaching, and your banking account is overdrawn, you are suffering from one of your periodical fits of depression. The treatment is very simple. When the landlord calls, go into the corner, and stand on your head, letting your arms fall as impossibly as possible on the ground by your side. Do not close your eyes, but roll them wildly; gnash your teeth and utter blood-curdling groans, while your breathing apparatus works ninety to the minute. Twist your legs into knots, and let your balance take care of itself.

It will have the effect of staving off an unwelcome visitor for a while; or,

at any rate, you stand a good chance of being removed to an establishment where the attendants will relieve you of all further worries.

"YOUNG HOUSEWIFE."—When next the cook is impertinent, or the meat goes bad, or things go wrong in the wash and with the housekeeping generally, proceed as follows: Take all hairpins out of your back-hair, put on a *peignoir*, lie down on a fairly soft rug, face upwards, and drum violently with your heels for ten minutes by the clock. This will create a complete diversion in the household, and matters will rearrange themselves astonishingly. After a few repetitions you will find that you have no staff left to worry you. You will also be so busy with the baby and other etceteras that there will be no opportunity for moody reflections.

"FIANCÉE."—My dear girl, never mind about the colour of your nose, and don't be upset because he did not write to you twice yesterday. Follow this *régime*: Recline in the easiest chair you can find, interlace the four fingers of your right hand with the corresponding digits of the left hand, and (for seven and a-half minutes exactly) rotate the two thumbs with great rapidity and regularity round each other. This will entirely correct your faulty circulation,

and also deflect the current of your thoughts into less gloomy channels. Persist in the process at intervals until cured, or until the postman comes.

"HARASSED AUTHOR"—You find yourself "written out," or, when a fleeting idea *does* illuminate your brain, it is immediately dissipated by the pianos, barrel-organs and live stock in your vicinity. I fear your case is hopeless; you might, however, repair to the Green Park if the weather is sufficiently fine, and take a lesson in repose from the different "Out-of-works" whose recumbent forms are dotted over that romantic landscape. Lie down and remove your boots, placing them under your head, unbutton your collar (should you have one on), tilt your billycock over your face, and wink forty times in succession; you will then probably be visited by an *al fresco* day-dream (combined with twinges of rheumatism), or else a peripatetic sheep and other pastoral adventures will arrive to distract you from your anxieties and enroll you on Mr. *Punch's* list of "cures."

The *St. James's Gazette* speaks of the DISRAELI of Mr. MEYNELL's *Unconventional Biography* as "an apocryphal Dizzy." In fact a BENJAMIN TROVATO DISRAELI.

NIL DESPERANDUM.

[According to the *Picture Post-card and Collectors' Chronicle*, one of the most encouraging signs of the times is the number of publications which devote articles and notes to appreciations of current post-cards.]

O ENGLAND, O my country, how
The dismal croakers rave!
Thy little day is done, they vow;
Thy glory is departed; thou
Art standing, England, even now
With one foot in the grave;
The sweat of death is on thy brow,
Death's wings above thee wave.

Now that thy summer-time is o'er,
Commerce prepares her flight;
The trades that built their nests of
yore
About thy hospitable door
Seek swallow-like a sunnier shore,
They flee the Arctic night
That is to plunge thee evermore
In black and fatal blight.

Thy schools are out of date and dead,
Their systems old and stale.
Decrepit Isis hides his head,
Whilst Camus in his sedgy bed
Babbles of glories long since fled
That can no more avail,
For now the cry is all instead
Charlottenburg and Yale.

Not only do we starve the mind;
The boding croakers frown,
Declaring, if we will be blind,
Our inner man can scarce be lined,
For prices must go up, we'll find,
While wages must go down,
And we shall have to be resigned
To bread at half-a-crown.

Yet though I see the abhorred shears
Uplifted to thy doom,
Though I behold thee, 'mid the sneers
Of two progressive hemispheres,
Sinking beneath the load of years
To thy dishonoured tomb,
One ray of sunlight still appears
Amid the darkling gloom.

Is it that "tradesmen do not cheat?"
That from the baker's door
Comes naught but purest English
wheat?
Or is it hope that we may eat
DICK SEDDON's "preferential meat"
Still cheaper than before?
Or does CARNEGIE, grown discreet,
Dump libraries no more?

No, 'tis not here one may descry
The hope that springs so fair.
But *picture post-cards*—while men buy
These works of art and bid them fly,
Wafting a plentiful supply
Of culture everywhere,
O, England, of thy future I
At least will not despair.

THE TOWN DAY BY DAY.

(With acknowledgments to the "Daily Mail.")

September 30.—To-day we may search
in vain at the poulterer's for English
pheasants: but they are there all the
same, and ready for eating too, although
the poulterer does not produce them
until to-morrow. Where do they come
from? Ah, where? Dark as are Nature's
secrets, the secrets of man are often
darker still.

October 1.—To-day, if it is wet, police-
men on fixed-point duty will be seen in
their waterproof suitings. Mud is thereby
kept from soiling their ordinary garb of
deep blue. Outside public-houses you
may hear street singers at work, and
note that the song is not confined to
the males. Even if the day be fine you
cannot fail to observe that fewer niggers
than usual are about. Do niggers
migrate?

October 2.—To-day listeners with
sharp ears will note the early morning
call of the milkman on his rounds,
"Milk-O! Milk-O!" mingling pleasantly
with the jingling of his cans as he sets
them down to pour out a pint or quart
of the snowy beverage. The falling
leaves in the parks tell us that the season
is changing. "Are the seasons chang-
ing?" asks the *Westminster Gazette*.
Surely.

October 3.—The tiny pink-breasted
bullfinch is beginning to perch in great
numbers upon the ladies' hats. He is
quite dead, and there are wires where
his bones should be, but how gay a
figure he cuts! Not all are English,
for such is the demand that foreign
countries are being ransacked for the
little feathered fellows. Perhaps our
own bullfinches can recognise that these
others have an alien air. Who knows?
Man and journalistic woman have not
all the intelligence.

October 4.—To the red letter-boxes all
over the busy metropolis will go to-day,
whether the sun shines or not, number-
less persons carrying letters which will
be projected down the open throat of
these receptive objects. Some of the
missives will have light green stamps,
others a pale red; some will be open at
the ends according to the regulations,
others closed. Some will have no
stamps at all, and dire will be the
sounds of woe when they are handed in
at their destinations.

The New Play at Wyndham's.

AIR—"Mary, Mary."

"'LITTLE MARY,'

Light and airy,

How did your slimness grow?"

"Patent dodge;

I ceased to stodge

On three dinners all of a row!"

HANDICAPPED.

["In one of his essays Mr. BIRRELL, in com-
paring the influence of the poet of the present
day with that of singers of the past, points out
that the small hold which the contemporary
poet has on the general reader may largely be
attributed to the fact that his works, as com-
pared with those of his classical predecessor, are
usually 'deadly dear.'"]—*Westminster Gazette*.]

I OFTEN used to wonder why,
When poets who were dead
Sold in their hundred thousands, I
Remained unbought, unread.
My slim green volumes on the shelf
Invited one to try them,
Yet not a soul except myself
Was ever known to buy them.

Oft would I take my tomes in hand,
And read with wondering mind;
My eyes would moisten as I scanned
The fancies there enshrined;
And as I conned them, evermore
The thought oppressed me: why do
No others love to linger o'er
These gems of mine as I do?

Love, sorrow, laughter, grief and care,
Each movement of the heart,
I found that I had voiced them there
With all a poet's art.
For every turn and twist of fate
Quotations I provided—
Then why could none appreciate
My excellence as I did?

Although I sang despair and hope,
All that a poet may,
Men still continued quoting POPE,
SCOTT, BYRON, WORDSWORTH, GRAY.
To SHAKESPEARE many and many a page
Of BARTLETT was devoted:
How was it that my noble rage
Was never, never quoted?

Oft, as I lingered o'er a line,
My spirit could not choose
But pause while I contrasted mine
With MILTON's classic muse;
And as a quite impartial man,
Unbiased in the matter,
I found my judgment never ran
In favour of the latter.

Why, then, did MILTON sell, while I
Remained "remainder" so?
For years I puzzled o'er the why,
But now at last I know.
It is not merit which can fix
One's place in letters. No, it
Is simply price. I'm four-and-six,
While he's a "penny poet."

The *Westminster Gazette*, describing
some recent motor efficiency trials, said:
"In the Westerham Hill climb there
was a rise of 3,175 feet in 3,228 feet."
This is surely too steep a story. Is the
Westminster trying to get a rise out of
its faithful readers? Has not the
Government sufficiently shattered the
country's confidence?

THE POST-PAR-DEPORTMENT SPECIALIST.

I THREW down my paper with a gesture of disgust.

"You find it uninteresting?" asked my fellow traveller.

"There's not a word of truth in it," I exclaimed. "Why, I know personally nearly all the people mentioned in these paragraphs, and everything said about them is a pack of lies!"

"You're a month too soon," said my companion. "Everybody is who reads those par papers. But then you want news, not truth."

"Why, they'd be stale in a month," I said.

"Stale, yes; but true. Let me explain," he added, seeing my look of mystification. "In a month's time the celebrities mentioned there will, if they are brisk, have learned to do some of the things they are credited with. That is where I come in."

"Where you come in?"

"Yes. I am what is called a Post-Par-Deportment Specialist. When a celebrity reads some minute detail of his daily life that he fails entirely to recognise, he writes—frequently wires—to me. Let me give you an instance. You've heard a good deal of late about Bulgarian novelists. They are partly my invention."

"Your invention?"

"Yes. A well-known literary man was interviewed one day, and the published report stated that he had the names of all the novelists of Bulgaria at the tip of his tongue. There was at that time no such thing as a Bulgarian novelist. The interviewer, by a flash of inspiration, had put it in because he was unable to understand something that was said. The man of letters wired to me asking how he was to get out of it. I wired back, 'Don't. There's money in it. Am posting list of Bulgarian novelists.' I then sent him a string of words taken at random from dictionaries of Volapuk and Esperanto, and not only was his fortune made, but scores of younger writers have crept into fame by publishing their own verses as translations from the Bulgarian."

"Did you ever find out what he really said to the interviewer?" I asked.

"Nothing at all. He was suffering from influenza, and trying to suppress a volley of sneezes. That was one of my big successes. I began, of course in a small way, by teaching celebrities the 'graceful smile,' the 'far-away look,' the 'majestic carriage,' the 'rapt expression,' the thousand-and-one things that they were labelled with and never possessed.

"I gradually extended the business and got on to greater things. There



AT A LADIES' CLUB.

'Guest (who rather fancies himself as a fascinator). "BUT ALTHOUGH YOU ARE ALL KNOWN AS MEN-HATERS AREN'T THERE NOW AND AGAIN OCCASIONS WHEN YOU FIND IT VERY HARD TO LIVE UP TO YOUR REPUTATION?"

was GUY BOOTHBY'S Phonomograph. He frequently dictates a complete book in a journey of a hundred and fifty miles. A novel in two hours! Not bad, eh? That is my doing. I made him live up to the pars. about him. But, bless you, I could give you hundreds of examples. Celebrities are just as celebrated as I choose to make them."

"Had any failures?"

"Well, I'm not always successful. There was one case—this is for your very private ear. You may recollect, some months back, it was announced that there would be great crowds to welcome Mr. CHAMBERLAIN on his return from Africa. He heard of it and wired

me (as I learned afterwards) thus: 'Do what you can. Every seat sold to the public is a vote given to the Conservative Party.' Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is unfortunate with his telegrams. By some such slight error as often arose before Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN got into the Post Office, the telegram reached me thus, 'Prepare new Fiscal scheme.' Well, I prepared one, and you know what happened."

"Then you mean to tell me that there's absolutely nothing at the bottom of this Free Trade scare?" I gasped; "that it is in fact a groundless fiction?"

"After all," he replied, "history is merely fiction grown to maturity."

TO A CAGED LION AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

Thou, whom the craft of evil men
Has prisoned in a narrow den,
The brutes' dishevelled lord,
Who sit'st, in thine imperial woe,
So royally morose, and so
Majestically bored,

Why grieveest thou? Dost dream per-
chance,

Of derring-do or fond romance
Back in the golden days,
When thou didst truefully win
LEONA of the tawny skin,
And horrifying gaze?

Ay, those were times! Hilarious fights,
Wild sport, and pastoral delights—

A life without a care
Save, ever and anon, to quaff
The brook, or crunch the high giraffe
That formed thy staple fare.

Dost thou recall thy shattered reign?
The grandeur of the broad domain
Whose peoples groaned beneath
One that upheld the jungle's law
With stern, inexorable paw,
Accompanied by teeth?

Then man appeared; and, big with doom,
Came sneaking darkly through the gloom,
And took thee in a lure;
What of the grim LEONA now?
Bagged, I expect. And what art thou?
A shilling Cynosure.

Thou dinest on the dismal horse;
Not much, and what there is, is coarse;
While daily, round thy cage,
Children, whose fatted charms confess
Their lamentable toothsome-ness,
Inspire thy hungry rage.

And better 'twere that thou hadst died;
Better that men had stripped thy hide,
And made thereof a mat;
For, most unkindest cut of all,
They mock thee in thine utter fall
By calling thee a Cat! DUM-DUM.

FOURTH QUARTER.

(From "Young Moore's Almanack for 1903.")

OCTOBER.

HUNDREDS of fish will be caught this month, and a great many will be sent to London, where they will be sold. A prospectus or two may appear about now. Subscribers will also be sold.

Rumours that the Vauxhall Bridge is to be put in hand will be speedily denied, and the equally absurd idea that the Victoria Memorial is at last to be completed, will be dispelled. Weather of infinite variety.

NOVEMBER.

A portion of asphalt paving will be repaired in London, and a large crowd will look on all day with every appearance of interest. YOUNG MOORE

thinks this is a sign of our continued prosperity, that so many people have nothing to do, and is a complete answer to the Bogey of American invasion.

The Prophet is pleased to say that for a change the weather will suit everybody's taste, wet one day, fine the next, sun, snow, and fog—in fact "Varied."

DECEMBER.

YOUNG MOORE is confident in predicting that *Punch's Almanack* will be better than ever, and as nothing else of paramount importance happens this month he begs to take leave of his readers, feeling sure that his prophecies are as good as most, and better than many. Weather for this month will be as varied as the last, only more so.

LOST MASTERPIECES.

(Mr. Punch's Own Collection.)

THE two hitherto unpublished poems of WORDSWORTH which we were able to print last week have naturally excited great interest in the literary world. It was, of course, inevitable that doubts should be cast on their genuineness in some quarters, but on the whole these have been few and unimportant. Mr. CHURTON COLLINS (in the *Saturday Review*) pens a fiery denunciation of them as an impudent imposture which will take in nobody unless it be Professor SAINTSBURY or Mr. EDMUND GOSSE. The *Athenæum*, on the other hand, is convinced that they are the authentic work of the poet. The *Spectator* takes a middle course, and remarks in an Editorial note that, "while their genuineness must not be taken for granted without further investigation, there seems every ground for believing that we have here the actual work of WORDSWORTH. At the same time we must bear in mind the possibility of error in such matters, and, should evidence subsequently be forthcoming of their spuriousness, we must be prepared to give that evidence its due weight."

With this helpful pronouncement we leave the controversy on the subject of the two WORDSWORTH poems and set before our readers another interesting "find," namely, a notable fragment of TENNYSON. Nostudent of "In Memoriam" will fail to notice its truly Tennysonian character. Indeed, some critics have declared that they can fix upon the actual point in the poem from which this passage somehow dropt out. But as the stanzas of "In Memoriam" seem generally to follow one another more or less at random this appears doubtful:

LXVI.

The Spring is here; the daffodils
Peep thro' the grass beside the roads,
The shooting bracken incommodes
The cattle on a thousand hills.

Once more the thrush with feverish
zest

Recalls the worm of other days;
Once more the wandering cuckoo lays
Her egg in someone else's nest.

And, gazing o'er the fruitful plain,
My bosom half forgets its woe;
Till something—what, I do not
know—

Makes me begin to weep again.

LXVII.

When pondering much of 'how' and
'why'

And lost in philosophic lore,
The thought that two and two are
four

Consoles me in my agony.

The sun sinks ever in the West
And ever rises in the East,
I feel that this is sure at least,
And cannot doubt but it is best.

Yet if the sun should change his mind,
Or take his course some other way,
Till no astronomer could say
Where he would turn up next, resigned

To any change that I might see—
Or seeming change—in Nature's laws,
I should be sure it had a cause,
And that would be enough for me!

Mrs. BROWNING is a poet whose work is just now perhaps rather unduly neglected, but a hitherto unpublished fragment from her pen should still be welcome. Though it has been shown to many critics, nobody has yet discovered what it is about, Mrs. BROWNING's habit of dragging in all the gods of Hellas by name on the most inappropriate occasions rendering this often a difficult task in her case. But no one has ventured to deny the intrinsic beauty of the stanzas, while the appalling character of the rhymes is fatally characteristic of the writer:—

Aphrodite, pale with weeping,
Will not hearken to our call,
Zeus is either dead or sleeping,
Homer nods (as usual!)
Deep among the Asphodel
Hera is asleep as well,
And they heed us not at all.

From his sacred shrine in Delos
Doth Apollo speak no more,
Or his oracles might tell us
Things we never heard before.
Ototoi, Olympians!
Ye are fallen from your thrones!
As the old Greek cried of yore.

Shall your poet's cries not ruffle
Your divine tranquillity,
Though the rhymes are simply awful,
And the meaning's all my eye?
Bacchus shakes his heavy head
(He is drunk as well as dead!)
And none other makes reply.

THE SUN-CHILD.

(Continued.)

Now it happened that on a certain morning quite early the Sun-child was walking along a street in a large town. The Sun had already risen, for it was summer-time, but the blinds were down before most of the windows, and there was little life stirring in the street itself—only an occasional cart was rumbling along, making a great clatter all to itself, as the early morning carts do, and now and again a few working men hurried along, smoking their pipes, with their bags slung over their shoulders. Presently, as the Sun-child walked, he saw in a dark corner something that looked like a bundle of rags, but, as he came nearer, he was aware that it was a dog, a black retriever dog, with a coat that may once have been smooth and beautiful, but was now dusty and untidy. The dog was lying down, but he was not asleep. His mouth was open and his hot dry tongue was lolling out, and he was panting. And, as the Sun-child approached, he raised himself and limped pitifully across the pavement and into the middle of the street, and looked with startled, anxious, despairing eyes, first in one direction and then in another, and ran a little way, tired as he was, and then ran back again and stood, the picture of hopeless misery. So the Sun-child knew that this was a dog upon whom had come the bitterest sorrow that can befall a dog, for he had lost his master, and light and joy had gone out of his life. And in truth this dog, who was a noble and affectionate creature, the beloved favourite of his home, and his master's dear companion, both in town and in the country, had on the previous afternoon, while his master was walking with him, stayed behind for a few moments of conversation with a Dandie Dinmont of his acquaintance, and lo, when the little chat was over, his master had disappeared. They were in a strange neighbourhood, and all that afternoon and through the night the dog had sought his master in vain, until at last he had lain down where the Sun-child first saw him.

As the dog still stood in the street, disconsolate and abject, a policeman appeared, treading sedately on his beat and pausing now and then as policemen on duty do. And, as he came along, he saw the dog, and at that moment the Sun-child fixed his eyes on the policeman and the policeman whistled to the lost and wretched animal. At the sound Rover pricked his ears. Surely, he thought, that is my own master's whistle, and his heart leaped within him, and he crawled to the policeman and sank at his feet.

"Ah," said the policeman, "a lost 'un and no collar on. I wonder where he came from. Poor old chap," he went on, addressing Rover, "poor old chap, you've had a bit of a doing, I can see that," and he bent down and patted him kindly, for though he was a guardian of the law his heart was soft and he loved dogs. Still duty was duty, and he was bound to take Rover to the station-house as a vagrant, and after that Rover's fate was uncertain.

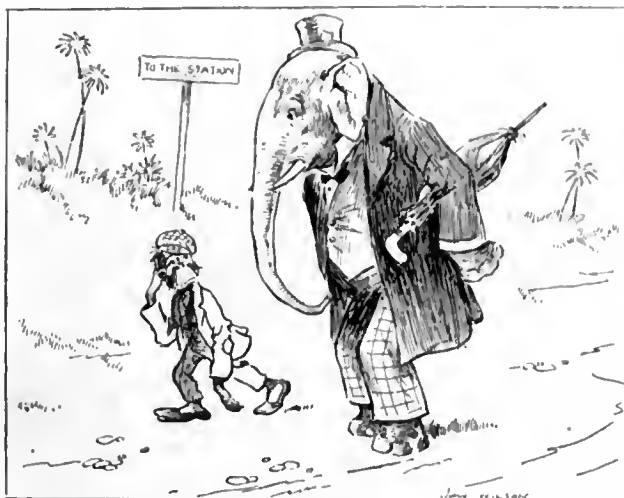
But while the policeman still stooped and patted and Rover licked the kind hand, a house-door was flung open and a neat servant-maid stepped out, and inhaled the fresh morning air. She saw the group at the edge of the pavement—at least, she saw the stooping policeman—and her curiosity was aroused:

"Why, whatever have you got there?" she said.

"It's a lost dog," answered the policeman, "and he's pretty near through. A handsome dog he is too."

The servant-maid came down the steps and looked at Rover.

"Why," she said, "if that isn't—but it can't be—yes it is—it's the moral of Rover at any rate—Rover, Rover," she called to the crouching animal.



"CARRY YOUR TRUNK, SIR?"

Then Rover looked up and he saw a friend, and in a moment his weariness was forgotten and he sprang up and placed his dusty paws on the maid's clean print frock, and then he bounded round her and finally he raised his head and barked for joy, and when he had done that he rolled over on his back and stretched his four paws in the air, which was his way of showing deep peace and contentment.

"Seems to know you, Miss," said the policeman.

"Well, he ought to," she replied. "He's Mr. HARRISON's Rover; he used often to come to my last place, and many's the bit of cake he's had from me. But what brought him here is more than I can say. I'll take him in and give him water downstairs, and you can let Mr. HARRISON know where to find him."

She gave him the address, and the policeman walked off, while Rover, a changed being, was taken below and refreshed and made much of. And the Sun-child walked on very happily.

(To be continued.)

A Philanthropic Pig.

THE following passage is taken from an article in the *Belfast News Letter* on KATHARINE TYNAN'S *Horace Plunkett and his Work* :—

"Dealing with Sir HORACE's relations with the Irish peasantry, the writer says: His sympathy for the people places him on the level of the simplest peasant. . . . He may be found . . . tramping day after day from one wretched collection of cabins to another, stooping to enter at their low doors into the dense reek of turf smoke, sitting there among the hens and the children, while the pig, if the family be rich enough to possess one, wanders in and out of his own sweet will, encouraging, advising, striving to give hope where there was only apathy and despair!"

SCENE.—Leeds City Square. Statue of the Black Prince about to be unveiled.

Indignant Yorkshireman (jealous of Ranji's County). A'm fair capped why they didn't have STANLEY JACKSON, and him a Leeds man!

THE *Dublin Daily Express* reports the presence of Royalty at a cricket match at Balmoral. But although one of the teams was drawn from the Black Watch guard of honour that is no excuse for heading the paragraph, "The King in Sootland," even if there was a "sweep" on the top scorer.



TAKING NO RISKS.

Nervous Passenger (on her first voyage). "I KNOW I SHAN'T BE ABLE TO SLEEP IN THIS LIFE-BELT!"

CHARIVARIA.

A RUSSIAN officer has killed a Jew for refusing to give him a match. It is rumoured that, in spite of his high rank, he is to be reprimanded.

It appears that ABDUL has at last consented to have the Austro-Russian scheme of reform carried out in those parts of Macedonia where he has exterminated the population.

President ROOSEVELT has justified his description as the most all-round man

in existence by showing a bold back as well as a bold front to his enemies. When on a visit to Ellis Island, a gust of wind blew his coat-tails aside and revealed a revolver.

There has been a sensational fall in the stock of the Steel Trust, and several of the directors are said to be hard hit. But it is thought unlikely that a Mansion House Fund will be started to help them.

A gentleman has written to the Press to point out that "Our American cousins

have defeated a *Thistle* and a *Shamrock*, but they have never had an opportunity of trying conclusions with our beautiful *English Rose*." Why not re-name *Shamrock III.* the *Rose*, and run the race over again?

Major-General Sir CHARLES EGERTON, who is conducting operations in Somaliland, has been appointed to the command of the forces in Bombay. The General still hopes to be able to run over to Somaliland every Friday to Monday to look after the War.

A certain Passive Resister, in his "oration" to the Highgate bench, stated that he had come all the way from Italy on purpose to enjoy the privilege of publicly protesting. It is under consideration whether such persons should not be charged an increased gas-rate.

It is said that the Servant Difficulty is gradually being solved by the introduction of foreigners. We learn from an article on the subject that "The men servants are more amenable than the female. They do not object to undertaking a little washing." This certainly disposes, partially, of a great objection to the alien.

Several illustrated papers which not so long ago published a portrait of the Secretary of State for the Colonies now issue a portrait of the ex-Secretary of State for the Colonies. There is an extraordinary likeness between them.

A well-known meat extract company are offering enlargements of any photograph free of charge in exchange for coupons from their bottles. It is anticipated that the original photograph will be returned with the inscription, "Before taking your extract I was this size," while on the enlargement will be written, "Now I am this."

Owing to the misunderstanding with Mr. BOURCHIER there has been no notice in the *Times* of the new play at the Garrick Theatre. It will be interesting to see whether the *Times* will break *The Golden Silence*.

Our summer may now be said to be at an end. Again we have had no skating.

THE VERY LATEST RESIGNATION!!

—That of the public to the changes in the Cabinet.

A Fine Old Chestnut.

LOST, between Castle and Station, Cherry-headed Gent's Umbrella.—Advert. in the "*Stirling Sentinel*" of Sep. 22.



TAKING COVER.

°° NOTE.—“This silly bird on the approach of trouble hides its head in the sand and imagines it will escape notice, but——”

Natural History Primer. Article—“Ostrich.”



CHEZ LE COIFFEUR.

THE village of St. Sauveur-les-Bains, in the Hautes Pyrénées, can boast in the season of a hairdresser. He comes from Nice in the summer-time, and installs himself in a wooden *baraque* much frequented by wasps and flies. In this respect it is no worse than any other building in St. Sauveur. However it must be admitted that these Pyrenean wasps are perfectly gentle and inoffensive; they never sting anyone. In a very short time the visitor disregards them, even if they are crawling on his hand or hovering round his nose. The flies are infinitely more irritating.

After déjeuner one roasting day, when the "vent d'Espagne" was blowing strongly, I betook myself to the barber's shed. It was closed. I looked inside; it was empty. I inquired the whereabouts of the barber from his wife, who makes hats in an adjoining *baraque*. "*Il est allé à la pêche*," said she tranquilly. "*Et il reviendra—?*" said I. "*Oh, vers les sept heures*," she replied, still more tranquilly. There was no more to be said, and the scorching south wind blew me back to the hotel.

It was, however, intolerable that one could only have one's hair cut at times to suit an idle, piscatorial Niçois. There must certainly be a hairdresser at Luz, lower down the valley, where the little electric railway ends. The people of the hotel assure me that there is one, and that he is not likely to have gone fishing. In view of the heat I should be tempted to drive to Luz, if I were not at St. Sauveur. There can be no place more adapted to encourage pedestrianism, for all the inhabitants worry one to go driving. The *épicière*, who also keeps a circulating library and sells picture post-cards, announces that he has carriages on hire, and even the washerwoman, when she brings back my collars, asks anxiously, "*Est-ce que Monsieur désire une voiture?*" So, just to spite them all, I walk along the hot, dusty road to Luz.

In the hottest and dustiest part of the little town I find the hairdresser. He is opposite the Hôtel de l'Univers. What a grandiose name is that French sign, which almost always adorns a modest

inn! The Hotel of the Universe is usually quite insignificant.

The hair-dressing establishment of Luz is in a wooden shed, baking in the sunshine, but it is trim and neat inside. I look in at the door, and the little proprietor, a perfect type of *coiffeur*, with his black hair curled outwards at each side of his head and upwards at the top—I am sure his Christian name must be ISIDORE—bows me to a chair.

note to the obsequious *coiffeur*, who hastens out to get change. With the flies swarming round us, we three wait. Another would-be customer looks in. But when he sees us, and the flies, and no barber, he wisely retires.

At last, breathless, ISIDORE returns, counts out gold and silver into the customer's hand, bows him out, and with more bows installs the fat man in the armchair. By this time I am nearly driven mad by the heat and the flies. At St. Sauveur they can count the flies by thousands; at Luz by millions. I try sitting in the street, but there clouds of dust only add to my misery. With irritating and over-elaborate care the barber snips at that fat red head. I think he has finished the back. Not he! He discovers yet another hair too long. Then the sides and the top demand equal neatness. Finally even he cannot find a hair astray; he has finished, and the flies have nearly finished me. Then the fat man says calmly, "*Et la barbe*," and it all begins over again. In fact ISIDORE is even more punctilious with the beard. Time after time he withdraws his artist's hand and stands back satisfied, admiring his work, and then suddenly darts forward again to shorten yet another red hair, perhaps one *millimètre* too long.

If there were any other barber, I would go to him. If I could come another day, I would. If I had not waited for an hour, I would leave my hair uncut for another week. But after so nearly achieving my purpose it would be absurd to give it up. So I continue to sit there, gasping and waving away the flies, and still ISIDORE snips on. Then some

hair-oil, a curl to the moustache with the tongs, a *coup de brosse*, a bow, "*merci, Monsieur!*" more bows, and the fat man strolls out.

I sink into the armchair, and for half an hour I am at the mercy of ISIDORE and the flies. It is impossible to wave them away now. It is impossible to hurry him. He is as painstaking as ever. At intervals he brushes off a specially persistent fly with his comb. I tell him repeatedly that it is very well, that it is admirable, that it is superb. Though I may be satisfied, he is not. At last I tear myself away,



THE TERROR OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD;

OR, "THE PRIVATEERSMAN ASHORE."

(Adapted with grateful acknowledgments from the picture by Mr. Howard Pyle, U.S.A.)

"PRIVATEER. *n.*—A private craft, fully armed, cruising under letters of marque, acting in concert with the supreme authority of the country; the object generally being to annoy the commerce of a hostile nation." —See Dictionary.

The place is full of customers—there are two of them—and of flies. I say I will take a little walk, and return. When I get back I find that yet another customer, a fat man with reddish hair, has arrived. There is no room for me; I stand at the door. The industrious hairdresser at last finishes the first-come, and deftly shaves the next customer. The red-haired man and I think we shall soon be attended to. But no! The man who has been shaved feels in all his pockets. He has no change. Then he produces a thick pocket-book and hands a hundred-frame

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with at least three hairs of the wrong length, thrust into his hand the fee, which he has calculated on the generous scale of Paris itself, and fly—oh, ill-omened word!—rush off for ever from Luz and its insect pests to the more serene and airy heights, the charming prospect, the fewer flies and the amiable wasps of St. Sauveur.

ROBINSON THE ROVER.

A VERY SHORT SAIL.

HAULTITE, who sails his own boat, *Nautilus*, and is a really clever amateur yachtsman, met me on the pier at Shrimpton, on the eve of the Town Regatta.

"The very man I want!" he cried, in his rollicking, nautical tones. "There's a race for the little beggars to-morrow, and I've entered my *Nautilus*. Will you sail with me, and act as crew, whilst I take the tiller? All you'll have to do is haul on to any rope I tell you. It's perfectly simple, that, isn't it?"

I agreed. Nothing could be easier.

"That's all right, then. To-morrow, at twelve sharp, be down at the jetty and I'll pull you aboard."

We parted, and for the rest of that day I felt it incumbent on me to walk, or rather, roll, up and down the one street of Shrimpton, with blue serge trousers turned up, hands in jacket pockets, and an eye constantly turned to windward, as though instinctively watching the weather, with a mariner's interest.

We got aboard the *Nautilus* punctually next day. Bunting was gaily flying from all the vessels in the Bay, and the wind-jammers of the town band, stationed on the quay, were already at work, regardless of the human suffering they were causing—let us hope unwittingly. It was a gay scene, and I ventured to say so to HAULTITE.

"What's gay, did you say? The scene? Oh, blow the scene, my dear fellow! Just give me a hand here with all this clitter of ropes, will you? Shove that lot into the locker—no, that's not the locker, that's the cabin."

I apologised, and having stowed the "clitter" indicated took a seat and looked through my glasses at the preparations being made on board our rivals.

"That's a very smart-looking——" I began, when HAULTITE cut me short with: "Yes, yes. Just get that empty lobster tin and start baling her out, will you?"

I repressed a sigh. Beastly work, baling. Began to wish I hadn't come. No help for it now. Baled till my back ached, and when I left off through sheer exhaustion there was still water in the

bottom to the extent of three or four inches.

"Now then, come and give me a haul on the mainsail!" cries HAULTITE, excitedly.

Do so, and lug at rope till my hands skin.

"We shall get the gun directly!" he cries, looking at his watch.

I glance up, wondering if the "gun" is a new form of disease, when a loud "bang!" from the Committee boat enlightens me.

"Hold your watch and tell me, ten seconds before time's up for the second gun!" says HAULTITE, burning with suppressed passion for the fray.

"But I don't know how long——"

"Five minutes!" he jerks out, his hand on the tiller and his eyes fixed on his six rivals, "jillying" about at the starting-line.

I kept my watch in my hand, counting the seconds, and then I casually announced: "Well, now I think——"

But I never got any further, for a maelstrom of discordant noises, accompanied by personal violence of no mean order, seemed to rush at me from every side at once.

"Bang!" went the starting-gun.

"Break-out-your-foresail!" yelled HAULTITE. "Not that, you idiot! Leggo your main—no, no! Here, catch hold of the tiller. Put her hard up!—no, no! hard up, not hard down—here, by gad, you'll be into the *Dryad*! Leggo your—oh, give it me!"

And with a bound and a yell which would have put to shame a Sioux Indian on the warpath HAULTITE made a wild rush at the tiller, capsizing me completely and tumbling me clean over the lee side into the sea. On swept the boat, and gasping and choking I tried to shout for help, though I assumed, of course, that HAULTITE would manage to get *Nautilus* round quickly enough to rescue me. But I had not reckoned with HAULTITE's yacht-racing enthusiasm. Bobbing up on the top of a cold green wave, I beheld *Nautilus* tearing away in the wake of the other competitors for the "Shrimpton Tradesmen's Cup," and HAULTITE, leaning over the counter, shouted to me:

"Swim to the buoy and hang on there till the race is over. I'll come and pick you up all right, directly afterwards!"

As the race would not terminate for at least two hours I preferred being rescued by a shore boat.

Next morning, on meeting HAULTITE, I tried the "cut direct," but HAULTITE fairly countered me; he said:

"Pretty sort of chap you are, leaving me just as the race was starting. I believe I lost the Cup entirely through that!"

THE CRICKETER IN WINTER.

THE days are growing short and cold;
Approaches Autumn, ay and chill Yule;
The latest bowler now has bowled
His latest devastating pillule.
Gone are the creases, gone the "pegs";
The bungling fieldsman now no more
errs

By letting balls go through his legs
And giving batsmen needless fourers.

Things of the past are drive and cut,
With which erstwhile we would
astound men;

The gay pavilion's doors are shut;
The turf is given up to groundmen;
Gone is the beautiful length-ball,
Gone, too, the batsman who would
snick it;

Silent his partner's cheery call.
Football usurps the place of cricket.

Now, as incessantly it pours,
And each succeeding day seems
bleaker,

The cricketer remains indoors,
And quaffs mayhap the warming
beaker.

Without, the scrummage heaves and
slips;

Not his to play the muddled oaf. A
Well-seasoned pipe between his lips,
He reads his *Wisden* on the sofa.

Or, if in vein for gentle toil,
Before he seeks a well-earned pillow,
He takes a flask of linseed oil
And tends his much-enduring willow,
Feeling the while, what time he drops
The luscious fluid by degrees on,
Given half-volleys and long-hops,
How nobly it will drive next season!

Then to his couch, to dream till day
Of fifties when the pitch was sticky,
Of bowling crisply "put away,"
Though it was manifestly tricky,
Of umpires, confident appeals,
Hot shots at point, mid-off, and cover,
Of cricket-lunches (perfect meals!):—
Such dreams attend the cricket-lover.

And, though the streets be deep in snow,
Though slippery pavements make him
stumble,
Though rain descends, though blizzards
blow,

It matters not: he scorns to grumble.
What if it lightens, thunders, hails,
And common men grow daily glummer,
In him contentment never fails;
To such a man it's always Summer.

"NOLO ARCHI-EPISCOPARI."—We have it on unimpeachable authority that the Roman Catholic Bishop of SOUTHWARK, on being informed of his appointment to the Archiepiscopal see of Westminster, exclaimed, "Ah, me! I would I had never been BOURNE!"



G. L. S. CAMP A.

THE AGE OF REASON.

Effie. "MUMMY DEAR, OF COURSE UNCLE JACK IS COMING TO MEET US BY A CIRCLE TRAIN, ISN'T HE?"

Mamma. "NO, EFFIE, HE WILL WALK HERE. WHY DO YOU SAY 'OF COURSE BY A CIRCLE TRAIN'?"

Effie. "WHY, BECAUSE UNCLE JACK TOLD US YESTERDAY THAT HE WOULD COME ROUND TO MEET US AT THE STATION. SO IT MUST BE A CIRCLE TRAIN, MUSTN'T IT, MUMMY DEAR?"

A SHORT VACATION RAMBLE.

(How we discovered Le Touquet.)

WE had bound ourselves to arrive *chez Monsieur le Baron HAMISH DE SEPTÉTOILES* on the evening before the great storm, of which an account has already been given in these vacation papers.

We were dinner-timed to descend at the charming *Villa de Sacaterra*, which at present serves *Monsieur le Baron* for temporary *logement*. The time is not far distant when the castle, which, I am informed, has been designed in the airy Spanish architectural style, shall dominate the *plage* of Paris (rather sounds like plaster of Paris) just as the *châteaux* of his ancestors in Spain, and in Scotland, have looked out over the Moors. At eight of the clock we, travelling companion and self, were to have arrived. I saw the scene in my mind's eye. Behold! The *seneschal* and *lacqueys* with *flambeaux* are in the hall to welcome us, the master himself, in court attire (as is his wont), is on the topmost step of the brilliantly lighted staircase, the portals are thrown wide open, fanfares sound and gongs clang, as at half-past eight, to the moment, a coachman in gorgeous livery reins in his steaming horses (four splendid *Barbaries*) before the grand gate of entry, and a courier in breathless haste, jumping down from the seat behind, rushes up the staircase, bends on one knee to his beloved master, as, in accents broken by excessive agitation, he announces, "*Mon maître, très honoré, they ain't come!*"

It was true. We hadn't.

Then the Baron requests his other guests to fall to. There were two of them invited. The *flambeaux* are extinguished, supernumerary servitors and *laquais d'occasion* are dismissed, the *seneschal* resumes his ordinary attire, as also does the Baron, and we, the long-expected, are still upon the road.

No matter how or why, suffice it to say that we had missed the station. We had heard only the shout of "*Paris-Plage*," unaware that the porters had commenced softly with "*Étapes*," rising to full blast with "*Paris-Plage*"; and so, when at last we did beamingly descend, and asked, as a mere matter of form, "*C'est Étapes, n'est-ce pas?*" we were not prepared for the answer, "*Non, Monsieur, c'est Montreuil.*"

A facer. You might have prostrated us with a gossamer.

One second's council of war and we had determined on our course of action.

Instead of waiting for the next train at 10 (it was now 7.45) we would drive. Aha! where there's a wagon there's a way, and *vice versa*. But—we must ascend to the town of Montreuil in order to procure the trap. Now Montreuil, as I remembered, is a town fortified by VAUBAN on the summit of an uncommonly steep hill, a situation considered by the aforesaid distinguished military engineer as impregnable, and, ahem, comparatively inaccessible. "*Courage, mon ami! Fils de S. Louis, up you go!*" That walk consisted of climbing a painfully steep hill, stumbling along over big slippery paving stones, with which on more than one occasion the tips of our noses were on the point of making close acquaintance. VAUBAN was right, Montreuil is difficult of approach. "*Excelsior! Excelsior!*"

No matter what we thought or what we said. When one traveller, who is the cause of all this anguish, penitently admits the fact, and loads himself with self-reproaches, and the bags, what can the companion do but pardon him, cheer him, console him? Then the repentant *voyageur*, relieved of the burden of his grief by his friend, and of the *impedimenta* by the *porteur* who carries them cheerfully, took heart of grace, and spoke in praise of the moon for shining out so brightly. The rattle-trap and its driver, when secured, caused merriment; the "going" was easy, rapid, and downhill; all the country lovely; old villages

picturesque; and so, as the clock sounded the hour of ten, we finished the last of our fifteen *kilomètres* in front of the *Hôtel du Touquet*.

Here the lights were being extinguished, "the last *sarabande* had been danced in the hall," and, as all were about to retire, the polite *maître d'hôtel* placed at our disposal a splendid officer of the establishment, a kind of colonel of commissionaires, who most readily undertook to guide our *calèche* to the very door of the *Villa de Sacaterra*.

As we arrived, the Baron, who was speeding his parting guests, at once welcomed the coming ones most warmly.

No explanations necessary. Sound the trumpet, strike on the gong! Arouse ye then, my merry merry cooks, *seneschals*, butlers, *scullions*, *et tous les serviteurs fidèles*—and ere you can utter the name of the *genius loci*, "JACK ROBINSON NAPOLEON" (who, by the way, having "gone nap" at nine o'clock, was now in blissful ignorance of our arrival), there is on the table the first course of a supper fit for a king of *gourmets*. And not a word would our noble host allow us to speak until we had broken our fast!

Cher Baron, à votre santé! May we, companion and self, ever remember that most grateful meal, and your most hospitable welcome.

So we sat up late, and talked; told our travellers' tales, then retired to our delightful dormitories, where we soon fell

"Into that state of blissful sweet repose,
That innocence and virtue only knows;"

and the next morning, it being sunny, bright, and spring-like, we arose early, and accepted our host's invitation to stroll over the "*domaine*" of Le Touquet, view its present state, and note its possibilities.

La Villa de Sacaterra, of which a *Contessa* (the lady is partly French, partly Italian) is the *propriétaire*, is by daylight a perfect little *châlet* in the valley, or rather, right on to the sands.

Le Touquet? What this name means I have not the faintest idea. Nor has JACK ROBINSON NAPOLEON. *Touquet* is just suggestive of "Toupet." *Hé bien!* "*il a du Toupet!*"—we all know what *that* means, and, mind you, it required this moral force, in its very best sense, on the part of ROBINSON NAPOLEON to carry through a big scheme, which, so far as it has been realised, is beyond expectation, successful.

Le Touquet is at the present moment concentrated in its central hotel, charmingly situated in the forest, within fifteen minutes' walk of the sea, and never out of reach of the sands (which is a blessing for health in all varieties of weather), and it is so gifted by nature, and so provided for and improved by Robinsonian-Napoleonic art and pluck, that there is, if not everything, at least as much as any ordinary English bather, golfer, lawn-tennis player, and "sportman" or "sportswoman" can desire.

A more enjoyable *déjeuner à la fourchette à midi* I do not wish for than that served under the broad spreading verandah of the Forest Hotel (this ought to be its name, as distinguished from the hotel that is to be "*sur le plage*") on this lovely morning in September of which I speak. *Comme chante le poète* (kept tame on the premises) *Thomas Toqué du Touquet*:

"À l'hiver de la mois de Mai
Nous dansons sur le plage.
Pour ce soir serons-nous gais,
Pour ce soir serons-nous gais (*bis*),
Demain soyons-nous sages!"

Wonders have happened since first I—*moi qui parle*—saw this place. Then (was it three years ago?) it was an old *château* with a rugged forest around it and no future before it. Now, thanks to JOHN ROBINSON NAPOLEON CRUSOE, aided by trusty friends and advisers, of whom genial FRANK ROCKEM and Baron HAMISH are the representatives, it is a

first-rate hotel, with annexes, stables, plenty of baths, and a fine lawn-tennis ground, to which the matches attract residents and visitors for miles around. Neighbouring friendly Paris-Plage sends troops of friends for tennis; while for those who do not play games, but who come to be amused, there are concerts, *petits chevaux* (not put prominently forward, but there they are), and, above all, children's playgrounds where "*nos enfants*" enjoy themselves (as I see they do) by the hour, while their *bonnes* are knitting or nodding, and the parents and guardians are engaged in tennis close at hand, or vigorously striding o'er the golf links just a couple of miles distant.

But, *mes amis*, the air! Here old *Faust* need make no compact with *Mephisto*; he will be young again in twenty-four hours. It is simply perfect, for spring and summer. It is life-giving. Ah! "there's air!" It would be difficult to decide off-hand as to its excellence as a "Winter resort." That remains to be seen.

The *forêt* offers endless picturesque rambles; the river Canche, within easy distance, good fishing; and the sands, for bathing, are just perfect. But as a collection of *châteaux*, that is as a French Birchington or Westgate-on-Sea, and as regards *maisons et maisonnettes*, Le Touquet as yet *n'existe point*. Its *châteaux* are all *en l'air*; its *châteaux* are *châteaux d'Espagne*. "*Mais ça commence*," as J. R. NAP observes, and already conspirators are making their plots and selecting choice sites with splendid views.

The road from Étaples to Le Touquet Woods is as good as any you might find in the country—and in France, where roads are good they are "verry werry good," *et au contraire*,—but when the traveller has once passed the hotel and is well "out of the wood," then, as Le Touquet possesses neither *maire* nor municipality, as there are no town councillors, and (O blissful sound!) *no rates and taxes*, in fact as Le Touquet is only a name, without a local habitation in it, save the one already described in the *forêt*, the roads, such as they are, have just been left to make themselves, one at a time, at the expense of anybody happening to require one. As specimens of fancy work these roads are a credit to the amateur navvies.

Baron HAMISH selects a likely spot in the Wood with a sea view, and JACK ROBINSON NAP says to me heartily, "Here's the very place for you to build a *châlet*. This is the site. Take it!"

Were I a millowner or a millionaire, or even a bit of one, to whom time (and its equivalent) was no object, I would seize the chance, but as it is I can only meet the proposition by regretfully "taking a site" (spelt in another way) at the proposition, which in action, familiar to the most youthful board-school boy, is expressed by the pantomime of the sacristan in the *Ingoldsby Legends*, who

"Spake no word of doubt,

But put his thumb unto his nose and spread his fingers out."

Not for me are the joys of the landed and sanded proprietor. Enough to know of the existence of a new place, easy of access, and presenting to the tired Englishman so complete a change as does this Le Touquet.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Mettle of the Pasture (MACMILLAN) is the title of JAMES LANE ALLEN's last novel, and is almost the only unsatisfactory thing about it. Mr. ALLEN feels it necessary, or at least desirable, to explain that it is a quotation from SHAKESPEARE, which is undeniable though not vindicatory. For the rest the story is excellent, instinct with character, breezy with the atmosphere of wholesome, fresh Kentucky. Charming are the old-fashioned homes described, and lovable some of the people, notably *Judge Morris* and his old love, who in years gone by gave him up at some breath of scandal. One

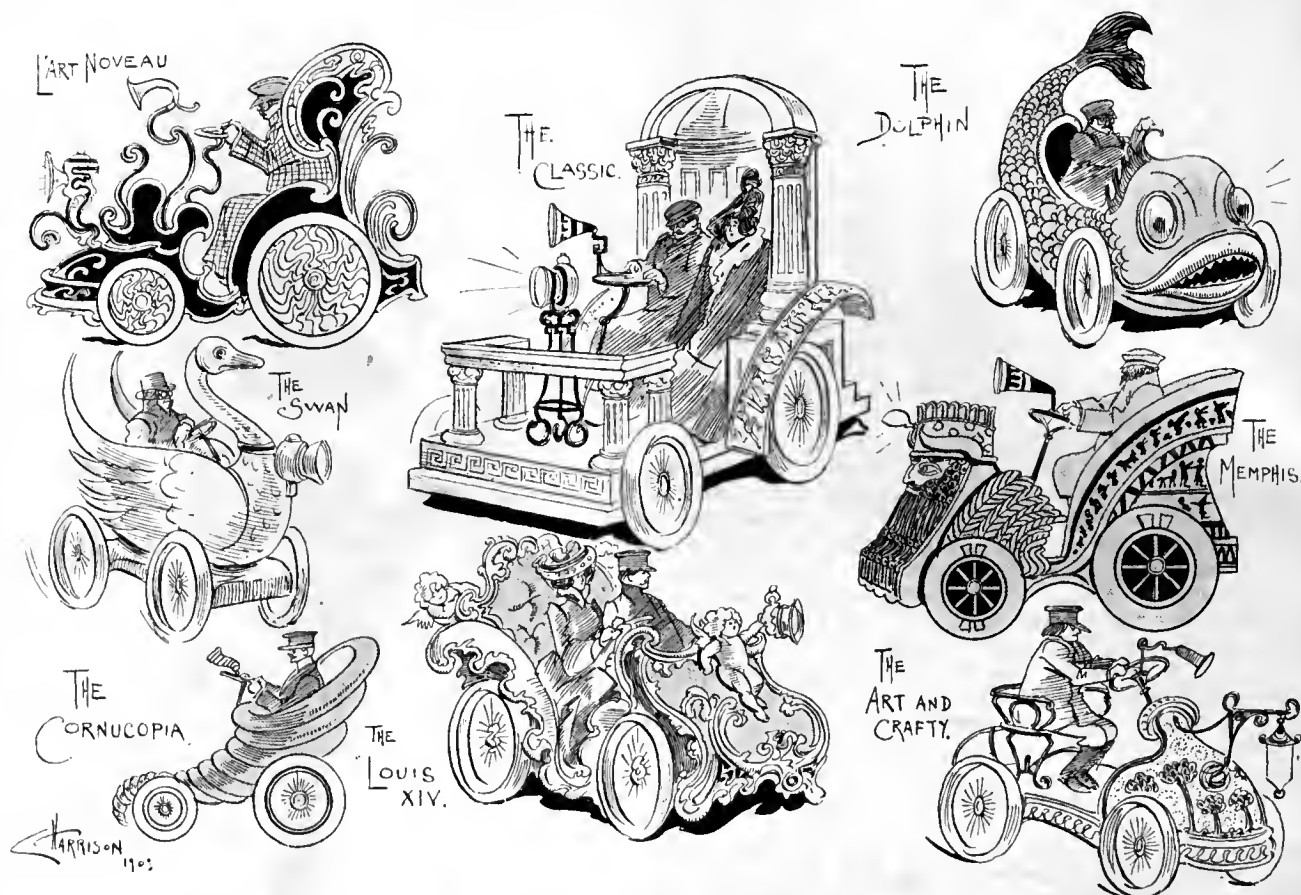


Professor Jawohl obliges in English:

"OO DRIES TO CATCH ME CATCHES BUT AIR!"

day, when the shades of afternoon were closing over the old Judge, *Mrs. Meredith* visited him at his office and told him how the great sorrow in her life had been the wrong she had done him. "If you had married me," he said, looking at her with brimming eyes, "I'd have been a great man. I was not great enough to be great without you." This life story is told with exquisite simplicity in a page, though it contains material for the old-fashioned three-volume novel. It is but an episode in the tragedy of *Rowan* and *Isabel*, separated on the eve of marriage by another scandal, homing with seared hearts in later life. To my Baronite the tale opens up pleasing knowledge of a race apart—high-souled men and noble women living in far-off Kentucky.

In the *Pall Mall Magazine* this month, October, Mr. HALKETT gives us two really excellent specimens in colour of PHIL MAY's art, as well as several in black and white, all showing the hand of the master so recently and at so early an age taken from us. Mr. HALKETT's article is one of the very best, nay, the Baron may honestly say, the very best, of all those he has had the opportunity of reading on this subject. Apart from this special article the number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* is as interesting as it is entertaining, and among the series the Baron would single out the one



SOME DESIGNS WE MAY EXPECT TO SEE IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

["Sir WILLIAM RICHMOND, R.A., aesthetically appealed to motor-car manufacturers to produce something more beautiful than the existing monstrosities."—*Daily Telegraph*.]

by JOHN OLIVER HOBBS; "Priscilla's Maying," by U. L. SILBERRAD; and an amusing adventure in the swindling line by a young writer whom the Baron is glad to recognise in such excellent company.

Alarums and Excursions (METHUEN) comprises a series of stirring stories set in the good old times of GEORGE THE FIRST. The period is marked not less by periwig, swords, card-playing, hard-drinking and duelling than by the reiteration of certain phrases. One is "Damme," another "Rip me!" a third "Slife," and, most reiterated, "Stap me!" These are peppered about the conversation, giving glowing local colour. Of the eight stories my Baronite prefers the shorter ones, the form being more suited to Mr. MARRIOTT WATSON's vivid style. "The Tavern on the Moor" is equal in dramatic interest to its alluring title. "The Squire's Wager" was arranged at BROOKS's, at the time when CHARLES JAMES FOX used to spend his night gambling. It is improbable in these prosaic days. But Mr. WATSON would possibly be able to reply to this objection that it is founded upon an actual wager recorded in the historic book of another highly respectable Club of contemporaneous fame.

Should anybody during vacation-time (now, alas! drawing to a close) require a thoroughly absorbing story, well and nervously written, by an author who can deftly use sensationalism to his purpose without forcing it for a mere effect, and who can also depict the character of a strong man, as honest as determined, in love with a sweet woman, whose

isolation has made her proud and her position suspicious, let such an one set himself down to the perusal of *His Master Purpose*, by HAROLD BINDLOSS (JOHN LONG), and the Baron will warrant him amusement, excitement, and general contentment. The plot is that of a first-rate melodrama, the scene being laid amid the grand and wild scenery of British Columbia. Nor are there wanting some roughly humorous as well as good light comedy touches, deftly introduced, which, though apparently accessories, are yet essential to the plot. The natural pathos which the author unexpectedly puts into the apparently farcical character of a certain Mrs. Savine is an instance in point, as, through her action, the author arrives at a satisfactory *dénouement*. The scenic descriptions are picturesque and never wearisome, while no attempt at merely fine writing delays the dramatic action for a single second. Most decidedly *His Master Purpose* is a book strongly recommended by the faculty in the person of
THE BARON DE B.-W.

News from a Moore.

["Last week Mr. GEORGE MOORE wrote to the *Irish Times* announcing that "on learning that the R. C. Archbishop of DUBLIN had attended the KING'S LEVEE" he "had decided to leave the Church of Rome and become a Protestant."]

No Pope henceforth GEORGE MOORE may bless;
Shall we the fact deplore,
If Catholics have got one less,
And Protestants one MOORE?

A BILLY DOUX.

Those who enjoy a good hearty laugh, several of 'em in fact, and a play that will thoroughly amuse and interest them for two quickly fleeting hours, let them go to the Criterion Theatre and see H. V. ESMOND'S *Billy's Little Love Affair*, a genuine light comedy in three crisp, sparkling Acts. Capitally played all round; we won't grudge a superlative to any one of the company, from the waiting-maids, carefully rendered by Miss EILEEN WARREN and Miss EDITH CARTWRIGHT, up to the heroine, *Wilhelmina Marr*, alias "*Billy*," of whom Miss EVA MOORE makes the most delightful person, and with whom we all fall in love straight away; and on the inferior, or male, side, from the footman, Mr. J. ABBOTT, ascending per *Jenkins*, a valet, and *Ford*, a butler, ably impersonated by Mr. HORTON COOPER, up to the *Jack Frere* of Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH, a character to which he gives all the essential vivacity, while here and there imparting that touch of pathos or of severity, that just preserves the true balance of comedy.

Mr. SAM SOTHERN'S silly, honest *Jim Greaves* is excellent; while for the cautious, middle-aged *Sir Harry Harmon*, true friend and experienced bachelor, no better representative could be found than that thorough artist Mr. CHARLES GROVES.

As the hearty but vulgar American millionairess, wife of *Jim Greaves*, Miss FLORENCE ST. JOHN is at her very best in a thoroughly low-comedy part; while from Miss GRANVILLE, as "the villain of the piece," we get that essential shade that this very bright comedy artistically demands. As *Hagson* the discreet servant who looks a scoundrel (of the *Littimer* order in *David Copperfield*), but is an honest man, showing uncommonly proper pride in refusing any pecuniary reward for his virtue, Mr. MACLAREN is impressively good. There are, of course, some faults, and the repetition of a catch phrase has a tendency to become tiresome, but on the whole, we should doubt if there be a more amusing "light comedy" than this in London at this present time, be the other where it may. So, "*advice gratis*," don't fail to see it.

THE THEATRICAL "PAR" OF THE FUTURE.

["When the curtain went down on *Claudian* at the Grand Theatre (Leeds), Mr. WILSON BARRETT, in response to cries for a speech, suggested that he should talk about the Fiscal Question . . . and for several minutes the resuscitated Byzantine nobleman, in all the dignity of a toga, talked about the Colonies being one family, &c., &c."—*Yorkshire Post*.]

A GREAT many interesting speeches—in addition, of course, to those set down for them—have been delivered by our



Lady. "HAVE YOU LOST YOURSELF, LITTLE BOY?"

Little Boy. "No—BOO-HOO—I'VE FOUND A STREET I DON'T KNOW!"

prominent actors during the week. The remarks of Mr. WILLIAMS, however, on Alien Immigration, at the conclusion of The Real Cake-Walk at the Shaftesbury, and those of *King Richard the Second* on Passive Resistance, though entitled to respect, are considered to arise a little too obviously out of the situation of the respective speakers, and to be hardly sufficiently surprising and gratuitous. A much more palpable hit was made the other night by the popular exponent of *Monsieur Beaucaire*, who, upon being deservedly recalled into the Pump Room at Bath, said he should like to give the audience his views on the Motor Problem. The incongruity of the eighteenth-century entourage of the orator was in harmony with the best (recent) practice of the leaders of the profession, and created quite a sensation.

But even this was eclipsed on Saturday by Miss LOUIE FREEAR'S unexpected substitution of a serious little lecture on Home Defence for her usual encore verses. An elderly gentleman in the audience, who said he had not been inside a theatre for years, created some disturbance by demanding his money back. He raised the amazing contention that at the play he ought to be allowed to forget the questions that tortured him elsewhere. As far as could be made out from his incoherent ravings, the name of this eccentric person was SUTOR CREPIDAM—syllables similar to which, with an accent on the last, he was constantly repeating.

Something like an Appetite.

WANTED, Daimler or other good motor, also reversing gear, suitable for lunch. Address &c.—From the "*Motor Cycle*."

THE SUN-CHILD.

(Continued.)

Now in the course of his wanderings the Sun-child one day came to a dark and smoky town. I must tell you here that I cannot fix the date with any accuracy, for the Sun-child kept no diary. Indeed, as he was to live for ever it did not matter to him whether a day came in one month or year or in another. These things could not trouble him, only he remembered—this was long, long afterwards when he had returned to his home, as you shall learn in good time, and when all the old happy sights and sounds from which he was parted for a space had come about him once again—he remembered, I say, what he had seen and heard during the days he had spent below, and he told the tale of them with perfect truth and simplicity. How I came to hear about it all I shall not say at present.

Well, he came to a dark and smoky town. He had never thought it possible there could be so much smoke in the world. It poured out from the tall slender chimneys in thick black rolls and spread about in the air and over the town like a cloak. And all day there was the whirr of machinery, and hammers clanged and furnaces glowed with a white fire. And the men had stern and grimy faces, and the women were peaked and pale and anxious looking, and the children who played about the pavement or trudged to work or school were thin and wizened and stunted.

There were rows and rows of houses all precisely alike, all of them built solidly enough, but none of them having, on the outside at least, any distinctive character of its own. Into one of these the Sun-child stepped—why, he knew not, but his fancy moved him and he went in. It was half-past six o'clock in the evening and the sun had not yet set but was hanging low down near the tops of the houses, a huge, smoky, orange-coloured circle of dim light.

The front room was empty. It was a tidy room, almost painfully tidy, for it was kept for Sunday afternoons and other occasions of state, and it looked as if no human being ever had or ever would set foot in it. The chairs had worsted covers, and they were ranged at fixed intervals against the walls and at the table which stood in the centre of the room. On the table were four books symmetrically arranged. On the mantelpiece stood a clock and two china monsters, and two vases containing paper flowers. On a bracket fixed to the opposite wall was an elaborate arrangement of wax flowers under a glass cover, and in the fire-place was a cheap paper grate-screen of red, white and blue flounces. The clock ticked merrily enough, but everything else was silent and trim and rigidly immovable to the point of affliction.

The back room, however, which was kitchen and sitting-room in one, showed a different scene. There was plenty of life there, for there were in it a pale busy woman and six children, ranging in age from a baby in a cot to a little girl of ten, who was trying to help her mother.

"I don't know where your father can be," the woman was saying; "doing no good, I'll be bound. Of course he must get into trouble just now, and the rent not paid, and me working my fingers to the bone all day. What's to become of us I don't know. MARY, whatever are you standing there for, looking at me and doing nothing? Bustle along or you'll have to get the strap. Lor' bless me, whatever are children made for—and them that wants 'em least gets the most. Here, you TOMMY, give over pulling BILLY's hair, won't you, or I'll dust both of your jackets."

All this time she was hurrying about the room, moving plates and dishes, dabbing here and wiping there, attending to the kettle, delivering an occasional slap to one of the children, and never ceasing from the flow of her loud talk. This woman had once been pretty and amiable, but time and

anxieties and the care of many children had faded her beauty and taken sweetness out of her temper. And now her man was in trouble at the works, and her poor subsistence, she feared, was to be taken from her, and she, with her brood and her unhappy husband, was to be turned adrift in the world.

But while she still rated and bustled a step was heard, the door opened, and a big man, his hands and face covered with oily grime, came into the room heavily. Little MARY ran to him and he took her in his arms and kissed her.

"Ah, you're here at last," said his wife; "why can't you leave the child alone, dirtying her face so? What have you got to say for yourself? All's over, I suppose, and we've got to be moving. Why did I ever marry such a——"

"Take care, Mother," said the man; "you don't know what you're saying."

"Ah, but I do, and you'll have to hear me whether you like it or not."

"You can talk when I've finished," he said, sitting down and taking MARY on his knee. "Now what would you say if——" he stopped and looked at his wife.

"If what? Be quick with it. I've got my work to do and can't stand listening all day. Out with it."

"Only this," said her man, smiling and placing his hand on MARY's golden head, "only this. The trouble's over. It didn't take long to settle that; and DICK BLATCHFORD's going to Sheffield, and I'm——" he paused again.

"Oh Tom, speak," said his wife with a gasp.

"I'm to be foreman in his place, that's all."

"Tom!" said the woman.

"It's gospel," said the man.

With that the woman sat down, and her tears began to flow and she upbraided herself bitterly, and, going to her man, she fell on her knees beside him.

"Never mind, POLLY, old girl," said he, "you shall have a new dress. And look here, boys and girls, we'll take your mother to the circus to-night."

At this the Sun-child went softly out, for he felt that his work was done.

(To be continued.)

TO OLD TOM.

(On his resignation of the post of Green-keeper to the Royal and Ancient Golf Club.)

ROYAL and ancient friend, whose honoured name
Is dear to all who love the ancient game,
Though others keep the green (ay, there's the rub!)
Which you so long have tended for the Club,—
Tom, of the lion heart and gentle mien,
Your memory we'll keep for ever green.

Well have you borne your four-score years and two,
Faithful in service, as in friendship true;
Now, pacing slowly homewards from the Turn,
Long may it be before you cross the Burn.
And ere you tread your well-loved links no more,
May eighty-two (*plus twenty*) be your score.

MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH used to sing a capital song called "The Duke of Seven Dials." Is it possible that this worthy was any relation of the "Duc de NEVERS," alias C. J. FRANÇOIS, who last week was sent for eighteen months to prison for having obtained a motor-car by false pretences? This new specimen of an "unfortunate nobleman" will have leisure to reflect on the truth of the proverb, "Never's too late to mend." At all events it is to be hoped he will not in future give any police magistrate the opportunity of exclaiming "Never's again!"



RICKETY.

B-L-F-R (*Cabinet-maker*). "THERE! IT LOOKS LOVELY!—I ONLY HOPE IT'LL HOLD TOGETHER!"





Doctor. "WELL, MRS. O'BRIEN, I HOPE YOUR HUSBAND HAS TAKEN HIS MEDICINE REGULARLY, EH?"

Mrs. O'Brien. "SURE, THEN, DOCTOR, I'VE BEEN SORELY PUZZLED. THE LABEL SAYS, 'ONE PILL TO BE TAKEN THREE TIMES A DAY,' AND FOR THE LIFE OF ME I DON'T SEE HOW IT CAN BE TAKEN MORE THAN ONCE!"

THE TOWN DAY BY DAY.

(With acknowledgments to the "Daily Mail.")

II.

October 8.—To-day we may confidently look out at the chief termini for returning migrants. Cabs loaded with luggage are common objects in the streets, as train after train deposits its load of Londoners once again seeking their winter quarters. Note how bronzed some of them are. The colour, however, will not long endure under the blighting influence of fog and mist and the city's sunlessness. Violets are reappearing in the streets once more—not, alas, the purple blossoms of March, the harbingers of spring, but the autumn anachronisms that rain regrets and naught can serve to allay that sweet sorrow. The ordinary bunch costs a penny (two halfpennies would be considered legal tender, but probably not four farthings); the larger bunches are tuppence.

Oct. 9.—In Bloomsbury may now be seen, even by the most casual observer,

our dark but punctual visitors from India's coral strand on their way to the shady groves of the Temple. For powerful is the fascination exerted by the law over our dusky feudatories, and powerful also is the attraction of the Russell Square neighbourhood, sweetly named the bury of the bloom, upon these little brown figures. Strange variegated life of the London streets, what pen can do thee justice?

Oct. 10.—The firm flesh of the salmon no longer touches the fishmonger's window with a gracious roseate tinge; but the coarse ruddiness of the lobster still challenges the gaze amid a cool white environment of halibut and hake. Blue-aproned the fishmonger stands, a triton among the minnows, guaranteeing freshness to all his store, even in the face of nasal testimony. Note how the homing clerk emerges, rush-basket in hand, and runs with short swift steps to his train. Nature has few phenomena more persistent than this.

Oct. 11.—To-day if it is fine many new and gay costumes will be visible

in the Parks. Winter is upon us, it is true, yet reluctant are the paraders to abandon the pretence of summer's heyday. Summer do I say? But what summer have we had? Though the hedge-sparrow has begun to sing again, migrant rooks and jackdaws overhead are noisy of the north and its chill presage, and the wild geese are here;—is it because Nature abhors a vacuum and would fill the gaps caused by the ravages of the Michaelmas appetites?

Oct. 12.—Soon now will the Lord Mayor doff his gaudy plumage and return to his old larva state, making room for his successor. For this is ever Nature's way; rhythmical is she as the tides. The new is ever giving place to the old. There are already signs of the great change, but the complete transformation is not to be expected until November 9, according to the best naturalists. Meanwhile, turtles are becoming restless, and aldermen return daily from Homburg, Ems and Aix, where they have been gathering strength.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Lore and Lovers of the Past (CHIATTO AND WINDUS) is a book of modest pretensions. The material is frankly extracted from the National Record Office at Paris. It is, nevertheless, a valuable contribution to the inner history of the French Revolution. When the apostles of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity dragged man or woman to the guillotine and there made short work of them, their emissaries had a habit of pouncing down on the domicile of the doomed and taking possession of their private papers. Stored in the Record Office, M. PAUL GAULOT comes upon them a century later and edits a selection. Written with the freedom of lovers little dreaming of a prying Twentieth Century thumbing the faded leaves, my Baronite finds in them the special charm of the immortal work of PEPYS. Sad to say, they do not display anything more icy than the morality observed by our old friend at the Admiralty. The story of the Duchesse DE BERRY, and the state of things it discloses at the Court of LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH, justified the Revolution which followed in due time. Asmodeus-like, M. GAULOT conducts the reader over Paris under Bourbon rule and revolutionary terror. Unroofing the houses, he shows us how people lived and loved and died in those good old times.

An awful storm at sea during which the phantom ship was first sighted, the details of the bustle on board, the brief energetic conversations between the officers and the captain, and the working of the vessel, are all most powerfully described by Mr. J. C. HUTCHESON in his exciting and nervously written story entitled *The Ghost Ship, a Mystery of the Sea* (WARD AND LOCK). Through over a hundred pages and in the midst of all the stirring events that are necessarily crowded into a short space of time, the individuality of every character is admirably preserved. The boarding of the pirate vessel, the hand-to-hand "free fight," the slaughter and the triumph of right, with might on its side, are all so well told that the Baron does not recall anything better, in this particular line, since the *Toilers of the Sea*, or one of Mr. LOUIS STEVENSON'S earlier works, say *Treasure Island*.

My Nautical Retainer writes: Even when he is not, in the person of Toby M.P., distilling that Essence of Parliament whose purpose is primarily to amuse and only incidentally to instruct, it is astonishing what freshness and buoyancy of mood Mr. LUCY brings to the making of his political sketches. Other men—though they must be very few indeed—may share his intimate knowledge of the last thirty years of Parliamentary history; but with this knowledge to unite his sure instinct for the seizing of characteristics, his certainty of touch in the realising of impressions, and, withal, his easy gaiety, too resourceful to weary, and too gentle to wound—these are charms of which Mr. LUCY holds the lonely secret.

In *Peeps at Parliament* (NEWNES) he opens with a chapter on his own early associations with the Press Gallery, and then plunges into the midst of the GLADSTONE-ROSEBERY Administration; but though, for some reason not disclosed, he pretends to confine himself to the years 1893 to 1895, he always diverges with charming garrulity into just any reminiscence that occurs to him. The book, in fact, is a collection of random notes drawn from incident or personality, and to these literary sketches, always vivid and suggestive, Mr. GOULD'S delightful pen-and-ink drawings form the exact complement that only another art could supply. May one dare to add that in this generous gallery of portraits we enjoy a certain relief from the reiterated caricatures of that particular figure which of recent times has become an obsession with "F. C. G.?" A little fault

that I have to find with the book is that there is no author's note setting forth the reason for its apparently arbitrary limits; nor so much as a hint that it is only an instalment (as I sincerely hope) of a long series of similar volumes from the same felicitous pen.

A *Metamorphosis* (METHUEN) is a rattling good story, of the kind for which a busy man is thankful on a long railway journey, or over a post-prandial cigar. In its vitality, its resources of invention, its trick of starting afresh when writers less imaginative than Mr. RICHARD MARSH would be played out, it reminds my Baronite of the immortal *Monte Cristo*. It is obvious that *George Otway*, the millionaire who changes clothes and identity with a murderer who commits suicide by jumping off Southwark Bridge, might any day have put matters right by calling on his banker or his solicitor. If he had done so, we should not have had this story, palpitating with interest on every page. So, if Mr. OTWAY doesn't mind, and he doesn't seem to, we are glad he never thought of so simple a procedure.

The two initialled (E. V. L. and C. L. G.) but otherwise anonymous authors of *Wisdom While You Wait* have performed a feat which their previous achievement seemed to render impossible: they have surpassed themselves. For rollicking fun with a spice of devilry to flavour it my Assistant Reader can remember nothing that quite equals *England Day by Day: A Guide to Efficiency and Prophetic Calendar for 1904* (METHUEN). The advertisements (admirably illustrated, by the way, by GEORGE MORROW) are almost a sufficient treat by themselves, and the matter of the book is as good or better. THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

"THE UNTILLED FIELD."

[“M. JACQUES LEBAUDY, the ‘Emperor of the Sahara,’ is now in London, and busy buying implements of war and husbandry.”
Daily Paper.]

O, I would be an Emperor upon a golden throne;

I would wear a gay tiara
With the rarest gems of Para,
And I'd rule the wide Sahara

On my own.

I'd sit in my oasis where the palm trees' shade is sweet,
With all the Courts of Europe paying homage at my feet,
And every day from ten to four the heralds should repeat,
“Vive l'Empereur! Vive Jacques of the Sahara!”

Across the trackless desert on my camel I would bump,

And although it might be rougher
Than is pleasant for a buffer,
Still my soul should never suffer

From the bump;

But my heart would leap within me with the wildest of
delights

As I beheld to rear of me my train of dusky wights,
O, how I'd joy to tell my tale of true Arabian knights—
The true Arabian knights of the Sahara!

My people I would educate in useful kinds of lore,
For in culture they are narrow
As a vegetable marrow,
So I'd send them off to harrow

By the score;

And all the new machinery for cultivating land
I'd ship across to Africa, and wouldn't it be grand
When all my loving subjects had been taught to plough
the sand,

The never-ending sand of the Sahara!

PRIMITIVE PUNSTERS.

["Mr. AUBERON HERBERT deduces from his collection of carved flints the fact that the men of the Stone Age possessed a keen sense of humour."—*Evening Paper*.]

WHEN life was strenuous and young,
The chase found man a raw beginner;
A hundred futile flints he flung
Before he could procure a dinner;
Each year the mammoth warrier grew,
The bison more expert at running—
Which makes it strange, to me and you,
That man could spare the time for punning!

But, though his days were full of dread,
No idle fretter he nor fumer;
He'd often leave his arrow-head
To fashion little shafts of humour;
So in his crudely playful way
He brightened up his sombre cavern,
Just as the funny man to-day
Will scintillate in club or tavern!

Gay youth began with jest and jibe,
And all the jokes it knew it crack'd,
till

By some JOE MILLER of the tribe
The Chasing of the Pterodactyl
Was told anew. This always "took,"
And men's and maiden's blende
laughter

Resounded through the cave, and shook
The stalactite, which served for rafter!

Anon, the merriment waxed hot
Around the skin-clad dandy's raiment,
And Palaeolithic punsters got
What they deserved, a stone for pay-
ment;

A jolly dog was early man
(We trust to geologic rumour),
Until the New Stone Age began.
And quenched his gladness with—
New Humour!

FROM AN EARNEST INQUIRER.

SIR,—I admit myself an ignoramus and should be indignant were anyone to apply to me the term that BORACHIO used to *Master Constable Dogberry*. Yet when I read of an exalted Reverend personage honoured as "Dean of the Order of the Thistle," I cannot refrain from inquiring if this distinction ought not to be conferred *only* on the Vicar of Bray? Yours, H. E. HAW.

Overheard at Chamonix.

Stout British Matron (in a broad British accent, to a slim diligence driver). Étes-vous la diligence?

Driver. Non, Madame, mais j'en suis le cocher.

Matron (with conviction). C'est la même chose; gardez pour moi trois places dans votre intérieur demain.



BLOWING THEIR OWN TRUMPET.

"SOMETHING FOR A PRESENT, NOT TOO EXPENSIVE? YES, MADAM. THESE PHONOGRAPHS ARE VERY POPULAR."

"BUT ARE THEY GOOD?"

"I'VE SOLD A GREAT MANY, AND HAD NO COMPLAINTS. I NEED HARDLY SAY MORE, MADAM. THEY SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES!"

THE NUMERAL SERIES.

Mr. Punch has been investigating the question of literary successes, and he has arrived at the surprisingly novel conclusion that much depends on the name of the book. He believes, for instance, that Mr. KIPLING owes much of his fame to his habit of including a numeral in the titles of his volumes. Having the welfare of authors and publishers at heart, Mr. Punch selects the following titles from his Christmas announcement list, as an aid to finding suitable names:

The Two Too Solid Flesh: a Vegetarian Romance. By G. BERNARD SHAW.

The Three Bridges. By the Inventor of Ping-Pong.

The Four Corners. By J. PIERPONT MORGAN.

The Seven Dials. By BIG BEN.

The Nine Helms. By W. W. JACOBS.

The Hundred Best Cooks. By Lieut.-Col. NEWNHAM DAVIS.

The Three Hundred and Sixty-five Days. By ZADKIEL.

The Thousand and One Knights. By DEBRETT.

THE PATH TO GLORY.

[Mr. J. B. BADDELEY, in a letter to the *Standard*, observes, "My housemaid has done Scawfell Pike."]

VARIED indeed are the modes by which
Mortals endeavour themselves to raise
Out of obscurity's darksome ditch
Into publicity's grateful blaze.
BROWN with a hyphen adorns his name,
JONES drives a tandem along Pall Mall;
I've a more durable title to fame;
I have a housemaid who climbed
Scawfell.

Some are renowned for their strong
cigars,
Some for the excellence of their cooks;
Some for the speed of their motor-cars,
Some for their wives' or their daughters' looks.
Some are exalted by skill at a game,
Some by the oil that exudes from a
well;
I've a more durable title to fame;
I have a housemaid who climbed
Scawfell.

What do I care if my uncle Dick
Boasts of his priceless apostle spoons?
What if my nephew with spade and pick
Digs up the dollars interred by
NEWNES?
Scorning achievements so dull and tame
I have a record that none can excel;
I've a more durable title to fame;
I have a housemaid who climbed
Scawfell.

Honours I covet not, rank I scorn;
Personal paragraphs I disdain;
Envy of those in the purple born
Never has caused me a moment's pain.
Heroes, whom mafficking mobs acclaim,
Suffer eclipse when their craniums
swell;
I've a more durable title to fame;
I have a housemaid who climbed
Scawfell!

CHARIVARIA.

THE British Ambassador has informed the Porte that the Austro-Russian scheme of reform is the minimum, and that Turkey must be prompt in carrying it out. The Porte is said to have replied expressing its willingness to adopt the maximum, provided the condition as to promptness is waived.

Statistics prove that centenarians are increasing in numbers. This is supposed to be due to a determined attempt to avoid the heavy death duties.

The Lord-Lieutenant of Berkshire has publicly awarded a prize to a boy for killing 251 wasps. The report that the youth is now suffering from swelled head will surprise no one.

To celebrate the 21st birthday of a Southend gentleman, one of our half-penny papers tells us, there have been rejoicings on the line of "21 of everything." At 21 minutes past nine, 21 rockets went up to summon to the house 21 people of the age of 21. The guests sat down to 21 dishes, and the young gentleman's father presented him with £21. There were 21 dances, and 21 songs, and 21 kisses. The party lasted 21 times 21 minutes. But 21 papers could not be found to print this momentous intelligence.

Universal relief will be felt at the announcement that Ensign HUESNER, who killed a German private soldier, has declared himself satisfied with his sentence of 2 years and 7 days imprisonment, and says that he will make no further appeal. *Noblesse oblige.*

At a time when so much that is ill-natured is urged against Russia, it is pleasing to be able to report an act of kindness on the part of that Power. The Armenian clergy themselves having managed their lands in a most unbusiness-like manner, the State has now offered to look after them. The Armenian clergy do not know how to express their gratitude.

Over four hundred persons were killed by accidents caused by horse-drawn vehicles during the past twelve months, and it is under consideration whether a measure shall not be passed rendering it imperative for every such conveyance to be preceded by a man with a red flag—an innovation, by the by, which would add immensely to the gaiety of our streets.

No one will be sorry to hear that the four-wheeled cab is doomed to extinction. The Commissioner of Police has decided that all streets are to be open to cabs provided the horses trot.

We would direct the attention of our young officers to a new series of books published by Messrs. DEAN & Co., entitled "Rag Books for Children."

If ever a book was aptly named it is "Called Back." This novel is, according to advertisement, now to do work as a serial in the "London Reader."

M. LEBAUDY, the Emperor of Sahara, during his recent stay in London, was much annoyed by the importunities of enterprising tradesmen. He was especially incensed by one who wasted his time by showing him a model of a collapsible house.

There is apparently no limit to the enterprise of our newspapers. The *Daily Mail* now proposes to save Great Britain the expense of a General Election by itself canvassing the inhabitants. It is said that Mr. BALFOUR would consent to be bound by a decision arrived at in this manner, but there is some doubt as to the attitude of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and the Editor of the *Daily Express*.

FEARFUL WILDFOWL.

["The Custom House officers of Louisville, Kentucky, U.S.A., unable to find live snails on their classified lists, entered a painful of them under the head of 'wild animals.'"]—*Westminster Gazette*.

HUMBLE mollusc on the wall,
Wont, disdaining vulgar speed,
Very leisurely to crawl,
Are you wild indeed?

Are you proud and passionate?
Do you when you have to bear
Whips and scorns from adverse fate,
Murmur and despair?

Do you long in vain to rise
Upward to forbidden heights,
Envy the bees or flies
In their airy flights?

Would that we might hear the tale
That your jealous shells conceal!
Could some mute inglorious snail
Tell us all you feel!

Haply in a future age
Epic poets shall rehearse
Stories of the slug's fierce rage
Or the wrinkle's curse.

A "Conscientious Objector."

Tutor at Theological College (finishing his instructions to youthful student). And before your ordination, subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles is absolutely essential. I may take it for granted that you are prepared to subscribe?

Brilliant Student (hesitatingly). Oh yes, Sir, certainly. Only—I was going to ask—is the subscription *extra*, or is it included in the usual fees?

"The stock of BARABBAS," to quote *Shylock*, who knew all that could be known as to the "markets" in Venice, seems to be pretty well in evidence just now in the Hungarian Chamber. It is noteworthy that this modern Radical representative of the ancient BARABBAS apologetised for, or at least explained away, his recent outburst against the Hungarian Monarch.

PROPER PLACE FOR A FEMALE PRISON.—
Dungeness.

MR. PUNCH'S SPECTRAL ANALYSES.

VII.—A JOKE AND A SEQUEL.

THE Headless Man seemed pained at the very suggestion. "No," he said. "No. It was not I who placed the wet sponge on top of your door. I should scorn such an action."

"My dear Sir," I stammered, hastening to make amends, "I trust you will forgive—unjust suspicions—cumulative mass of circumstantial ev——"

"Say no more, say no more. The episode is forgotten, forgotten. Not," he added with a snigger, "but what we do play practical jokes at the Back of Beyond. You know what GILBERT says of us, 'We spectres are a jollier crew than you perhaps suppose.' Shrewd man, GILBERT. Puts the matter in a nutshell. But we don't annoy human beings. We confine our pleasantries to our fellow spectres. I remember——"

"Yes?"

"Oh, only a curious little story. If you're sure it wouldn't bore you? Very well, then. A young fellow came over one autumn; he was evidently as unsophisticated and innocent as he could possibly be. Guileless, if you understand me. And some of the frivolous set determined to see if they could not take him in somehow. They thought and thought, and at last their victim himself suggested an idea to them. He was always talking of his ambitions, and how he hoped, if he stuck to his work, to be given a responsible post some day as haunter somewhere, so the conspirators hit on the notion of sending him a fictitious appointment. As their ringleader put it rather neatly, 'He wants a bogey's appointment. We will give him a bogus one.' So they got hold of a ghost who had been a forger in his lifetime, and drew up what looked like an official document, appointing No. 428351 Avenue (that was the young fellow's number) to a certain house in the East End of London. No. 428351 felt that this was not quite what he had hoped for—he wanted a castle or an Elizabethan manor house—but he accepted the commission, and left to go into residence. How the conspirators chuckled! The place they had sent him to haunt was a waxworks show! And whenever they thought of him plodding patiently away at the inanimate figures, and pictured his growing surprise and dismay at their unresponsiveness, they roared and fell over one another with laughter.

"Well, No. 428351 toiled along, until one day he discovered everything, and realised how he had been taken in. But he was too proud to go back and be laughed at. He stayed on amongst the waxworks, and at last he attracted the attention of the proprietor, who forth-



John P. Hogenheimer (the celebrated pork-packer, U.S.A., who has taken a shooting on "this side"). "SAY, KEEPER, I GUESS WE'LL SHOOT THESE COVERS TO-MORROW."

Keeper. "IT WON'T DO, SIR. THERE'S TOO MUCH LEAF ABOUT YET."

J. P. H. "HAVE 'EM SWEEP UP, THEN. SPARE NO EXPENSE!"

with advertised him all over London, so that crowds flocked to see him. Now, mark the conclusion. Among the crowds was a certain millionaire who had recently built a great house in the country. All that it needed to make it complete was a ghost, and how to get one had long been a puzzle to him. He had thought of murdering a friend in the best spare bedroom, but had felt that the friend might after all not stay to haunt, in which case all his trouble and the consequent unpleasantness would have been for nothing. When he heard of No. 428351 Avenue he was overjoyed.

The very limitations of the young fellow were in his favour. He did not want a ghost that would scare his guests. One who could only groan and rattle chains would be just the thing. The negotiations were speedily carried through. No. 428351 signed the agreement, and is now the proud haunter of one of the very finest houses in England.

"And so," concluded the Headless Man unctuously, shifting his head from his right hand to his left, and preparing to vanish through the floor, "we see that Virtue triumphs over all obstacles. Indeed, yes."



THE POET GOETH GUNNING.

HOT WORK.

"HARE UP!"

THE NEW EULOGY.

IN a publisher's list *Mr. Punch* notes this strong recommendation of a novel by a popular author, culled from a weekly contemporary:—"The book is vigorous, better written, and less tedious than its forerunner, *Lorna Doone*." In the interests of both author and publisher some such telling sentence should be found in all well-meaning reviews. *Mr. Punch* has much pleasure in offering a few formulae of moderate eulogy which he is sure will be useful.

... This play has the excellences of *Hamlet* without any of its defects. In its portrayal of harassed human nature struggling in the meshes of the net of circumstance it is far more vivid and convincing than the earlier effort. ...

... Those who have been accustomed to regard GIBBON'S *Roman Empire* as a work showing some industry and talent will be compelled to reconsider their attitude on making the acquaintance of this monument of historical research. Though, after the newer plan of historians, it only covers a period of two years. ...

... *Paradise Lost* certainly showed some feeling for religion, but in comparison with this new poem it pales almost to agnosticism, while from the point of view of the student of epic the *Odyssey* is by its side but a children's jingle of verse. ...

... As a tale of adventure *The Three Musketeers* bears to this engrossing story much the same relation that the wooden sword of infancy bears to the cavalry sabre dripping with the blood of ...

... This stern new pessimist makes the trifles of SCHOPENHAUER and JAMES THOMSON appear to us the most complacent expressions of the after-dinner mood. ...

... We might say with the greatest truth that the lot of Midas of the golden touch, of CESAR who bestrode half the world, of all those whose fortune has made them the envy of centuries, will be but miserable squalor beside the happy fate of the competitors who are successful in this competition. They will have all the advantages of their prototypes without any of their anxieties, and without having to give up any present occupation in which they ...

THE GIFT OF THE GAB.

WERE I offer'd whate'er I might wish
By the queen of the fairies, Queen MAB,
I would ask no one's head in a dish—
I would ask for the gift of the gab.

To the modest, the meek, the morose,
The limes of the world turn to drab;
But life is all *coulour de rose*,
If you have but the gift of the gab.

Silent ROBINSON pays third-class fare:
Bolder BROWN now and then takes a
cab:

But SMITH drives his carriage and pair—
For SMITH has the gift of the gab.

In the use of his tongue and his pen
An Oxonian beats a Cantab;
And by this ye may know Oxford men:
One and all have the gift of the gab.

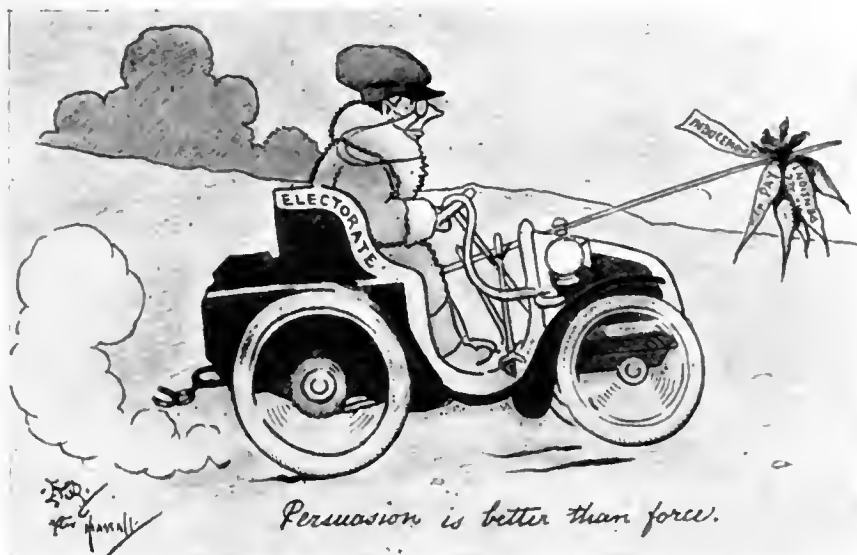
The Empire of Britain, 'tis said,
Has been won by a habit of "grab":
But for painting a hemisphere red,
Recommend me the gift of the gab.

Now when you've perused the above,
You may think me at rhyming a dab:
But I'm bless'd if for money or love
I can purchase the gift of the gab.



PAINFULLY REDUCED.

POOR OLD MR. CONSOLS. "NOBODY SEEMS TO KNOW WHAT'S THE MATTER. I'M VERY DEPRESSED. I DO FEEL SUCH A SINKING. I'M AFRAID THEY'RE LOSING INTEREST IN ME. I DON'T KNOW WHEN I'VE FELT SO LOW AS I DID LAST WEEK."



(With grateful acknowledgments to Mr. John Hassall's Picture Post-card.)

"ENDINGS LTD."

It has often been noticed by us, that many young writers find a difficulty in fixing a fitting conclusion to their works. As this is a matter of some importance, since in fiction everything depends upon the last word, we have decided to come to the assistance of the youthful novelist by stocking a large and varied selection of endings formed upon the best possible models. The fit is in each instance guaranteed. In ordering, simply state number of pattern required, and goods will be forwarded ready for immediate attachment. Samples below:

No. 4638. *The Sentimentally-Sensational.*

"Years have come and gone since then, and Sir JASPER and his wife are verging upon middle age. Despite, however, the silver threads among the gold, MIRIAM retains much of her old beauty, and in her husband's eyes at least is as fair as ever. Old JOHN, a little feebler than when we knew him, is still an inmate of the Grange, and the inseparable companion of his mistress. And, every year, as the fifteenth of December comes round, Sir JASPER calls the old man into his presence, and while MIRIAM's cheeks grow pale with recollected terror the two men pledge a bumper to the memory of that wild night spent in 'The Cave of Death'—(or wherever it happens to be, preferably the title of the book).

No. 7709. *The Vaguely-Vacuous.*

"And now, at last, now that you have heard this true story of the loves of PAUL and PAULINA, tell me, if you can,

whether or not their ending was a sad one, or whether indeed any end to such a story were a cause of thanksgiving. For who may say whether, if it had been

otherwise, it would have been so, or if not, why not? or anything at all. For is not this in a way the real ending, or, rather, only the beginning of the end?"

The above is highly recommended, since it will go with almost any class of story, and can be made to mean anything (or nothing), according to the taste and fancy of the reader.

Somewhat similar is the following, for which we have had many inquiries lately:—

No. 16203. *The Insolubly Indeterminate.*

"She was very calm now; only the whites of her eyes (as she caught the reflection of them in a mirror) seemed strangely pale. It was time. She heard the sharp step of the postman, and the dull click of a letter falling. Slowly, almost mechanically, she opened the box. In that one moment her whole life was to be decided: either he had written, or it was a reminder from the gas company. Then she drew forth the letter—which?"

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IN THE SHEFFIELD MUSEUM.

Distinguished Visitor. "FREE TRADE. DEAR ME! OF COURSE, I REMEMBER PERFECTLY. HOW VERY INTERESTING! QUITE HISTORICAL!"

LOST MASTERPIECES.

(*Mr. Punch's own Collection.*)

It is one of the weak points about collecting unpublished masterpieces that the value of even the choicest specimens fluctuates alarmingly. For example, we will suppose that KEATS is at the moment the poet most acclaimed by the critics. Then even the smallest fragment of KEATS'S work will arouse the keenest attention and, if put up at CHRISTIE'S, will command a fancy price. Ten years later KEATS may be temporarily out of vogue. The fragment will then be comparatively valueless. The work of THOMAS MOORE, for instance, is just now quite out of fashion. Perhaps he is too sentimental for the present age. Whatever be the reason, the discovery of a new lyric by him possesses at the moment merely an archaeological interest. And yet fifty years ago the following touching "Irish Melody" would have brought delight to thousands, and been sung in half the drawing-rooms in the country:—

OH, ASK ME NO MORE!

Oh, ask me no more for the cause of my sadness,
Nor seek to discover the grief that I feel,
Enough that this breast hath no room now for gladness,
Enough that its wounds thou art powerless to heal!

As the bright sun at noonday by clouds may be hidden,
This heart is oppress'd by the waters of grief,
Oh, let not its weakness too rashly be chidden!
Oh, check not the tear that alone brings relief!

There is never in Erin a sea-breeze that ruffles,
And never a cloud that o'ershadows her skies,
But her poet in anguish convulsively snuffles
While floods of emotion gush forth from his eyes!

But if MOORE is no longer in fashion there has been of late, at least among the critical, something of a boom in CRABBE; and the following beautiful lines will win a host of admirers:—

Behold how Nature doth exert her might
To keep mankind upon the path of Right.
While on the contrary observe how strong
Her efforts to repress him when he's wrong.
Each petty fault she visits with her wrath
And makes him strictly follow virtue's path.
The Highest Good she ever keeps in view,
But Moderation she enforces too.
The slothful man to energy is spur'd
By the example of the early bird,
While the too early worm's untimely fate
Shows the advantages of being late.
Thus all her lessons are beneficent
If only we are certain what is meant,
And the whole world, correctly understood,
Gives every satisfaction to the Good.

Mr. Punch's collection also includes about a hundred yards of a narrative poem by Sir WALTER SCOTT. The following characteristic excerpt is, unhappily, all he can find space for:—

McTAVISH gazed along the lake
As if a last farewell to take.
He watched the fair moon shed her light
Refulgent on Ben Lomond's height,
And now Loch Katrine's waters gleam
Beneath her chaste and silvery beam.
Around his foot the heather springs,
The bracken too and other things,
A river's murmur fills the air—
The usual stag is drinking there—
And never, stranger, hath it been
Thy lot to view so fair a scene!

PHIL MAY'S PICTURES.

DURING the coming weeks all the world and his wife will be flocking to the Leicester Galleries in Leicester Square to bid good-bye (alas! that it should be so!) to the prince of graphic humorists, our own PHIL MAY. It will be the last chance of seeing a truly representative gathering of that strong and tender work which has charmed us all—sometimes to tears as well as laughter. Here in their spacious new galleries (which enter at the junction of Leicester Square and Green Street, where, Mr. Punch notes, lived both HOGARTH and REYNOLDS), Messrs. BROWN AND PHILLIPS have collected not only the drawings which we have all seen, but others which are new (a fine set of political character portraits among these last), and many brilliant studies, the foundations of that patient and dexterous work of which the printed picture gave only the essence. Here, with many early drawings, are those last things done in the dark days of sickness, and yet worthy to be favourably compared with the best.

And here, finally, the visitor will have a rare opportunity—certainly the last—of becoming the possessor of a sketch or a study as it left the hand of the master. Even the most thrifty may do this with an easy conscience, for the collector is already on the track, and a pen-and-ink picture by PHIL MAY is a rising investment, soon to become priceless, for the hand that traced it is at rest.

G. R. H.

P. I. P.

(*Perfectly Impossible Pulp.*)

A CHAT ABOUT THE CLOCK TOWER.

MANY of our readers have doubtless noticed that something unusual is going on at the Clock Tower, Westminster. Some 300 feet up from the ground, tiny figures, resembling flies in white jackets, can be seen threading their way in and out of a bristling forest of scaffolding which surmounts the familiar face of Big Ben. On closer inspection these figures resolve themselves into painters, and they are painting the roof with paint!

To most people it is no doubt a mystery how the scaffolding was ever got up to such a height. I am informed by the contractors that it was hoisted from the ground bit by bit, and each piece of timber was then fixed in its allotted place, care being taken that no two pieces should be fixed in the same place at the same time.

Naturally the painters are all picked men. Confirmed drunkards, passive resisters, and men with only one leg were rejected at once by His Majesty's Office of Works; so also were blind men and men who had no knowledge of painting.

Great care of course has to be exercised in working at such a height, and although it was found that the quickest way to reach the ground was simply to drop from the scaffold, the men seem to prefer the more conventional method of descending.

The timber for this huge scaffolding is all made of wood, and originally grew in the form of trees.

On a clear day, a magnificent panorama can be enjoyed from the top of the scaffolding, and many unusual views of some of London's famous landmarks can be obtained.

The roof of the Houses of Parliament can be distinctly seen by the keen-eyed observer, who will also notice the river Thames winding its sinuous way to ocean. On a foggy day, however, little can be seen save fog.

In conclusion I may state, on the authority of one of the painters, that the boom of Big Ben when he strikes noon can be distinctly heard by the men, to whom it is a signal that the welcome hour of the midday meal has arrived once more.



DUMPYLAND.

[“England has now become the ‘dumping’ ground of the Universe.”—*Daily Paper.*]

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

XXV.—THE COMING PLACE.

I CAN'T say I'm exactly prepossessed with the place so far, but then I suppose anywhere the road from the railway station is not everything that can be desired. Besides, I have the assurance of the young lady with the adhesive fringe, who served me with thin tea in a thick cup in the Junction Refreshment Room, that Newtown-on-Sea is the coming place. Encouraged by this I hold on tighter to my hat, and make my way forward between parallel wire fences, enjoying an uninterrupted prospect of patchy grass and initiatory building operations.

In course of time the wire fences give place to rows of new shops, each flying its name triumphantly in the gale in white letters on a red flag. I catch a glimpse of the sea at the further end and press on, mentally recapitulating the instructions given me by my sister as she started me on this reconnoitring expedition.

"A pretty place you know, with no niggers or anything of that sort but not a dead and alive place for Heaven's sake and a pier only not one of those horrid long ones and bracing but not a windy place because we don't want to have our heads blown off either and there positively must be some good shops and something rather quaint you know with fishing nets and all that and a decent theatre and you know the sort of place I mean."

With these requirements in mind I reach the end of the High Street, and am suddenly blown on to the front.

I gaze on the scene with emotion. Before me for the whole length of the front lie the beach gardens, luxuriant with undersized shrubs, asphalt paths, and openwork iron. To the north the prospect ends abruptly with a huge building of surpassing modernity; to the south a long low coast line, sparsely dotted with red-brick villas, extends into the distance. The road that separates the gardens from the beach is up, disclosing a huge drain-pipe to the view, so that the holiday seeker who would reach the beach has to thread his way through scattered rubble and gangs of workmen. Jutting out into an angry sea, which plainly resents its intrusion, is the unfinished framework of a long iron pier. But such things as these, I take it, are inseparable from a coming place. For the rest, Newtown-on-Sea is as pleasing to the eye as asphalt paths, ornamental wooden fencing, and festooned iron spikes can make it.—I think I should like a little brandy.

I make my way to the huge modern building that I have already observed at the north end of the front only to

find—I give the information for what it is worth—that it is a Home for the Blind. With an effort I overtake a stout man who is chasing a billycock hat, and by him am directed to the Hotel Ozone.

On the way I suddenly bethink me of my sister, and turning up the High Street, manage to make discovery of a post-office cunningly concealed inside a grocer's shop. Here I write out a telegram in which (being of an economical turn) I content myself with deploring the gale and expressing dissatisfaction with the drapers' shops in a few pithy words, which the young lady behind the cage bars counts with hardly suppressed indignation—an indignation which becomes altogether too much for her on my venturing mildly to inquire for the time of the next train back to London. However, an accommodating man in an ear-flap cap comes to my rescue, and I learn that the next train leaves for London in twenty minutes.

Hurrying off to the Hotel Ozone I enter the bar and order a brandy-and-soda and a sandwich. I am served by a good-humoured man with a red face who, after inquiring cheerfully if I have been having a bit of a blow (to which I answer emphatically in the affirmative), resumes conversation with an aggressively prosperous-looking man in the corner.

"Picturesque, I grant yer," he observes.

"It's the picturesquest place on the coast," affirms the prosperous man with conviction.

"Picturesqueness ain't everything," says the barman. "I grant yer it's picturesque. But it's a bit slow fer me."

"Select," enunciates the other emphatically.

"Select, of course," assents the barman. "Of course I'm new 'ere, an' no doubt the place strikes a bit strange, but I've a sorter feelin' I wanten get inter somethin'."

The prosperous man apparently has no sympathy for these vague yearnings on the part of the barman.

"Select," he repeats with unction. "What d'you want?—Niggers, I suppose."

"I won't go so far as that," cedes the barman apologetically.

"I should think not," says the other. "We mean to keep Newtown select; that's what we mean to keep it. It's the coming place. Look at the air."

"Splendid air," assents the barman, trying to retrieve his reputation. The prosperous man goes so far as to appeal to me on the subject of the air, and I admit that I have never known anything like it.

"Look at the pier," he says, filling

his pipe. "It's going to be half a mile long."

"So I 'ear say," admits the barman.

"Look at the gardens," continues the other; "just look at the way those gardens have been laid out."

"The gardens affronting the sea, you mean?" remarks the barman (rather felicitously, I think). "Yes, they're picturesque, I will grant."

"It's the coming place," says the prosperous man, and strikes a match with finality.

Mindful of my train I take advantage of the pause to make my departure. The prosperous man stops in the act of lighting his pipe to address me.

"Staying in Newtown long, Sir?" he inquires.

"Well—er—no, I'm just going back to town," I admit from the door.

"Oh!—Been here long?"

I am in for it now.

"Three-quarters of an hour," I answer.

The prosperous man loses none of his pomposity.

"Oh, well, never mind, never mind. You've seen enough of the place to judge."

"Quite," I assure him.

"And having seen Newtown-on-Sea," he continues, with one triumphant eye on the barman, "can you think of any improvement in it?"

The prosperous man's corner is the one furthest from the door, which I have already opened.

"A slight change," I suggest, "in the preposition," and leaving him to digest the remark, beat a hurried retreat towards the railway station.

A PUZZLER.

This is from the *Pembrokeshire Herald* of September 25:

WANTED AN ELDERLY MAN to live in, able to manage a Pony, Trap and Garden. State wages required, &c.

It is to be feared that the advertiser will have to wait some considerable time ere he finds the sort of Elderly Man who will exactly suit these strangely exceptional requirements.

CORRECTION (as to last week's "Short Vacation Ramble").—The Tame Poet, calling himself "THOMAS TOQUÉ DU TOTQUET," writes to me from his home in the Forest and says, "I never composed such a line as '*À l'hiver de la mois de Mai.*' *Jamais de la vie!* Why try to ruin my reputation? I shall lose my post; and I shall lose *this* post if I don't hurry up before it leaves. Of course '*en hiver au mois de Mai.*' And can't you scan? No matter, you shall scan my features soon when you again meet yours forgivingly, "THOMAS."

THE MELO-FARCEICAL FLOOD-TIDE.

WHAT is a "melo-farce?" Mr. Melo-farceical CECIL RALEIGH replies, "My piece entitled *The Flood Tide*, now being played at Drury Lane, is a specimen of what I understand by 'melo-farce.'" Admitted. But, as there is a flood in it which washes away a house and swamps the plains, just such an one as, in fact, you may read of in *The Master Purpose* by HAROLD BENDLOSS (to which incident, by the way, it does not appear that Mr. RALEIGH is indebted), would it not have been more in character with the farceical nature of the play had he called it *The Flood Loosed*? Then the melo-farceical author might have dropped in a quite up-to-date jest appropriate to "the Tide House," as a jocular description of the building at Blackmere which the Lunatic-at-Large, cleverly rendered by Mr. SOMERSET, patronises, where he is followed by *George Wellington Clipp*, a character portrayed by Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH with dry humour, so as to be artistically contrasted with the spirit-sodden *MaeNaughton*. To this lonely spot comes also one *Menotti*, a reckless desperado, with precious little to say for himself, played for all it is worth by Mr. N. McKINNEL, intending to kill the Lunatic, who, however, proving one too many for him, knocks him on the head, giving him heel-taps with a heavy pair of boots, which action, as he has always been carrying these boots about with him throughout the piece up till now, shows that these properties were not introduced for a mere bootless errand. But that the author of *Bombastes* had nearly a hundred years ago forestalled him, the ruffianly Italian, when threatened by the lunatic, might have exclaimed, "I'll make thy threats as bootless as thyself!" Of course such familiar pleasantries as these belong naturally to a "melo-farce."

This letting loose of the flood is the only really "sensational" effect in this drama, which, as a matter of fact, has in it nothing more farceical than is ordinarily to be found in every good melodrama of the Drury Lane or old Adelphi type. Mr. COLLINS has given us an admirably contrived effect, or series of effects, in the rising of the waters (or "rice-ing" of the waters, for isn't that how it's done?), in the yielding of the sluices, and the sudden sinking of the wooden chalet in the deluge. The dams burst: and the biggest of them is, it may be supposed, uttered by the wicked villain who perishes in his murderous attempt. Disclaiming any intention of throwing cold water on this "situation," it may occur to not a few to ask, is not this well contrived "sensation" somewhat thrown away on three men, about not one of whom do any of us care a single rap? Is it not a waste of water? "Oh!" moans Mr. Weller, Senior, "vy worn't there a alleybi?" And we say to Mr. RALEIGH, "Why worn't there a female in distress as the persecuted heroine in this scene?" This is what is lacking; even "melo-farce" cannot get along successfully without our sympathies being enlisted for the virtuous, ill-treated, cruelly persecuted heroine who, with her lover, triumphs before the final fall of the curtain.

Years ago Mr. WATTS PHILLIPS tried to mix up burlesque, farce and drama in a concoction written for the eccentric EDWARD SOTHERN in a piece called *The Woman in Mauve*. It did not "catch on," and to revive such an attempt, especially at Drury Lane, where everything, including the audience, must be taken seriously, is surely not what experience would suggest nor wisdom counsel. There is nothing melo-farceical about the too realistic "ragging" scene, which, as being unessential to the plot, might, even now, be omitted.

That certain plausible, superficially honest, and more or less sporting or comic individuals as are the members of the *Champion* family, represented by Miss CLAIRE ROMAINE as the impulsive *Polly*, by J. H. BARNES as her really



QUEER CUSTOMERS.

The Monkey. "WHAT ON EARTH HAVE YOU STUCK THOSE FEATHERS IN YOUR TAIL FOR?"

Ostrich. "HUSH! I'M TRAVELLING INCOGNITO. I WANT TO BE MISTAKEN FOR A PEACOCK."

scoundrelly but genial and affectionate father, and by Mr. ROBERT MINSTER, as rather uppish *Captain Jack Champion, V.C.*, should (the Captain excepted) "do evil that good may come of it," is a state of affairs that can never be popular with the patrons of the drama; and yet the gods, treating this as an exceptional case, take kindly to all the well-intentioned evil-doers, and cheer them heartily when recalled before the curtain, extending their charitable consideration to graceful Miss MARGARET HALSTAN as *Marie Pitehioli*, as being the victim of her unprincipled mamma, *Baroness Pitehioli*, in which last-named character Mrs. BEERHOORN TREE (acting presumably under "melo-farceical" orders from the author) so breaks her English, without giving any Italian, as to render her speech rather less intelligible than if she had been representing a lady from Fiji speaking her own charming vernacular. "I do not know your beautiful language, but I admire him," as Mr. HERRERT, the celebrated artist, observed in an effort to interpret clearly to a French Academician his own particular meaning. And this in effect is what an artistically gratified, but considerably puzzled, audience say to Mrs. TREE in acknowledging her clever rendering of this "broken melody."

As the uninteresting villain (of sorts), named the *Earl of Sutton*, first cousin to the *Marquis of Mitcham*, Mr. JOHN TRESAHAR is far better than the part, while Mr. DAVY BURNABY well seconds his superior as *Roderick O'Grieff*, and indeed stands out from among his fellow-officers, who are at present somewhat deficient in military bearing; but they have, it may be, only recently joined, and after a month's drill they will be as fine and soldierlike a set as may be found in any theatrical corps in London.

For the Saloon Deck, the Interior of the *Hôtel Métropole*, Brighton, the Paddock, Kempton Park, and the L. C. & D. Terminus at the time of the starting of the "Boat Train," which are all marvels of scene-painting and mechanism, Messrs. R. CANEY and BRUCE SMITH may claim "honours divided;" while Mr. JAMES GLOVER is to be congratulated on the incidental music that aptly illustrates the situations with a quietly humorous recognition of the general "melo-farceical" idea. His *entr'acte* situations, as "refreshment bars," are always welcome to a parched-with-excitement audience. May this piece be "the tide that, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune." *Soit.*

RHYMES OF THE EAST.

A SOMBRE RETROSPECT.

LONG, long ago, in that heroic time
When I, a coy and modest youth, was
shot

Out on this dust-head of careers and
crime

To try and learn what's what,

I had a servitor, a dusky knave
Who showed an almost irreligious
taste

For wearing nothing but a turban, save
A kerchief round his waist.

This apparition gave me such a start
That I endowed him with a cast-off
pair

Of inexpressibles, and said, "Depart,
And be no longer bare."

He took the offering with broken thanks;
But day succeeded day, and still
revealed

Those sombre and attenuated shanks
Intensely unconcealed;

Until at last the climax came when I
Resolved to bring this matter to an
end,

And when I saw him passing, shouted,
"Hi!

Where are your trousers, friend?"

Halting, he gave a deferential bow;
Then, to my horror, beamingly replied,
"Master not see? I wearing trousers
now!"

I would have said he lied,

But could not. As I shaped the glowing
phrase,

I looked upon his turban—looked
again—

Mine own familiar pattern met my gaze,
And all the truth was plain!

Th' ingenious creature, Eastern to the
core,

Holding my gift in superstitious
dread,

Had made a turban out of it, and wore
His trousers—on his head!

DUM-DUM.

FOOD TO MAKE GIANTS.

[“Dr. HATAI, Professor of Neurology in Chicago University, claims to have discovered a wonderful food substance called Lecithin, capable of transforming men into giants.”—*Daily Mail*.]

As the result of careful inquiry *Mr. Punch* is enabled to announce that Lecithin has been on the English market for six months, and that numerous testimonials to its efficacy have already been received.

An Editor writes: “I took one bottle of Lecithin, and my circulation greatly improved. By the time I had finished my third bottle I was five times as large



A PROGRESSIVE.

Teacher. "NOW THEN, WHAT DO WE MEAN BY COMPOSITION?"

Little Girl (eagerly). "PLEASE, MISS, COMPOSITION IS THE ART OF BRINGING SIMPLE IDEAS INTO COMPLICATION."

as the editor of any London penny morning paper."

A distinguished novelist (who whilst desiring to advertise the virtues of Lecithin does not wish to advertise himself) writes: "I have only taken half a bottle of Lecithin, but it is already evident that I shall have to enlarge my island."

Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, in his latest fiscal leaflet, says: "No more striking proof is needed of the hold which American Trusts are gaining on the British Market than the fact that it is impossible to make Big Englanders without using Lecithin."

"Only alternate doses of Lecithin and London's Best," writes the Editor of the *Daily News*, "are needed to change the working man of the present day from an idle, gambling, drunken scoundrel into a Large Loafer."

Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT says: "I took one dose of your abominable mixture, and to my utter disgust found myself a High Churchman."

The President of the Local Government Board writes humorously, "Since the days of King ALFRED the name of LONG has been famous in Wiltshire (though never more famous than to-day), but one dose of your medicine has made me Longer. My audiences sometimes grew a little impatient when I was LONG. What will they do now I am Longer?"

Lord GEORGE HAMILTON, in explaining his resignation to a constituent, writes: "I very much regret having to abandon the great political principle which has hitherto been the guiding star of my career—'Always stick to office'—but I have been taking Lecithin, and three doses made me far too large for any office."

Mr. BRODRICK writes: "Your medicine is if anything too good. I ordered it to be administered to all the 'Brodricks' (as ignorant journalists term under-sized recruits). It worked like magic, but unfortunately seventeen thousand men of the First Army Corps are confined to barracks because they are unable to get into their regulation uniforms. A War Office Committee is now sitting to consider whether larger uniforms should be provided at the men's expense."

Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON remarks, in the course of a lengthy letter, "Some years since, in anticipation of the day when my letters to editors will come through the Dead Letter Office, I purchased for my own use and enjoyment a commodious vault. Unfortunately a friend induced me to try Lecithin, and now, to my utter dismay, I find myself too big for my vault. If Dr. HATAI has any occasion for a handsome brick vault I can let him have one at a very considerable reduction."

A Member of Parliament, who modestly conceals his identity, sends the following testimonial:—"For some time I have suffered from Chronic Hydrocephalus (Inflation of the Head), which made me unpleasantly conspicuous. One dose of your excellent medicine made my body swell proportionately. With the aid of Lecithin I have no doubt that I shall be able to reach to the top of the poll at the next Oldham Election."

"Formerly," says Dr. CLIFFORD, "I was five feet six inches in height, and could only speak for a bare three hours. Now, thanks to Lecithin, I need no platform to stand on, and can out-shout three auctioneers, a brass band, and a division of constabulary for six hours on end."

"MR. G."

(By Toby, M.P.)

ONE of the distinctions of Mr. JOHN MORLEY's *Life of Gladstone*—Mr. G. his colleagues always called him—is the fewness of the letters given. In ordinary biographies of public men, letters loom large in proportion to the letterpress. Mr. MORLEY, seated in the Octagon at Hawarden, a fire-proof room, a modern adjunct to the building, shrank from grappling with its contents. Here were stored the letters and papers of a career rare equally by its length and by the range and importance of affairs it dealt with. With his own hand, Mr. GLADSTONE selected 60,000 letters as worth keeping. Beyond these there were tens of thousands, including copies of his own, that had not come under revision. There are five or six hundred in the handwriting of Queen VICTORIA, bequeathed as an heir-loom by her illustrious but, wherever royalty was concerned, almost extravagantly humble servitor.

In one of the most charming chapters in a fascinating book, Mr. MORLEY rapidly turns over the contents of this colossal letter-bag. It is interesting to find, quoted in full, a correspondence that passed between GLADSTONE and DISRAELI. It was characteristic of the former that the occasion which forced upon him approach to a man he was never able to respect was first, the illness, later the death, of Mrs. DISRAELI. Any chord that struck the note of home was irresistible in its call to Mr. G.

One letter to which Mr. MORLEY makes passing reference will be interesting reading. The MEMBER FOR SARK well remembers a scene in the Commons one July night in the year 1874. The Public Worship Regulation Bill, defended by DIZZY on the ground that it was devised to "put down Mass in masquerade," was before the House on its second reading. GLADSTONE, making one of his rare appearances on a scene from which he had formally retired, delivered a vigorous speech against the Bill. Up gat the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD and, to the intense delight of the crowded Ministerial Benches, assailed the fallen captain, one of whose last acts had been to make him Solicitor-General. "A dangerous doctrine of optional conformity," was his epigrammatic description of his late leader's argument. Dealing with this epoch, Mr. MORLEY, turning over the letters in the Octagon, says, "Mr. GLADSTONE writes to his wife a trenchant account of his vigorous dealing with a prominent colleague who had rashly ventured to mark him for assault."

Whilst this letter is withheld there is given the text of a delightful one addressed to Mr. LOWE in days when, partly owing to that statesman's unfortunate manner, GLADSTONE's first Administration was tottering to a fall.

Alluding to the letters, extracts from diaries, and autobiographic extracts quoted, Mr. MORLEY says, "The asterisks denoting an omitted passage hide no piquant hit, no personality, no indiscretion. The omission is in every case due to consideration of space." This is a casual business-like remark that throws a flood of light on the character the Biographer portrays:

Whatever record leaps to light,
He never shall be shamed.

Mr. MORLEY does not spare record of certain little weaknesses, as for example, Mr. G.'s habit of resort to qualifying words, "a disproportionate impressiveness in verbal shadings without real difference." This enabled him from time to time to show provoking skill, the effort not worth the triumph, in demonstrating that an attitude assumed to-day was reconcilable with a contrary one defended a year or a decade passed. The narrative reveals in strong light the paradox of the simplicity and the subtlety of this complex character. From the morning of Eton days to the



THE MARABOUT.

"Hi, Miss, yer boar's slipped down!"

twilight hour when, at the age of eighty-four, to the marvel even of those familiar with his capacity for work, he sat hour after hour through hot summer nights shouldering his second Home Rule Bill through Committee, he was always working and learning.

The forty double-column diaries which contain the record of his life from day to day, supply amazing testimony to his hunger for work. Just before going to Oxford he made in Edinburgh the acquaintance of Dr. CHALMERS. Between the old man and the young, warm friendship sprang up. They used to take long walks together. "I remember," GLADSTONE wrote, "we went into one or more of the cottages in his district. He went in with smiling countenance, greeting and being greeted by the people, and sat down. But he had nothing to say. He sat smiling, but he had no small talk." Young GLADSTONE had. Here is an entry in his diary of Jan. 23rd, 1834, being then in his 25th year: "Much of to-day spent in conversation of an interesting kind with BRANDRETH and PEARSON on eternal punishment; with WILLIAMS on Baptism; with CURTIS on faith and religion in the University; with HARRISON on prophecy and the papacy."

That GLADSTONE was a man of deep devotional feeling all the world knew. How profoundly, first and last and all day long, religion was the mainspring of his life, is by this book for the first time made known beyond the family circle and a narrow range of intimate friends. We learn from entries made in his private diary how, like the Cove-nanter, he went into battle with passages from the Bible on his lips. He records in his diary many critical occasions of political warfare when he was comforted, sustained,

encouraged, by the flashing back on his memory of some line from the Psalms.

THE MEMBER FOR SARK has been told by colleagues of Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, that when seated on the Treasury Bench listening to debate, the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer has been heard murmuring remarks, which, judging from a word caught here and there, seemed to be of a devotional character. Only they were evidently drawn exclusively from the Athanasian Creed.

The task Mr. MORLEY set himself is among the most stupendous ever undertaken by a literary man. It covers more than the life of a many-sided character of meteoric brilliancy. It is part of the history of England for more than sixty years. Only consummate skill could marshal, and assign proper proportions to, the illimitable host of materials. The result is a lucid, graphic narrative, warmed by keen sympathy, never deviating into slavish acquiescence or repellent eulogy.

THE WARNINGS OF YUSSUF.

(Glasgow, October 7.)

AWAKE! and arm you for a Tariff war:
Dream not, but view your pale and lessening star!

Note all the cracks and crevices that scar
The mould'ring walls of your once packed Bazár!

Still loyal are the lips that rouse you so:
Before the Caravan a scout I go;

But still I reverence the GRAND VIZIER,
Still will I follow—down the path I show.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
COPDEN and BRIGHT and ADAM SMITH—yea! went
Where now the aliens of the Cobden Club
Carp peevishly at "Squalid argument."

I sometimes think that there is no such aid
To merchants as of Tariffs fitly made;

That every battleship the Germans build
Dropt in their lap at cost of British trade.

So let Free Fooders wrangle—heed not you!
Leave outworn shibboleths and take a new;

And upon Gaul and Teuton learn from me
(Who should know better?) how to put the Screw.

What though the Loaf be something small and dear?
Sweet is tobacco, large the cups that cheer.

Still rubies kindle in Colonial wine—
Combine to trust Protection; never fear!

Ah! drink the cup of wisdom that I pour;
Two pigs will fatten where one throve before;
He that had nineteen farthings, more or less,
Will still have nineteen farthings—less or more.

LOST MASTERPIECES.

(Mr. Punch's own Collection.)

THE appearance of Mr. KIPLING's new volume of poems entitled *The Five Nations* has of course directed public attention to his work at the moment. Any hitherto unpublished fragments of verse from his pen therefore will be peculiarly interesting just now. Fortunately Mr. Punch's collection of Lost Masterpieces includes two of these. The history of these fragments is so interesting that it is worth relating in detail.

It will be remembered that when "Recessional" (which, by the by, is now republished in *The Five Nations*) was first printed and at once achieved the widest popularity, a story went the round of the Press that Mr. KIPLING himself had

so entirely failed to gauge the merit of the poem that he had actually thrown it into the waste-paper basket. From this it was rescued by chance by a member of the poet's family, who at once recognised its merit and urged its publication. But for that rescuing hand "Recessional" might have been lost to the world for ever.

Spurred to energetic action by this story, and determined to prevent the possible loss of further masterpieces to the world, Mr. Punch has recently employed a trusty agent to ferret from time to time in Mr. KIPLING's waste-paper basket. He has not, alas, been fortunate enough to salvage another "Recessional," but he has secured two interesting and very characteristic fragments which might well have been intended to appear in *The Five Nations*.

One of them is a part of a barrack-room ballad in Mr. KIPLING's most rollicking vein. The chorus is written in italics, why, it is impossible to say, but Mr. KIPLING's verse often does start off into italics for no very clear reason. Here is the fragment:

MARCHIN' ORDERS.

'Ere's luck to the bloomin' reg'ment! 'Ere's luck to the
'ole brigade!

'Ere's luck to the British Army! Fix bay'nits. 'Oo's
afraid?

We're goin' on active service, wotever the papers say,
So give us a cheer an' toss off your beer. We're off to the
front to-day.

*Up boys, off boys, Fourteen thousan' strong,
Fourteen thousan', 'orse an' foot, singin' this ghastly
song!*

*'Tisn't a 'bloomin' anthim. 'Tain't what you'd call
refined.*

*But Tommy's all right. 'E's tipsy to-night. An' 'e
don't mind!*

Why Mr. KIPLING decided 'against including this spirited stave in his new volume will never be known. Perhaps it did not fit in with the generally sombre character of most of its contents.

The second fragment is more serious in tone, and from internal evidence Mr. Punch is inclined to think it was originally intended to be cabled to the *Times*. It may be about Mr. BRODRICK's Army scheme, but it may be only a plea for Preferential Tariffs for the Colonies. It is always difficult to be quite sure what Mr. KIPLING's Muse is really driving at:—

None shall arise to help you, none shall come to your aid,
When your Princes pale for terror and the People are sore
afraid.

Ye shall be slaves and bondmen, ye shall be bought and
sold,

Yea in the open market they shall buy your sons for gold.

Tempests shall sink your shipping, founder it far and
wide,

From Land's End to the Orkneys, from Portland Bill to the
Clyde.

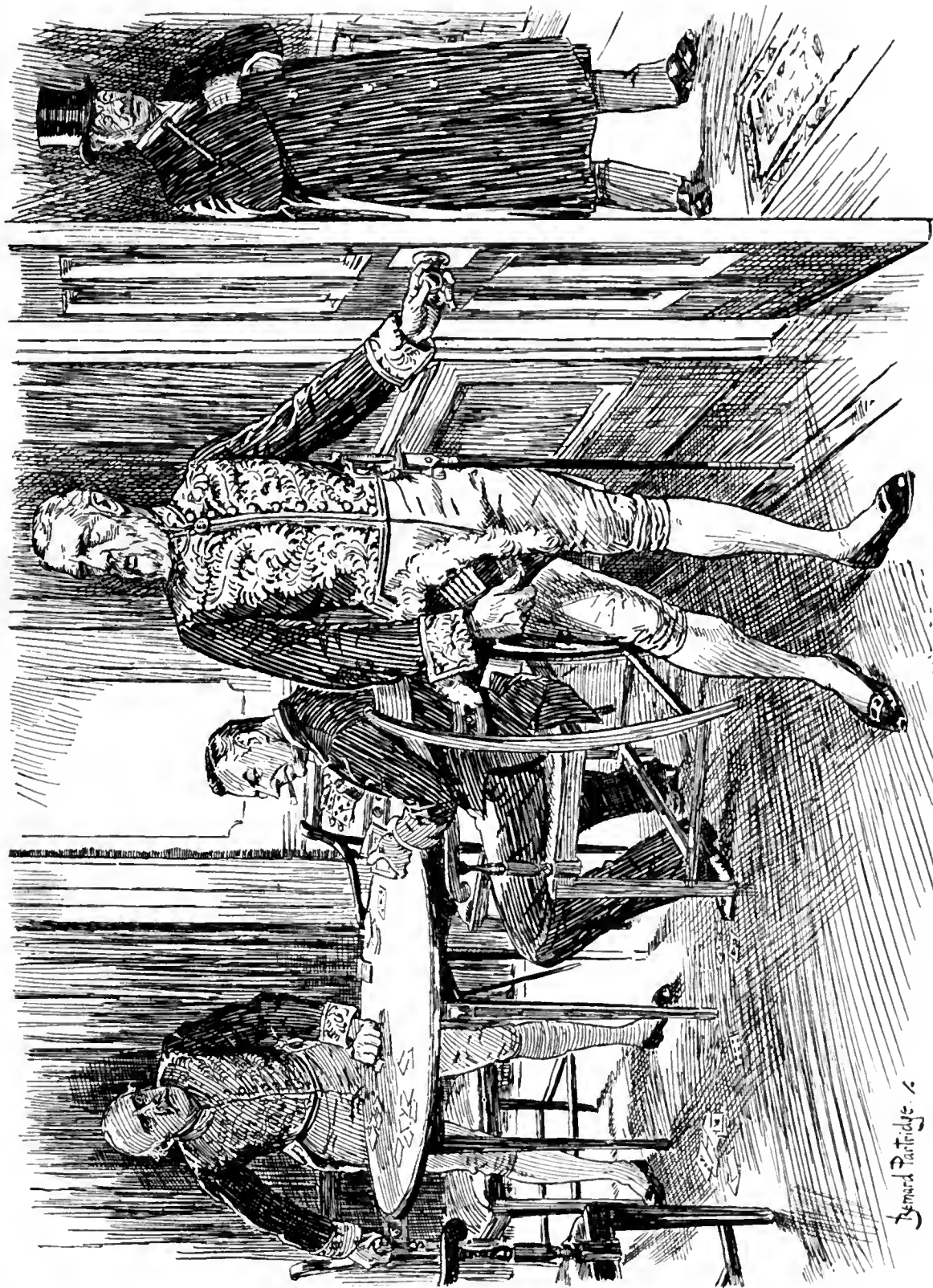
Ye shall hide your bloodless faces, ye shall tremble and turn
to flight,

When the Star of War, like a comet, flares full on your fields
by night,

When the face of the sun is hidden and the stars wax weak
and wan,

When the thunder's voice is upon you, and I keep bellowing
on!

Riddled with all disaster, wrecked past hope shall ye be,
Ruined beyond redemption—unless ye listen to ME!



THE "ACCOMPLISHED WHIST-PLAYERS."

(NOT according to Cavendish.)

D-KE OF D-V-NSH-RE. "RITCHIE WAS QUITE RIGHT. YOU'RE NOT PLAYING THE GAME. I'M OFF!

[See "Times" Leader, October 3.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN, STATION BY STATION.

["When the train pulled up at the High Level Station, Wolverhampton, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was wearing a tall hat, and during the time the train was waiting in the station he was intently occupied reading the *Morning Post*. He seemed to be paler than usual."—*Midland Evening News*, Oct. 6.]

WHEN Mr. CHAMBERLAIN arrived at Preston he was wearing a Gibus, and while the train was waiting in the station he was observed to be reading the *Westminster Gazette*. He seemed to be greener than usual.

When Mr. CHAMBERLAIN arrived at Carlisle he was wearing a cricket-cap, and was reading *Coke upon Littleton*. He seemed to be more resigned than usual.

When Mr. CHAMBERLAIN arrived at Carstairs he was wearing a turban, and was reading the *Sphere*. He seemed to be Shorter than usual.

VICTIMS OF SCIENCE.

[Mr. SIDNEY LEE, while lecturing recently at the Working Men's College on BACON, recalled the unexpected fact that he died ten years after SHAKESPEARE from the effects of a cold caught while stuffing a dead chicken with snow in order to observe the effect of cold on the preservation of flesh. The science of refrigeration indirectly owed something to his death, and BACON may therefore be claimed as a pioneer of the "cold-storage" system, of which so much is heard nowadays.]

It may not be generally known that when King HENRY I. partook of his fatal surfeit of lampreys, he was on the eve of bringing to perfection his scheme for supplying England with the quick lunch.

The ordinary impression of the death of SOCRATES was that, to put it briefly, he took time by the hemlock and drank himself to death. But the recently published memoirs of XANTHIPPE, edited by Sir J. CRICHTON-BROWNE, place a totally different construction on his demise. He was, it now appears, experimenting with a new summer drink or Veuve Xantippe, as he facetiously termed it, and in the absence of a straw through which to imbibe it, he inadvertently employed a stalk of hemlock. It was this that broke his back.

Historians have entirely missed the point of the death of Earl GODWIN, who was choked by a crust. His ~~Tend~~ was, of course, the first glorious martyrdom in the cause of the big loaf.

Researches in the British Record Office have at last removed an aspersion, painful alike to Englishmen and to wine-growers. The unfortunate Duke who, at the time of his death by drowning in a butt of Malmsey, is generally



Jones (who has decided to go in for the Hercules system) reads—"EXERCISE I. HOLD THE DUMB-BELLS FIRMLY ABOVE THE HEAD, AND, WITHOUT BENDING THE KNEES, INCLINE THE BODY GRADUALLY FORWARD UNTIL THE FINGERS TOUCH THE TOES."

supposed to have been endeavouring to obtain a further supply of that insidious and intoxicating beverage, was really anticipating the scientific triumph of the Prince of Monaco in the realm of submarine investigation.

The death of Sir ISAAC NEWTON from the impact of a falling apple on his distinguished cranium was the means of discovering not—as is generally supposed—the law of gravitation, but that the earth is round: for the apple fell from Tasmania.

While clearing out the cellars of the War Office, preparatory to moving to those of the India Office, Mr. BRODRICK

has just lighted on an extraordinary instance of history repeating itself in advance. It turns out to have been not an arrow but a dum-dum bullet which put a full stop to the activities of WILLIAM RUFUS. It seems that he and Professor TYRRELL were the real inaugurators of the Sunday afternoon air rifle clubs which are the despair of the Birmingham magistrates.

ALFRED THE GREAT, when he burnt the cakes, and thus contracted the injuries from which he ultimately died, was, as Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN has recently proved in a masterly monograph, experimenting in the preparation of Triscuit.

DR. BARRIE'S "LITTLE MINISTER" OF THE INTERIOR.

AN "uncomfortable play" Mr. J. M. BARRIE styles his latest production, *Little Mary*, at Wyndham's Theatre. The epithet he has employed, in order to distinguish it from any other comedy, is not ill-chosen: evidently he had his doubts as to the nature of its reception by a first-night's representative audience, and subsequently by the Theatre-going public in general. By this time, when it will have been running for a fortnight, there can be in Mr. BARRIE'S mind "no probable possible sort of a doubt, no possible doubt whatever," to quote W. S. GILBERT'S rhythmic line, of the success it has achieved, and of its being in for a long run. If Mr. BARRIE has "drawn his bow at a venture" he has certainly "touched the spot" anciently known as the *œsophagus*. Being fond of queer descriptions he might have explained it as an *œsophagus Fable*.

But is it a play at all? "Marry, that it is, because," as the Shakspearian clown might have answered, "it is played"; and it may be at once conceded that had it not been "cast" as it is, with Miss NINA BOUCAULT and Mr. JOHN HARE in the two principal parts, and the other personages represented by most able "character actors," the piece, in spite of its exceptional brilliancy of dialogue, might have come to a miserable conclusion when the cat is let out of the bag in the last Act. Everything is in this last Act: with this the piece triumphs or fails; and, but for NINA BOUCAULT'S admirable impersonation of the heroine, first as a Dickensian character, "the Little Mother" of twelve years old, and then as the dreamy enthusiastic girl of eighteen, who believes entirely in her mission to put the world's digestive organs in order—but, we repeat, for her playing this part throughout with such intense conviction and impressive earnestness, the final revelation of the secret meaning of the words *Little Mary* would never have been tolerated, save by a most indulgent audience. Its success on the stage, apart from its undeniable brilliancy as a dramatic work, is due to the marvellous self-restraint and tact, as well as to the true artistic instinct as to effect, innate in this great little actress, NINA BOUCAULT.

And what is the subject of the piece? Who is *Little Mary*? It is nobody: it is simply a nursery name that the child-doctor invents as a kind of polite equivalent to what children ordinarily allude to as their "tum-tum." The dialogue is, to quote an apt illustration, "brilliant embroidery on a dish-clout." It was an oversight on the part of the conscientiously consistent dramatist, Mr. BARRIE, that only two out of the three scenes that suffice for this play are "interiors."

The dialogue sparkles with the happiest inspirations, and there is not a dull line in it from beginning to end, though, as has been already intimated, *Moirá Loney's* address and the absurdly extravagant action of the *dramatis personæ* in the final scene might, in less favourable conditions, have wrecked the piece. But when two Acts and a-half have gained our hearts, and all the characters have won our admiration and compelled our sympathies, should we be harshly severe on one *lapsus lingue*? Is this to be for us a *casus belli* against Mr. BARRIE? Decidedly not. Good-natured British audiences have strong *Little Maries*. It is enough that the absurd persons on the stage should turn up their noses and resent the utterance of the objectionable word so simply and prettily pronounced by innocent dainty *Moirá*, without the audience imitating their stupid example. So the delighted "friends in front" receive with shouts of surprised and approving laughter, the word that, as Mrs. Gamp would say, "aperiently" disgusts the *dramatis personæ*. Excellent! Mr. BARRIE, you owe unspeakable gratitude to Miss NINA, and Miss NINA to you for having chosen her for the part. Therefore you are quits.

Earnestness again is the keynote of Mr. JOHN HARE'S acting; his *Earl of Carlton* being a perfected study. He is not on the stage for two minutes ere you know what sort of man he is, without quite foreseeing what course he will take in certain given circumstances. His son, *Lord Rolfe*, lets the audience into this secret, and, while showing his own character, develops his father's. These scenes between Mr. HARE and Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER, as *Lord Rolfe*, are played with consummate art; they are excellent in dialogue, and just sufficiently probable to give them the desired touch of nature.

Mr. HENRY VIBART'S old chemist, *Terence Reilly*, is a well-conceived and artistically executed portrait in the Dickensian First Act, recalling the dreamy chemist in *The Haunted Man*, just as the children under the care of *Moirá*, the "Little Mother," recall a somewhat similar episode in *Little Dorrit*.

As the eminent doctor from London, *Sir Jennings Pyke*, who comes down for a special fee to be consulted on *Lady Milly's* case, Mr. ERIC LEWIS has a chance of which he makes the very most. His "bedside manner" is delightfully professional, but it is questionable whether his somewhat over-evident anxiety as to his fees, and his manner of taking and pocketing them, is not rather too *outré* and dangerously near the line of Molièresque broad farce. These two medicos are only types of possible exceptions to the general rule.

As *Dr. Topping*, the country practitioner, Mr. CLARENCE BLAKISTON, capitally made up, is necessarily compelled to follow Mr. ERIC LEWIS'S lead, and he seconds him to the greatest advantage.

Mr. A. E. MATTHEWS shines in the character of the youthful *Earl of Plumleigh*, home from some public school.

As *Mr. Deighton*, the highly respectable and very homely old family servant, Mr. COMPTON COURTS is admirable. His expressive pantomime is most natural. He is as seriously in earnest as is Miss NINA BOUCAULT, and he is remembered that, in the last Act, for a few seconds the whole burden of the piece, in three heavy volumes containing the secret, is in his hands. These books he places on the table previous to *Moirá's* lecture on *Little Mary* that is to make or mar the fortunes of the play.

Miss FYFE ALEXANDER, as the invalid *Lady Milly*, warily practises her dangerous deception on the audience, who are as surprised at her recovery as are the doctors when the frail creature suddenly leaves her chair and becomes a sprightly dancing girl. Miss MARGARET FRASER, as representing some sort of a professional actress, is as good as the rather hazy part will permit; while Miss ENID SPENCER-BRUNTON does satisfactorily all that the commonplace character of the *Countess of Plumleigh* demands of her.

The management, represented by Messrs. FRANK CURZON and CHARLES FROHMAN, may congratulate themselves on the very healthy signs of Mr. BARRIE'S *Little Mary* shown at the booking-office and in the nightly receipts at the doors. It should be added that the "uncomfortable play" is preceded by a brightly written piece by FRANK STAYTON, vivaciously acted by Mr. SAM SOTHERN (who is also at the Criterion Theatre), Miss FLORENCE LLOYD—very clever as his wife—with Miss JANET EVELYN as the sprightly maid. If at any time it were found necessary to commence earlier and add to the bill, *Little Mary* might be aptly followed by *A Quiet Rubber*, in which, as everyone knows, Mr. HARE is admirable and unequalled. However, this is only a question of theatrical *massage*, and, of course, Dr. BARRIE'S professional consent must be first obtained for such treatment.

FOXHUNTERS to a man support Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S proposals. The *Lex Tallyho* has always been one of their cardinal tenets.

"LITTLE MARY."

Twice twenty years are well nigh done,
Twice twenty years of rain and sun,
Since kindly Fortune made us one,
My MARY!

And now—ah me, that it is so!—
I see thee daily weaker grow;
It was my folly brought thee low,
My MARY!

In boyhood's rash and careless mood,
Alas, I little understood
How much in thee was wrapped my good,
My MARY!

But if 'twas I that caused thy dole,
Remorse has since refined my soul
A thousand times in fires of coal,
My MARY!

And if thou feel'st a twinge of pain,
The choicest wines of France and Spain,
The costliest feasts are spread in vain,
My MARY!

Better a thousand times to me
The slice of toast, the cup of tea
Or simple arrowroot with thee,
My MARY!

On thee depends my point of view:
If thou art happy, I am too;
If aught distress thee, I am blue,
My MARY!

Ever I watch with loving care
Each morsel which shall be thy share,
For as thou farest, so I fare,
My MARY!

In all the changing scenes of life,
In joy and sorrow, peace and strife,
Thou art more near to me than wife,
My MARY!

And till the hour when we must part
I still shall use love's every art
To cherish thee beside my heart,
My MARY!

JOURNALISM UP-TO-DATE.

In addition to the *Daily Mirror*, a journal for gentlewomen, we understand that the following new ventures will be shortly planted on the public:—

The *Daily Perambulator*, a journal for gentlebabies. The proprietors have been fortunate enough to secure the services of **HARDICANUTE HARMSON** (aged two years and three months), who will wield the editorial rattle. Among the attractions of the first number will be a *feuilleton* entitled "The Doll's House," by **ARCHER IBSEN HARMSON**; a complete story entitled "Tee-things," by **DODO BENSON HARMSON**; articles on Baldness by **DAGONET TATCHO HARMSON**; on Bibs, by **A. TUCKER HARMSON**; on Infantry Manœuvres, by **ROBERTS BULLER HARMSON**; and a poem entitled "The Lait of



Auntie. "DO YOU KNOW YOU ARE PLAYING WITH TWO VERY NAUGHTY LITTLE BOYS, JOHNNY?"

Johnny. "YES."

Auntie. "YOU DO! I'M SURPRISED. WHY DON'T YOU PLAY WITH GOOD LITTLE BOYS?"

Johnny. "BECAUSE THEIR MOTHERS WON'T LET THEM!"

the *Last Minstrel*," specially condensed by **NESTLÉ HARMSON**, etc., etc.

The *Daily Pipelighter*, a journal for gentlesmokers. The editorship will be in the hands of **MR. NICOLAS O'TEENE**. The first number will include the following attractions:—"The Career of a Barrietone," by **MISS ARCADIA CRAVEN**; "The Three Castles," by **FREEMAN WILLS**; "The Bacey of Euripides," translated by **VIRGINIA FAGG**; "Beside the Bonnie Briar Patch," by **WEEDA**; and a thrilling detective story entitled "The Great Cigar Case," by **UNEEDA NEMETICK**.

The *Daily Snooze*, a journal for Cabinet Ministers, past, present, and future. The Editor's sofa will be occupied by the Duke of DEVONSHIRE. The

following articles have already been promised for the first number:—"Forceful Joe," by **A. J. B.** ("JIM DUMPS"); "The Rising Son," by **MR. AUSTEN**; "An Exchequered Career," by **MR. RITCHIE**; and "Thou art passing hence, my Brodder," by **GENERAL DESIRE**.

"FACIT EXALTATIO VERSUM."—*Reuter*, reporting the banquet to the H.A.C. at Boston, breaks into the following couplet:
"The cost was 60,000 dollars, or about 75 dollars a head.
The flowers cost 3,000 dollars. The prevailing colour was red."

After this we may expect to find **MARCONI** lisping in wireless numbers.

PICKY BACK.

(Being Passages from the Re-inconation of Picklock Holes.)

I.

I WAS sitting gloomily in my study at 259, Peckham Road, reflecting, as was my invariable habit at this hour of the evening, on the curious and alarming decrease in the statistics of crime since the melancholy disappearance of my superhuman friend PICKLOCK HOLES in January, 1894. My life from that moment had been, I felt, a mis-spent one. What had I done to replace, even in a small way, the gorgeous murders, the dexterous and convincing burglaries, and the ingeniously perpetrated frauds which, before that dreadful event, had made me a happy and, to some extent, a useful man? I ought to have done something—assault and battery or arson or even embezzlement would have been better than nothing—but, as a matter of fact, I had not found energy to turn my hands to a single felony or misdemeanour since HOLES had left me. The reflection necessarily made me sad. What would I not have given to hear him say with a touch of unwonted asperity, "POTSON, you're a fool," or, "POTSON, you're a numskull," as, together, we traeked out the hidden mazes of some terrible mystery hitherto unsuspected, or brought the conviction of guilt home to some blood-stained and prematurely triumphant ruffian. To be sure I still possessed my incomparable collection of clues, all carefully labelled and filed in the secret drawer of my roller-top desk, but for the last nine years or more I had not had the heart to use them, even in so simple a matter as the unexplained decrease of my cold legs of mutton or the gradual disappearance of my cambrie handkerchiefs. No; HOLES had vanished, and the clues, the revolver, the handcuffs, the black silk mask, the footprints, the thumb-marks and all the other paraphernalia of detection should remain undisturbed for ever.

Musing thus I suddenly heard the unmistakable explosion of a pom-pom shell in the street outside, followed immediately by the fall of a heavy body and a succession of shrill screams. In the old lappy days I should not have hesitated as to my course. HOLES would have been on the spot, and we should without any delay have proceeded to discover the author of the murder, for murder I could not doubt that it was. But now, I am free to confess, the occurrence excited but a languid interest in my mind. However, I rose and went out at the front door, impelled by I know not what mysterious prompting. As I did so a tall figure with a calm impassive face, a marble brow and a meditative aspect, suddenly rose from the pavement on which it had been lying and confronted me at full length. Great heavens! could I believe my eyes? It was—yes—no—it could be no other—it must be—but before I had time to finish my thought my emotion became too great and I fell headlong on to the kamptulieon floor of the passage.

When I came to myself I was once more in my study, and PICKLOCK HOLES was bending over me and bathing my temples with brandy-and-water as if nothing had happened.

"You seem surprised, my dear POTSON," he said, when I had at length resumed my place in my arm-chair, "you seem surprised to see me. Nerves a little unstrung, eh? Bad sign, bad sign."

I confessed that his appearance had, under the circumstances, unmanned me.

"I know," I added, "that such weakness was unworthy of one who has been honoured with the intimacy of the greatest man of this or any other age. But I trust, HOLES, you will not remember it against me."

"Tush, tush," he replied in the kindest possible tone, "you mean well, POTSON; you always did, but emergencies (which are by their very nature events of a startling and unexpected nature)"—no words of mine can express how

lovingly he dwelt on this parenthesis—"emergencies sometimes overwhelm the strongest of us. And pray, how is Mrs. POTSON?"

"Mrs. POTSON," I said, "is no more."

"Ah, yes," he mused, "of course. I heard of her death in Khiva."

"In Khiva!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, while I was staying with the KHAN—a capital fellow, but no detective. You must know that when I pretended to disappear in the Serpentine about nine years ago—"

"Pretended!" I gasped. "But I thought you were drowned—you and your enemy SHERLOCK HOLMES. How came it that, in spite of all the proofs of your death, you—"

"Still the same old POTSON, I perceive," he murmured, without moving a muscle in his ascetic face. "Amiable, but—well, yes, I suppose we may say so—a fool."

"Then it is indeed you, HOLES, and no other," I cried, "back from the grave and prepared once more to lead me into crime."

"Yes," he said calmly, "I am no other. Since leaving you I have been personally conducted through Maoriland by Mr. SEDDON; have enjoyed three rounds with bare knuckles with President ROOSEVELT in the White House; have dined with President KRÜGER (this was some years back) on a stoep and onions; have given Lord CURZON a course of induction lessons in Caleutta, and helped to provide mules and Whitstable oysters for Mr. CHAMBERLAIN on the illimitable veld."

"And now," I exclaimed, after the silence produced by this astounding narration had come to an end, "now you have returned and will once more take me with you wherever you go. Oh, HOLES, I have been so lonely."

"No matter," said HOLES abruptly. "But stay, there has been a murder outside."

"There has," I said; "who could have—"

"Pshaw," he ejaculated, "don't you know? It was SHERLOCK, the most accomplished and dashing ruffian in London. He brought the pom-pom from Pretoria. But I have already handed him over. He is safely bound—"

"In cloth?" I ventured to suggest.

"And will certainly be remanded till next month," said HOLES, paying no attention to my witticism.

And that is how my matchless friend returned.

(To be continued at intervals.)

UNSETTLED CONVICTIONS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have recently noticed in shop windows and on bookstalls a pamphlet bearing the following inscription:—"Economic Notes on Insular Free Trade. By the Rt. Hon. A. J. B-L-F-R. Fifth Impression." We are not great readers in this district; nevertheless this pamphlet has caused a dispute between myself and a friend, which we have been advised to refer to you for settlement. One of us is quite certain that the words "Fifth impression" have reference to the pamphlet, while the other is convinced that they concern its author. Might I most humbly ask you, Sir, which of us is right? The fate of the new fiscal policy in this district hangs upon your answer.

I am, dear Mr. Punch, your obedient servant,

Upper Slowcombe, Muddleshire.

ADAM SMITHERS.

A Long Hop.

FROM the *Stirling Journal and Advertiser* of Friday, October 2:—

"The annual County Ball was held in the Albert Halls on Tuesday evening [September 29]. . . . Dancing began shortly after ten o'clock, and was continued with spirit till an early hour this morning."

Who says that the vitality of the race is degenerating?



A POLICE TRAP.

"I SAY, BILL, WE CAN'T BE GOING MORE THAN TWENTY MILES AN HOUR! WHAT DO YOU THINK?"

THE NEW CABINET.

"WHAT I want to know," said the small man in the opposite corner of the carriage, "is, what are they going to do for C. B. Fry?" He put down his *Sportsman* as he spoke, and looked at me interrogatively.

I returned the question of his gaze. "For Fry?" I echoed. It had not occurred to me that Mr. Fry needed anything, now that the cricket season was over, except rest and perhaps a football or so.

"The new Colonial Secretary's all right," he continued, "but he's not C. B. Fry." I admitted his point, and this encouraged him to repeat his question, which I was still unable to answer.

"Now my idea is this," he said confidentially. "Let Fry go to the Home Office. That's the place for him. He's a literary man and all that—I read his articles in the *Daily Express* myself—and he knows as much about English wickets as any man in this country."

It began to dawn on me that the small man was reconstructing the Cabinet on the lines indicated by Mr. BALFOUR. "Not a bad idea at all," I admitted.

"And then there's MACLAREN," he went on. "He's the man for the Colonial Office really. Name me the man who knows more about Australian wickets. LYTTELTON could move on to the Foreign Office."

"But," I objected, "there's WARNER to be considered—and Lord LANSDOWNE. The country can't spare him; he knows French."

"WARNER must be recalled," the small man agreed, "but he can have the Exchequer. They needn't clash. As for LANSDOWNE, all the old lot must go. I daresay LYTTELTON knows enough French for Continental cricket; they don't play much over there, I'm told. Then," he went on, "there's RANJITSINGH for the India Office—couldn't have a better appointment. For the War Office . . ." he hesitated.

"Major POORE," I suggested tentatively.

"That's the man," he said with enthusiasm. "But where is POORE? That's what I want to know. What has he disappeared for like a—like a—" he paused for a word.

"Meteor," I suggested.

He accepted the word.

"Yes, what have they sent a man like that out of the country for?"

There's gross mismanagement of the War Office for you. He's the man for reform. He's suffered himself, so he'll know what to do. Then there's Lord HAWKE for Lord President of the Council, and JESSOP and JACKSON—"the little man ran on till he had filled up all the posts that occurred to him.

"What about Mr. BALFOUR?" I asked with some curiosity.

"Oh, he can stay where he is," said my interlocutor generously. "His golf's a qualification. But he'll be a weak spot in the team," he added, with a note of regret in his voice.

"The team?" I repeated in surprise. "You mean Cabinet surely."

"Same thing," he replied. "All the Colonies will send elevens over to play the Cabinet, and I defy you to find a better cement for the Empire. And they'll take a lot of beating. But I'm not sure of BALFOUR." He shook his head gravely.

"Perhaps Mr. BALFOUR will be content to umpire," I suggested, as I rose to get out at my station. "He's not been very lucky as captain so far."

MOTTO FOR SHERLOCK HOLMES REDIVIVUS.
—"Non omnis Moriar(ty)."



"A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE," &c.

Fair Visitor (with a thirst for military knowledge). "SO ALL THE KITCHENS ARE BEHIND THOSE BUILDINGS. HOW VERY INTERESTING! AND HOW MANY POUNDS OF MEAT DO YOUR MEN EAT A DAY?"

Gallant Major. "REALLY—ER—I'VE NO—ER—IDEA, I'M SURE, DON'T Y'KNOW."

Fair Visitor. "BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN THE PROVISIONAL BATTALION!"

THE TOWN DAY BY DAY.

(With acknowledgments to the "Daily Mail.")

III.

October 15.—Sad, inexpressibly sad, are the reiterated proofs of winter's relentless advance. In Kensington Gardens the human olive branches have abandoned their sandals and reverted to their ordinary foot-gear. To-day but one Panama hat was seen in the Row, and a rash intruder who invaded that august promenade wearing a cummerbund was immediately arrested by the police and taken to St. George's

Hospital. Dark blue flannel suits with the regulation stripe are becoming almost extinct, and, surest sign of all of the waning year, our stalwart guardians of the peace have shed their summer tunics and donned once more the garb of broadcloth which so admirably shows off their rounded and opulent contours. Why, asks the poet, are policemen so plump? No adequate explanation is forthcoming at Scotland Yard. Oh, *Madre Natura*, how poignant, how insufferably poignant are thy enigmas!

Oct. 16.—The call of the cats'-meat

man, one of the most plaintive and suggestive of our urban voices, is to-day nearly a minor third lower than it was in the dog-days. Some ardent students of natural history have sought to establish a ratio between the altitude of the note and the quality of the wares, but there is no mention of this theory in THOREAU, and the crossing-sweeper in St. James's Square, perhaps the greatest living authority on feline amenities, has not lent it the weight of her endorsement. As we recede further from the equinox the days steadily shorten at both ends, the harvest moon is already a thing of the past, and the feeding of the ducks in the ornamental water of St. James's Park by benevolent passers-by is seldom indulged in after 8 p.m. Strawberries are now seldom seen growing in the squares, and asparagus has shrunk into the seclusion of the bottle, but the perennial banana still maintains a bold front.

Oct. 17.—How sempiternally suggestive is the life of the London streets! To-day a bluejacket was seen watching the relaying of the roadway in Oxford Street with rapt attention and dilated nostril. The workmen were pouring tar out of a bucket, and the honest seaman, as he snuffed up its familiar and delicious savour, was once more watching the good ship bilge ahead, while the albatrosses circled round the crow's nest, and the merry dolphins, harbingers of halcyon days, chattered gaily in the rigging. As the poet beautifully puts it:—

Nature asks not whence or how,
Nature cares not why,
'Tis enough that thou art thou,
And that I am I.

A BURNS MEMORIAL.

ONE day last week Sir HENRY THOMPSON was at Perry Bar, which is on the outskirts of Birmingham. The eminent surgeon was not there to lecture on temperate drinking nor on the superiority of the Perry to be obtained at that particular Bar over the perry to be procured elsewhere, but to open formally a new crematorium and to read letters from the Bishops of Worcester, Lichfield and Coventry highly commending cremation as one of those burning questions of the day on which Sir HENRY, above all men, could throw considerable light. These progressive ecclesiastics, it is reported, "signified their approval of the undertaking," though "undertaking" has nothing to do with the matter. But what do the undertakers say? Will there be, as the old song had it, "no more work for the undertaker?" Maybe the purveyor of mutes, feathers, and weepers, is already undertaking cremation professionally, and urning his money by it.



BRUMMY JOE.

“UP ON THE STUMP LEAPS BRUMMY JOE,
IT'S TAXING FOOD THAT MAKES HIM GO!”

[With profound apologies to a well-known Poster.



"HANDED OVER TO THE SENIOR SUBALTERN."

War Office (panic-stricken). "Arnold-Forster, by Jingo! Here, help!—Murder!—Let me out!"

A POLITICAL BABY PARTY.

["The latest Society craze at Hot Springs, Virginia, is the holding of social functions, dubbed baby parties (says the New York correspondent of the *Express*), it being a necessary qualification for entrance to these parties that each guest shall be dressed in infantine attire. Miss ETHEL LEWIS, of Philadelphia, gave such a party the other evening, and naturally, as hostess, her garb was essentially childish. She wore a short white dress with red sash, red socks, and white slippers."]

FOLLOWING the latest American society craze, Mr. BALFOUR last night gave his first "Political Baby Party," which was voted a great success. Mr. BALFOUR, who confessed he was a "child in these matters," looked particularly winning in his little red socks. It was quite a treat to watch him playing with a "clique," and pretending that a large Cabinet was a bunker! Sir H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN looked sweet in pale blue and a dark blue sash. A large rosette was cunningly arranged to hide his hyphen, so that, as someone remarked, "You really would hardly notice that he *had* a hyphen if you didn't know." He sat on a small portable fence looking moodily at Mr. BALFOUR all the evening (sometimes saying, "You've got a 'bad lie' there, ARTHUR"). Everyone else seemed to be enjoying himself except,

perhaps, Lord GEORGE HAMILTON and Mr. C. T. RITCHIE, who never spoke, but looked very "resigned." Just at first Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN was inclined to be sulky because nobody would play at "General Post," but he brightened up at once when his father helped him on to the Cabinet, on which he immediately began to carve his name in large letters, just as his father had done before him. The Party then presented a tableau called *The-Babes-in-the-Wood-and-will-they-ever-get-out-of-it?* Everybody thought the Duke of DEVONSHIRE was too natural for words as one of the sleeping children, until it was found that he really *was* fast asleep! The children were then covered with leaflets (mostly from Birmingham, and, it was rumoured, in German-made envelopes), but even the weight of these awoke the Duke, who thereupon refused to take any further part in the performance. At this point Mr. BRODRICK suggested playing at soldiers, but everybody seemed tired of the game, "because it wasn't a *bit* like real soldiers, you know," and Lord ROSEBERY said that KITCHENER was the only one who could play soldiers properly.

This made Mr. BRODRICK very angry, and he began to tear the buttons and braid off his pretty khaki frock and put them on again in totally different places

—a game which seemed to soothe him at once!

It was noticed that when Mr. BALFOUR suggested "Follow my Leader," some of the party immediately sought the Protection of their nurse, who at last sent everyone to sleep (except the Duke, who, having previously retired, had probably put himself to bed) by repeating over and over again:—

What I have said I have said;
If I put a small tax upon bread
Food will be just as cheap,
(Though this sounds rather steep.)
For I'll take it off sugar instead!

ITEMS OF GENERAL FUTILITY.

LIVE Bees should never be kept in the same room with a sleeping child.

Headless horsemen are practically immune from toothache.

Toast can be made at an ordinary gas jet, but it takes longer.

The brains of the ordinary wild boar, if eaten in moderation, are perfectly harmless.

On Christmas Day, 1875, there were seven turkeys at the G.P.O. insufficiently addressed. They have since been destroyed.

A good way to stop a headache is to bite the tongue till it bleeds. This takes the attention from the headache.

Moths, for some unknown reason, will not visit treacle if spread on burning hot chestnuts.



ALFRED LYTTELTON TAKES THE (COLONIAL) WICKET.
(Vice Joe retired)

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

In these days of education on the "higher system," when the only chorus the rising generation, in spectacles, is encouraged to sing is, "Here we go up, up, up," the ladder of superfluous learning, it is refreshing to find so gifted a lady as Mrs. M. H. SPIELMANN, still believing in the love of children for fairy lore, anticipating Christmastime with her *Littlefolk Castle, and Other Tales* (ROUTLEDGE), a collection of new and original fairy stories fashioned on ancient and, the Baron sincerely hopes, undying models. With the old Etonian motto "*Esto perpetua*" the Baron salutes Titania, and may the light of the fairies and all tricky sprites never suffer diminution. The artistic spirits whose handiwork illustrates this bright and amusing volume, from which to select one story as better than the others would be no easy task where all are so good, bear such names of high renown as that of our dear KATE GREENAWAY, whose last drawings here appear; of PHIL MAY, R.I. (alas, that we must add another letter to these initials, R.I.P., a "past-master" indeed!); of HUGH THOMSON, R.I., Madame RONNER, R.I., ROSIE PITMAN, JESSIE M. KING; and lastly we have some delightfully rollicking characteristic work by HARRY FURNISS. One picture, however, the Baron would single out from the rest for a reason which will be at once obvious to all readers of this book who may, with regretful and discriminating admiration, remember the peculiarities of that gifted and eccentric artist, AUBREY BEARDSLEY, and this is the illustration by Miss JESSIE KING to *The Magic Garret*, for here is exemplified to what good, healthy, honest purpose the Beardsley-like grotesque method can be turned.

In two sumptuous volumes the present fair Castellaine relates the history of *Warwick Castle and its Earls* (HUTCHINSON). To tell it fully is to re-write the History of England. The splendid structure has its foundations in the days of the Heptarchy, growing up through Norman sway into and beyond the spacious times of Queen ELIZABETH. Its Earls were as stalwart and as prominent as its towers. Not always the same race has ruled in Warwick Castle. There were in succession BEAUCHAMPS, NEVILLES, DUDLEYS, RICHES and GREVILLES. The BEAUCHAMPS came over with the CONQUEROR, and the present Earl of WARWICK, as the Countess proudly records, "has on several occasions been Mayor of the Borough of Warwick." In the meanwhile there has been an Earl of WARWICK who won the proud title of "King Maker." He was the Last of the Barons, whose story was told by Lord LYTON. ROBERT DUDLEY was Queen ELIZABETH's favourite Earl of WARWICK, who entertained Her Majesty at Kenilworth and, according to Sir WALTER SCOTT, under the same bewitching influence did away with AMY ROBSART. Lady WARWICK has not been content with cataloguing the storied treasures of Warwick Castle, nor with compiling a merely antiquarian record of events centring round it. The place is old; but the Countess, with glowing literary style, manages to invest it with new life. Daringly iconoclastic, she makes light of relics stored in the Castle associated with the famous GUY of Warwick. It is with more poignant regret my Baronite finds her demonstrating the impossibility of Peeping TOM during the ride of Lady GODIVA through the streets of Coventry. On the other hand, in a notable passage, she has discovered close resemblance between ROBERT GREVILLE, to whom in 1759 the earldom passed, and—Mr. JOHN MORLEY! The two sumptuous volumes, alive with interest on every page, are studded by nearly two hundred illustrations, mostly after rare prints or paintings.

But that the name of BARRY PAIN is on the cover of an amusing little work, entitled *Eliza's Husband* (CHATTO AND

WINDUS), the Baron would have credited it offhand to Messrs. GEORGE and WEEDON GROSSMITH, who scored so genuinely original a success, some time since, with *The Diary of a Nobody*, which, having made its mark in Mr. Punch's pages, was subsequently published as a "booklet," and in this form went through, as well as the Baron can remember, several editions. *Eliza's Husband* lacks the note of tenderness and simplicity that characterised *The Diary of a Nobody*, and may probably recall to those who care to remember such small matters the somewhat unpleasant tone, in this case somewhat modified by the slanginess of the wife and the self-conceit of the absurd little bourgeois, of *The Naggletons*, by SHIRLEY BROOKS, which in itself was a variant of JERROLD's *Caudle Lectures*.

MESSRS. BRIMLEY JOHNSON are issuing a series of small books entitled *Carpet Plays*. Not a good title, being suggestive of *Carpet Bags*. As no play can exist without a title, the series might have been appropriately dedicated to *Carpet Knights*. However, this by the way; too late to alter it now. The first is a classical trifle by LUCY SNOWE (evidently for winter evenings), under the editorship of LUCIAN OLDERSHAW. There are Kindergarten Plays, Nos. I. and II., by CLEMENTINA BLACK, under the same editorship. There are plans to illustrate stage directions, but there should also have been coloured plates of the characters in costume. The lines are occasionally somewhat awkward. For instance, the King says

"Perhaps I'd better take the chair?"

and Mrs. Hubbard replies,

"I hoped you'd condescend to do."

And on another occasion a peasant says to the King,

"Your orders were
To hold my tongue until I'd seen
Your face a hundred times between;"

to which the Baron makes so bold as to add a line of interrogation, viz.,

"Now what on earth do those lines mean?"

To educate children on indifferent verse, even in play, is not the best form of combining amusement with instruction, at least, such is the opinion of the experienced

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

HYMEN, HYMENÆE!

At the end of an announcement of a forthcoming wedding in the *Times* one day last week, it was added that Mr. So-and-So, no matter for the name, "will sing an anthem." It used to take quite six men and as many boys to do justice to any anthem in most collegiate and Cathedral churches. What a *tour de force* this solo must be! and, *ergo*, what an attraction! Especially as no collection is mentioned. What form will future public announcements of such musical additions as these to the marriage service take? Will "Signor VOCALINI kindly consent to give us a little thing of his own," or, will it be announced that Signora CONNIE TRALTO will sing a chorus from *Le Mariage de Figaro*, and that the great violoncellist Herr OBERGRÖN will play the entire orchestral score of the first part of WAGNER's *Ring*? Great chances for robust tenors.

THE London United Electrical Tramcars are known as "the Whizzers." The seats are placed so that the passengers can be "whizzer-wee" to one, another. Probably the Company will be able to build small cars to be hired by the hour by those who wish to go out whizzerting. During the time that any one of these cars is at the door the peculiar noise it ordinarily makes will cease. It is whizzpered that this novel idea is due to the inventive powers of the authors of *Whizz-Dumb While You Wait*.

**PROSPECTIVE HAPPINESS.**

"Isn't it delightful we shall always be together? I am not the sort of fellow to bore you with reciting Shakspeare or playing classical bosh on the piano; but my farmyard imitations are bipping!"

CHARIVARIA.

It is rumoured that Mr. BALFOUR's sharp letter to the Duke of DEVONSHIRE caused his Grace to spend a sleepless day.

A movement is on foot for presenting a testimonial to Mr. BALFOUR for his pluck in appointing Mr. BRODRICK to the India Office after being requested not to do so by the *Daily Mail*.

There are two political rumours of great interest afoot. One is that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is coming round to the *Daily Mail*; the other is that the *Daily Mail* is coming round to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN.

We learn from some notes headed "Items and Incidents" in one of our halfpenny contemporaries that, on the day of the great speech at Glasgow, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN travelled down in a special saloon, and Mrs. CHAMBERLAIN in a straw hat.

The gentleman who pretended he was the Duke of NEVERS has been sentenced at the Clerkenwell Sessions to become a Duke of Portland.

It is expected that a forward movement will be made against the MULLAH before the end of the month. That is, provided, of course, that he retreats.

Mr. HALL CAINE has discovered a large cave 200 feet long in the Plain of Thingvellin, Iceland. This is not the first discovery the popular author has made. It will be remembered that he discovered a likeness of SHAKESPEARE the existence of which no one had suspected.

It has just been re-affirmed in a Court of Law that a "Workman" is one who does manual labour, and that none other is allowed to take advantage of the special cheap train and tram fares. This, no doubt, accounts for the British Workman's coyness in using his brain.

Apparently cleanliness is on the increase in South London. It is announced that a recent Baby Show in those parts did not produce a single entry for the class for Black Babies.

Meanwhile, the current number of *Useful Home Hints* points out that little boys make admirable book-markers and blotters.

Expected Publications.

A *Leaf for a Thirsty Bluebottle*, by the author of *The Book of the Dry Fly*.
The Short Cavalier, by the author of *The Long Night*.

"UNCONVENTIONAL BIOGRAPHIES."

(With acknowledgments to Mr. Wilfrid Meynell.)

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

"THE place where I was born? Who knows. I have had so many berths, and more than once I've had *no berth at all!*"

Such was the witty answer once accorded by the subject of these lines to an inquiring interviewer.

"*A day will come.*"—These were the words addressed to a schoolfellow by young CHAMBERLAIN, more years ago than the ex-Colonial Secretary would perhaps care to remember. And what a rare prophetic instinct those few words revealed. "*A day will come*"—and, true enough, *days have come*—many days, hundreds of days, nay thousands of days—since that little boy, who was eventually to grow into manhood, and become one of the foremost of British statesmen, uttered that pregnant truth—"A day will come!"

As a child CHAMBERLAIN had a preternaturally ready tongue. Here is a delicious tale of the nursery:—

One day little JOSEPH had inadvertently upset a flower-vase, and his nurse, a good-hearted, but possibly much harassed soul (for Master JOE was, like many clever children, somewhat mischievous) rebuked the little lad sharply for his carelessness.

"Master JOE," she said, "you seem to grow more awkward every day."

In an instant the witty retort came—and there was a prophetic gleam in the child's eyes:

"Perhaps, nursie, I shall some day be quite a famous orchid (awk'ard) grower."

Nor did the same happy wit desert the child grown into man's estate. An eminent statesman once ventured to hint that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had been a political "turncoat."

"And why not?" said the abused, with a smile of ineffable complacency and good nature, characteristic of the man at all such moments—"And why not? Who knows the coat may have a *silver lining!*"

How rich—how exquisitely rich! A rebuke, a retort, and a jest at one and the same moment. How very rich!

"You tax my patience beyond endurance," cried an irate free-trader to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN.

"Tax your *patience?* My friend, had I my way, I'd tax *everything.*"

Asked by an admirer what he considered the guiding principle of his

life, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN promptly replied, "Protection—absolute protection. As a helpless cradled infant, maternal protection fended me from harm. As a child a faithful nurse supplied a like protection—and now that I am a man, I put away all childish things save one—Protection!"

One has heard much of JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, the politician and the statesman—and perhaps one is naturally apt to forget at times that beneath that stern official exterior there beats the heart of a brother and a man. Let me, then, illuminate another side of that complex personality, who, in his supreme modesty, is content to be known merely as the humble servant of a mighty Empire.

The scene is the crowded deck of an ocean liner, bound for Capetown. All is bustle and confusion. A bell sounds—a warning voice is heard, "Any more for the shore?" In the centre of that busy scene, two men stand gazing with painful intensity into each other's eyes, their hands tightly clasped.

"JOSEPH, I dread this parting more than words can tell."

"ARTHUR, I hate the thought of leaving you—*alone.*"

A tightened grip of the hands. The final bell for "all ashore" is heard, and in another moment the friends are parted.

As the steamer slowly slips from the quay, an anguished cry from one on the shore is heard.

"What shall I do if—? What shall I say if—? Oh, JOSEPH, what?"

"Do? Say? Nothing! but wait, ARTHUR, *till I come back,*" and there is a note of warning and command in the voice that reaches the shore from o'er the waste of waters.

Once more, ere I close these lines, let me lift the veil.

Again the scene is one of parting. Again it is the same two friends that part.

The words are few, and spoken low.

"Must we then part at last, JOSEPH?"

"ARTHUR, we must. 'Tis better so for both."

"But shall I never see you—?"

"Ssh!"

"Nor hear from you?"

"Ssh! My AUSTEN shall remain with you."

A long pause, and then in a broken voice:—

"Then, JOSEPH, all is well. And we may meet again."

"All shall be well—and we shall meet again."

VIRGIL AS AN ADVERTISER.—"*Sed vero Carey gradum—hoc opus . . . est.*"

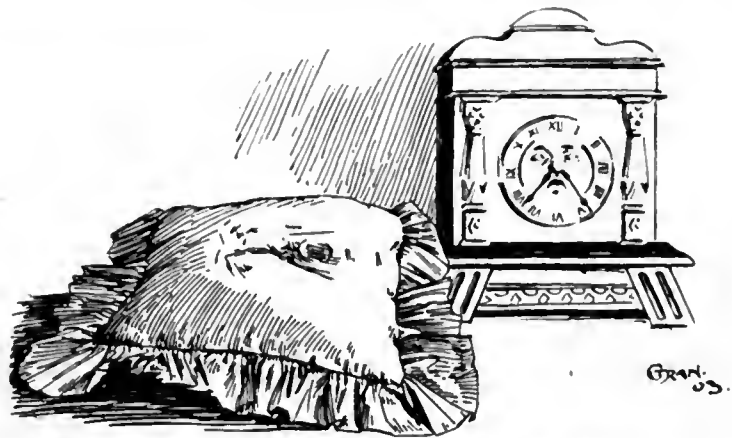
A GRAVE MOTOR SCANDAL.

BUNTING v. EPPSTEIN.

Damages claimed against a Motorist for Destruction of Poultry.

THIS was an action brought by the owner of a Minorca hen of the name of Dorcas against a motorist who had caused her death by running over her. The plaintiff claimed for £1000. The defendant admitted having killed the fowl, but pleaded that the claim was excessive, and had paid three and sixpence into Court.

Counsel for the plaintiff, in opening his case, said that his client was the proprietor of that well-known hostelry on the Pibley Road, "The Three Merry Mutes," as well as of the deceased hen Dorcas, which had for some years been a considerable source of profit to him. Not only had it steadily laid an average of two exceptionally good eggs per diem, wet or dry, for twenty years, but when its labours in this direction were over for the day it had been trained to get in the way of motor-cars, appear to be run over and lie in the road, apparently dead, until the subsequent discussions were over. Its owner had thus sometimes made as much as two pounds a week in the way of compensations from automobilists. On Saturday afternoon, June 20, at 4.27 P.M., the plaintiff was standing in front of his hotel when he noticed a motor-car, driven by the defendant considerably above the legal limit, approaching from the direction of London. He whistled to the hen, who immediately ran out from the stable yard and hurled herself in front of the oncoming car, which went over her and left her stretched on the road. The defendant turned round with a cynical sneer and would have driven off had not Mr. BUNTING whistled to two labourers farther up the road whom he employed for the purpose of stopping motorists who made off after running over Dorcas. By this means the defendant was brought to book, and after considerable vituperation had passed between the two parties offered ninepence for the loss of the hen, and, when this was not accepted, left his name and address, saying that he would see the plaintiff further before he would pay anything more. It was not until he had been allowed to depart that his client discovered that the hen was in reality dead, and not shamming, as he had cleverly trained her to do. His grief and that of his family, to which the fowl had become endeared, could be better imagined than described. The hen was afforded burial later on in the day, and steps taken with commendable promptitude to bring this action forthwith. Counsel trusted that



OUR SERVANTS; OR, MURMURS FROM THE INANIMATE.

Cushion. "I SHALL LEAVE THIS PLACE. I AM CONTINUALLY BEING SAT UPON!"
Clock. "I'M GOING TOO!"

this dastardly outrage on an innocent and intelligent bird would not go unpunished, but that the exceedingly moderate amount claimed for her loss by his client would be awarded him without any demur.

The plaintiff, Mr. JOHN WILLIAM BUNTING, examined, said that the earnings of the fowl, exclusive of her egg-laying, averaged £70 a year. This was since the advent of motor-cars about six years ago. Before that time she had been trained to pursue the same course with horse-driven carriages, and had made less. The amount had increased year by year, and for the twelvemonth past was as high as £87 10s. 11d. She had become expert at her performance, and had shown great intrepidity in adapting herself to novel methods of transport. He did not consider that the damages he claimed were in any way excessive. In fact, they would not equal the capitalised earnings of the fowl.

Cross-examined: The hen was twenty years old and a family pet. It did not lay hard-boiled eggs or sleep in his little boy's bed. It showed no signs of age and was not insured. He did not think that the course he had trained it to pursue was an immoral one, nor did he consider that he was doing wrong in allowing it to associate with young children. He would swear to the defendant anywhere. No, he did not mean that he would swear at him, although he might have done so on the occasion in question. He might have told the defendant that if he had a face resembling his he would iron it out; he did not remember. He had not fricasséed the hen, Dorcas, but had buried her.

Dr. WILLIAM BRIGHT, L.R.C.P., said that he had been called in professionally after the death of the fowl, Dorcas. He pronounced life to have been extinct for some time. The bird's organs were

sound, and she had evidently met her death by being run over by some heavy body such as a motor-car.

Cross-examined: He could not swear to the make of car that had caused the fowl's death, nor to its horse-power. It might have been the defendant's 7-h.p. Panhard or it might not. There was nothing to show.

The Rev. J. PORTER testified to the excellent character borne by the late hen.

Cross-examined: The fowl had not attended his Cinematograph treats.

This closed the plaintiff's case.

Counsel for the defendant contended that a hen of the admitted age of the deceased Dorcas could not have been expected to live long in any case, and that as she had led a double life for many years her moral value was nil. His client admitted having run over her, but as she was kept for the sole purpose of being run over, that was nothing against him. He had only apparently done what the plaintiff wished him to do. That the fowl had met her death was a misfortune, but it was one for which his client was in no way to blame. It might have happened to anybody.

The defendant, Mr. MOSES CHOLMONDELEY EPPSTEIN, said that he was the famous diamond broker of that name. He was an expert motorist, and knew the Pibley Road and plaintiff's inn well, although he had never before had occasion to run over the hen Dorcas. He had run over and killed other fowls, and when caught had usually satisfied the owners with the ninepence he had offered the plaintiff in this instance. He had paid three-and-sixpence into Court because he had learnt that the hen was dear to the plaintiff's children, and he wished to compensate them for the loss.

Cross-examined: He was not a reckless driver. He had never run over old



OUR CLERKS BECOME NAVAL VOLUNTEERS.

Probable Effect on Commercial Life. "Before long London will witness the novel spectacle of young City men in the garb of British Bluejackets, R.N.V."—Daily Telegraph.

1. Jenkins, clerk at Messrs. Jiggs & Co., joins Naval Volunteers. Nautical "rig-out" very effective. 2. Jones, of Tubb Bros., reports himself to chief officer, i.e., head clerk—"Come aboard, Sir." 3. Head of Firm. "What's the meaning of this, Smith?" Smith. "I'm just a swabbin' the main deck, Sir." 4. Slump in the City. Good time for cashier to practise hornpipe. Mouth-organ accompaniment by office-boy. 5. Our Mr. Dun of Grabbe & Co. "Belay, Sir. I've called for our account, and if it isn't paid by to-morrow, why splice my mainbrace if I don't County Court ye!" 6. "What cheer, messmates?" 7. Practice in office. Heave ahoy! 8. Sailor's return, i.e., Brown, of Tooting, after day's cruise off Wapping. "What, See-usan!" 9. Grog, pipe and lass.

women and children. He might on one occasion have run over a dog. He did not stop to see. He denied that he was a reckless driver, although he had been fined more than once for excess of speed.

He might have been fined three or four times, certainly not twenty times. He had not lost his temper with the plaintiff, though he might have called him a swindling swine. He had not meant to imply by these words that the plaintiff was either a cheat or a pig.

EDWARD MERCH, 28, mechanic to Mr. EPPSTEIN, said that the wheels of the car had not passed over the fowl. The body had done so, but it was a foot or more above the ground, and could not possibly have struck the hen so as to have caused its death.

Cross-examined: He did not deny

that the hen was dead. He could not imagine how it had been killed. He did not suppose that it was suffering from whooping-cough or from appendicitis.

The Judge, in summing up, said it was for the jury to say whether in their opinion the fowl in question had died after or before the motor-car had struck it, if in their opinion it had been struck by the car at all. It was not for him to influence their minds on the subject, but he felt bound to point out that there was nothing in the evidence they had heard to show that the hen, which was of a certain age, would not have died at the moment it did if the defendant and his automobile had not been there at all. They must disabuse their minds entirely of any prejudice they had formed as to the character of the

hen Dorcas. It had been clearly laid down that character, or the lack of it, was no excuse for crime if crime there should be. If they thought that the defendant was guilty they would say so. And equally they would say so if they thought that plaintiff or his fowl was to blame.

The jury, after deliberating for an hour and forty minutes, returned a verdict of manslaughter against the plaintiff for whistling to his hen, and assessed the damages as against the defendant at the sum claimed for. Mr. Justice STARBOTTLE, in passing sentence of five years' penal servitude in the second division, said he did not see how in view of the evidence before them they could have decided otherwise. The costs of both parties would come out of the estate of the fowl Dorcas.

JUSTIFIABLE HOMICIDE.

Sherlock Holmes, by kindly fate
 Rescued from a frightful danger,
 Once more to investigate
 Other mysteries, and stranger.
 Still as perils, dread and vast,
 Close you round, but cannot hurt
 Each unravelled thread at last [you,
 Scores another point for virtue.
 While new villains to arrest
 Gives you sport and occupation;
 Just one crime we might suggest
 For your speedy perpetration:
 Yes, though still your subtle brain
 With its old adroitness plots on,
 Double merit you might gain
 If you 'd only strangle Watson.

OUR INTREPID ARTISTS.

["JOSEF HOFMANN, the celebrated pianist, is a keen and daring sportsman, and has recently taken to polo."—*Daily Paper*.]

M. PADEREWSKI, as is well known, is a fearless aeronaut, and nothing gives him greater pleasure, when rusticated on his beautiful Galician estate, than to take out his week-end house party for a cruise in his air-ship the *Manru*, so called from his successful opera. The other day the gifted Polish virtuoso, when hovering some 1,500 feet above the picturesque little town of Przeczyn, determined to descend in his parachute in order to call on the Voivode, a great friend of his and a wonderful performer on the Pianola. M. PADEREWSKI handed the tiller to his *chauffeur* and leapt from the car. To the horror of the onlookers the parachute failed to open, but as he had omitted to have his hair trimmed for a rather longer period than usual, M. PADEREWSKI's chrysanthemum-like tresses, standing out at right angles to his head, acted as a perfect substitute, and the heroic *maestro* alighted unhurt on the roof of an Aërated Bread shop amid the stentorian cheers of the enthusiastic populace.

Mr. ELGAR, the famous composer, is a fervent devotee of the Royal and Ancient Game, and has dedicated a new set of Symphonic Variations to TOM MORRIS. The other day, when playing over the Malvern Links with Sir CHARLES STANFORD, Mr. ELGAR gave a wonderful exhibition of his power as a driver. Slicing his tee shot at the short hole over the railway, Mr. ELGAR managed to land his ball in a passing motor-car, which was not stopped until it had gone half a mile, thus surpassing all Mr. BLACKWELL's records.

KUBELIK, who, as readers of the illustrated papers are well aware, is a swimmer second only to MONTAGUE HOLBEIN in endurance, recently had a remarkable experience at Southsea. Diving from the pier with his wonted grace, and in



HARD LUCK.

Small Child (to Mr. Sparkin, who had come out at an unusually early hour in order to meet his innamorata at the guide-post, and pilot her out cub-hunting). "I WAS TO TELL YOU SHE HAS SUCH A BAD COLD SHE COULDN'T COME. BUT I'M GOING WITH YOU INSTEAD, IF YOU PROMISE TO TAKE CARE OF ME. I'M HER COUSIN, YOU KNOW!"

an accordion-pleated costume of quite ravishing picturesqueness, the eminent violinist—who holds the Bohemian record for the long plunge—collided with a passing submarine. Happily, beyond a slight contusion of the cerebellum, KUBELIK escaped without any untoward consequences, but the submarine has not since been heard of.

We understand that Herr EMIL SAUER, whose passion for cricket almost amounts to a mania, is qualifying for Middlesex, in which team he will probably appear as wicket-keeper when Mr. MCGREGOR is unable to assist his county. Herr EMIL SAUER is said to be a stylish bat, and to make his runs with remarkable speed.

MISS MAUDE VALÉRIE WHITE, it is an open secret, is passionately addicted to tiger-shooting. On a recent expedition in the Bengal jungle, armed only with a rook rifle and a Mauser pistol, she brought home the following remarkable mixed bag: three Elephants, two Red Eagles, fourteen brace of Humming Birds and one Cobra *a cappella*.

Mr. LEONARD BORWICK's recent absence from the concert platform is accounted for by the fact that he has always paid a divided allegiance to art and athletics. His prowess at lawn tennis is notorious, and at the recent tournament at Nijni Novgorod he and M. SAPELLNIKOFF carried all before them in the mixed double.

A FRONTIER AFFAIR.

Throwing a Significant Light on the Great Fiscal Problem.

AT Riva, lying close under the bastioned crags of Monte Giomela at the northern end of Garda, the Italian aborigines are even uglier than the fat honeymooning *forestieri* from the Fatherland; but the wild beauty of lake and shore, with their harmonies of steel-blue and grey, retrieves this defect; and here the Anglo-Saxon tripper ceases from troubling. His taste, instinctively oleographic, is better pleased with Como and Maggiore, where also he can gambol with his kind; or, if he comes to Garda at all, he will just "do" the lake from end to end all in a spring or autumn afternoon on his way north from Venice, by Desenzano and Riva, hurrying on by the toy railway to Mori (*vedi Riva e poi Mori!*) and so over Trento and the Brenner to Innsbruck.

At Riva officialdom is "*Kaiserlich-Königlich*;" but the native speech is still Italian. South, some few miles beyond the roar of Ponale's cascade, beyond Pregasina, set high in a green hollow between the shore-cliffs and the landward ridges, the frontier runs invisible across the lake. I always find a strange fascination about frontiers; and to-day the dominant question of the hour gives to this fascination a fresh fiscal piquancy. I might sail down one morning and have my midday *pranzo* in Italy, and mock with impunity the floating customs, and take, on some more impotent official, my revenge for the behaviour of the vulgar brigand that prodded me in the tobacco-pouch the other day at Chiasso. Half-way home, in Austrian territory again, I could land and penetrate the gorge of Ponale and return by the tunnelled road sheer over the lake. It seemed so easy. And the winds, I heard, were always accommodating in their changes. Every morning the punctual Boreas is prepared to blow you south; and every noon the punctual Auster comes on to waft you back to the land that bears his name. If any accident occurs to modify this arrangement, or if there is a flapping in your lateen sails, you have a sculler in the bows, and in the stern a gondolier.

So, *remis velisque*, we came one day, under a blazing sun, to the frontier, brought up at the *dogana* wherry, and were reluctantly allowed to proceed, under the grave suspicion which always attaches itself to an Englishman who omits to declare the contents of the pipe which he is visibly smoking. Then to Limone, where the white columns of the lemon plantations go tier on tier up the hillside, a little like the temples at Benares that rise above the sacred river—to Limone and the midday breakfast, cooked "*subito*," that is, within the hour, and served under a spreading medlar tree. By the landing-stage lies the revenue-launch—that Polyphemus of the lake, who nightly, with the one eye of his searchlight, rakes the harmless shadows of the shore for the contraband that never comes. I have known him, in recurring spasms of curiosity, even penetrate my privacy on the terrace of the Hotel Sole d'Oro at Riva, possibly taking official note of the brand of my intolerable Teuton cigar for purposes of future identification in the event of my attempting to smuggle the article over the border. I suppose that, like virtue, the quest must be its own reward; for I cannot conceive, at least in the matter of tobacco, why any sane person should desire, whether under cover of darkness or in plain day, to transport from one country to the other the indistinguishably nauseous fabrics of either monopoly.

These are Italian methods; but Austria, too, if she does not run to a rival revenue-launch with search-light, or an oared barge stationary on the frontier, has international courtesies of her own. When the occupant of a boat has the air of having come from Italy (this is recognisable rather by the direction of his course than by the aureole in his hair, or the classic mould of his torso), he is strictly defended

from landing at any point on Austrian territory save Riva or Torbole, the only places where there are facilities for examining him. It is true that the precipitous character of much of the shore would in any case discourage debarkation; still there is Ponale, the proposed point of departure for our *promenade à pied*; Ponale has its little haven. But, branded as we were with the mark of Italy, no self-respecting Austrian boatman would have dared the experiment of landing us there. Carbineer sentries, disposed for this express purpose on the cliff's face, would have reduced our raid to a fiasco. Ourselves unarmed, and therefore outside temptation, it seemed cowardly for us to provoke these brave fellows to the shedding of blood. And so, abandoning all hope of entering here, we let the south wind blow us back to Riva, there to report ourselves at the customs-wharf, with nothing to declare but the débris of our ponches, a topic on which we permitted ourselves to lie vicariously through the agency of the boatman. Then, and not till then, were we free to land and play about in Austria at large.

This little frontier episode might seem a mere personal triviality but for its suggestive bearing on the great problem, which I find, on my return to England, to be still engaging the public imagination. In none of the fiscal speeches that I have read, all teeming with oratory not less noble than vague, could I detect so much as the lightest allusion to what I have come to regard as the most potent argument against the indefinite multiplication of tariffs, protective, preferential, or retaliative—namely, the extreme inconvenience they would cause to people in pleasure-boats.

Under the new conditions advocated by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, I take, let us say, a small skiff at Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, and row round the point to Alum Bay. I invite myself to land and lunch at the hotel on the cliffs. But in the absence of all evidence (apart from the fluency of my English expletives—in itself an inconclusive argument) to show that I am not just arrived round the corner from France, a preferential coastguard, armed to the teeth, disputes my landing, and directs me to the nearest customs-house— at Cowes. I elect to row back to Freshwater, where my boat and my figure will be recognised and I can demonstrate that I have not had time for direct dealings with the continent of Europe. Here, however, I find that I can adduce no sufficient proof that I have not been in communication with a Dutch schooner just behind the Needles; and another armed coast-protector disputes my landing, and directs me to the nearest customs-house—Ventnor, this time.

I arrive there, greatly exhausted, at 1.30 A.M., having for the last five miles been the cynosure of a very galaxy of search-lights. An armed retaliator disputes my landing, and instructs me to lie off-shore till 7 o'clock, the hour of the opening of the customs-house. Having ultimately paid a preferential tariff on my body (raw material, but, in my present enervated condition, not to be regarded as food-stuff), and a retaliative *ad valorem* duty on the clothes (manufactured articles) in which I can no longer stand up, I am free to play about the Island at large. There can, of course, be no means of getting my boat back to Freshwater except by road or rail.

With deference, and without any claim for royalty, I offer the use of this harrowing picture to Free Trade orators who may happen to be addressing audiences in the neighbourhood of our sea-board.

O. S.

WE gather from the *Glasgow Herald* that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, when visiting that city, wore an orchard in his coat. But the horticultural record is still held by the lady in "*Cherry Ripe*," who had "a garden in her face."

A WOMAN'S TOAST.—"Modes, mirrors, and men!"



HOW IT STRIKES AN ALLY.

JOHN BULL. "HULLO! READING *THAT*, ARE YOU? I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN IT."

LITTLE JAP. "OH, JUST GLANCING THROUGH IT." (*Aside*) "WELL, THANK GOODNESS, IF I DO WANT HIS HELP, IT'LL BE A QUESTION OF *SHIPS*!"

OUR BOYS.—II.

["At a Sunday school at Wellington, Somerset, some weeks ago each of the boys was presented with a strong cigar, and they were promised that if they attended regularly they would all be presented with cigarettes. On the following Sunday each boy present received a packet of ten or a dozen."—*Daily Mail*.]

THERE was a timid knock at the study door. The head boy, absorbed in a novel, took no notice. The knock was repeated, louder but still nervous.

"Come in," he growled, taking his meerschaum from his mouth.

It was the house master. He sidled into the study and sat down, looking nervous and uncomfortable, on the extreme edge of a chair.

"Well?" said the head of the house, "what is it now?"

"Er—how nice your study looks, BROWN. What a pretty tobacco-pouch. May I examine it? Thank you, thank you. Very nice, very nice."

"Come to the point. What do you want?"

The master cleared his throat, and hesitated for a moment.

"The fact is, BROWN," he said, speaking rapidly,—“well, to put it briefly, were you thinking of coming over to school this afternoon?"

"What the—well, I'm—well, this takes it. Isn't the staff of St. Asterisk's capable of minding its own business for a single day with an effort?"

"Well, the fact is, BROWN, that it—er—well, really, you know, it is almost my business. The headmaster has sent over to ask me to find out if possible what are your plans for this afternoon. I think, you know, really I think he would like to see you there to-day. You have not been to the form-room for nearly three weeks now."

"Oh, I can't," said the head of the house, yawning. "It's such a beastly bore sitting there on beastly hard uncomfortable forms with no cushions or anything. Won't some other day do?"

"Well, to-day would be very convenient if you could manage it. The sixth form are going to do Homer for the first hour. I know you like Homer, BROWN. That master of description, that expert in vigour!"

"Homer," said the head of the house succinctly, relighting his pipe, "is rot."

"But it will only last for an hour, and then you will do Aristophanes. You must enjoy Aristophanes, BROWN. What verve! What wit! What esprit! Do come, BROWN."

"Aristophanes," said the head of the house, "is a man I particularly bar. His wit is simply puerile, and would disgrace a Surrey-side music-hall. If that's the best you can offer me, I certainly shan't think of coming."



QUOTATIONS GONE WRONG.

"THERE'S A DIVINITY THAT SHAPES OUR ENDS."—*Hamlet*.

"But it isn't all. The headmaster told me to tell you that he had just got a new brand of tobacco, and he wanted you to try it."

"Ah," said BROWN, with awakening interest. "That so? What is it?"

"He called it 'Belgravia Mixture.'"

"Muck," said the head of the house, briefly. "You'd much better run along now. Good-bye."

Then the house master played his ace of trumps.

"He also told me to tell you that a friend of his had sent him a box of really good cigars, splendid cigars, and if you will come, he will put the box on his desk, and you can have as many as you like."

"H'm. Cigars. What brand?"

"Cabanas. A special erop."

"In that case," replied the head of the house thoughtfully. "I'm not half sure I won't look in. Yes, you can tell him to expect me some time between three and four, unless it rains."

"Oh, thank you," said the house master joyfully, "he *will* be pleased. How good you are to us, BROWN!"

"Not at all," the head of the house murmured, picking up his book; "shut the door after you."

A CORRESPONDENT reports the following advertisement, written in chalk on the box of a Swiss shoeblack:—

"ENGLISH SPOKEN. AMERICAN UNDERSTOOD."

THE FUTURE ATKINS.

[It is suggested that, as "brains will in future take the place of great armaments," more attention should be paid to the education of soldiers.]

Oh, we take him from the city or the plough,
And we give him Latin grammars of his own;
We teach him to distinguish *μή* from *ού*,
And how to use the works of Mr. BOHN.
We don't pay much attention to physique,
We are working now on quite another plan;
If his prose correct and terse is,
And he writes good Latin verses,
He's the model of a military man.
O-oh, TOMMY, TOMMY ATKINS,
You're a scholar, you've a brain:
Any crux or doubtful reading
You are able to explain.
You're a student of the Classics,
May you stick to them like glue!
Oh, TOMMY, TOMMY ATKINS,
Here's our best respects to you.

I admit the smell of powder makes you faint,
I own you are not handy with a gun,
Perhaps your views on drill are rather quaint,
But what is that when all is said and done?
The merest dullard knows enough to fight:
A fool is bright enough to save his skin:
All those Generals in the past erred,
What we want are men who've mastered
The various intricacies of *πρὶν*.
O-oh, TOMMY, TOMMY ATKINS,
You're not dashing—no; but still
You're a sort of Dr. PORSON
With a touch of STUART MILL.
Though you stoop when you are marching,
Though your aim is far from true,
Oh, TOMMY, TOMMY ATKINS,
Here's our best respects to you.

The battles that we fought in days of yore
Were absolutely lacking in *finesse*,
Coarse, vulgar saturnalia of gore,
When courage won, and learning counted less.
A certain skill and pluck was needed then;
All that, however, we're about to change.
No need to stab or shoot, your
Battles, TOMMY, in the future
Will be fought with dictionaries at long range.
O-oh, TOMMY, TOMMY ATKINS,
Keep your mind alert and bright;
On the field of Armageddon
You will shortly have to fight.
You will have to guard our Empire,
Stock your brain with knowledge, do—
Oh, TOMMY, TOMMY ATKINS,
We civilians lean on you.

So though perhaps you're not exactly tall,
What need for us to cavil at your height?
What matter if a warrior be small,
If he can construe *Æschylus* at sight?
Though your back is not so straight as we could wish,
Though your eyesight isn't all that it might be,
Though you're puny, meagre, skinny,
You can make short work of *Pliny*,
You are fit to take a classical degree.
O-oh, TOMMY, TOMMY ATKINS,
You're a good 'un, no mistake;

False quantities and howlers
You are never known to make.
Vastly different from the dunces
Brawling loud at Waterloo,
Oh, TOMMY, TOMMY ATKINS,
We are *very* proud of you.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

My Memoirs, by HENRI STEPHANE DE BLOWITZ (ARNOLD), is a most extraordinary book, written by an exceptionally remarkable man. What M. DE BLOWITZ did not know of the foreign diplomacy of his time was not worth the trouble of learning, and what he did know was always worth reading. Whatever the nature of the work he may have had on hand at any particular time, he is never prosaic in his account of his own share in it. He was in the highest rank of artistically descriptive journalists, gaining his ends by such methods as a MACHIAVELLI would have thoroughly appreciated and FOUCHÉ would have envied. The incident of the mysterious lady whom neither M. DE BLOWITZ nor the superioress of a convent, nor two powerful Cardinals, nor even Pope LEO THE THIRTEENTH himself could save from the hand of destiny, and who vanished into thin air, or into the sea whence perhaps she had originally arisen, leaving not a wrack behind save a hat of feathers floating on the wave, is a most thrillingly sensational story, told with the firm and honest conviction of a religious man who is not attempting to explain but is "simply telling you." To single out this one startling episode is only to whet the reader's appetite for the strange stories provided for him in this wondrous book. These Memoirs have all the fascination of an exciting romance.

Denslow's Night before Christmas (HEINEMANN) is a book full of grotesquely conceived illustrations, brightly coloured, thoroughly amusing in themselves without reference to the nursery rhymes that accompany them, which are not so brilliant as the colouring of the pictures. The kindly purchaser of gift-books may put it aside till Christmas Eve.

The Silver Bullet, by FERGUS HUME (JOHN LONG), is just the very story that Sherlock Holmesites will read with avidity. It is a most ingeniously contrived hunt-the-slipper sort of plot, as when the reader thinks he has hit off the scent, it is not long before he discovers that the secret is concealed in a place totally different from where he is searching. After two or three failures the reader becomes nervously excited, and regards with suspicion every fresh character introduced to him by the author. Often is he sorely tempted to read the last chapter and have done with it, but a second's deliberation causes him to regard this impulse as a snare and a delusion. With his *Silver Bullet* Mr. FERGUS HUME has made a palpable hit.

Exceptionally interesting is the *Magazine of Art* (CASSELL) for October on account of the "Personal Recollections of JAMES McNEIL WHISTLER," written by VAL PRINSEP, R.A., although the reproductions of WHISTLER'S "Sarasate" and of the "Portrait of the Painter's Mother" are not so perfect as most of the reproductions that have previously appeared in this Magazine.

Amazing Adventures (SKEFFINGTON) is a bookful of comic adventures drawn in true burlesque vein by H. B. NELSON, the story being written by S. B. GOULD. Whether the pictures suggested the story or the story the pictures, when once the illustrations were settled upon, the written story became superfluous. *Facta non verba* should have been the motto of the combined talents. The pictures are decidedly funny and of a somewhat old style of quaint humour.

Phil May's Illustrated Winter Annual for 1903-1904 (THACKER AND Co.), one of the very best of all his annuals and, to many, one of the saddest. It has already, as we hear, had a larger sale than any of its predecessors. Delightful is the humour in *The Welsh Farmer and the Dean*, which can only be thoroughly appreciated after reading the "legend," but still better is the humour of *The Lodging-house Keeper and a Professional Lady*, which is intelligible to anyone without reference to the "legend." For "*Sauce Hollandaise*" and "*H.M.S. Furious*" no legend is required, and it is in such inimitable specimens of his work that the artist's dramatic power shows itself.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

THE PERFECT LOVER.

"I have come in contact with many foreigners, and the Englishman is the most perfect lover I have as yet met."—*Correspondent in "Daily Mail."*

OUTHUSTLED by the pushful Yank,
Outdone in foreign trading,
We see our revenues grow lank,
Our reputation fading;
While "*Rule Britannia*" goes the way
Of all forgotten tunes:
Still Englishmen can proudly say
"We make the finest spoons."

AFTER LITTLE MARY.

WE understand that Mr. J. M. BARRIE, greatly encouraged by the striking success of his latest play, is preparing another on the same lines, to be entitled *Sentimental Tummy and Gristle: A Plea for Plainer Living*. Herein he again lays great stress upon the dangers of over-eating.

In Mr. PINERO we have yet another dramatist who is keenly solicitous for the welfare of the "best people." His panacea, however, differs somewhat from that of Mr. BARRIE, being in fact nothing less than vegetarianism. He is at present engaged in collaboration with Mr. SPRING ONIONS upon a play embodying his new theory. This vegetarian drama he proposes to call *Lettuce*.

Sir GILBERT PARKER is the latest recruit to the ranks of playwrights with a purpose. His new melodrama, *The Sites of the Meaty*, is a stage version of one of his most famous novels. It is said to contain a powerful plea on behalf of Mr. SEDDON's scheme of opening New Zealand meat shops in England and Wales.

Mr. TREE intends, on the ultimate withdrawal of *King Richard the Second* from His Majesty's Theatre, to present a new and revised version of what is perhaps BACON's greatest drama, under



THE TENANTS' DINNER.

Lady Bountiful (to Farmer Stuff, who has done rather more than justice to the fare). "AND WHAT WILL YOU TAKE NOW, MR. STUFF?"
Mr. Stuff. "I THINK, MUM, THAT NOW I'LL TAKE A BIT OF--A REST."

the title of *Ham Let Alone at Breakfast*. In its revised form the play contains numerous references to the dietetic advantages of the light French *déjeuner* of coffee and rolls. Mr. TREE will of course take the title rôle of *Ham*, while *Sausage Polonius* will in all probability be played by Mr. OSCAR ASCHE.

Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING, having exhausted the potentialities of Imperialism and the Colonies, is said to be turning his attention to our internal arrangements at home. His next volume of verse will bear the name of *The Five Rations*. The title, like that of his latest work, is perhaps a little obscure, but we understand that it refers to the five daily meals of the "best people," i.e. breakfast, luncheon, tea, dinner and supper.

A reply by the Leader of the Opposition to Mr. BALFOUR's fiscal pamphlet is announced for early publication. In

his *Gastronomic Notes on Insides Betrayed* Sir HENRY will demonstrate, even more clearly than has been done by the famous *Daily News* poster, the utter futility of being content to accept the stomach tax and the Little Loaf.

Mr. C. A. VINCE, whose fiscal leaflets are calculated to outnumber the sands, may be interested to know that the ancient Buddhists, among other methods of numeration, had one which seems to have been designed to cope with just such a case as his. In the words of Sir EDWIN ARNOLD (*Light of Asia*):—

"The Katha, used to note the stars of night;
The Kôti-Katha, for the ocean-drops;
Jugga, the *calculus of circulars*."

RAW MATERIAL.—Strenuous opposition may be expected from the bootmaking industry to a prohibitive duty on brown paper.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

XXVI.—THE BUTTERSCOTCH.

WHY the train won't start I really can't imagine. It's quite full up already, and the regatta crowd is still swarming on to the platform. It will only mean that we shall have people standing on our feet the whole way back to town. As it is I'm certain half the people in this first-class carriage have got third-class tickets. The scrubby man in the peak cap, for instance, dozing in the opposite corner—I'll swear to him. It's disgusting. I might just as well have saved the money and got a third-class ticket myself—instead of a second.

Thank goodness we're off. Peculiarly drowsy effect the river always has on me. I feel I can just sleep till Waterloo. I wish the young man on the other side in the elaborately rakish Panama hat would talk to his mother less for the benefit of the whole compartment. I for one am not interested in the fact that he is personally acquainted with two Oxford men.—A brief silence at last. The rattle of the train is soothing.

"'E won 'is 'eat in the Sculls."

I open my eyes. The man in the peak cap is beaming round the compartment, while everybody avoids his gaze. He catches my eye.

"MABEL's young man won 'is 'eat all right," he observes. "In the Sculls."

I murmur my congratulations and shut my eyes again. Something presses my knee. The man in the peak cap is leaning forward, supporting himself with one grubby hand on my white flannel trousers.

"I said that MABEL's young man won 'is 'eat in the Sculls."

I inform him that I have not the pleasure of MABEL's young man's acquaintance. He regards me with a kind of numbly pained astonishment.

"Don't—know—MABEL's young man?" he repeats mechanically. "T-t-t-t-t," and relapses into his corner again, plainly finding it difficult to realise the full force of the blow that has fallen upon him. I, for my part, am too pre-occupied with a first impression of five grimy fingers on my trouser-knee to be able to compose myself for sleep again. The man in the peak cap is ruminating darkly in his corner. After a time he seems to get over his blow somewhat, and begins to beam round the compartment again. Suddenly his eye lights on the young man in the Panama hat by his side, who is again addressing the compartment through the medium of his mother.

"I don't know really what makes one come to these potty little regattas. One doesn't see anybody one knows rowing, like at Henley. I remember NICKMANNBURY (the Leander man, you know) saying

to me when I was introduced to him in the Leander enclosure that the decent clubs simply won't—"

"Wot,—Sid!" suddenly interrupts the man in the peak cap.

The young man breaks off suddenly in confusion.

"Sid!" repeats the man in the peak cap, seizing his hand, "shake 'ands, my boy, I 'ardly knew yer."

The young man pulls away his hand indignantly.

"Why, Sid," exclaims his neighbour reproachfully, "doncher know yer ole boss?"

"I don't know you," says the flushed young man.

The man in the peak cap surveys him hazily.

"My mistake," he says eventually. "Thort I knew yer. You're the very livin' imidge of a young man that used ter work fer me at Greenwich. Sid Cox 'is name was."

The young man has turned to his mother again, and is making a pitiable show of resuming his remarks about NICKMANNBURY.

"My mistake," remarks the man in the peak cap.

The young man takes no notice. His neighbour nudges him in the ribs with his elbow.

"I say it was my mistake," he repeats.

The young man turns on him angrily. "Yes," he snaps.

"You're qui' ri'," says his neighbour. —"MABEL's young man won 'is 'eat."

The young man turns from him without answering, only to receive another nudge in the ribs.

"I say MABEL's young man won 'is 'eat."

Here the young man turns his back square to his neighbour, who stares vaguely at it for a time, then sinks back into his corner and gazes moodily into space.

"In the Sculls," he observes at last meditatively, and drops into a doze once more.

I endeavour to follow his example, but my drowsiness has altogether left me. For a time there is silence in the compartment, then the man in the peak cap opens his eyes slowly, fumbles in his pocket, and in course of time produces a repulsive-looking black bottle. He removes the cork, and nudges his neighbour once more.

"'Ere's good 'ealth," he remarks—drinks, and holds the bottle beneath the young man's nose.

"'Ave a drop?" he invites.

The young man makes no answer.

"Don't be afraid of it," he says, "it ain't none of yer cheap stuff. Real Ole Tom. 'Ave a drop."

Dignified silence from the young man.

His neighbour nudges him cheerily again with his elbow.

"Ask your ole grammother if she'd like a drop," he suggests. "Real Ole Tom."

Still no response. I observe the young man's companion stiffen in her seat. The man in the peak cap withdraws the bottle from under the young man's nose, corks it, and replaces it in his pocket.

"'Ave a birrerburrerscotch?" he suggests, and spends a few minutes groping in his pocket. Then he has a gradual inspiration, and screwing slowly round on his seat stares for a time at the rack. Next he turns to the young man again.

"You ain't seen my burrrerscotch?" he inquires.

"No," says the young man shortly.

"No," repeats his neighbour vaguely, and ruminates for a time over the reply. Again he turns to the young man.

"Ask the ole girl," he suggests, after which, the other making no movement, he leans across and addresses his companion.

"'Ave you seen my burrrerscotch?" he inquires.

The lady, painfully rigid, makes no reply. There is a pause; then a marked change comes over the features beneath the peak cap. He focuses the lady with a hostile eye.

"If anyone's taken my burrrerscotch," he says meaningly, "they'll get a bloomin' good 'idin'."

"Confound you," begins the young man nervously, "what d'you mean by—"

His neighbour takes no notice of the interruption.

"A bloomin' good 'idin'," he repeats, still fixing the lady with an accusing eye. "D'yer think I'm afraid of yer?"

Here several passengers interfere.

"Wot's she wanter go takin' my burrrerscotch for?" demands the man in the peak cap. "Does she think I'm afraid of 'er? I'd take 'er with one 'and, an' many like 'er. I'm an Englishman, I am, an' no one ain't goin' ter take my burrrerscotch."

"If you're an Englishman," suddenly breaks in a voice—that of a red-haired man with a thin nose in the further corner, "you ought to be ashamed to threaten a woman."

The man in the peak cap stares mistily for a while at the latest speaker.

"I'm a man," he remarks eventually.

"Yes, you're a man," admits the other with an expectantly argumentative air.

"An' she's a woman," continues the man in the peak cap.

"Yes, she's a woman," assents the red-haired man guardedly.—"A lady."

"An' ole lady," states the man in the peak cap.

"The older she is," says the red-haired man triumphantly, "the more shame to you for threatening her."

I notice that the lady does not seem fully appreciative of the point that has been scored by her champion.

"I say I'm a man an' she's a woman," maintains the man in the peak cap vaguely.

"You've said that already," puts in his opponent, who seems to be enjoying himself immensely.

"An' anyone that steals my burrer-scotch 'll get a bloomin' good 'idin'," concludes the man in the peak cap.

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," cries the red-haired man, "that's not the point. You said——"

"Guard!" suddenly calls the lady, half rising.

The train has stopped at a station, and the guard is just passing the window. He puts in his head.

"Will you please have this man turned out?" says the lady, pointing to her aggressor. "He's intoxicated and has been using abusive language."

The rest of the compartment support the accusation, though I cannot help observing a certain lack of enthusiasm on the part of the red-haired man, who gives the impression of a man quite irritated about something. The guard turns to the man in the peak cap.

"Come on—come out of it," he says.

The man in the peak cap regards him with dignity.

"I 'cuse this lady stealin' my burrer-scotch," he observes.

Here the young man in the Panama hat goes so far as to button up his jacket and observe, "I'm with you, guard, if necessary," which no doubt must be reassuring to the official. He is a well-built man with a widely opened eye.

"Are you coming?" he demands shortly.

The man in the peak cap rises and stumbles out of the door, affording us as he does so a view of a sticky yellow mass adhering to the seat of his trousers. Still with his back to us, he addresses the guard.

"I'm a man an' an Englishman——" he begins.

The guard has waved his flag and the train begins to move.

"I'm a man an' a—'Ere, you'll 'ear of this!" he shouts, incensed by our merriment. "I've bin robbed of my burrer-scotch. Where's my rights as an Englishman?"

And we are borne on laughing, leaving him alone on the platform, still unconscious of the fidelity of his unseen adherent.



ACT I.



ACT II.

RHYMES OF THE EAST.

THE FINEST VIEW.

AWAY, away! The plains of Ind
Have set their victim free;
I cast my sorrows to the wind,
My sun-hat in the sea;
And, standing with a chosen few,
I watch a dying glow,
The passing of the Finest View
That all the world can show.

It would not fire an artist's eye,
This View whereof I sing;
Poets, no doubt, would pass it by
As quite a common thing;
Tourists would heave a scornful
sniff,
And find no beauties there—
They couldn't if they would, and if
They could they wouldn't care.

Only for him that turns the back
On dark and evil days

It throws a glory down his track
That sets his heart ablaze;
A charm to make the wounded whole,
Which wearied eyes may draw
Luxuriously through the soul,
Like cocktails through a straw.

I have seen strong men moved to tears
When gazing o'er the deep,
Hard men, whom I have known for years,
Nor dreamt that they could weep;
Even myself, though stern and cold
Beyond the common line,
Cannot, for very joy, withhold
The tribute of my brine.

Farewell, farewell, thou best of Views!
I leave thee to thy pain,
And, while I have the power to choose,
We shall not meet again;
But, 'mid the scenes of joy and mirth,
My fancies oft will turn
Back to the Finest Sight on Earth,
The Bombay Lights—*astern!*

DUM-DUM.



UP TO DATE.

Customer (in search of tomatoes). "GOT ANY TUPPENNY 'MARTERS, MATE?"

Coster. "'MARTERS, COCKY? WE WAS SOLD OUT O' PASSIVE RESISTERS 'ARF-HOUR AGO!"

"SHAM EDUCATION."

A CORRESPONDENCE has recently been raging in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph* under the above title. The ball was set rolling by "A Shipping Merchant," who invited some would-be clerks to calculate the cost of 5 tons 11 cwt. 3 qrs. 23 lbs. at £5 11s. 6d. per ton. Their results were various and incorrect, while the problem-setter himself failed to give the final fraction in the true answer, £31 4s. 1¹¹/₁₂₀d.

This is a national scandal. *Mr. Punch*, therefore, proposes to complete the *Daily Mail* referendum on the great fiscal question of the hour by a door-to-door and out-in-the-road canvass of the entire population of the United Kingdom, juveniles as well as adults, on the subject of Education and Things in General.

All members of the public are accordingly invited to place their mark on the subjoined voting paper.

And we further invite the assistance of ladies and gentlemen and Others to

collect these votes, so that when the *Punch* general election is complete it will be representative of every possessor or borrower of 3d. in the country.

Words and figures fail us when we endeavour to enumerate briefly the various Cash Prizes, Annuities, Season-ticketships, Advowsons, Nuncupative Legacies, Cabinet-ministerhips, and posts of Office Boy which we propose to confer on the most industrious collectors of votes. We therefore give it up, and ask our canvassers to take it all in one big Trust.

The questions on which *Mr. Punch* desires to collect the universal opinion are as follows:—

1. How do you do?
2. How is (a) the missus, (b) your husband, (c) the baby, (d) your father, (e) your mother (as the case may be)?
3. How do you like this weather?
4. How did you enjoy, (a) your holiday, (b) the last beanfeast, (c) school-treat, (d) football-match?
5. Can you write your name?
6. Do you mind writing it here?

7. Do you approve of journalistic plebiscites? (Explain this word very carefully, and write it as you think it ought to be pronounced.)

8. Will you excuse my inquisitiveness?

9. How many stars do I see?

10. Where is the nearest ambulance?

11. Great heavens, where am I, and what's the matter with my head?

N.B.—The last three questions are to be put by male canvassers only.

Mr. Punch will not hold himself responsible for any damage to persons or property in pursuance of the foregoing inquiry. He is, however, anxiously awaiting results of his attempt to feel the popular pulse and pull the collective leg. It has nothing particular to do with Education, Sham or Otherwise, but any peg will serve to hang an Inquiry on during the present epidemic of fiscal and arithmetical conundrums.

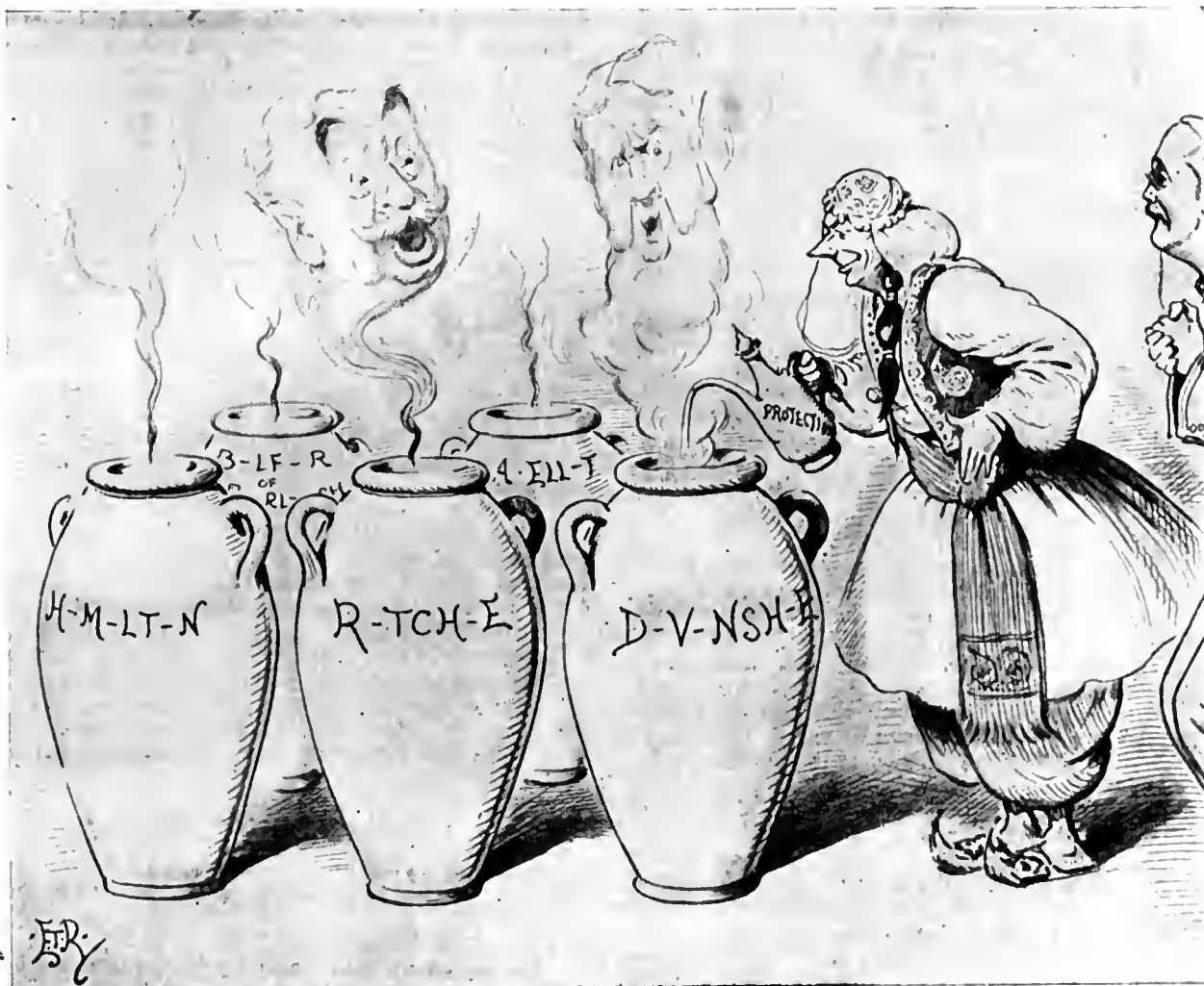
"AN AWFUL BOUNDER!"—My youngest boy's india-rubber ball.



HOVE TO.

PERTURBED OLD LADY (to LORD R-S-B-I-Y). "EXCUSE ME, SIR. ARE YOU THE PILOT, OR ONLY A PASSENGER?"





BOILING OIL ; OR, MORGIANA JOE.

Arthab-ul-Plur. "ARE YOU QUITE SURE YOU'VE SETTLED THEM, MORGEY?"

("We are prepared to work together without Jars."—*Mr. Balfour at Sheffield.*)

THE ALL-PERVADING.

[America is clearly bent on restoring the vanishing national costumes of Europe. Three Americans are at present in Athens, their mission being to prove the superiority of the costume of Pericles and Aspasia over the undistinctive dress of the modern Athenian.]

I ROAM the rugged Highlands,
From Sutherland I come
Through all the Outer Islands
To Eigg and Muck and Rum;
But wheresoe'er my footsteps bear,
In vain I seek a kilt;
There is in Eigg no philabeg,
Nor sporran in Glen Tilt.
But everywhere upon my route
I see the cheap East-End suit,
On every man and boy and brat
The all-pervading bowler hat.
From Mandal and Stavanger
With lingering steps I stray
To far remote Veranger
Where night is turned to day;

In every vale and fiord and dale
I seek without success,
For nowhere can I meet a man
In full Norwegian dress.
The peasants harvesting the crops?
Wear ready-made Whitechapel slops,
The shepherds pasturing their flocks
Objectionable billycocks.

Through Germany and Prussia
I vainly ply my quest,
And even distant Russia
Deceives me like the rest.
Go where I will, before me still
These ugly nightmares loom;
I cannot meet a man complete
In national costume.
Upon the steppes the Cossack strides
In cheap and nasty "ready-mides,"
And common as the household cat
In Tiflis is the bowler hat.

When disappointments smother
The hope within my heart,

I turn to Athens—mother
Of beauty and of art.
Where MYRON wrought, where PHEIDIAS
taught,

And POLYCLEITUS carved,
Here, here at least I yet may feast
My soul so sadly starved.
Vain hope! In Athens tramcars run,
The men are trousered, every one,
And I behold the sacred rock
Pervaded by the billycock.

But lo! the prospect brightens,
And suddenly I see
Arrayed in flowing chitons
And peplons, figures three.
True Greeks at last! They wander past.
I prick each listening ear
For any word that may be heard,
And this is what I hear:
"I guess we're fixed up all complete;
You bet, we're c'rect from head to feet.
My! ain't these Greeks a lot of flats
To sport slop-suits and bowler hats!"

PINERO V. PINERO.

IF it be true to say of Mr. PINERO that at the present moment "none but himself can be his parallel," then it is certainly equally true that, as a dramatist, he has, in his own line, no successful rival, and no enemy save himself. As SHERIDAN'S *Rivals* disputed the palm with his *School for Scandal*, so to the vogue of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* was opposed the success of *The Gay Lord Quex*, and though it be granted that the first of these was a tragedy and the second a comedy yet as both were dramas of powerful interest, with characters distinctly marked and dialogue alternately lively or severe, but always to the point, they may be fairly quoted as equally upholding the dramatist's well-earned reputation. But *Letty* is another matter; here is PINERO at his best, up to a certain point, *versus* PINERO led away by an Ibsenitish delusion and by such a monologuing declamatory spirit as possessed VICTORIEN SARDOU in the longest-winded period of his successful melodramatic career. For *Letty*, a drama in four Acts and an Epilogue, say plainly five Acts and have done with it, now being played at the Duke of York's Theatre between a quarter to eight and something after eleven, is a specimen of this "queer mixture," when it ought to have been unadulterated PINERO.

Not the best French company of the much-lauded Français could have given this play a more forcible or a more attractive rendering than do the actors engaged for the purpose at this theatre. In Mr. H. B. IRVING'S *Nevill Letchmere*, who inherits all the fatal devilment of the Letchmere family, no improvement could be suggested; while as to the heroine, *Letty Shell*, the author is to be congratulated on having secured the services of Miss IRENE VANBRUGH, as it is not by any means a part that is likely to be prominent in a *répertoire* of her own selection.

But honestly, though the success of the plot is meant to depend on these two protagonists, yet the success of the piece, that is, the success of the drama as acted on the boards (not as read in the study) is with Miss NANCY PRICE, who, though unsuited to *Calypso*, and to the wicked nurse in *A Snug Little Kingdom* at the Royalty, is simply inimitable as *Hilda Gurney*, an assistant at a fashionable dress-maker's; with Mr. FRED KERR as *Bernard Mandeville*, perfect in his representation of an utter cad; with Miss BEATRICE FORBES ROBERTSON as the earnest and rigidly moral *Marion Allardyce*, a fellow clerk with *Letty* in the same house of business; and with Mr. DION BOUCAULT, whose impersonation of the honest little commonplace photographer, *Richard Perry*, is excellent.

Again, in the case of *Mrs. Ivor Crosbie*, (a part admirably represented by Miss SARAH BROOKE,) the author creates for her a far greater interest than he has aroused for the heroine. She is *Nevill Letchmere's* favourite sister; on her bias to the right or the left depends the future of the *Letchmere* family for good or for ill. *Nevill* undertakes to direct that bias, and to bring her out of her great temptation, triumphantly, "on the side of the angels." And he fails her. Yielding to his own selfish, sensual passion, which he has so far by an effort repressed, he lets his sister, who relies upon him for her salvation, cut herself adrift and go under. *Chassez le naturel et il reviendra au galop*: this is the old proverb that *Nevill*, in himself, illustrates. The interest of the story is in the fall of *Nevill's* sister, and whether *Letty*, the sentimental shop-girl and dreamy invalid, or anybody else, known or unknown to the audience, is to be his victim, is a matter of very little importance.

We weary of *Nevill's* long soliloquies, as we do of the rhapsodies of the anæmic heroine, and so little has *Letty Shell* gained upon our sympathies that nobody cares what becomes of her. We are glad, for *Nevill Letchmere's* sake, that he allows her to escape, because we rather like *Nevill*

and pity him; but as to feeling any sort of surprise at *Letty's* settling down as the commonplace wife of the above-mentioned good-natured little photographer, we need no "epilogue" to tell us this, nor indeed are we concerned for the future of any one of the *dramatis personæ*.

All the scenes between Mr. H. B. IRVING, as *Nevill*, and Miss IRENE VANBRUGH, as *Letty*, are as finely played as heart of author could desire. If only something could have prevented the elopement of *Mrs. Ivor Crosbie* (Miss SARAH BROOKE) with that young masher of married women, *Coppinger Drake*, carefully played by Mr. D. GRIMSTON, and if, after the exit of *Letty* (omitting that highly dangerous last embrace) when *Nevill* is at his very wretchedest, if, we say, at this critical moment, *Mrs. Ivor Crosbie*, his sister, safe and sound, and triumphant over temptation, could have rushed in and thrown herself into her brother's arms, owing her rescue from degradation entirely to the will to resist that his previous advice and conduct had strengthened in her, then the termination would have been satisfactory, and the curtain would have fallen, at the reasonable hour of five minutes to eleven, to the hearty applause of an unwearied audience.

It is never too late to mend, except perhaps for the *Letchmere* family. But we forget, there is still hope for the *Letchmeres* in *Nevill's* son, who, as his father informs us, comes to see him once a week; but unfortunately the last Act does not take place on one of the little chap's visiting days. We should like to have made his acquaintance; and to have known something of his mother, concerning whom we have only the *ex parte* statement of her husband, from whom she is separated. Perhaps when their little son has grown up and when his mother is a grey-haired widow, Mr. PINERO will give us the story of another generation of the *Letchmeres*.

PILGRIMS AND STRANGERS.

LAST Thursday the Pilgrims' temporary halting-place was at Claridge's in a grand saloon, where, with Field-Marshal Lord ROBERTS at their head, they entertained strangers who soon found themselves in the "Society of Friends." KING and President were enthusiastically toasted, and there were no bounds to the cordiality with which the subject of the Alaska boundaries was received, when the reply to the toast of "the Commissioners" was commenced by Lord ALVERSTONE, "the PIERPONT MORGAN of the Commission," as Senator TURNER, speaking after his lordship, styled him, and continued by Senator the Hon. CLIFFORD SIFON, representing Canada, who completed the trio of thanks-returning guests. Then Mr. BRITAIN, the honorary secretary, who, in spite of the frequently reiterated and highly popular assertion that "Britons never will be slaves," was at everybody's service on this particular evening, read aloud a cablegram from the Pilgrim Brothers in New York, expressing the hope that "whatever the result of the Alaska Boundary Commission might be, no boundaries might ever be set to English and American friendship," a sentiment received with enthusiastic cheers.

The evening was a big success, the speakers restricted themselves to the main subject, and not a single Pilgrim or Stranger wandered beyond the boundaries; nor was there even so much as one subtle reference made either to tariffs or to a certain (or uncertain) ex-Minister. Protection is in the air, and there, on this occasion, the Boundary Brothers of Alaska were content to let it remain.

THE Alhambra Theatre is going in heavily for politics. Recent novelties include the burlesque jugglers known as the SEDDONS, and the RITCHIE cyclists—with free wheels, of course.



SO SYMPATHETIC!

Sportsman (wishing for fresh fields to conquer). "I SHOULD LIKE TO TRY MY HAND AT BIG GAME."
 Fair Ignoramus. "YES, I SUPPOSE YOU FIND IT VERY HARD TO HIT THESE LITTLE BIRDS!"

THE SUN-CHILD.

(Continued.)

It was early on a certain afternoon in January that the Sun-child found himself in a Palace. He had strayed in almost unconsciously, paying no heed to the sentries with fixed bayonets who trudged up and down in the courts below, or to the various gorgeous footmen and other impressive retainers who lined the passages and hung about in the ante-rooms. This Palace was not like the bright and shining Palace which had once been his home. It was roofed in and heavily curtained and carpeted instead of lying open to the sparkling violet-tinted air, and there were no crystal staircases or opal banisters, and such light as there was came in fitful and almost dingy gleams through the dull windows. Still it was a Palace, and a beautiful Princess, the darling of her friends and of the people amongst whom her lot was cast, lived there with the Prince, her husband, and their little boy.

Walking on, the Sun-child came to a door through which he passed into a comfortably furnished room, evidently the boudoir of the Princess, for there was a pleasant *négligé* about it and there were cushions lying in cosy corners and photographs and pretty knick-knacks were strewn about the tables. The Sun-child slipped behind a screen that hid his light, and, peeping out thence, he beheld the Princess. A beautiful vision she was, but her lovely face was clouded over, and deep misery was in her eyes. She was sitting on a chair, her hands tightly clenched, and was speaking to the Prince, a heavy ungainly man, with a vacuous flushed face, who was standing up over against her.

"But, RUPERT, you can't mean that, surely you can't. Consider for a moment. Oh, it's impossible," and she gave a shudder and put her hand to her eyes as if to shut out some painful sight.

"I've had quite enough of these appeals," said the Prince gruffly. "You heard what I said, and you know well enough what I mean. Let there be no more of this nonsense. Oh, yes, I know," he continued, as she half rose from her chair, "you've got a fine spirit and all that, but you've got to obey me, do you hear, you've got to obey me," and as she rose up and faced him he seized her arm violently and thrust her back into her chair. "No tantrums, please; I hate a scene. I'm going out now, and when I return I hope to find you in a better frame of mind."

With that he turned on his heels and went out, slamming the door behind him.

Left to herself, the Princess still sat in her chair, her face pale and set, and her hands clasping one another in her lap. Then she rose, a tall and stately figure, and began pacing about the room. And these were her thoughts:—

"What have I done to deserve this? Oh, he's cruel, brutal and unmanly. Things cannot go on like this. I should kill myself or him. No, my mind's made up. It must end."

Thinking thus, she sat down at her writing-table and hastily scribbled a note:—

"I have thought over what you said," she wrote, "and I am sorry I repulsed you so abruptly. I will meet you at four o'clock to-day and go with you."

She slipped it into an envelope, addressed it, and rang the bell.

"Take this," she said to the servant, "at once. There is no answer."

The servant bowed and went out and the Princess sank again into her chair, and sat without moving, the prey, to dreadful thoughts. And the clock ticked away the time and the hands moved steadily over the dial, and still she sat and sat. At last she looked up and saw that it was half-past three, and at this moment the Sun-child

came from behind his screen and stood before her and looked into her eyes. And, as he did so, the door opened and a pretty little boy came into the room and ran to the Princess:—

"Mummy," he said, "where have you been? You promised

to come to me and I've been waiting for you."

At this the Princess could control herself no longer. She flung her arms round the boy and burst into tears:—

"My darling," she cried, "of course I ought to have come to you. No matter, you're here, and I'll never, never leave you. Don't be afraid, don't be afraid," and the black cloud faded from her mind and her true strength returned, and a great resolve to endure and to be patient grew upon her.

While she still embraced her little boy and made much of the wondering child, a strange confused rumour grew without and there were hurried steps in the passage. At last the door opened and a lady came in and stood before the group, as if not knowing what to say:

"Compose yourself, ANGELA," she stammered at last, "compose yourself and be strong. There has been a terrible accident, and the Prince—"

"Say it at once," said the Princess, in a cold and measured voice that seemed to come from far away, "he is dead."

"Yes," said the lady, "dead."

But the Princess heard no more, and the Sun-child went out again on his wanderings.

(To be continued.)

THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER.



IT IS RATHER A BLOW TO ONE'S VANITY AND TEMPER WHEN, AFTER POSING PATIENTLY BEFORE A VERY SLOW PLATE, ONE COMES OUT LIKE—

This!

CROSS QUESTIONERS AND CROOKED ANSWERS.

By Mr. Punch's own Keltic Poet.

[See "The Questioners" in this month's *Fortnightly Review*.]

READER, oh, gentle reader, may I not pass?

Not till you make more clear

What the Dickens you mean.

Grovelling Reader! Can you not feel the joy

Of my vague sonorous phrases, elusive, obscure,

About my proud one arrayed in dreams and roses?

How can I tell what I mean any more than you . . .

Get out, get out!

Critic, Sassenach critic, may I not pass?

What do you mean?

Dull-witted critic, canst thou not understand

That I am a Keltic bard and a Symbolist to boot?

My song is of nightingales and a silken-haired stranger

Whose presence certainly seems to require explanation. . .

Get out, get out!

Public, oh British Public, may I not pass?

What do you mean?

Idiot Public! But here in the vast evening

On the head of his pale companion and plighted friend

A man I remember inflicted his lordly anger.

I trust you will not prove equally violent . . .

Get out, get out!

LOST MASTERPIECES.

(Mr. Punch's own Collection.)

THE long unpublished narrative poem by Sir WALTER SCOTT (called, for lack of a better name, *The Lay of the Very Last Minstrel*) from which Mr. Punch printed an extract two weeks ago, is by no means the only specimen of this class of verse which figures in his collection. A poem in the same genre by BYRON, with the usual Oriental background, is one of his most prized possessions. It opens finely thus:—

The Night is dark. No moonlight shines
Along the Moslem's battle-lines;
And jewelled mosque and stern *serai*
Lie darkling 'neath an Eastern sky.
The fair ZAREEFA in her bower
Trembling awaits the fatal hour
When CASSIM, on his fiery horse,
Will carry her away of course.

The elopement, which is narrated in very spirited style, but at too great length to be quoted here, is duly carried out, and the wrath of ZAREEFA's injured lord when the news reaches him is as easily described as imagined:—

NOUREDDIN's eyeballs blazed with ire,
His bondmen trembled at their fire.
Across the chamber's length he paced
And to and fro his steps retraced
While, musing o'er ZAREEFA's guilt,
His right hand sought his dagger hilt.
At moments too his favourite page
Declares his whiskers curl with rage.
Fiercely he scowls to left and right.
Bismillah! 'tis a shocking sight.

Ultimately poor ZAREEFA and her lover are captured, and all ends happily—in the Bosphorus.

By way of corrective to the easy jog-trot style of Byronic narrative, the following lyric of BROWNING's, hitherto unknown even to BROWNING Societies, should be greatly appreciated. It is in the poet's most abrupt and tortuous style, with all his well-marked eccentricity of rhyme and rhythm, and is called:—

YET ANOTHER WAY OF LOVE.

You see this rose,
Its calyx, its petals?
Since fair it shows
Could you forget, all's
Well with your heart to the heart's confusion
And the mind's disjointure. What's
conclusion?
Look on her blossom half white, half
pinky.
Would you choose her, the choice yours,
think ye?

But if, depressed
With all this fooling,
Rose and the rest,
You 'scape your schooling,



HEARD AT A PROVINCIAL CIRCUS.

Wag (to unfortunate small gent, who has vainly endeavoured to persuade lady to remove her hat). "DON'T YOU SEE SHE'S GOT A BIRD IN HER HAT, SITTING? YOU WOULDN'T HAVE THE LADY ADDLE-HEADED, WOULD YOU?"

And, stooping low to her sweet shoe's
latchet
(Since truth's the truth if you can but
catch it!)
You risk conjecture "Why yes?" or
"Why no?"—
Lord love you, I'm hanged if I know.

But there are some people so constituted that they are unable really to appreciate this rugged order of lyric. They prefer a softer and more sensuous style of poetry. For them Mr. Punch's collection contains a moment of pure joy in the shape of an unpublished poem by ROSSETTI—one of those vague elusive sonnets full of exquisite imagery and jewelled phrases which are so infuriating to the Philistine, so adored by the cultured. Like many of ROSSETTI's, this sonnet has a mysterious and high-sounding title which, however, seems to have no particular connection with the lines which follow:—

SOUL-SEVERANCE.

Because the cithole hath a thousand
tones
Inwrought with many subtile harmonies
Of lute and flute wherein sweet music
dies,
Yea, all the bitter-sweet that love dis-
owns,
Mournful are they and full of heavy
moans
And tears and interpenetrative sighs,
Soul-stirred with ultimate immen-
sities,
And incommunicable antiphones!

So is the soul fulfilled of saddest things,
Of multitudinous sighs more sad than
they
Whereof Earth hears no sound, yet
nothing may
Drown the deep murmur of its echoings:
Even so of soul and soul the poet sings
And what on earth he means can no
man say. St. J. H.

FIRST MENTIONS.

In order to save correspondents of the *Westminster Gazette* unnecessary trouble, Mr. Punch has drawn up the following list of phrases with authentic origins:—

"Billy O!"—HENSLOWE's diary (preserved at Dulwich College) relates that Lord Chancellor BACON, on being asked by EDWARD ALLEYN, the actor, if he could write plays, replied darkly, "Like Billy O!"

"Giving them beans," was first used by BACON in his "Pot-pourri from a Stratford Garden."

"Marry come up!" was employed for the first time by HENRY THE EIGHTH, on the eve of his embarking on matrimony. He used it subsequently five times on similar occasions.

"Rats!"—This was first used by the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

"Facing the music."—Signor HANDEL TURNERELLI, in the year 1624, on the evening on which he perfected the mechanism of the hurdy-gurdy, first used this classic phrase.

"Lay on, MacDuff," was first used by Lord ROSEBURY as a tip to the Duke of FIFE as *Ladas* left the paddock.



ON THE WAY HOME FROM THE EXMOOR HUNT—NO KILL.

Fair Huntress. "WHAT A PITY THE HOUNDS LET THAT SPLENDID STAG GET AWAY, COLONEL, WASN'T IT?"

Colonel. "PITY! HA, IF THEY'D ONLY TAKEN MY ADVICE WE SHOULD HAVE BEEN UP WITH HIM NOW, INSTEAD OF BEING MILES AWAY ON THE WRONG TRACK!"

CHARIVARIA.

A STARTLING increase in the number of lunatics in the British Isles is again recorded. Our asylums are overcrowded, and it is becoming necessary to send Passive Resisters to the prisons.

We hear that there are quite a number of persons, entirely in sympathy with the new Education Act, who would be willing to become Passive Resisters if they were absolutely sure that some anonymous gentleman would come forward to pay their rates. It is only the uncertainty that prevents the movement assuming huge proportions.

We learn from the *Pall Mall Gazette* that, "Another new carriage drive leading from the Mall into the Palace road-way has been opened this week. It takes a grand sweep to the right of the circle in the centre of which the monument of the QUEEN will be erected." We assume that the "grand sweep," whose drive is here described, has already retired from his obscure profession.

Mrs. SKEFFINGTON SMYTH has just returned from a lonely tour round the world. The only trouble she had was

on the Yang-tsze-Kiang river, where the natives would insist on calling her Mrs. SMITH.

There is likely to be trouble at Dundee. The medical men in that town have been insulted by the Visiting Medical Officer of the Poorhouses. He has recommended the establishment of a laboratory for the Poorhouse Hospital, and, according to the *Dundee Advertiser*, he has stated that "as a means of reducing the number of patients long resident, the expenditure would prove in the long run economical." This slight on their laboratory work is declared by the local doctors to be quite unjustifiable.

Those who sneered at cordite as useless have received a nasty slap in the face. It has been found to be possible to get drunk by eating it.

The discovery is stated to have aroused much interest among such persons as have taken the pledge to abstain from intoxicating liquors only.

The Servian Chargé d'Affaires has expressed himself as much annoyed that he continues to be officially ignored by the British Government. "You must remember we are a young and

rising nation," he says. It was, of course, just this upward mobility which created the difficulty.

We hear that an Imperial Rescript will shortly be issued by the Czar ordering Evacuation Day to be observed each year as a Fête Day by the Russian troops in Manchuria.

The quarrel between Rear-Admiral LAMINGTON and Sir ARCHIBALD HUNTER has not been long in bearing fruit. An Admiralty man has been made Minister of War, and an Army man has been appointed Civil Lord of the Admiralty.

It is announced that Volunteers will take the place of the Allegorical Cars in the approaching Lord Mayor's Show. But the Allegorical idea will still be kept up, as the Volunteers are to symbolise the Efficiency of the War Office.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN now recognises in Lord ROSEBURY his most dangerous opponent in the Fiscal Fight. His Lordship's jaunty opening, "Well, what do you think of it all?" was such a success that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's next speech is to begin with, "Here we are again!"



THE ADVANTAGES OF CUB-HUNTING FOR A YOUNG HORSE.

OUR BOYS.—III.

[A correspondent of the *Daily Mail* suggests that public-school boys should be taught to play Bridge, as it would be better if they employed their evenings in games of skill than in "idle talk."]

From the "Christmas Book Reviewer" of next year.

IN *The Boys of St. Asterisk's* Mr. THINGUMMY has written one of the best stories of public-school life that it has been our good fortune to read for a long time. The error into which the majority of books of this type fall is that they fail to keep abreast of the times. Nothing changes so rapidly as a public school. Mr. THINGUMMY has avoided this error. His plot is not only exciting, but thoroughly true to life. *Vincent Trevelyan*, his hero, is a finely-drawn character, and few boys will read without a thrill the chapter which relates how, having lost all his pocket-money at shilling nap in the dormitory of which he is prefect, he goes to dinner with the Headmaster and wins from that gentleman at unlimited Loo enough to recoup himself twice over.

But many of the other chapters are equally good. Here is an example of Mr. THINGUMMY's style. A card party has just broken up in confusion. The scene is the Bully's study.

"Fetch me my red-hot poker," roared the Bully, with a hideous imprecation, seizing the Little-Delicate-One by the

heels and dashing his head with frightful violence against the study wall. The Sneak, who did odd jobs of this sort for the Bully in exchange for three kicks a day and a comfortable home, bounded off to execute the commission. 'You little brute, you,' he continued, addressing the limp and unconscious form on the floor. 'What do you mean by it, eh? I'll teach you to trump my ace. Where's that poker?'

"Where you won't get it," cried a clear, musical voice, and a lithe young form, with blue eyes and curly yellow hair, sprang into the room.

"TREVELYAN!" roared the Bully (with a hideous imprecation). 'What do you want? Get out of my study.'

"Not till we have settled accounts," JASPER GROGSMITH, replied our hero, in a firm, quiet voice.

For the subsequent proceedings, which are of the most exciting nature, we must refer our readers to the book itself. The Bully is defeated, but speedily obtains his revenge. The chief event of the year, the competition for the Jones Bridge Prize, is to be decided, and the hero and his friend CHARLES meet the Bully and the Sneak in the last round. The excitement is intense, but to the general disappointment the hero and his friend CHARLES are defeated. They attribute their reverse in their sportsmanlike way to the superior skill of their opponents, but

it is remarked by the spectators that every time the Bully or his partner declares, they invariably have all the trumps or else all the aces between them. This gives rise to suspicions, and after a series of enthralling incidents it is discovered that they have cheated, and they are unmasked and publicly expelled by the Headmaster, who forthwith hands over the prize to CHARLES and the hero, and the book ends.

In addition to the more important *dramatis personæ* there are a host of entertaining minor characters. The Eccentric Boy, who plays cricket and football, is a capital study, as is the Headmaster, who on one occasion canes a boy for making clubs trumps with a No Trump hand. We can cordially recommend *The Boys of St. Asterisk's* to all parents who wish to give their sons the opportunity of reading healthy, manly literature. The book is sure to be widely popular.

The Newcastle Programme.

TIME—Prior to Mr. Chamberlain's Speech.

First Pitman (to colleague, who is stripped to the waist and pummelling a sack of peas). Wey, GEORDIE, whaat are ye trainin' for? Whee are ye matched wi'?

Second Pitman. Aa'mi ganna hae a skelp at the Brummagem Pet, or wheeiver he is, when 'e comes. They say 'e's a Fistal Polis, or summuck o' that.

MAIDEN MEDITATION.

(Manner of Wordsworth.)

[A poster of *The Girl's Own Paper* recommends "Every girl from 16 to 60" to read that organ.]

SOME fifty years or more have rolled
Over this head now void of hair,
And yet with joy I still behold
What Nature yields of young and fair.

Three objects make my spirit dance:—
A lark upsoaring in the sky,
A buttercuplet, and the glance
Emitted from a maiden's eye.

* * * * *
As o'er her page she sat inclined,
A vision full of girlish grace,
I came upon her from behind,
And therefore could not see her face.

But something told me (nay, I would
Have offered three to one—in pence)
That in her eye, serene and good,
Reposed a virgin innocence.

"Dear Girl," I said (for I am used
To start in this informal way,
Not stopping to be introduced)
"What are you reading? Tell me, pray."

She showed a maiden's proper pride,
And, keeping on with bended head,
"*The Girl's Own Paper*," she replied,
And that was really all she said.

"Dear Girl, your speech is somewhat bald:
Yon tale, whatever it may be,
Appears to hold you so enthralled
You take no interest in me!

"Yet maidens trust me, not a few;
I prattle, even after dark,
To perfect strangers such as you
Without occasioning remark."

Again her manner seemed abrupt;
She answered with a fretful air,
"I wish you would not interrupt;
I've hardly any time to spare.

"My years are yet but fifty-nine;
They soon will touch a full three-score;
To-morrow draws the fatal line,
And I shall be a girl no more!"

"Young thing," I said, "I must begone;
I will not wantonly intrude,
Nor pry with curious gaze upon
The sacred dawn of Womanhood!"

O. S.

GOING ONE LESS.

["The new Paris paper, which is entitled the *Carte Journal*, is the outcome of the postcard craze. The *Carte Journal* is, in fact, printed on a postcard, one side containing the usual space for the name and address, while on the other side is a reproduction of a sketch or photograph illustrating the most interesting event of the day, accompanied by half a dozen brief telegrams giving the world's news."]

THE very latest thing in journalism, telegraphs our Bedlam correspondent, is the *Daily Stamp*, which is already having an enormous circulation. The penny edition is printed on pretty pink perforated paper, and bears a striking medallion

portrait of His Majesty the KING. The halfpenny edition is similar, but is printed on green paper, and although cheaper, the portrait is in no wise inferior. It is claimed for the new journal that it will appeal to every man and woman in the land, and that no one need be afraid of taking it into the family circle. It publishes no advertisements, and scorns to print false news of any description.

By arrangement with H. M. Government, it is possible to send the *Daily Stamp* to one's friends by merely affixing it to an addressed envelope. Gum of superior quality has been provided with this object in view. The new paper is of convenient size for the pocket, and, measuring as it does nearly one inch in length, it can be used in an emergency as a foot-rule. Blank sheets will sometimes be issued with the paper when buying a quantity, and these sheets are specially adapted for mending music, binding up small wounds, &c. In short, as our correspondent winds up, the *Daily Stamp* has come to STICK!!!

AN IMPERIALIST ENTERTAINMENT.

LET any one, whether belonging to the Free-trading, Retaliating, or Protectionist party, or if still possessing an open mind, make up his own party, the pleasantest possible, and visit the Empire in Leicester Square, whence he will issue forth a more convinced Imperialist than ever, and so will remain as long as this favourite place of evening resort sustains its ancient reputation, as it is doing during this present season, especially with its fantastic ballet in four tableaux, entitled *Vineland*. Everybody concerned in its production, Director Gaiety EDWARDES, Designer and Supervisor WILHELM, a real Wilhelm Meister of this particular art, Madame KATTI LANNER, clever as ever, Musical Composer WENZEL, with his orchestra, and scenic artist HARKER, have done their very best to contribute towards the success. The costumes, brought fresh from Hastings with the assistance of an ANGEL & Co., are most effective.

Mlle. ZANFRETTA, who, if we remember aright, was so excellent as the mercenary coquette in *L'Enfant Prodigue*, is a refined representative of *Bacchus*, in this instance a rather amatory and intensely polite divinity, not in the least given to vinous excess, but chiefly remarkable for excellent pantomimic action, which, if you come to think of it, is quite in keeping with the character of *Bacchus*, as all the wine shops used to be known by their signs.

Mlle. ADELINÉ GENÉE, a very perfect and elegant *danseuse*, without the slightest touch of vulgarity, appears as *The Spirit of Champagne*, with a charming "phiz," popping on and off, and, free of all wires, proceeding by leaps and bounds.

Previous to the grand ballet, the old favourites, known as *The Manhattan Comedy Four*, who prefer to remain anonymous, kept the audience, which had just finished applauding the NEISS Sisters (is it pronounced "Nice"?—it ought to be) in their graceful gymnastic feats of arms and legs, in a roar of laughter.

The entertainment, which is altogether on an Imperial scale, as befitting the Empire, must be pronounced a capital one; and, as an investment, it offers points of great interest to the public crowding the house some time before the commencement of the ballet.

Conversation overheard between two Swallows.

"HALLO, HAROLD, you still here? What are you going to do all winter?"

"Oh, I'm engaged as a model for WILLIE RICHMOND's new art motor-car. And you?"

"I'm going to fly high all day and see if I can't improve this wretched climate."



NOT CAUGHT YET!

OR, TARIFF JOE, THE COW-PUNCHER.



THE TWO TOPICS.

SCENE—Any railway carriage. In it any two citizens conversing in shouts, with the usual interruptions and continuous rattling.

First Citizen. After reading CHAMBERLAIN'S speeches, and ROSEBERY'S, what I want to know is whether—

[Prolonged whistle from engine.]

Second Citizen. Weather! I never knew such weather. It's awful. And such howling winds, too. An umbrella's no protection.

First C. Protection, do you say? You don't mean to say you're in favour of Protection? Why look at all the controversies of the last reign—

[Under a bridge, clatter.]

Second C. The last rain, my dear fellow? I've forgotten that. This one's been going on for three months or more. Think of the effect on trade.

First C. There you've hit it. That's just what I say. What about the trade of the country? How will it affect our corn? [Under another bridge, clatter.]

Second C. Got a corn? That's curious, so have I. In this sort of weather mine shoots like anything. Don't you put anything on it?

First C. On what?

Second C. On your corn.

First C. Why, that's just what CHAMBERLAIN wants to do. Out-and-out Protection I call it. He's publishing leaflets by the million, and the whole country will be flooded—

[A train passes in the opposite direction, fearful hubbub.]

Second C. I should think it jolly soon would be. Up the Thames they've been in an awful state three times already this year. But then those riverside houses are all just out of the water, or just in it, according to the weather. Hang the rain! If only the weather was bright—

[Through a station, whistle, clatter.]

First C. Ah, he was something like a man, he and COBDEN! None of your new-fangled notions, none of your Protection—

Second C. No, nothing's any use but a macintosh.

First C. What's he got to do with it?

Second C. Who?

First C. MACINTOSH.

Second C. I don't know. I suppose he invented it.

First C. Invented what?

Second C. A waterproof coat.

First C. What's he got to do with BRIGHT and COBDEN? I never heard of him. I've not read much of this sort of thing. I've got MILL—

[Over a girder bridge, rumble.]

Second C. Well, I hope it isn't a water-mill, or it may be washed away



"GETTING ON."

"WELL, TOMMY, HOW ARE YOU GETTING ON AT SCHOOL?"

"FIRST-RATE. I AIN'T DOING SO WELL AS SOME OF THE OTHER BOYS, THOUGH I CAN STAND ON MY HEAD; BUT I HAVE TO PUT MY FEET AGAINST THE WALL. I WANT TO DO IT WITHOUT THE WALL AT ALL!"

any time. A windmill's the only sort. Suit this weather to a T.

First C. Ah yes, tea. That's another of CHAMBERLAIN'S ideas. Take away the poor man's bread and give him tea instead. That's what you Protectionists propose. The most unwholesome drink in the world. Look what a fine country this was in Queen ELIZABETH'S time, and nobody drank tea then. By Jove, they didn't drink tea, DRAKE and RALEIGH and SHAKESPEARE.

Second C. And BACON.

First C. Exactly. Just what all you fellows say. Tea and bacon. Awful rot! How can a man live on tea and bacon? I really believe CHAMBERLAIN and the rest of you want to tax everything else, except water. So far he proposes to let the poor have plenty of that.

Second C. Plenty of what?

First C. Plenty of water.

Second C. Good heavens, man alive! If there's anybody in this country says we haven't got plenty of water this year I should just like to see him. I'm heartily sick of it. I hear they've had no rain in Nice for months. I think I shall run over to Monte Carlo for a bit, just to get dry. I wish the hotels there weren't so infernally dear. I've written to one for a tariff.

First C. Ah, they'll soon revise the tariff for you.

Second C. I doubt it. You don't get much for nothing there, except bread. *Pain à discrétion* is all right. Free bread.

First C. What? You fellows talk the most awful rot. How on earth can you have free—(through a station, whistle, clatter)—can you have free—(train passes in opposite direction, fear-

ful hubbub)—hang the noise! How can you have free bread if you put a tax on corn? Free bread, indeed! why—*(tunnel, prolonged roar. The First Citizen moves his lips and waves his arms, but no sound can be heard).* Hullo, here we are!

[Jolt, the train stops, they get out.]

Second C. I'll come round and see you some time and have a talk about CHAMBERLAIN'S ideas. Good-bye.

First C. Why, I've been shouting that all the way. Glad to see you any time. What do you think of the weather these last few months? Awful, hasn't it been? Good-bye.

BEAGLING.

"DORA, what's a beagle?" I said. DORA was fitting on a sequin transparency, and I waited while she took the pins out of her mouth.

"A beagle?" she replied; "let me see now, it's a small wild animal thing—they hunt it when there are no foxes. It's soft and furry, something between a beaver and a ferret."

"Is it?" I replied; "well, it doesn't appeal to me anyhow. I don't know what KITTY's thinking about. Look here," and I tossed the note across the table.

"DEAREST DOLLY,—Do come beagling on Saturday. 2 o'clock at the kennels. Great sport. I'm most frightfully keen.

"In terrific haste,

"KITTY.

"Of course I shan't go. She knows it's not in my line," I said.

"But have you seen the postscript over the page?" asked DORA. I had not. It was short and sweet—"P.S. Heaps of men."

"But what shall I wear?" I said after a pause. DORA never fails me, she's the best informed girl I know.

"Your white frieze," she said; "the short one, pale blue Tammy and smart boots."

Saturday was beautifully fine, and KITTY greeted me with enthusiasm when I arrived at the kennels. She was standing among a group of interesting-looking beings in moss-green coats, black velvet hunt-caps and white breeches. However she didn't introduce them—KITTY never does. She took my arm. "Aren't they perfectly sweet?" she cried.

"They'll hear!" I remonstrated.

"Come and stroke them," she continued, and then I noticed for the first time a lot of speckled dogs cropping up all over the place—in fact the ground seemed alive with them. There were a good many sporting-looking men hanging about, and a sprinkling of girls all carrying whips, and presently we all

went a walk across the fields, taking the speckled dogs, which were a bit of a nuisance, with us. I suggested to KITTY that it would be much more comfortable to keep to the road, as my feet were getting wet, but she laughed, and said I should be up to my neck presently.

One of the men in white breeches and green coats kept blowing a penny trumpet thing, and making a noise like a milkman. He was evidently the funny man of the party, and I felt sorry for him when nobody laughed, for he was doing his best, and we were all dreadfully dull.

I asked KITTY where we were going; she said she didn't know. I asked who *did* know, and she said, "Nobody," and went on talking to the man next to her.

All at once a lot of the dogs must have had their tails trampled on by accident, for they began to scream and cry dreadfully, and ran away through the hedge. The green-coated men rushed after them, slashing their whips and shouting at them as if it was their fault, poor things! KITTY cried, "Come on," and began to run—but my boot-lace was untied, and by the time I had fastened it everybody had disappeared after the dogs through the hedge, and when at last I found a gate they were a whole field away. The dogs had escaped, I was glad to see, except one poor little thing, who was running along the far hedge pursued by a green-coated man with a whip. I climbed the gate and struggled through the next field, which was a simple swamp, and tried to push my way through the next hedge, worn out and muddy, and exceedingly annoyed with KITTY for so basely deserting me.

Just as I was getting through nicely a bramble branch sprang back and got so tangled in my fringe-net that I could not move. Just at that moment I heard a man's voice just behind me shouting in ferocious tones:—

"Get on, you little fool, will you, or do you want the biggest thrashing you ever had?"

Then came the dreadful crack of a whip and I screamed with terror, as a little speckled dog pushed through the hedge close by, followed by the green-coated man. He seemed very surprised to see me, but when he saw the fix I was in he was quite nice, and dropped his whip and began to disentangle my hair. He had such nice blue eyes, and was so gentle and kind that I was quite comforted; but as soon as he had set me at liberty he rushed off again, cracking his whip and chasing his wretched little dog in front of him.

I followed him as fast as I could, but he soon disappeared and I was alone once more, except for a dear little rabbit which jumped through the fence close by me and disappeared into the spinney.

Then came a great noise, and I had only just time to get out of the way when back they all came, still chasing those wretched dogs—the men with the whips, my blue-eyed man first, then all the crowd, with KITTY among them, simply purple in the face and gasping for breath. I called to her, but she would not hear, and when I saw her follow the others, first through a running stream as if it was dry ground, and then throw herself on the wet grass and squirm through a hole in the fence no bigger than a croquet hoop, I felt the best thing I could do was to find the first dry path and the way back to the kennels, and see if the tea was ready.

I found a dry path, but nothing else, till, once more hearing the dogs quite close and seeing some men in green coats in the next field, I ran towards them, fearing they would go before I could ask my way. But they were grouped together, talking excitedly, and judge my astonishment when they all came crowding round me, and were most awfully nice. They said I was a marvel, it was a record run, and I had done a wonderful performance. I smiled sweetly and said, "Not at all," and half thought they were making fun of me, till the jealous expression on KITTY's face when she rushed up later on with the rest of the crowd convinced me they were in earnest.

I think KITTY was at the bottom of my blue-eyed whip's unexpected rudeness. In the midst of the congratulations he drew me aside, and—looking critically at my face, which I admit may have been flushed from my recent exertions—offered me—a *hare's foot*!

I drew myself up and said haughtily, "Thanks, I never use one."

"Well," he replied, "personally, I think you ought to have a mask."

However, I'm sure he was quite mad, as everyone is, I think, who goes beagling—and talking of beagling reminds me that I *never caught sight of the beagle after all*.

A FREE (TRADE) PARAPHRASE.

SING no more ditties, traders sing no more

Of "dumps" so dull and heavy;
Let 'em all come upon your shore,
And taxes do not levy.

Then sigh not so,
Sing "not for JOE,"

And be you blithe and bonny.

Converting all your sounds of woe
To hey nonny nonny.

SUGGESTED TITLE FOR NEW PLAY.—
Sweet Knell of Old Gaiety.



CALFLESS LAUGHTER.

Little Thomas Titmuss (in all the glory of a new suit). "WHAT ON EARTH'S THE MATTER? I DON'T SEE ANYTHING TO LAUGH AT!"
His Sisters and Cousins (together). "ABSOLUTELY NOTHING!"

THE SUN-CHILD.

THE STORY OF THE SCHOOL TREAT.

ON a beautiful afternoon, late in July, the Sun-child was walking along a country road, and, coming to a gateway that stood open, he passed through it into a broad and shady avenue which swept round till it brought him to a handsome red-brick house built in the old style, with overhanging gables and black beams crossing them. He did not go in, but walked round the house on a gravel path till he came to a fair expanse of level lawn. Here great preparations were making. A large tent stood near one edge of the lawn, and in it long tables were laid for tea. In other parts of the lawn swings had been erected, and a maypole with ropes hanging from it rose in the centre. A Punch and Judy show with its skirts tucked up was lying on its side in another part, and two depressed showmen were sitting by it, one of them occasionally piping a reedy stave for a fat and entirely nondescript dog Toby, who was enjoying himself by rolling on his broad back on the soft grass, and behaving generally as though he were a real dog and not a mere feature in a dramatic performance. Long use, to be sure, had blunted the edge of his appreciation of his part. It was as much as he could do to pump up a very mild growl when Punch threatened him, and to seize that autocrat's staff in his teeth. Even the pleasure that he had once taken in his frill had faded. He was beginning to think it a mere indignity. Still, there he was, prepared to do his part like his human companions when the time should come. In the meantime, as I say, he was rolling ecstatically on the grass, and occasionally making short excursions into the neighbouring bushes.

Two ladies were sitting under a clump of trees some little distance away from the tent and the swings and the Punch and Judy show. One was quite young, the other might have been thirty-five, but her tall figure still had the grace and elasticity that belong of right to girls. Her face was beautiful, not with mere regularity of feature, but with a serene and restful beauty of expression that seemed to breathe out kindness and peace. Her eyes were blue, and there was in them a clear depth through which you seemed to look into a calm and beautiful mind. And every now and then she would pause and think, and then, it might be, there came across the gentle noble face the shadow of some past but unforgotten sorrow.

"It is good of you, MABEL," she was saying to her young companion, "to stay and help me with these children. MAUD GREY and CICELY SAUNDERS are coming too, and HARRY PARKER. He's a great child entertainer, and I rely on him for the Athletic Sports."

"Yes," said MABEL, enthusiastically, "he told me he wouldn't miss it for worlds. He always enjoys himself so much, he says."

"He hasn't missed one so far," the older lady continued, "and you know we have had them every year since—"

"Yes, I know," interrupted MABEL hastily, "I know."

"Every year since little ALGY died, and always on this day. I call it his day, and I try to think, indeed I do always think, and am sure, that he can enjoy their pleasure, poor little soul! But look, here they come."

Sure enough the head of a great and orderly procession of girls and boys had appeared at the far end of the lawn, marshalled by the schoolmaster and his wife and two

assistant teachers. The two ladies walked across the grass to meet them, and the elder shook hands with the school-master and mistress:—

"Punctual, as you always are, Mr. REYNOLDS," she said. "How well they all look. It does me good to see their bright faces. I hope Mr. GRAHAM will be here soon. He had to go to a meeting, but we'll begin at once. I suppose they're all here."

"Well, all but one, Mrs. GRAHAM. Little TOMMY COLLUM hasn't turned up, and I can't make it out. He was counting on it like the rest of them. They've all been talking of nothing else for a week past. Now"—he addressed his procession—"do any of you children know anything about TOMMY COLLUM?"

"I know, teacher," said a little apple-cheeked girl, "he went home to put on his new jacket. I ain't seen him since."

"Well, well, I suppose he'll come in later," said Mrs. GRAHAM. "We'll begin with tea as usual."

In a very few minutes the children were seated and the tea began. Tea, indeed! It was a banquet of huge cakes that vanished as if by magic, of buns that disappeared into eternity with an enchanted swiftness, of bread and jam that grew less and less till only a few red patches on cheeks and mouths remained to point the way the joyful preserve had gone. And shrill tongues chattered, and there was a clatter of plates, and the steam ascended from a hundred and fifty tea-cups.

Into this scene of gorgeous revelry the figure of a distraught and shame-faced little boy suddenly made its way. He was dressed in knickerbockers and a waistcoat, and a bright blue silk bow adorned his throat, but he had no jacket on. He stood for a moment at the entrance to the tent, not knowing what to do.

"It's TOMMY COLLUM," cried twenty voices; "where's your jacket? You mustn't come here without a jacket."

The little fellow looked round imploringly, and at last the master saw him, and went up to him.

"What's this, TOMMY?" he said; "you can't come in without a jacket. It'll never do; you must go home."

"Please, Sir, I got frowed down on my back in the mud, and my jacket's dirty, and I tried to clean it, and I couldn't, so I hid it away and come on here."

The master paused irresolutely. He was a good man, but he hardly knew how to deal with TOMMY's breach of decorum. And at this moment the Sun-child stepped out, and Mrs. GRAHAM, who was busily distributing slices of cake, saw the poor little delinquent and went up to him. She heard the story from the master, and she looked at TOMMY, who stood bravely there, though his cup of bitterness was almost full, and a beautiful light of gentle pity came into her eyes:—

"Come with me, my little man," she said; "I have a jacket that will just fit you, and you shall wear it and have your tea like the rest."

She took him with her into the house and up the stairs to a little room, where the curtain was drawn before the window, and a small bed stood against the wall. There she opened a cupboard, and from a pile of clothes she picked a jacket and put it on Tommy. It fitted him perfectly.

All this TOMMY understood, but he did not then understand why the eyes of his hostess filled with tears, or why she clasped him in her arms with a passionate embrace and called him ALGY—her darling ALOY.

But he was a very proud and a much envied boy when he went back to his tea, and during all his life afterwards he worshipped the kind and beautiful lady who had pitied his misfortune and had lent him her dead boy's jacket.

LOST MASTERPIECES.

(Mr. Punch's own Collection.)

THOSE persons who have read Mr. WILLIAM WATSON's lean volume of verse entitled *For England* will have judged from its dimensions that a great many poems which ought to have figured in it have somehow been omitted. Fortunately the omitted poems will not be lost altogether to mankind, for *Mr. Punch* has secured several of them for his collection, and, in response to an earnest request from the *Spectator*, has consented to publish them.

The contents of *For England* are described in a sub-title by their author as "Poems written during estrangement," and consist almost wholly of sonnets and other verses contributed to Radical newspapers during the past four years denouncing the action of England in the Boer War. In a prefatory letter to Mr. COURTNEY, Mr. WATSON complains that this political attitude of his has been misunderstood. People there are so deaf to all the niceties of patriotic feeling that they have taken his denunciations of his country and his enthusiasm for her enemies as indicating a certain lack of affection for her. But this is a mistake. Mr. WATSON was merely dissembling his love, and when he was kicking his country downstairs it was invariably in the most loyal and devoted spirit. Mr. WATSON's particular brand of patriotic fervour is well illustrated in the following sequence of sonnets:—

THE SHRILL, SMALL VOICE.

England, how noble are thine enemies

And how unutterably base art thou!

Put sackcloth therefore on thy loins and bow

Thine head before the lightnings of mine eyes.

Round the orb'd world the tale of rapine flies

Of how thou slew'st the peasant at his plough,

Rased'st his farm and dravest off his cow,

With many similar enormities.

But while the ignoble mob, with senseless cheer,

Applaud thy tardy victories and bless

The bloody men who taught thy foes to fear

And crowned thy recreant banners with success,

Listen attentively and thou shalt hear

My shrill voice crying in the wilderness!

IN SORROW, NOT IN ANGER.

There is no country, England, 'neath the sky

So abject as thyself! Thou hast been led

By voice of baneful counsellors to shed

Thine enemy's blood. What wonder then if I

Stand not, as other singers, tamely by,

But am by patriotic impulse led

To hurl denunciations on thine head

With what might almost seem acerbity?

But though my deep and burning love for thee,

The passionate attachment that I feel,

At times are somewhat acidly expressed,

'Tis sorrow wrings these bitter words from me

Which, to the heedful eye, more clear reveal

The genuine affection in my breast.

THE REMEDY.

WATSON, thou should'st be Laureate at this hour!

England hath need of thee. She is a wen

Upon Earth's epidermis

Unhappily the third sonnet is a mere fragment, a splendid burst of patriotic fervour blazing out upon the page, but, alas! extinguished before its full majesty could be revealed. Its loss is an irreparable gain to literature.

Besides these imperishable sonnets *Mr. Punch* has secured the following exquisite little poem, which might almost seem to have been written as a dedication to Mr. WATSON's volume.

Why the poet decided to omit it, and to put in its place the letter to Mr. COURTNEY, will never now be known. Like the whole volume, it is called

FOR ENGLAND.

England, my well-loved native land,
How strange it seems that we
Who might be walking hand in hand
Should thus estranged be!

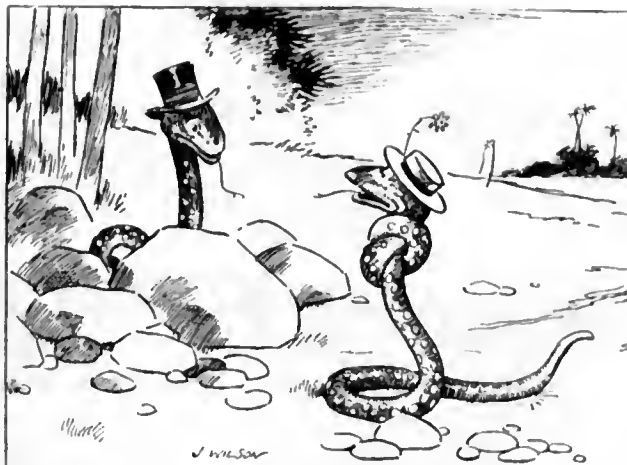
'Tis true I've called thee every name
Invective's armoury lends,
But still I love thee all the same,
So why can't we be friends?

Forgive the words I used, forget
The wrath I could not check,
Come to my arms, dear land, and let
Me weep upon thy neck!

A DAY AT Highbury.

THE Private Secretary smiled as he said: "You will never drag from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN the details of his private life. He detests advertising politicians. But I might give you a few essential facts. Perhaps if I simply tell you what Mr. CHAMBERLAIN did yesterday it will give you a fair idea of his usual routine. Yesterday Mr. CHAMBERLAIN rose at eight o'clock and breakfasted on Grape-Force. After breakfast answered Mr. SEDDON's morning wire. Mr. SEDDON wires every morning to know whether he is to resign too, or whether the Empire is to be allowed to go on a little longer. I may tell you in confidence that if anything happened to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, the new butchering business would put up its shutters at once. Then he went to take exercise. It's quite a mistake to imagine that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN never takes exercise. He practises air-gun shooting in the large orchid-house every morning. The target at present is Mr. ASQUITH. You need not start—it's only a dummy. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN was shot to pieces long since. Sometimes Mr. CHAMBERLAIN shoots at a vanishing target—that of course is Lord ROSEBURY. After exercise Mr. CHAMBERLAIN chose the Cabinet for the week, and the Aston Villa team for next Saturday's match. It's really absurd to say that Mr. LYTTELTON's name was put in the wrong list. Mr. LYTTELTON is altogether unsuitable for first-class football. Then Mr. CHAMBERLAIN supervised Mr. AUSTEN's education for half an hour. Then he declined to see the Secretary of the Cobden Club. He calls every morning for an apology, and we have to turn the hosepipe on him to get rid of him. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN always takes a cup of Sedovis at lunch. Never heard of it? It's the invention of a Colonial Premier—a Colonial sheep in an English tea-cup. After lunch Mr. CHAMBERLAIN gave an address to the students of Birmingham University on 'Patriotic Self-Culture.' Then he spent an hour with Mr. VINCE at the Tariff League Office, making fresh statistics. They have to be made every day, for statistics so soon get threadbare. Two deputations were waiting to see him when he returned to Highbury. One from the Perry Bar Publicans, and the other from the Amalgamated Association of Bottle Manufacturers. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in a few fervid words promised to protect them both. Before dinner Mr. CHAMBERLAIN went to the stables for his usual chat with Mr. COLLINGS. Why to the stables? Because Mr. COLLINGS is always milking there between six and seven. After dinner Mr. CHAMBERLAIN dictated to me a new scheme for Old Age Pensions, his daily letter of instructions for the PREMIER, forty-two acknowledgments of votes of confidence, nine new jibes at CORDEN (to be inserted in his next speech), and then settled down for a little quiet, with a cigar and a book, after a strenuous day. 'What was the book?'—you journalists are insatiable. Why, *The Great Protector* of course."

"THAT'S FOR REMEMBRANCE."



"WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO YOUR NECK?"

"OH, MY WIFE PUT THAT KNOT IN IT, SO'S I'D REMEMBER TO GET SOME THINGS FROM TOWN."

THE SAFE SIDE.



"SAY, WHAT'S YOUR IDEA ABOUT THIS FISCAL POLICY?"

"OH, SAME AS YOURS."

POLITENESS.



"AFTER YOU, MADAM."



He. "AND SO, AS I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT THE LEOPARD WOULD BE UP TO NEXT, I SHOT HIM ON THE SPOT."
 She. "HOW VERY EXCITING! AND WHICH SPOT DID YOU SHOOT HIM ON?"

THE UNEMPLOYED.

(A Solution of the Problem.)

[Mr. PAGE FOX, an American writer who is introduced to public notice on this side of the Atlantic by the Apocalyptic Publishing Company, has written a monumental work entitled *One Thousand Ways to Make Money*. He recommends people in want of funds to take to literature; how much can be made in this way may be guessed from the enormous sale of M. FEUILLETON'S (*sic*) works in France. He offers many other suggestions, of which the following are perhaps the most practicable.]

O, WHY are you contented with your rags,
 Unemployed,
 And to kennel on inhospitable flags?
 Why so meekly undergo
 Summer sun and winter snow,
 Never knowing aught but woe
 Unallayed,
 While beneath your tightened belt
 There is nothing to be felt
 But the pangs and the fangs
 Of the void?

Is it poverty that crushes out your soul?

If it be,
 Bid the briny bitter tear no longer
 roll!

And away with all your care!
 Fortunes wait you everywhere;
 Gold in plenty and to spare

I can see.
 Then, ye loafers, sigh no more!
 In your pockets I will pour
 Yellow gold all untold—

List to me!

Can you paint at all? They say
 One may easily grow flush
 In the portrait-painting way,
 When the sitters to you rush;
 There are painters who can clear
 Many thousands every year;
 Why not set to work right here
 With your brush?

You are up in classic lore?
 Well, to fill your empty purse

Do the *Iliad* once more—

You might easily do worse.
 It was in that very style
 ALEXANDER POPE "struck ile";
 Why not go and make a pile
 With your verse?

Is your muse dramatic? Write
 For the stage and you will raise
 Forty—fifty pounds a night
 To provide for rainy days.
 There are playwrights I could name
 Who have won both wealth and fame:
 Why not go and do the same
 With your plays?

Can you write a thrilling tale
 That shall move, enchain, entrance?
 Only think how great a sale
 M. FEUILLETON finds in France!
 Go and do what he has done
 In the *Mail*, *Express* and *Sun*;
 There's a fortune to be won
 In romance.



THE ALASKA CRACKER.

UNCLE SAM. "WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THIS?"

MISS CANADA. "ROTTEN, I SAY."



HIS FIRST BRIEF TOO!



A PICTURE AND A PUZZLE.

In the *Illustrated Mail* for Oct. 17 appears an excellent reproduction, full-page size, described as "an interesting snapshot" of a group, aboard the Atlantic transport liner *Minnesota*, composed of Sir HENRY IRVING, Mr. BRAM STOKER, Sir FREDERICK BURNAND, "Editor of *Punch*," Mr. CATLING, editor of *Lloyd's Newspaper*, and another gentleman modestly keeping himself in the background, probably Mr. LOVEDAY, who has been Sir HENRY's invaluable companion and stage-manager for many years past. But who is "Sir FREDERICK BURNAND"?

Mr. *Punch's* staff to a man swear that this gentleman in the picture, be he who he may, is most certainly not their editor: and so on oath affirms Mr. *Punch* himself. Moreover, with regard to the existence of "FREDERICK," they declare, as *Betsey Prig* did of Mrs. Harris, that they "don't believe there's no such a person!" That there is a "FRANK" of that ilk, dealer in "Happy Thoughts," is a fact as sure and certain as Quarter Day; but this amiable gentleman, whose smiling lineaments are portrayed in this *Illustrated Mail* picture, and whose cheerful alertness compares so favourably with the grave and somewhat sardonic expression worn by Sir HENRY, and is in such marked contrast with the sad yet truculent seriousness that characterises the remainder of the party, this amiable gentleman, we repeat, and declare as SHAKESPEARE'S *Dancer* does concerning the supposed resemblance between Sir John Oldcastle and Falstaff, "This is not the man."

Now the truth of the matter is that, if by "Sir FREDERICK" he meant "Sir FRANK," the latter was, as a matter of fact, "not in the picture," though placed there by the artist as a matter of fancy. In spirit, of course, he was with Sir HENRY's friends, joining heartily and hopefully in the "send off" given to our illustrious histrion.

Such is contemporary history "as she is wrote" and illustrated. And who, then, is the "alter ego," who winks "the other eye" at the outside world as if in most intense enjoyment of the joke? His name, too, begins with a "B," and, to sum it up in full, he is in himself "the Be all and end all" of this strange affair. And though here he be look-

"GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY," SAID A FLUSTERED YOUNG COUNSEL, "THERE WERE TWENTY-FOUR HOGS IN THAT DROVE. PLEASE TO REMEMBER THAT. TWENTY-FOUR PIGS—JUST EXACTLY DOUBLE THE NUMBER THERE ARE IN THAT JURY-BOX, GENTLEMEN!"

ing so jocose and merry, with eyes twinkling and lips smiling merrily, yet is he thoroughly earnest. And deciphering this cryptogram, if you bet that this is a really excellent likeness of "ERNEST BENDALL," you will win.

A DYSPEPTIC'S ROUNDEL.

(To his Cook.)

LITTLE MARY, I deny
Your resources culinary—
Yet I'm pining little by
Little, MARY!

Now with trifles, light and airy,
Now with some delicious pie,
You would tempt me all unwary;

But as each in turn I try—
(I should be, I own, more chary,
Ah! the pangs I feel in my
"Little MARY!"

MARKET RUMOUR.—We are in a position to give an unqualified denial to the report that owing to the low state of Consols the Stock Exchange Committee propose to transfer the dealings in this security to the Deep Level Market.

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.

I.—RETALIATION.

SCENE—*The Editor's Room, "Daily Mail" Office, Carmelite Street.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. Alfred Harmsworth.
 Lord George Sanger.
 Sir Thomas Lipton.
 Dr. Williams.
 Mr. William Whiteley.
 Mr. Imre Kiralfy.
 Mr. Catesby, Jun.
 Mr. George Edwardes.
 Mr. William Harris.

Mr. Harmsworth (to Office Boy). A few more chairs, please. Mr. CATESBY, do you mind sitting on the cork linotype machine? Thank you. There, now we are all seated. As you know, gentlemen, I invited you here to discuss Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's scheme purely as men of affairs. (To Office Boy) Just bring that leader I wrote the other day—the signed one—two columns of it. I won't read all this, gentlemen, because I have had a few copies printed off in gold on white satin as souvenirs of this afternoon's pleasant talk, but I will read enough to show what we are driving at. (*Reads enough to show what they are driving at.*) Discussion is now invited.

Lord George Sanger. With respect to wild animals, my experience has been that there's nothing which a tiger so much resents as a tax on food. Retaliation is his first thought. His chops and steaks must be free from duty. I remember—

Sir Thomas Lipton. With all due deference to his lordship, I must remind him that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's proposals, far reaching as they are, are not designed to extend to what I might call the larger felidæ. Tea now—

Mr. Whiteley. But why restrict the discussion to tea? All things surely that can universally be required or provided—

Lord George Sanger. The great yachtsman spoke too soon. I was going to say that a tiger—

Mr. Harmsworth. But before Lord GEORGE SANGER continues, might I suggest that we are departing a little from the point. What we are here to consider is the desirability of reforming our fiscal policy, particularly with regard to retaliation.

Mr. Catesby (drolly). Lex talionis.

Mr. Harmsworth. Precisely.

Lord George Sanger. To resume my argument. A tiger—

Dr. Williams. May I say a few words?

Mr. Catesby (drolly). Strike me pink.

Dr. Williams. Our object, we are told, is to benefit the Colonies. But—

Mr. Imre Kiralfy. If ze benefid of ze Colonies were really ze only end we

wished to compass we are going about it in a very clomzy way. A huge Colonial Exhibition, with zootable zide-shows, would do more for ze Colonies than a thousand wild-cat schemes such as this.

Lord George Sanger. Your mention of wild cats reminds me of an adventure in—

Mr. Harmsworth. Gentlemen, gentlemen!

Mr. William Harris. Speaking *ex cathedrâ* as the Sausage King, and therefore as a business man of some weight, I would point out to our host and chairman that only when speech is free can the truth be found. Would he tax speech, too? Would he reduce our conclave to a silence in which you might hear a sausage drop? Personally I have no doubt that the anecdotage of Lord GEORGE will reveal a number of solutions of the present problem.

Lord George Sanger. Thank you, your Majesty. To resume then—

Mr. Whiteley. It distresses me, as one of the few commoners present, to interrupt a member of the Upper House, but here we are dealing not with animals but men and brothers. Retaliation is simply Retailiation, and as a wholesale dealer in jam, pickles, tea and sugar, as well as bread and meat, I oppose it tooth and nail.

Mr. Harris. We understand, however, that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN promises a great increase in the supply of home-grown pork.

Sir Thomas Lipton. Yes, and the Protectionists say that the country is bleeding to death.

Mr. Catesby (drolly). Too much cupping, I fear.

Sir Thomas Lipton. At Oyster Bay the President and I were like brothers, but I draw the line at dumping.

Lord George Sanger. The Americans are fine fellows, but twisting the lion's tail may be carried too far. Whimsical Walker once tried it on—

Mr. Whiteley. Well, if it comes to that, I once kept an elephant in Westbourne Grove, and he got loose in the trunk department.

Mr. Harmsworth. My Lords and Gentlemen, I must beg of you to cut the elephants and come to the cackle. Remember that according to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN the working man will have twopence to threepence more per week to spend under his scheme. Let us endeavour to see the bearing of this on retaliation. The working man, I take it, will refuse to drink Pilsener lager beer or subsidize German bands, and will be able to buy four more halfpenny papers in the week!

Mr. Harris. No more German sausages!

Sir Thomas Lipton. I must say that I like a good Westphalia ham!

[At this point Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES

entered hurriedly, saying that he was sorry he was late, but could not stay more than a minute.

Mr. Harmsworth. Before you go, would you mind summarising your views on the Fiscal Problem?

Mr. Edwardes. Certainly. I am convinced that while trade should be Free, LOUIE should be FREEAR. [*Exit.*]

[Enter Office Boy with a cablegram for Mr. IMRE KIRALFY, who reads it hastily.]

Mr. Imre Kiralfy. It iz from mein brodder BOLOSSY. He broboses an eggsibeeshun at Olympia to zugzeed Buffalo BILL and be called Juggernaut JOE's Congress of Rough and Ready Reckoners, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to tak ze leading bart.

Sir Thomas Lipton. Do you mean me?

Dr. Williams. How many times a day does he take it?

Mr. Imre Kiralfy. And Mr. BALFOUR to drill and discharge ze supers. Mein brodder BOLOSSY asks for a strong Directorate. Will ze gentlemen prestong help on ze great cause by taking zeason tickets?

Lord George Sanger. Apropos of pythons, I recollect—

Mr. Harmsworth. Well, Gentlemen, this proposal needs careful consideration, and I do not think our symposium can be profitably prolonged, especially as I must now go and write another signed leader.

[At this point the Symposium dissolved, the Sausage King, in virtue of the law of precedence, departing, in Mr. KIRALFY's phrase, "wurst and foremost."]

(Next Week's Symposium, Mr. PINERO'S HIGH TEA.)

GO, LOVELY BIRD.

["The 'bullfinch hat' is in evidence . . . and a leading ladies' newspaper tells its readers that this is to be a bird season."—*Daily Paper.*]

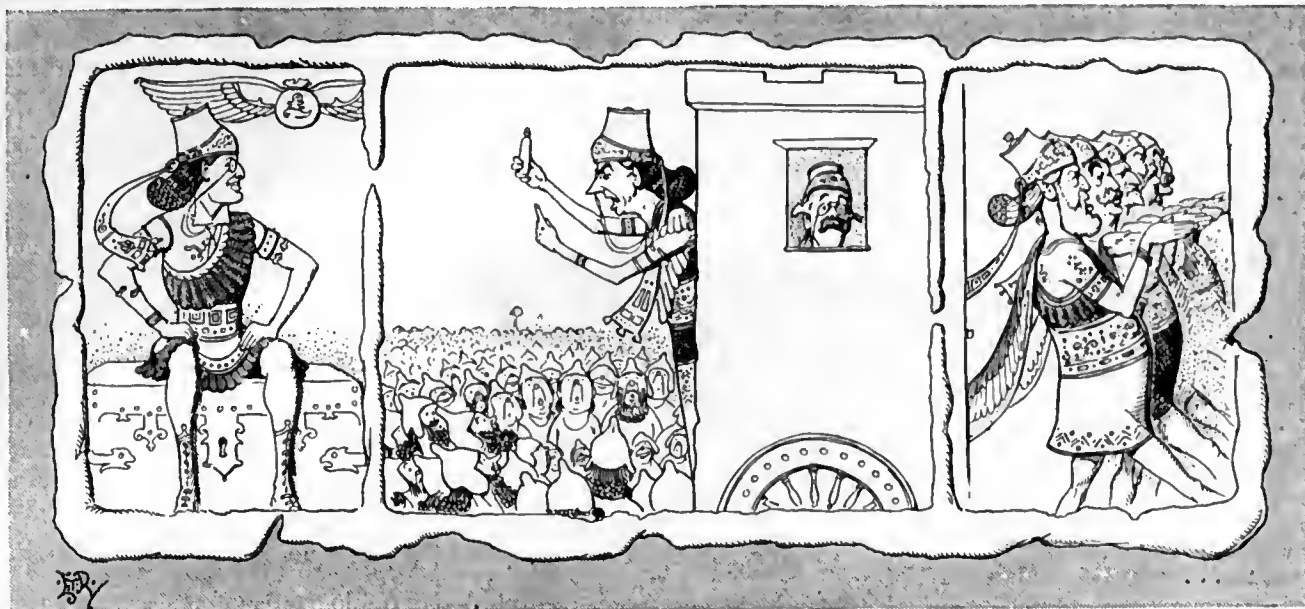
Go, lovely bird,
 Speed from my lady warily,
 For she hath heard
 That finches dainty decking be, [thee!
 And her sweet charms mean death to

Cares she that's young,
 And seeks to have her graces spied,
 That thou hast sung
 In woodlands where the violets hide?
 She loves thee better stuffed and dyed!

For at the sight
 Of ruffled breast and stiffened limb
 Her eyes grow bright.
 A wreath of death will bravely trim
 The circlet of my lady's brim!

So fly! for she
 Would claim in service all things rare,
 Including thee.
 And thy short life she will not spare
 When Fashion says that thou art fair.

THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MĪPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.



SIXTEENTH FRAGMENT.

1. IN the third year of the reign of Im
2. (who succeeded to Er) . . the king of
3. strange peoples who sing *Rūl-británya*
4. and don't bother, *lorbléssyah*, their heads about
5. trifles, like damning reports of *Komishanz*
6. *etsettrah*—not for three weeks together: lord of *tákhtphul-bonommi* and
7. *búkkinampális*
8. (the charmer of *loubeh*, and the *táini-delcásseh*)
9. who scours about *Úrap*, like another
10. *persimmon*,—like a *daimlah* or *pánhât*—
11. with a keen eye to business, . . . to possible treaties,
12. did the great *Shuv-menébar*
13. (whose eye looks through crystal, —and brick-walls
14. for that matter, with its *okkula-eksréh*
15. seeing things that are hidden from
16. ordinary mortals) discover an illness
17. a national ailment which no one
18. suspected that threatened aspeedy
19. and mighty unpleasant . . .
20. agonised dissolution. He neatly extracted
21. a quivering *maíkrób*—a *phiskal-basilluz*.
22. Then did he also devise a
23. specific partly distilled from
24. the *zolverain-orkhid*—a *phórin-ekzotikh*—
25. (he'd a taste for *ekzotikhz*, almost lived in glass-houses
26. artificially heated) . . and partly red-herring.
27. A species of *serum* so novel
28. and nauseous to *insul-ar-phögiz*
29. that some of his colleagues—conscientious objectors,
30. at the sight of the lancet, straightway left
31. the building . . . *Mistaritji* the sturdy.
32. *Artha-élyat* and *Balphur*
33. of *Bherli* *Jor-Jehám-el-tân* also.
34. The *Djúkh*, who was dozing upstairs in a
35. bedroom . . woke up just in time
36. to catch *Arthab-ál-phur*
37. with the slim *Shuv-menébar* in the act of preparing
38. to roll up his coat-sleeve . . . and insert
39. the injection He saved them
40. the trouble . . (not quite so *lymph-áttikh*
41. as people had thought him) by baring his
42. biceps (from quite other motives) and knocking them
43. sideways They stuck on to his leg but
44. He kicked himself free Half of his
45. calf though got glycerinated.
46. Then poor *Arthab-ál-phur*
47. did shriek down the staircase at the
48. sight of their victim
49. escaping off to join the *Phrī-phūdaz*.
50. While his agile companion nipped into
51. the open and collared instanter
52. the *van* of the party. With a touch of
53. the whip across the head-quarters he
54. started the horses, for a tour round the country . . .
55. to boom his specific
56. and as someone—the lord of the *Dhérduz*, said
57. "Well! what d' you think of it?"
58. With his usual forethought
59. *Shuv-menébar* the Urgent, who sticks
60. not at trifles, arranged before leaving to fill up
61. with promising infants and others
62. the voids that were aching
63. —all tractable people who'd taken the
64. shilling of the *Haibari-Mahdi*—
65. . . —A nice lot of *Khertékaz*!
66. His *djuvenail-dubbal*
67. young *Orstin-thaperkih*
68. by pressure *dáinamikh*, — for reasons
69. *dáinastikh*, — was planted by *Ispar*
70. on top of the gold-chest (with an eye to
71. the *Bujjit*)—he is plainly the son who
72. as some one has put it (I rather think I did)

73. never sets on the Empire,—what-
ever may happen
74. to Ispar.
75. And *Alphrad-the-gorkih*, the
keeper of wickets,
76. tries to fill the armchair of the
great Shuv-menébar
77. —perhaps he *may* do it . . . by
spreading his
78. coat-tails,
79. while the eminent statesman,
with the aid of a Bradshaw
80. goes from Dan to Beershéba
talking imports and
81. exports,—with a casual passing
allusion to . . . “mudsquirts”
82. (selected opponents).
83. Brodrikh the war-lord, . . . he’s
84. got the *Push-tu* It’s
rumoured
85. his six *armikhorz* will be pre-
sently
86. wanted,—what there is of them,
on custom-house duty (*pace* Cobden,
exploded) . . . E. T. R.

KOOM-POSH.

[Vide Lord LYTON’S *Coming Race*, Ch. XII.]

A “VRIL-YA CLUB” was inaugurated on October 14 by Mr. ARTHUR LOVELL at the Modern Gallery, to “study organic force in all its aspects,” and to “generate more vril than has hitherto been apparent.” Incidentally there will be dramatic representations to illustrate the stages of individual and racial development, and for those who desire to penetrate more deeply into occult science facilities will be afforded for theoretical and practical instruction.

We view the prospect with alarm, especially as the period of “Glek-Nas,” or “universal strife-rot,” appears to be setting in for the average “Tish,” or Man-in-the-Crowd. If the favoured “Ana” and “Gy-ei” (male and female Modern-Galleryites) elect to form a corner in “vril”—a commodity which has not been greatly in evidence lately, especially at the War Office and in the Cabinet—where will Mr. *Punch* and the rest of us come in? We shall have a select number of SUNNY JIMS and COSMIC JANES among us, leaping gaily over the conventions that bind less forceful mortals. We shall find them “passively resisting” the ordinary law-abiding citizen’s attempt to protect his life and property, and forming a gigantic Vril Trust with the proceeds. This will be most disconcerting and un-Lovelly. We cannot contemplate with equanimity the notion of being vrilled—no, thrilled—into applauding dramatic representations which we most decidedly ought to “boo,” and which the Censor will have been constrained, against his better judgment, to pass. All the actor-managers and leading ladies will become

members of the Club and put on “vrills,” as they have never done before, and we shall be coerced into imitating the Tur (or president of the Club) as the Vrillain of a Vrilo-farce at Drury Lane.

No, we must guy the Gy-ei, and nip the new organisation in the bud. Besides, we have to keep all our sanity and independence of thought for the Fiscal Ques—



FANCY SKETCH OF MR. PINERO'S
“HIGH TEE.”

[The eminent dramatist in a speech at the Munching House suggested the abolition of late dinner, and the commencement of all theatrical entertainments at seven to last till half-past ten.]

CHARIVARIA.

IN Canada, where they don’t seem able to take a beating in the proper spirit, Lord ALVERSTONE is now known as the Great Arbitrator.

Since the publication of the award the necessity for binding our Colonies closer to us has become more urgent than ever.

We are in a position to deny the report that Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN is now so busy that his son AUSTEN has to sit for all his father’s photographs.

A correspondent having objected to Dean PIGOU being compared to SYDNEY SMITH because the Dean’s book merely records other persons’ *mots*, the Dean has written to the *Daily Mail* to say that he often says very good things.

It is rumoured that “bottle-shoulders” for women are coming in again. We hope the hideous fashion of bottle-noses for men is not a necessary corollary.

Mrs. DOWIE, on her arrival in New York, was robbed of a brooch worth £300. According to one account the modern ELIJAH issued a powerful appeal to the thief to have the decency anyhow

to invest the proceeds in Zion City Securities.

In reply to a courteous request from Mr. DOWIE to be allowed to convert him, that busy man Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN is stated to have sent a message to the effect that he had no objection so long as it was done through his secretary.

Mr. DOWIE is much amused at the statement that Dowieism is a failure. According to an expert accountant, Mr. DOWIE is to-day worth £7,000,000.

According to the *Lady’s Pictorial*, “Last summer we were better dressed than we had been for years. Almost every woman made somewhat of a picture.” If not for the art magazines, then for the comic papers.

By the by, the expression “last summer” must refer to the year 1902.

We do not like to suggest plagiarism, but the titles of the leading features of the *Daily Mail* and the *Daily Express* show a remarkable similarity at the moment. In the *Daily Express* it is “The Parrot,” and in the *Daily Mail*, “The Great Poll.”

A scheme is on foot for providing London with a theatre where no piece shall run more than four weeks. There should be no difficulty in finding the requisite plays.

Mr. PINERO has suggested that serious dramas should commence and end earlier than they do at present. Many modern plays would certainly be more enjoyable if the latter half of the proposition were carried out.

Meanwhile, as a way out of the “High Tea” difficulty, we would humbly suggest that the occupants of the boxes, stalls, and dress-circle, might bring sandwiches with them. The patrons of the gallery have long been in the habit of taking dessert in the theatre.

Lord CARRINGTON has written to the Liberal candidate at Warwick that the time is coming when a workman’s child will be incapable of saying, “Thank Heaven for my good dinner.” Even Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has not yet hinted at the possibility of the workman’s family being able, under the new conditions, to over-eat themselves to the extent here implied.

A well-known French admiral went into a tailor’s shop one day last week, and ordered fifty-two pairs of trousers and sixteen overcoats. As he had not a cold, his relatives were sent for.

LES ANGLAIS CHEZ EUX.

(Par Emile Bonhomme.)

LES "POLICES."

C'EST en se promenant dans les rues d'une ville anglaise que l'on aperçoit à tout bout de champ combien nous sommes différents de nos voisins d'Outre-Manche. Mais il ne faut pas croire que tout ce qui est anglais est mauvais. Bien au contraire, on n'a qu'à étudier les aimables colosses qui s'appellent "polices" ou "policemans" (agents de police) pour s'assurer qu'il y a du bon dans un système qui produit de tels mentors pour aider notre pauvre humanité. Il y a un proverbe anglais qui dit, "si vous voulez savoir l'heure, adressez-vous à un *police*," et il est textuellement vrai que les sergents de ville vous fournissent, sans soufreiller et sans s'offenser, tous les renseignements imaginables. S'agit-il du meilleur hôtel, ou d'une petite pension où la vie n'est pas trop chère, voire même de la pluie ou du beau temps qu'il fera probablement le lendemain, c'est le *police* qui donnera ses conseils gratuits, quoiqu'il soit d'usage de lui accorder un petit pourboire au cas où l'on profite de son opinion. Somme toute, le *policemans* est le serviteur de *alltheworldandhiswife*. C'est bien le mot "*his wife*," car si une mère en train de visiter les magasins de la ville se trouve embarrassée de porter son *baby*, elle le met tout bonnement entre les bras d'un gardien de la paix, quitte à retrouver son petit chou sain et sauf quand elle aura fini de faire ses achats.

Mais pour réaliser toute la majesté dont le *police* soit capable, il faut le voir dans les rues, dans les carrefours, en train de diriger la circulation des voitures et des piétons. S'il est permis de le dire, c'est le "majordome" de la rue. Il lève la main, et la plus féroce des automobiles fait patte de velours ; il la lève encore, et l'automédon qui avait l'air de vouloir écraser le monde entier sous les fers de ses chevaux, s'arrête instantanément. Cette "*hand*" (main) est toute puissante — elle est aussi énorme, c'est le cas de le dire ! Tout lui obéit, et l'on s'en trouve très bien. A Paris on se croirait le dernier des imbéciles de se soumettre à ainsi aux représentants de la loi municipale, mais là-bas à Londres on a plus de sens commun — au dire des Anglais.

Ordinairement les agents anglais ont une démarche lourde, et se promènent par les rues portant des chaussures vraiment gigantesques qui ne se prêtent pas à la vitesse, mais c'est une tradition qu'ils savent courir à l'occasion avec une rapidité étonnante. Il y a même des courses à pied qui portent le nom de "*goasyoupolice*." Bref, il n'y a que



Little Boy. "IT SAYS HERE, MAMMA, THAT PREHISTORIC MEN WORE BIRDS' FEATHERS, AND WHOLE SKINS OF ANIMALS."

Mamma. "WELL, DEAR?"

Little Boy (seeing Auntie, a very chilly person, who is so wrapped up in herself). "THEN, MAMMA, IS AUNTIE A PREHISTORIC WOMAN?"

les malfaiteurs qui n'adorent pas les *polices*. Je n'oublie pas pourtant qu'à la campagne ils font la guerre à outrance aux automobiles. Mais cela est considéré des deux côtés comme un jeu, comme se rattachant au sport, et les chauffeurs qui en veulent à leurs adversaires sont introuvables. Les Anglais sont fous de tout ce qui est chasse en plein air, et la chasse aux automobiles est reconnue comme légitime.

Seulement, tout le monde a son faible, et il ne faut pas s'étonner que les *polices* soient comme "tout le monde" sous ce rapport-là. Ils ont la velléité de manger du *rosbif* *foldengland* ou du *cold roasted chiek*, mets traditionnels qui leur sont offerts par toutes les cuisinières qui se respectent. On a bien essayé de faire cesser cet usage, mais il est tellement enraciné dans les mœurs anglaises qu'il a fallu renoncer à des efforts qui n'aboutissaient jamais. Tout de même, c'est une drôle d'idée, n'est-ce pas ? Et maintenant pour en finir. Les *policemans* ont toujours été on ne peut plus aimables envers moi pendant mon séjour de quinze jours en Angleterre. Vivent les *polices* !

OWING to the floods the inhabitants of Burlington, in New Jersey, have been cut off from the mainland. Would it not be a cousinly act to send them Burlington Ark-aid ?

PROVERBS REVISED.

["The burnt child is proverbially a dissenter from the form of religion established by ZOROASTER."]

This quotation from the latest work of one of our talented lady novelists has opened our eyes to the fact that the language of many of our proverbial sayings is singularly crude and out of date. We have therefore established a bureau for their revision, and shall be glad to supply authors with proverbs in the new form on very reasonable terms.

A few examples are here selected from our already large stock :—

It is proverbially unwise to enter into prognostications as to the numerical strength of your hen-run before the period of incubation has come to a finale.

The feathered biped which practises the virtue of matutinal punctuality proverbially secures the vermiform delicacy for which it has a predilection.

The moiety of a loaf is proverbially more acceptable than the total absence of cereal comestibles likely to eventuate from the fiscal policy propounded by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN.

FASHIONS FOR MEN.—"Calves are best under cover at night now."—*The Profitable Farm and Garden*.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER have commenced to publish a collected edition of Sir CONAN DOYLE's novels. Of their charm it is not necessary, indeed possible, to say more than has been written through twenty years by many pens. Of the form of the new edition my Baronite finds it up to the highest standard of the workmanship of the famous house in Waterloo Place. It will be completed in twelve volumes, each containing an introductory preface and two photographic illustrations. The edition is limited to a thousand sets, the first volume of each being signed and numbered. In a preface to the edition the novelist writes, "For better for worse, I have expended all pains in putting these books into their final form, and so I leave them. Outside this edition there is no work of mine up to this date which I do not willingly suppress."

In *The Long Night* (LONGMANS & Co.) Mr. STANLEY WEYMAN, who ought to illuminate it, does not shine at his best—he only twinkles and twinkles as doth the little star. There are some stirring scenes, but interest is fitfully, not continuously aroused.

The Haymarket Theatre, by CYRIL MAUDE, edited by RALPH MAUDE, and published by GRANT RICHARDS, will be found by all theatrically inclined, a most entertaining and interesting book. By the way, the ancient and well-known repartee made by young SHERIDAN to RICHARD BRINSLEY about "being cut off with a shilling," Mr. MAUDE attributes to young BANNISTER in reply to his father's threat. He introduces it as something which "will bear repetition." But why rob the SHERIDANS of it? The majority of the stories, if not precisely new, are invariably well told.

The Three Musketeers going for a shilling, with an introduction by ANDREW LANG thrown in. Here is a marvellous product of the still young twentieth century. The immortal work fittingly stands at the head of a new edition of DUMAS' works which MESSRS. METHUEN have in hand. The price of a shilling is exceptionally extravagant, the charge for the novels of ordinary length being sixpence. The books are in paper covers, printed in legible type, comfortable to hold, luxurious in the reading. As far as my Baronite knows, there is no complete series of translations of DUMAS into the English language. This marvellously cheap work, excellently done, will supply a long-felt want.

Hurrying on the spurs of *The Three Musketeers* at a shilling the lot, that is fourpence per musketeer, come ANTHONY TROLLOPE's *Three Clerks*. It is the first volume of JOHN LONG's Library of Modern Classics. *The Three Clerks*, in maroon-coloured leather, of a flexible quality, seem a bit limp, yet the Baron is pretty sure that they are as fresh as ever they were, and bound to go strong.

A Deal in Wheat (GRANT RICHARDS), by FRANK NORRIS. It is thus styled after the name of the first tale—by no means one of the best of the ten more or less powerful, but always entertaining and dramatically told stories that go to make up this collection. An ordinary English untravelled reader, totally ignorant of Southwestern Kansas and the language of those parts, is likely to be somewhat staggered by the language; but this difficulty is soon overcome. Read carefully, and be sure to pause and picture to yourself the true style, manner, and costume of the majority of Mr. FRANK NORRIS's characters.

Mr. *Punch's New Book for Children* (BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co.), edited and illustrated by CHARLES PEARS, is a "book dedicated to children who can read and to children who



HE HAD BEEN KICKED OUT ONCE.

She. "WOT TIME BE YOU A-COMING ROUND TO-NIGHT, JOCK?"

Jock. "WOT TIME DOES Y'R OLD MAN PUT 'IS SLIPPERS ON?"

can't read," and at first it is difficult to decide which division has the better of it. However as the pictures, mostly coloured, and well coloured too, are all full of "go," and alive with *vis comica*, and as the majority of them by telling their own funny story render the letterpress superfluous the Baron decides that the "lower division" that "can't read" has decidedly the advantage over the "upper," whose imagination is fettered by the bonds imposed by the writer. Pictures are the thing by which we catch the holiday child at Christmas.

And in illustration of the above dictum of the Baron's here is *Tim and the Dusty Man* (GRANT RICHARDS), by MRS. ERNEST AMES, whose two earnest aims in this book are to amuse by letterpress and picture. But the pictures take the cake. They are delightfully absurd and need no letterpress, except perhaps an occasional line.

The Crimson Fairy Book (LONGMANS & Co.), by ANDREW LANG, when Christmas has passed will be able to drop its distinctive colour-title of crimson and style itself the *Very Much Read Book*. They are delightfully fantastic fairy stories, new in themselves, but formed from the best ancient models, and some of the Aubrey Beardsley-like illustrations uncoloured, by H. S. FORD, are excellent. Altogether a charming book of fairy fancies in this school-board, Grindgrinded, material age. Thank Heaven for Christmas!

A Two-fold Inheritance (WARD, LOCK & Co.) by GUY BOOTHBY, is just the very book that a hard-working man should read for genuine relaxation. The story is modern, interesting, and exciting; the characters are well drawn, the action is rapid and simple, and no time is wasted over unnecessary descriptions. This novel is strongly recommended by the justly appreciating
BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

A CHARMING GIRL.

FOR very nearly a year *The Girl from Kay's* has been "running," that is, dancing, singing, and acting, at the Apollo Theatre, in one of the brightest and most irresponsible of all musical pieces now being played in London. The "plot?" Well,—a bride catches her husband being kissed by the "girl from Kay's," and commences the honeymoon by refusing to be reconciled to him. In the Third Act they are reconciled. That is all. Besides these two there is a ridiculous millionaire who marries the artful milliner, and a modern representative of Mr. Toots who marries the bride's ladies' maid just as his prototype married *Susan Nipper*, the faithful maid in the service of *Florence Dombey*. The above "dramatic motive" provided by Mr. OWEN HALL suffices as the pivot upon which all the action, including dances, turns. As for the lyrics by "Messrs. ROSS, AVELING and Others" (clever writer of song-words this Mr. "Others"), they are all well fitted to lively tunes by Mr. IVAN CARYLL, whose music, if he has given us nothing particularly "catchy," is at all events light, bright and full of "go" from beginning to end.

As for WILLIE EDOUIN as *Max Hoggenheimer*, he is immense; his eccentricities are irresistibly comic, his fun never forced, and the type of character preserved throughout. His humour is spontaneous; in his hands the "business" of the part grows, and as he comes up scene after scene fresher than ever, we should be inclined to doubt whether his companions are ever quite certain what novelty he may be going to introduce. Yet is he a thorough artist, always in the picture, and never allowing his own "private business" to interfere with what is legitimately the "jeu de scène."

Miss MILLIE LEGARDE as "*The Girl*" contrasts admirably with Miss KATE CUTLER as *Norah Chambers*, the bride of *Harry Gordon* (cleverly rendered by Mr. LOUIS BRADFIELD), and both are charming. In dance and song Miss CARRIE MOORE and Miss MARION WINCHESTER divide the honours between them, while the most telling "concerted piece" in the whole entertainment is sung (and danced) by Misses RUTH LINCOLN, JESSIE BROUGHTON and Mr. J. THOMPSON, got up as a "Pierrot troupe," merely an "accident" in the piece.

Mr. AUBREY FITZGERALD, whose idiotic laugh was one of the great hits in ANSTEE GUTHRIE'S *Man from Blankney's*, keeps the house in spasmodic fits of laughter by his absurd impersonation of the *Hon. Percy Fitzthistle*. Mr. FRED EMNEY, as the hall porter at Flacton Hotel, with his inimitably dry manner,



NOVEMBER THE FIFTH.

"MET ANY GUYS THIS MORNING, MISS ROBINSON?"

makes every line tell. Not a whit behind the foregoing are Mr. E. W. GARDEN and Mr. CHESMAN, as Mr. *Chalmers* and *Theodore Quench*, K.C. That *The Girl from Kay's* seems to have taken out a new lease of her merry life is evident, judging from her present attractiveness.

THE *Western Morning News* describes an accident that occurred at Plympton to a lady who was "driving past the station as an up train was leaving in a victoria drawn by a pair of horses." No wonder her own horses took fright at this unusual spectacle.

A Record Morning's Work.

"AFTER a successful tour in Canada . . . the band of the Coldstream Guards returned to London in the afternoon."—*Daily Telegraph* ("London Day by Day.")

THE *Athenæum*, in a recent criticism of the performance of *The Golden Legend* at Birmingham, thought that perhaps the final jubilant chorus, describing the heavenly "messenger, the rain," was not given "with the necessary *vis viva*." But surely, under recent atmospheric conditions, a certain lack of enthusiasm was pardonable.

LOCKS ON THE IMAGINATION.

[A Birmingham barber, who counts Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. JESSE COLLINGS among his *clientèle* and possesses samples of their hair in his collection of personal relics, has been the victim of a violent assault by highwaymen, in the course of which he was robbed of a bag containing the implements of his profession.]

AIR—CALVERLEY'S "*My cherry stones, I prize them.*"

LET other gifted misers,
Attached to purple thrones,
Secure the busts of Kaisers,
Or princely cherry-stones;
For them I feel no jealous gall,
No trace of bile I bear,
Who have upon my parlour wall
A slice of JOSEPH'S hair.

The Thing is sleek and raven,
Yet unbedewed with dye,
And o'er it, fairly graven,
His image, eye to eye;
And, from the pen whose lightest whim
Can make the world to rock,
My letters-patent, signed by him
Who grew the actual lock.

Hard by, a bunch of tresses,
Culled from a kindred soul,
Recalls the crop of JESSE'S
Superbly ashen poll;
And in a missive, very rare,
This epoch-making men.—
"*You are to come and cut my hair
Next Friday, 10 a.m.*"

I sport no fiscal favour,
Follow no chieftain's charge;
My business is to shave or
To shear the race at large;
Concerned with outward form, as such,
I pouch impartial fees,
And yet it needs a statesman's touch
To handle heads like these.

Dear Relics Round you lingers
A not unnatural pride!
How near my scissored fingers
Came to your scalps' inside!—
The brain that broached the Tariff schemes,
The thoughts that swelled the brow
Which harboured once that dream of dreams,
Three acres and a cow.

And you, ye rude garroters,
Knights of a lawless quest,
Who jumped with craven trotters
Full on my fallen chest;
I grudge you not your paltry swag;
Ye dealt me grievous knocks,
Ye raked my bones, ye reaved my bag,
Ye dared not rape those locks!

O. S.

THERE is a pretty little place with a station on the Elham Valley line, L. C. D. and S. E., *en route* for Dover, which should offer a great attraction to players of the present most popular of all games at cards. The name of the station in question is "Bridge." Property in this neighbourhood is rapidly becoming very valuable.

It is said that a commercial scare has been created in Germany by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S tariffing speeches.

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STATISTICS.

We have these in every variety and to prove everything. We only ask our clients to say what they want them for. It is difficult to fill orders satisfactorily unless we have some knowledge of our client's point of view. At the present time all our statistics are divided into three sets—Free Trade, Preferential Trade, and Retaliatory Statistics. Thus a wire to us, "Waterbutts—Free Trade," would instantly secure statistics showing that the prosperity of England was bound up in the foreign waterbutt. A wire, "Waterbutts—Preferential," and we should send statistics showing the damaging influence of foreign waterbutt importations on English manufacturers, and the great Colonial waterbutt market which might be secured. Our Retaliatory waterbutt statistics would prove that so long as the water was untaxed it would be very desirable to tax the butt. We recommend our clients to have a complete change of statistics for every speech. We do not (like unscrupulous rivals) guarantee our statistics to wear.

HUMOUR.

In this department we are without a rival. The great election repartee, "Does your mother know you're out?"—"Yes, and to-morrow night she'll know I'm in," is the sole property of the Political Stores. So is the awkward-question-repartee, "Have you left off beating your wife? Yes or no?" At an inclusive charge of 10s., and railway-fare, washed men will be sent to clients' meetings to give openings for these and similar telling remarks.

Sir HENRY C-MP-B-LL-B-XN-RM-N writes: "Your delightful conundrum, 'When is a war not a war?' suited splendidly. Could you let me have one or two on the Fiscal Question? If you could work up a good answer to 'When is a loaf not a loaf?' I should be much obliged."

Sir W-LFR-D L-WS-N says: "A few more rhymes if you please. I should like a verse in which JOE CHAMBERLAIN is made to rhyme with GUINNESS if possible."

The Stores have provided this valued client with rhymes for twenty-five years.

Mr. T. B-WL-S writes: "Could you let me have an epigram on the new Cabinet on your 'Hotel Cecil' lines?" Mr. BOWLES afterwards wrote, "Your 'Cabinet of Caretakers' is just the thing."



EVER READY TO OBLIGE !

ABDEL HAMID. "DEAR ME ! OUGHT I TO BE FRIGHTENED ?"

NOTORIETY.

Many public men are a failure because they have no idea how to gain prominence. It was on our advice that Mr. PERKS purchased the Aquarium, that Mr. BRYCE climbed Ararat, and that Lord GEORGE HAMILTON resigned. Thus all three gentlemen in very simple ways were made known to the public. Mr. BOWLES' white duck trousers and Mr. ROTHSCHILD's straw topper were both due to our suggestion. At the present moment a client has made a great impression on a Yorkshire constituency which he is to contest at the next election by (on our advice) colouring his nose a brilliant crimson. "Go it, owd Rednose," is already a popular cry at his meetings. The voters can form a distinct mental image of his personality, and he will walk in at the next election.

Special Offer for this week only.
—To all new clients applying this week we will grant the sole copyright in their constituency of our famous placard, "Vote for — and Better Weather." This will win any by-election in England at the present moment.

CHARIVARIA.

It is interesting to notice how class differences are showing a tendency to disappear. Mr. KEIR HARDIE, who for many years was a hater of all things fashionable, has recently undergone (with happy results, as we are glad to hear) an operation for appendicitis.

An anti-swearing league has been formed in Hammersmith. On the other hand experiments are being carried on in Durham with a new process for blasting in coal mines.

The proposal to provide an additional Zoo for London has been rejected by the L.C.C. But we see no reason why greater opportunities should not be given to the public to attend the meetings of the Council.

A motion in favour of providing increased facilities for bathing in London was also dismissed, as being inopportune at a time when decreased facilities were being asked for in the flooded districts.

A remarkable phenomenon was witnessed in many parts of England on Thursday last. For several hours there was a clear sky and no rain. Crowds thronged the streets and the highways to witness it.

Meanwhile it is reported from Lincolnshire that a baby has been born with an umbrella in its hand.



AMENITIES.

Mabel. "DID HE STUTTER WHEN HE PROPOSED?"

Ethel. "No, I DON'T THINK SO."

Mabel. "REALLY? HE MUST HAVE IMPROVED!"

It is announced that a dinner is to be given to a large number of Passive Resisters, and their sympathisers, by the Milton Society. MILTON, it will be remembered, was blind.

A pacific *communiqué* has been issued by the Russian Government stating that that Power has no intention of resorting to force if she can obtain all she requires by peaceful means.

It has been estimated that the *Daily Mail* canvass is the most expensive method that has ever been adopted by a newspaper to decide what policy it shall advocate.

The flood of fiscal literature shows no signs of abating, and it is reported that Mr. GRANT RICHARDS is about to issue, under the editorship of a distinguished

statesman, a new "Dumping Book Series."

Few newspapers advertise their own "inaccuracies." The placards of the *Westminster Gazette*, however, regularly announce "Our Saturday Story."

The announcement that the SULTAN was seriously ill turns out to have been an exaggeration. He was only indisposed—to grant reforms.

A diplomatist who more than once proved himself too much for the wily Afghan has been promoted to the post of British Ambassador at Washington.

The new Ambassador's name, by the by, indicates that he is also a possible successor to Lord MILNER. SIR MORTIMER DU RAND has a prophetic ring about it.

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.

II.—MR. PINERO'S HIGH TEA.

SCENE—*The Smoking-Room in a Strand A. B. C. Shop.*

PRESENT.

Mr. Pinero.
 Mons. Walkley.
 Mr. Adrian Ross.
 Mr. Horace Hutchinson.
 Mr. Andrew Kirkaldy.
 M. Escoffier (of the Carlton).
 Miss Connie Ediss.
 Captain Kettle.
 Mr. Andrew Lang.
 Mr. H. G. Wells.
 Mr. J. Holt Schooling.
 Mr. Charles Morton.
 Mr. Algernon Ashton.

Mr. Pinero. As I remarked at the Mansion House the other evening, plays begin too late. A dinner is no preparation for the serious drama: High Tea and High Thought are the watchwords of the new stage. It is to discuss this proposition that we are met here this evening.

Mr. Andrew Lang. Who is Mr. PINERO?

Mr. Wells. I think first that we ought to have it clearly understood that the tea is China tea. Only China tea can properly prepare the mind for the educational properties of the drama.

M. Escoffier. But where then is the dinner? The dinner crowns the day; what does the high tea do for one except ruin the dinner? As for the stage, it is merely a digestive: an additional liqueur and coffee.

Mr. Adrian Ross. M. ESCOFFIER is undoubtedly right. Only after a sufficient dinner can *The Orchid* be rightly appreciated. It should be considered as one long draught of Benedictine.

Mons. Walkley. Or—in the case of *In Dahomey*—café noir. Le cake walk, c'est moi! Je suis le Cake Walkley.

Mr. Pinero. The very word theatre supports my contention. How is it derived? From the French word for tea, *thé*, and from eater, pronounced *Hibernicé*, *tea eater*. I call upon Mons. WALKLEY to support the high tea.

Mons. Walkley. Je n'aime pas votre "igh tea." Je préfère Loti.

Mr. J. Holt Schooling. Some interesting curves contrasting the height of Mr. PINERO's tea and the profundity of his drama are being prepared for me at the Meteorological Office, but they are not quite ready. I may say, however, that the one is equalled only by the other. In *Letty*, for example—

Miss Connie Ediss. Well, what I say is I like a cup o' tea, and I like my dinner too; but I prefer to act to people who are full of dinner rather than to those who are full of tea.

Mr. Pinero. He who sleeps, dines; he who thinks, teas.

Mons. Walkley. Oui, oui; and he who writes problem plays, teases.

Mr. Pinero. All the strong men are on my side. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is about to take the tax off tea.

Captain Kettle. And my blood boils in your interests.

Mr. Charles Morton. An audience with nothing but tea in it would be worth nothing. Tea never won an encore; tea never joined in a chorus.

Mr. Pinero. Then suppose I give way for the moment in the matter of tea. Are you not agreed that seven is a better hour than eight for a play to begin?

Mr. Kirkaldy. Play cannot begin so airy as 7. The gentlemen have not breakfasted. A guid hour for teeing off is 9.30.

Mr. Hutchinson. Or even later. Some of my best games have been in the afternoon.

Mr. Andrew Lang. I know who KIRKALDY is.

Mr. Wells. The last two speakers seem to have been confusing golf and the drama.

Mr. Kirkaldy. Are ye no discussing gowf?

Mr. Pinero. Certainly not. We are discussing the advantages of tea over dinner as a preparation for dramatic performances.

Mr. Kirkaldy. Come awa, Mr. HORACE. This is no place for us. We're juist bunkered. [Exit.]

Mr. Schooling. Statistics show that the eating-houses in the neighbourhood of theatres that close early supply more suppers than those in the neighbourhood of theatres that close late. The deduction would seem to be that the high tea leads to the late supper—to dyspepsia and the tomb.

Mr. Algernon Ashton. That is precisely why, if I may be permitted the word, I plump for the high tea.

Mr. Andrew Lang. I have tried to make it clear that I don't know who Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON is. I still don't know.

Mr. Wells. As I have already endeavoured to show, it all depends on the amount of tannin in the tea. *Othello*, if acted before an audience exclusively refreshed with Indian tea, sausages and mashed, cannot conduce to longevity.

M. Escoffier (bursting into tears). Pardon me, gentlemen, but to mention that terrible dish in my presence is more than I can bear. [Exit.]

Mr. Andrew Lang. Who is that gentleman?

Mr. Pinero. M. ESCOFFIER, the renowned chef.

Mr. Andrew Lang. How strange are the limitations of omniscience! I have never even heard of him till now.

Mr. Adrian Ross. An important point occurs to me. What is to be done if no tea is available? For example I see that *Charley's Aunt* has recently been performed in the Arctic Circle, where at present even the name of LIPTON is unknown.

Mr. Andrew Lang (sotto voce). Who in the name of wonder is LIPTON?

Captain Kettle. When I last visited Iceland I boiled my billy on the Great Geyser. In Greenland they have excellent green tea. But the only preparation for a tragedy among the Esquimaux is a hearty meal of blubber.

Mr. Pinero. I think it as well to make it clear that when I recommended a *high tea*, I did not commit myself to advocating that it should be *heavy* as well. For instance, I should lay a strict embargo on cold meat and pickles.

Mr. Andrew Lang (dreamily). The only pickle I ever heard of is Pickle the Spy.

Mr. Wells. Mr. PINERO is on the right track. The ideal meal, as I have shown in my treatise on "Tea in the Making," should endeavour to anticipate the Utopian repasts of the middle-class millennium. The less money you spend on food, the more you can devote to culture and efficiency.

Mr. Schooling. I have estimated that if meat be eliminated from the principal meal of the day, the lower middle-classes will have at least two shillings a week more to spend on recreation. In other words the harassed bank clerk instead of going to the gallery on Saturday night will be able to afford the pit, more working-men will frequent the gallery, larger theatres will have to be built, more employment will be given to masons, and all the subsidiary industries connected with the theatre will be correspondingly benefited.

Mr. Pinero. Miss CONNIE EDISS and gentlemen,—I think that after Mr. SCHOOLING's masterly exposition of the economic advantages of my new policy, no further argument is necessary or even possible. No alternative scheme holds the field, and I am confident that we shall win. You will excuse me if I cut short my remarks, as I am due to address a mass meeting of Mazawattee employees at Cadishead at 8 P.M. on High Tea and High Tariffs.

Mr. Andrew Lang (abstractedly, as the company breaks up). *Te veniente die te decedente caneabat.*

Miss Connie Ediss (to Mr. CHARLES MORTON). Who is that jossler with the Scotch accent and the brindled mane?

Mr. Morton. I believe his name is WALTER LONG, and he writes "At the Sign of the Snip" for the *Tailor and Cutter*, but I never heard of him till this afternoon.

THE HANDY CADDIE.

Why Jones sold his big St. Bernard and substituted a tame Caribou, which a friend brought him home from Canada.



IT WAS SO HANDY
WHEN GOING OUT GOLFING.



IT MADE SUCH A CAPITAL CADDY.



AND JONES
COULD INDULGE IN EXPLETIVES
WITHOUT BEING A BAD EXAMPLE



IF THE WEATHER SUDDENLY TURNED
OFF COLD HE HAD ONLY TO HELP HIMSELF
TO A TOP COAT;



& IF IT RAINED
TO AN UMBRELLA
AND SOU' WESTER.



ALSO IT GAVE
QUITE A PARK-LIKE APPEARANCE
TO JONES' BACK GARDEN.

UTOPIA.

("Let us pay our authors as much not to write as though they wrote."—Mr. H. G. WELLS.)

THERE are who sigh for treasure,
And gold desiderate;
There are whom titles pleasure
And friendship with the great;
On others mad ambition
Enjoins an arduous mission
To win themselves position
And rule in Church and State.

To me such aspirations
But vain and empty seem;
The wealth of all the nations
But so much dross I deem;
No coronet nor mitre
Would make my heart the lighter,
But I would be a writer
In Mr. WELLS' régime.

No longer would I worry
When disinclined to think;
No more my pen would hurry
Through tales of crime and drink;
No more would I sit toiling
To keep the pot a-boiling
Through half the sleep-time, spoiling
Good paper, pens and ink.

In Spring-time I would wander
About the waking Earth,
And sweetly would I ponder
Its glorious new birth;
I'd roam where fancy beckoned,
Nor would each sordid second
Be marred with having reckoned
How much my thoughts were worth.

Or, stretched upon the heather,
Beside some gurgling fount,
Through all the summer weather
I'd watch the laverocks mount.

Ah, this would please me dearly,
Content with knowing clearly
That sundry hundreds yearly
Were paid to my account.

Then too how very joyous
To feel that others who
At intervals annoy us
Have all been silenced too!
Ah, how the thought engages—
No more eternal pages,
Nor Damsels with their Sages
Awaiting our review!

This land of peace and plenty
Where quiet reigns supreme,
This *dolce far niente*—
How oft of it I dream!
Alas, that we have here a
Delectable chimæra
That waits the distant era
Of Mr. WELLS' régime!

AFTER REHEARSAL.

(An object-lesson for would-be Playwrights.)

SCENE—The interior of the Vacuity Theatre, which is to open shortly under the management of that enterprising and popular young actor, Mr. SIDNEY SANGWIN. TIME—The fog end of a November afternoon. On the stage—which is lit by a few electric lights in the flies, and is bare, except for sundry pieces of furniture placed to mark the entrances—the rehearsal of "A House of Cards," the comedy by a hitherto unacted dramatist with which Mr. S. S. has decided to tempt Fortune, is slowly dragging to a close.

Mr. AIKENHEAD, the author, is seated in an unshrouded section of the stalls, dreadingly wondering how he could ever have deluded himself into a belief that his dialogue was humorous. Next to him is Miss ARDLEIGH, who, not being on in the final Act, is kindly endeavouring to relieve his obvious depression.

Miss Ardleigh (referring to her part—a baronet's wife who has been on the Music-hall stage). The only thing I'm afraid of is that I shall be too refined in it—that's reely how I feel! (Mr. A. hastens to reassure her on this score.) Oh, it's very sweet of you to say so, I'm sure—and of course it's wonderful what one can do with technique—still, vulgarity doesn't seem to come easy to me, somehow. I should love to play *Lady Cynthia*. Now, Miss DAINTREY—well, I don't know what you think—but to me, her style isn't distangay enough,—she seems to fall just short of the real lady, if you understand my meaning!

Mr. Aikenhead (for whom Miss PHYLLIS DAINTREY is the one bright star in his clouded horizon). Afraid I can't agree with you—Miss DAINTREY is everything I could wish.

Miss A. Well, if you're satisfied, that's everything, isn't it? But I'm understudying her, as p'raps you know, so, if anything should occur to prevent her playing—

Mr. A. (watching Miss DAINTREY, as she looks on with a charmingly amused smile during a protracted wrangle over a "cross" which is not down in the prompter's book, and inwardly congratulating himself upon her evidently perfect health). Miss DAINTREY doesn't look as if she was going to break down just yet.

Miss A. It was on'y something she said to me this morning. But, as I told her, "My dear girl," I said, "when you've been ten years longer in the profession you can begin to pick and choose. You don't hear me grumbling," I said, "and yet, look at my part compared to yours!" And such lovely frocks as she'll have, too! I don't know what more she wants, I'm sure!

[The rehearsal comes to an end.]

Mr. Sangwin (on stage). We'll take the First Act tomorrow at 11 sharp, please, and I do hope some of you will be better up in your words by then. At present the only person who rehearses without the script in her hand is Miss DAINTREY. You really must buck up a bit!

* Mr. Stiltney Bellairs. Dear old boy, what is the use of studying till we get our scenery? Only means beginning all over again when it comes. Thought it was promised for last week—and here we are, still messin' about!

[Sympathetic murmurs from the Company.]

Mr. S. S. We'll get it in time, old chap. They're all rather elaborate sets, but old DAWBLER thinks he can get the First Act up by next Friday. (To Miss DAINTREY) Eh? Certainly, dear—just step up into my room—I'll be there in half a jiff. (To Mr. A. as Miss D. departs) Just a word with you, AIKENHEAD, my boy. (Mr. A. finds his way through the proscenium door on to the stage) Well, it's beginning to shape a bit better, eh? The only thing it wants now is—but I'll talk to you about that presently, when I've settled things with Miss DAINTREY—it's about time she signed her contract.

Mr. A. (aghast). Why, hasn't she done that yet?

Mr. S. S. No, asked for time to think over it—several of 'em did, you know. But I'm not going to stand any more shilly-shallying. I'll run up and make sure of her—don't go away till I see you. [He bustles off.]

Miss Nurosa Reckitt (intercepting Mr. A.). Mr. AIKENHEAD, I must speak to you, I simply must! I'm absolutely in despair about my part! I feel I can do nothing with it—nothing! I'm merely a "feeder" to Miss NASMYTH. She crushes me whenever we're on the stage together—I'm nowhere!

Mr. A. But I assure you, Miss RECKITT, you're quite admirable. I'm perfectly satisfied—perfectly!

Miss R. (with dignity). I hope, Mr. AIKENHEAD, I am capable of satisfying any author. I ought to be with all my experience. But (becoming agitated again) I can't make bricks without straw. If I might speak my lines with a stutter—anything—anything in the world to put a little colour into them! If not, I shall have to consider very seriously whether—

[She goes off with a gulp of repressed emotion.]

Mr. Ravensnell. Another rocky rehearsal, Mr. AIKENHEAD! 'Pon my soul, I think things get worse instead of better! Most of 'em as fluffy as feather beds! Though your lines, if you'll pardon my frankness, Sir, are difficult to get round the tongue—writing for the stage has to be learnt, like everything else. But it's the slackness everywhere that I complain of. A dear good fellow, old SIDNEY, but no disciplinarian. Lets 'em do whatever they please. I don't know if you remarked it, but the tag was actually spoken to-day at rehearsal! That's always supposed, as you are probably aware, to bring bad luck. All superstition, of course. Though I'm bound to say that, in my experience, I've never known it fail. By the by, do you think that "Dumb-Crambo" scene in the Second Act will go? Don't see your way to cutting it out, I suppose?

Mr. A. No, I think it will be all right when it's worked up. And it's never been done on the stage.

Mr. R. There you're mistaken, Sir. It was done two years ago at the Nullity, in a piece called *A Flash in the Pan*. I remember it ran just a week. I happen to know because I was in the cast. I thought it as well to mention it. [He shuffles away as Mr. STILTNEY BELLAIRS approaches.]

Mr. S. B. I say, Mr. AIKENHEAD, I wish you'd let me leave out a line in the Last Act. It's no use to me, and it strikes me as a bit dangerous. I mean where I say, "Well, I call this thunderin' rot!" Gives the Gallery such a chance, don't you know!

[On reflection, Mr. A. consents to this omission.]

Mr. Pettipher (who is on for about five minutes in the First Act). One moment, Mr. AIKENHEAD. How would you wish me to make up for Captain Guestling, now? For instance, what is the precise shade of wig you have in your mind's eye?

Mr. A. (conscious of utter vacancy in that organ). Well, I hardly—need you wear a wig at all?

Mr. P. Played in my own hair, Sir, the character would never come out. I was thinking that a chestnut wig, not too light—and what would you say, now, to a chintuft?

Mr. A. (with a forlorn attempt at jocularity). Wouldn't that rather depend on what the chintuft said to me?

Mr. P. (with solemnity). I beg you will not treat this matter in a spirit of flippancy, Sir. My one anxiety is to realise my author's conception—and there's really nothing in the lines themselves for me to build up a character upon or I wouldn't trouble you. I see him myself as a sort of man-about-town, with a chintuft, and, I think, spats would complete the costume? Then I may take it you agree to spats? Now, regarding the colour. Should they be white, or drab? I possess both. Perhaps drab would be more in

keeping? Would you have a white edging to his waistcoat? Well, we can discuss that question to-morrow.

Mr. Newgass. Oh, I've thought out rather a good bit of business for my entrance in the Second Act. How would it be if I took the Butler for the old Earl and shook hands, and asked him to present me to *Lady Cynthia*, eh?

[He chuckles.]

Mr. A. Afraid it would be rather forced. You see, the Butler has just shown you in, and, besides, you've met *Lord Limpfield* already.

Mr. N. But I might be short-sighted—eyeglass worked down the back of my neck—frantic search for it, and all that. . . . Well, of course your wishes are paramount—but it would be a big laugh—and, if you don't mind my saying so, that's what the piece *wants*! However, since you don't accept my suggestion, I say no more. *[He goes off in a huff.]*

Mr. Ion Selfe. We're pulling it together, *Mr. Aikenhead*, pulling it together—by degrees. But you'll have to cut a good half-hour out of it yet!

Mr. A. *(thinking he has cut several out of it already).* I might shorten the scene between you and *Limpfield*, perhaps, and your soliloquy after reading the letter. I don't see what *else* I can do.

Mr. I. S. *(with a falling jaw).* Mark my words, Sir. If you touch a word of my part—in the way of compression—you ruin your play. I should say just the same if I was playing any other part. Where the piece drags, where it's let down, is precisely in those scenes where I'm not on. Shorten those, give me a little more to do in the last Act, let me go off just before the curtain, instead of ten minutes earlier, and it's a dead cert! Otherwise, it's my deliberate opinion, Sir, that we're in for a record frost. Now I've got that off my chest I feel happier!

[He stalks away with the air of a Sibyl.]

IN THE VESTIBULE—A LITTLE LATER.

Mr. Sidney Sanguin. Oh, *there* you are, *Aikenhead*! . . . Miss Daintrey? What, haven't you seen her? She wanted to speak to you before she went, I know. . . . Well, no, she hasn't signed her contract—not exactly. In fact, she's rather thrown us over. . . . Yes, it is a nuisance, of course—but it can't be helped. . . . I did my best, old chap! . . . No, only that, on consideration, she didn't think it quite worth her while. Pretty little part enough—if she'd only see it! . . . Oh, that *Arleigh* girl won't be half bad as *Lady Cynthia*! . . . I don't say she *is*—but she'll look quite young enough at night, and *Phyllis*'s frocks can be altered to fit her. . . . My dear fellow, there's no time to get anybody else in now—and she's up in the part. . . . Well, we may have to alter the cast a bit, but they're getting used to that by now. . . . Don't you worry—we're going to come out on top all right—and let me see, there was *something* I wanted to say to you. Ah yes, look here, I wish you'd take this script home with you and just run through the dialogue again. . . . No, no, capital, A 1, old boy! I only thought that, if you *could* see your way to working in a smart line here and there, don't you know,—well, it wouldn't do any harm, eh?

[Mr. A. goes home to give these finishing touches with all the verve and freshness that can reasonably be anticipated.]

F. A.

At Oberrottendorf, according to a *Times* telegram, a boy of fourteen was recently sentenced to a month's imprisonment for *lèse-majesté*, the trial having taken place *in camera*. Evil example spreads swiftly, and we now learn that in the neighbouring village of Rather-rotten-dorf a baby girl of fourteen months has been sentenced, for a similar offence, to forty spansks with a hair-brush, the trial having taken place in the day-nursery.



A GENTLE HINT.

Little Girl. "MUMMY, I WON'T TELL MR. JONES EVERYONE'S GIVING ME PRESENTS TO-DAY, 'COS P'RAP'S HE DOESN'T KNOW IT'S MY BIRTHDAY."

VICARIOUS VIRTUES.

MR. PUNCH has noted with interest the recent Temperance manifesto withdrawing opposition to such compensation to the Liquor Trade as shall be entirely paid by the Trade itself. Self-denying enthusiasm is always infectious, and *Mr. Punch's* expectation that this splendid generosity would find prompt imitators has not been disappointed, as may be seen from the following items of information:—

MR. RITCHIE and *LORD GEORGE HAMILTON* have so far recanted their previous views on the Fiscal Question as to be now willing for the cost (and trouble) of living to be increased to ex-Colonial Secretaries, and, in a more limited degree, Prime Ministers.

France and England have agreed to refer all their differences to arbitration, provided always that the principle shall not apply to anything which matters at all to either.

The Unionist Free Food League has issued a leaflet to householders stating that any who like may pay their butchers an increased price for meat without fear—if they had any before—of what the League may do. A separate leaflet has been posted to master bakers authorising them to raise the price of the loaf to their own families.

Russia has determined to relinquish Egypt, and England Manchuria.

LORD ROSEBURY, in spite of his natural repugnance to sustained effort, has offered at this crisis to return to active political life if all duties beyond the addressing of mass-meetings may be discharged by someone else.

MR. P-N-RO'S PRACTICAL DRAMATIC MOTTOES.—"Open at seven, close past eleven." "It is never too late to end."



HISTORY ANCIENT AND MODERN.

First Yorkshireman (à propos of statue recently unveiled at Leeds).
"YOU SEE WE'VE GOT THE BLACK PRINCE UP AT LAST."

Second Yorkshireman. "RANJITSINGH! WHAT'S HE DOIN' HERE?
HE PLAYS FOR SUSSEX! WHERE'S LORD HAWKE?"

MR. PUNCH'S FISCAL CANVASS.

MR. PUNCH has resolved to open his columns to a discussion of our fiscal policy. He takes pleasure in offering his readers the following expression of opinion from Mr. HENRY JAMES, given in answer to a request for a yea-or-nay declaration:—

The great question—as we had come in our little circle, with a baffled sense of approximation, to call it—was not so much whether CHAMBERLAIN had been essentially there, as whether, at that particular period, the majority might not have been, in the narrower sense to which some of us so wonderfully restricted our meanings, more or less in the

other place. As for BALFOUR, we were ready to assume, not without, perhaps, a feeling of excitement in an assumption partaking, as it were, of a certain softened, diminished violence, that he had, on this, as on so many and so beneficent occasions, proved unequal to a severance from his habit of being at all times equipped with this special promise—unless it were rather a threat—adequately everywhere.

It will of course be understood that Mr. *Punch* assumes no responsibility either for Mr. JAMES's opinion, or for Mr. KIPLING's, which comes to hand by the same mail:—

Go, stagger the moon with sunrise, go douse the candle with arcs,

For the orchid-loving statesman's been makin' a few remarks,
A year ago, or almost, through monocled eye war-taught,
He studied the Five, Five Nations, yea, and the things they bought,

And the things they sold in the markets; and said to himself,
"Go to!

Though blood be thicker than water, it's a blank sight
thinner than glue;

And Empire, years in the makin', by the years can be
unmade:

If we want it to hold together we must glue it together with
trade."

MR. A. B. WALKLEY, treating of the Cabinet divisions, is
allusive without being too obscure:—

It may have been M. GEORGES POLTI, with his *Trente-six Situations Dramatiques*, who suggested to Mr. BERNARD SHAW the idea of *The Hero's Assistants*. For Mr. SHAW, long cloosing and beginning late, has at last hit upon a new or thirty-seventh situation. The curtain rises upon Mr. BALFOUR, described as a Prime Minister, in talk with three members of his Cabinet, whom Mr. SHAW calls Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, Mr. RITCHIE, and the DUKE. They are trying to persuade him to make up his mind about something—anything, for choice. After listening indifferently he accuses them of iteration—WALTER PATER's "addition of sameness to duty"—and goes away in a motor-car. His weariness is a genuinely pathetic thing.

So far there is nothing to "startle or waylay," for the situation has been familiar from the time of *Hamlet* to *L'Irresolu* of M. GEORGES BERR. The novelty begins in the next scene, where the three statesmen change—in obedience to IBSSEN's "law of change"—into conspirators. One of these, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, offers to put forth a plan—"How to save the Empire and threepence a week"—and suggests that each, after resigning—two of them promptly, the DUKE after "sweet, reluctant, amorous delay"—should try to instil conviction into Mr. BALFOUR. Each conspirator is to state his own case as best he may; it is difficult, as M. ANATOLE FRANCE knows, to say anything exactly. In the last Act, after they have been pretending to aim at the voters those speeches and letters which are really directed to Mr. BALFOUR's address, they succeed, and he acquires conviction and a policy, "But please, Sir, a very little one."

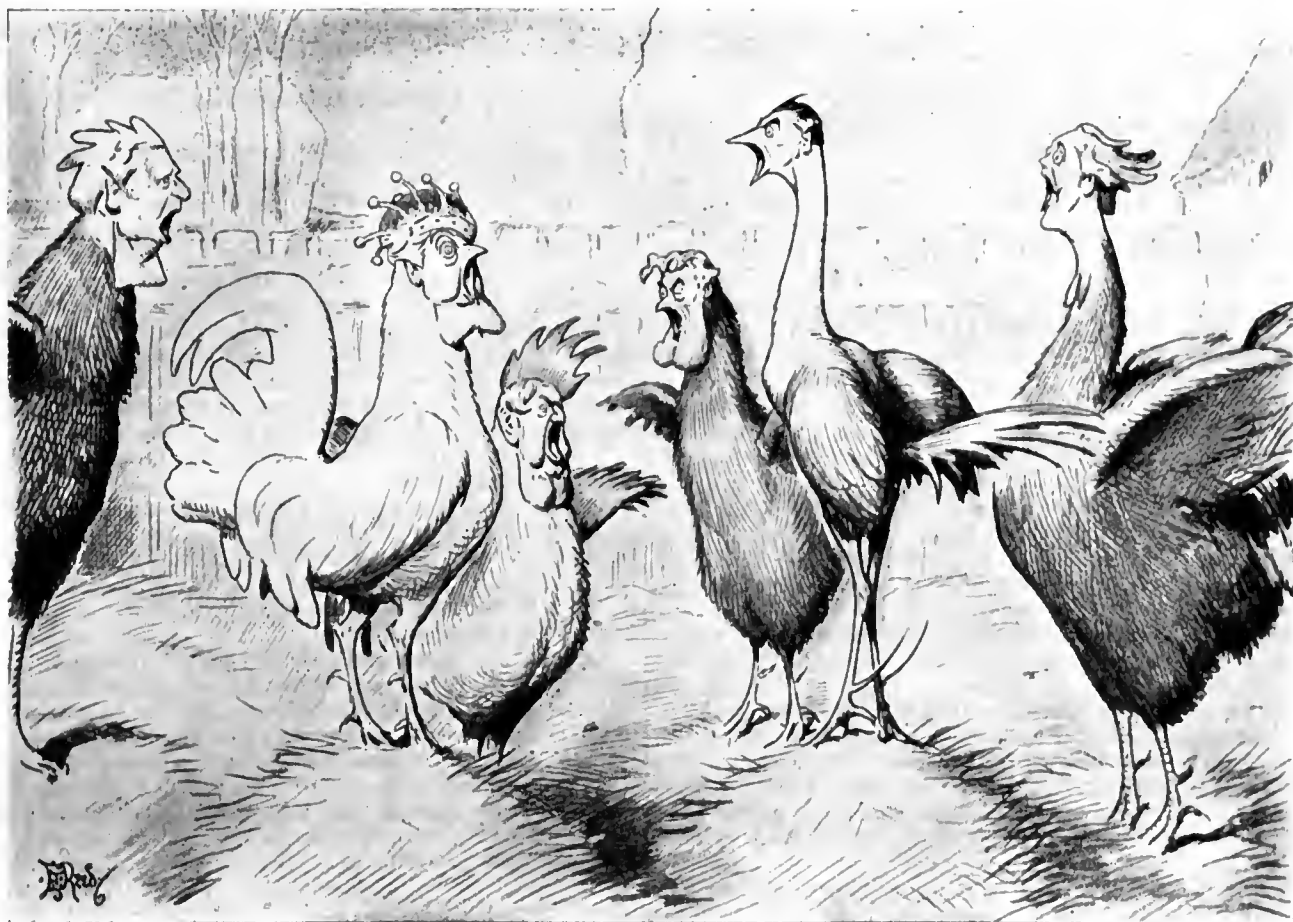
Improbable? Perhaps, if you condescend to consider it in that way, for people, as Judge BRACK says, 'do not do such things.' But an author whom we have quoted more than once, and may have occasion to quote again—*ohé! ohé! Aristote!*—has said it is probable that some improbable things should happen. Besides, Mr. SHAW is not trying—the late ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON must forgive us this phrase—to "compete with life." He knows, as COLERIDGE knew, that farce has "another logic" than history, even though the history be *histoire contemporaine*. And if his plot be "thin, but not too thin," as *Emma's* (but not *Emma Bovary's*) father liked his gruel, it provides Mr. SHAW with an opportunity to abound, as the Dutch say, in his own sense. As for the result, which is *à prendre ou à laisser*, it is at least *assez curieux*.



AN EYE FOR EFFECT.

ARTHUR. "AIN'T YOU MADE 'IM TOO 'ORRIBLE?"

JOE. "NO FEAR! YOU CAN'T MAKE 'EM TOO 'ORRIBLE!"



THE FISCAL "COCK-CROWING COMPETITION."

Puzzle: to find the Winner.

["A feature of the second annual carnival at Silverton, Devon, was a cock-crowing competition . . . None of the cockerels wanted much encouragement, and the difficulty was to get them to stop. It was a deafening struggle. Prizes were offered for the birds that crowed most frequently during a given period. One bird was easily first. It stretched its neck, flapped its wings, and crowed no fewer than fifty-one times in seventeen minutes without a suspicion of hoarseness."—*Daily Paper.*]

GOLF-LAND—HOLE BY HOLE.

Match for a suit of oil-skins between Sunny Jack and Dismal Jimmy.

"The rain has beaten all records."—*Daily papers.*

"Play the game."—*Modern motto.*

Hole 1.—Halved in 28. D. J. gets into the current with his 16th (a beauty) and is rescued by life-boat.

Hole 2.—Abandoned. A green-finder with a divining-rod, which is convertible into an umbrella, states that the Primitive Baptists are using the green for purposes of total immersion.

Hole 3.—Abandoned. A regatta is found to be taking place in the big bunker.

Hole 4.—Halved in 23. S. J. discovered with life-belt round him which he has stolen from the flag. Reported death of the green-keeper, lost in trying to rescue two caddies from the bunker going to the 11th hole.

Hole 5.—Abandoned out of sympathy with the green-keeper.

Hole 6.—Abandoned. S. J. gets his driver mixed in his life-belt, with the result that his braces burst. D. J. claims hole on the ground that no player may look for a button for more than two minutes. Mr. VARDON, umpiring from balloon, disallows claim. Both players take to canoes.

Hole 7.—D. J.'s canoe upset by body of drowned sheep as he is holing short put. Mr. VARDON decides that corpses are rubs on the green.

Hole 8.—Abandoned, owing to a fight for life-belt.

Hole 9.—Halved in 303, Mr. VARDON keeping the score.

Hole 10.—D. J. saves S. J.'s life. Hole awarded to S. J. by Mr. VARDON out of sympathy. S. J. one up.

Hole 11.—S. J. saves D. J.'s life and receives the Humane Society's monthly medal and the hole from Mr. VARDON

as a reward of courage. S. J. two up.

Hole 12.—Abandoned. Collection made for the widows of drowned golfers, which realises ninepence. S. J. subsequently returns from a long, low dive.

Holes 13 and 14.—Won by D. J. in the absence of S. J., who attends funeral water-games in honour of the green-keeper. All square.

Holes 15 and 16.—Abandoned by mutual consent, whiskey being given away by the Society of Free-drinkers. Instant reappearance of the green-keeper.

Holes 17 and 18.—Unrecorded. Mr. VARDON declares the match halved.

A Post-mortem Accusation

"SEVERAL people by this time had raised their widows and were shouting 'Murder.'"—*Morning Post.*

PICKY BACK.

(Being Passages from the Re-inconanation of Picklock Holes.)

II.—THE NOTCH IN THE TULWAR.

It was on the morning of October 22—how well I remember the day, and how immaterial is the exact year—that, as I was rapidly and skilfully removing the top of a boiled egg prior to absorbing its contents, I was startled by the sudden but not, I must admit, unexpected appearance of HOLES, the master-spirit of this or any other age. I had just time to hide the egg away under my napkin when he advanced upon me with an air of almost pathetic impassivity and pointed a long forefinger meditatively at me:—

"Potson," he said sternly, "you have been, nay, you are at this moment, over-eating yourself."

"My dear HOLES," I replied somewhat peevishly, for during the nine years of his absence I had grown accustomed to a certain amount of independence, "My dear HOLES, I assure you—"

"Tush!" said HOLES—and I have never heard the word pronounced more shortly—"Listen to me; you cannot deny that you have been eating. Very well, then. Mark what follows. If you *have been* eating—you have assented to the use of the past tense—your eating is, grammatically at any rate, finished, or, to use a permitted equivalent, it is over. You are, therefore, over-eating, and as you are physically unable to over-eat me or anybody else, except yourself, you must be over-eating yourself. Do I make myself plain?"

"My dear HOLES," I gasped with an enthusiasm which under the circumstances may perhaps be pardoned, "I have never, no never, in all my life known you to be so marvellously, so convincingly deductive. It is indeed good of you to interest yourself to such an extent in my welfare, all the more good—"

"Better," interrupted HOLES in a tone of severe correction.

"All the better of you, seeing that I can never hope to be worthy of you. HOLES, when I am with you or when I think of you, I sometimes feel that I am a fool, that I can never hope to be a fit companion to one who has overawed the chancelleries of Europe and has brought criminality home to some of the remotest and duskiest potentates of Asia and Africa."

"Pooh, pooh," said HOLES, not unkindly, "you must not despair, Potson. To do so were unmanly."

I was profoundly moved, and grasped his hand in a silence more eloquent than words.

So we sat for a few moments, when HOLES suddenly rose, and, pointing to the napkin, which still reposed on the table, said with a voice in which indulgence was beautifully mingled with accusation, "Potson, do you see that napkin? Can you tell me what is underneath it? No, of course you cannot; but I," he continued, his eyeballs positively blazing with excitement, "can. Let us proceed by a process of exhaustion. It is not an elephant. The shape of the pachyderm and the peculiar conformation of his tusks forbid the notion. It is not a £500 *Tit-Bits* prize, for your intelligence—pardon me, Potson—is not sufficient for the discovery of such a treasure. Again, it is not Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S eye-glass, for I saw him myself only ten minutes ago"—he stood up reverentially, and an expression of worship came over his marble face—"I saw him myself only ten minutes ago, with his monocle affixed to its accustomed centre of vision. We have, therefore, to some extent narrowed the field of investigation, and still proceeding by the same method we are driven to the conclusion that the concealed object is"—here he dexterously flicked the napkin from the table—"ah, as I thought, an egg prepared for degustation by the removal of the upper portion of its hard integumentary covering."

"HOLES," I said, "you are more than mortal!"

"Tush, tush," said HOLES. "A little common sense, my dear Potson, will carry us far. But hist!"

I histed.

"Someone is approaching," whispered HOLES; "we must be prepared."

So saying he rapidly took down from the wall my old Indian tulwar, broke a piece from its edge with his powerful forefinger and thumb, tore his frock-coat up the back seam, removed his boots and covered the lower part of his face with the grey beard and side-whiskers of a Colonial bishop. To force me underneath the sofa and conceal himself under the table was the work of a moment, of that very moment, in fact, when a footstep, coming softly up the passage, paused at the door of my breakfast-room. Directly afterwards a voice, which I recognised as that of my man CARTER, was heard to say, "I'm going to clear away breakfast, Mrs. COLES. Might I ask you to bring up Mr. POTSON'S boots?"

"We have him now," hissed HOLES from under the table.

"He cannot escape us."

The door was then opened, and, as I assumed (for I could not see), CARTER entered the room.

"Hallo," he said, "master's gone, and without his boots too. Lor', what's this ugly old pig-sticking thing doing on the table? Someone's been a breaking a bit out of its edge. I wonder where ever—"

As he uttered these words HOLES sprang out at him. The struggle that followed was severe but short, for HOLES had regained all his old muscular activity, and was an antagonist to be reckoned with. In less than five minutes CARTER was securely bound and gagged, and HOLES was sitting upon him.

"I am sorry, my dear Potson," he said, "to disturb your domestic arrangements, but I have long been looking for the assassin who slew the Imaum of Tulliegorum and decamped with his seraglio. The deed was done with a tulwar, which I find in this ruffian's hands. The missing piece I myself extracted from the shattered head of the Imaum. Here it is, and, as you see, it fits exactly."

There was no gainsaying such evidence. I was sorry to lose CARTER, a valuable servant who had become accustomed to my ways, but I consoled myself by the thought that I had aided the cause of justice and enabled my great friend to give one more proof of his transcendent abilities. I ought to add that HOLES, with his usual generosity, settled a comfortable annuity on CARTER'S widow and her nine children.

AN EXPLANATION TO THOSE WHO NEED IT.—An objection was raised to the representation, in one of our sporting artist's pictures, a week or so ago, of a gentleman out cub-hunting in "top-hat and full hunting toggery." No sportsman would have thus equipped himself for "cubbing." Quite so: we agree: logically, therefore, this man was no sportsman. The fact speaks for itself. This dashing gentleman hoped to meet his inamorata out cub-hunting, and you may be sure that only so powerful an attraction would ever have induced him to turn out at a preposterously early hour in the morning. Read the legend. But when he did turn out he prided himself on having done so to some purpose, as he had taken pains to appear in full hunting costume which, as he considered, rendered him absolutely irresistible.

METEOROLOGICAL DRAMA.—Considering the mixed state of the weather, varying from bad to worse, during the last fortnight, it was quite an up-to-date idea of the management of the Court Theatre to produce "The Tempest." MARIE TEMPEST was not in it with the remainder of the cast. It was proposed on more than one occasion to alter the name of the place temporarily to "The Court-in-the-rain Theatre."



THE BEGINNING OF SEASON 1903.

American Cousin (come over to hunt). "CALL THIS A FLYING COUNTRY, DON'T YOU? WELL, IF I'D KNOWN IT WAS LIKE THIS, GUESS I'D HAVE JUST GOT SOME WINOS!"

A MATTER OF DUTY.

["**LOWER TOPTON.**—The annual distribution to the children attending the village school took place last Saturday. Sir TIMOTHY TIBBITS, the popular M.P. for our Division, handed the prizes to the successful recipients, and prefaced the ceremony with some appropriate remarks."]

THAT paragraph, Mr. Punch, I have extracted from the *Topton Advertiser and Middletown Gazette*. The impression it gives of Sir TIMOTHY's speech is not accurate. Perhaps other managers of elementary schools may be thinking of inviting the local Member to preside at a prize distribution. If so, at any rate for the next few months, they had better make another choice. For their warning, I will subjoin a verbatim report of Sir TIMOTHY's speech:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Well, what do you think of it all? What do you think of it? Will you be good enough, individually and collectively, to tell me what you think of it? (*Here Sir TIMOTHY paused, and stared vacantly round the room. Cheers from the children; considerable surprise among the elder portion of the audience.*) Personally, I'm bothered if I know what to think. I've read speeches, and pamphlets, and statistics, and the one definite impression left upon my mind is that if you tax raw material you (*to the Vicar, seated beside him*), well, what are you nudging me about? . . . Oh, ah; yes. Of course. Quite so. As I was saying, it is a great pleasure to me to be present this afternoon, because a system of sound federation—I beg pardon, education—a sound system of education is necessary, if you are to inquire with any hope of success. (*Faint cheering. Audible reply from one old lady to inaudible question from another: "No; he's always had the reputation of being a teetotaller."*) In fact, I've been inquiring myself for the last fortnight, and not a wink of sleep—but that, as your good Vicar reminds me, is neither here nor there. It is my pleasant duty to distribute your prizes this afternoon. (*Cheers.*) Some of you have won prizes, others of you have not. And there is a moral in that, my children. (*"Hear, hear," from the Vicar.*) Indeed, the evils of all such preferential dealing are so manifest that to expatiate upon them would be superfluous. Supposing, for the sake of argument, that the price of butter were raised by one-third of a farthing, it would follow—it would follow, as your school-master suggests, that your sums would be more complicated. Having distributed these prizes we shall adjourn to the tea so kindly provided by some of our friends. (*Loud cheers from the children.*) And how will your tea be affected? You will have no jam—(*murmurs of disappointment*)—you will

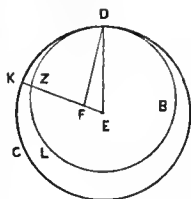
have no sugar—(*louder murmurs*)—you will have but little butter, and next to no bread—(*several of the children burst loudly into tears.*) Hulloo? Why, what's the matter? (*Explanation from the Vicar.*) Ah, but you must bear in mind the purely hypothetical nature of these suggestions. Contingent upon a remission of certain revenue duties, which in bulk approximate to a figure of—to a figure of—well, I looked it up only last night, but I've forgotten. In round numbers, the total of exports for the last fifteen years—but I am told that tea is ready. With these few remarks on elementary education, then, I will conclude.

[*Loud cheers, amid which the Member fled from the room, having quite forgotten to give away the prizes.*]

THE MINOR POETRY OF SCIENCE.

IN this revolutionary age nothing is safe; even poor old *Euclid* has been dethroned, and all is chaos, while the courtiers are disputing over the succession. Mr. Punch, in his rôle of peacemaker, comes forward with what he trusts will be welcomed as a happy idea. Why not give the minor poets a chance, and so combine the Useful with the Beautiful? Mr. Punch offers the following as an example and an incentive:—

If two circles touch internally, the line which joins their centres, being produced, must pass through the point of contact.



Let A D C and B
D L,
Two different
circles, lie
So that they touch,
as said above,
At D, internally:
Let E and F their
centres mark;
It is required to
show

That through the point of contact, D,
E F produced will go.

If not, we must assign to it
Some other path instead;
Suppose it cuts one circle, then,
At K, and one at Z.
And first we'll draw two other lines,
From E and F to D,
So that we have a triangle
Whose name is F D E.

In this, as in all triangles,
As constantly you've heard,
Two sides D F, F E are more
Than is D E, the third;
But D F, Z F equal are,
And so we see the two
Z F, F E are greater than
D E; so far is true.

But then would these, Z F, F E,
Be greater than E K,
And that is utterly absurd,
As *Euclid* used to say.
Therefore E F must pass through D;
And so we end our quest;
Quod erat demonstrandum, friends,
Hic demonstratum est.

A PLEA FOR PROTECTION.

[A correspondent to the *Daily Mail* complains that a little girl has been given an essay to write on the Fiscal Question.]

SCENE.—*The Children's Hour.* DICK, aged 9; MURIEL, aged 8; MARGERY, aged 6; BABY, aged 2.

Young Mother (*to Nurse, who appears with the little ones.*) Well, Nurse, I hope they have all been good children to-day?

Nurse. Well, ma'am, I can't say they have. Miss MURIEL and Master DICK have been having words.

Young Mother (*sadly*). Oh MURIEL! DICKIE! What was it about? Was it the doll again?

Muriel (*indignantly*). No, indeed, Mummy! It was about the Alaska Boundary! Dick said that the award was quite fair, and I said that it was a serious mistake.

Nurse (*unwillingly*). And then, ma'am, they got to talking about 'fists,' and I thought it better to separate them!

Muriel (*with a smile*). Nurse means 'The Fiscal Question,' Mummy. But really one can't argue with DICK and MARGERY. They are so terribly one-sided!

Enter Father, an over-worked M.P.

Father. Hulloo, little ones!

Dick. Anything more about the Cabinet, Daddy?

Baby (*echoes*). The Tabinet, Daddy?

[Father looks helplessly at Young Mother.

Young Mother (*apologetically*). The new governess, dear! She holds a gold medal from the Modern Education Society, you know!

Father (*changing the subject*). And where did you go this afternoon, MARGERY? To feed the ducks at the Round Pond?

[MURIEL and DICK exchange glances of amusement.

Margery. We went to see the radium experiments at the South Kensington Museum, Daddy. They have really fitted the place up very creditably!

[Collapse of Father and Mother.

Dick. No cake, thank you, Mummy dear! We've got to write a letter to the *Daily Mail* this evening, and there isn't too much time! May we go now?

[Exeunt Nursery Party, picking up several evening papers on the way to the door.

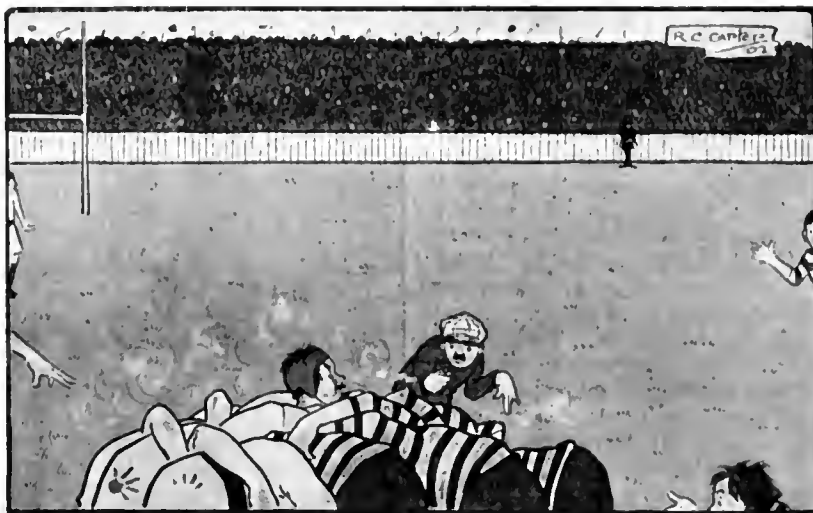
HER GRACE OF DANCE-IT-AN-SING-IT.

The *Duchess of Dantzic*, with its "book" and "lyrics" by HENRY HAMILTON, and its music by IVAN CARYLL, is no more an opera, in the strict sense of the term, than were the old-fashioned melodramatic pieces which, fitted up with "incidental choruses, songs and dances," delighted early Victorian playgoers. This particular *Duchess* is simply SARDOU's comedy *Madame Sans-Gêne*, adapted to harmonious circumstances "by arrangement with" the author of the original work. For any actress to have chosen the part of the heroine of the comedy would have brought her into direct competition with RÉJANE, the original *blanchisseuse*, and with ELLEN TERRY, the washerman in the English version. Wisely was this avoided, and the result is a well-balanced dramatic work, wherein the serious interest is from time to time interrupted, and the action somewhat hindered, by the interpolation of quartettes, sentimental duets, merry songs, lively choruses, and sprightly dances.

This treatment of the play enables Miss EVIE GREENE to claim the distinction of having "created" the part of *Madame Sans-Gêne* as heroine of comic opera (limited). As a vocalist, with little to sing, and that not particularly catching, on first hearing at all events, she is delightful; and graceful is she, in every movement of a dance. In the First Act, as the hearty laundress, a true woman of the people, Miss EVIE GREENE shows herself a fascinating comedian; but when it comes to the farcical parts of the comedy, where court dress and manners bother her, the mechanism of her "method," evincing the desire on her part to make it all tell with the audience, is so evident as to destroy the naturalness of the absurd situations in which the *Duchess*, just come home from the wash, finds herself placed.

RÉJANE, the original, had a hard task with this "business," and where so thorough an artist overdid it there is every excuse for Miss EVIE GREENE, whether she ever studied the French *comédienne* in this part or not. Her scene with *Napoleon* is as well played as adapter and composer permit, for where there ought to be nothing but crisp dialogue, quick repartee and telling action, they have given the heroine a song, sung to and at *Napoleon*, who has very little to say for himself, except when he contrives to get in a word or two edgewise. On this occasion the great Emperor appears to lend a most unwilling ear. The great situation of the piece is thus robbed of its dramatic strength. Of course that it "goes," *cela va sans dire*, and if it were only *sans chanter* its climax would be enthusiastically received, for Mr. HOLBROOK BLINN's "*petit caporal*" may be ranked as a fine impersonation, and one that of itself would suffice to secure an exceptional popularity for the play.

Mr. DENIS O'SULLIVAN as *Sergeant François Lefebvre* is good singer first, careful actor next, with just that delicate touch of the Hibernian brogue which, reminding us of the O'DONNELLS and MACMAHONS in the French Army, forms another bond of union, besides that of love, between him and the "colleen" *Evie Sans-Gêne*. Whether Mr. LAWRENCE REA as *Philippe, Vicomte de Béthune*, also hails from the Emerald Isle it would be not quite so easy to determine, but, be that as it may, his artistic rendering of an air which of itself is not calculated to achieve immediate popularity fully justifies the hearty encore he receives.



MODERN IMPRESSIONIST ART.—A FOOTBALL MATCH.

The old Savoy favourite, Mr. COURTICE POUNDS, as *Papillon*, pedlar, *maitre de danse*, costumier, court hairdresser and perhaps several other things, is "one of the lifes and souls" of the piece; he has a song and dance, of the old "perpetual motion" type, which is so immensely successful, that with his chorus of bandboxers he obtains a thoroughly hearty and unanimous encore. His French "gag" concerning "*Ma petite Marie*," when he complains of *mal à l'estomac*, is received with roars of almost inextinguishable laughter.

Miss KITTY GORDON and Miss VIOLET ELLIOTT well sustain the small parts of *Napoleon's* sisters, being, of course, condemned to comparative silence by their tyrannical "Corsican Brother." Miss ADRIENNE AUGARDE is the interesting, pretty and tuneful heroine, *Renée de Saint Mézard*.

The *mise-en-scène*, even in these days of brilliant stage-pictures, is memorable for its brightness and Harkeresque picturesqueness. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES is to be congratulated on the admirable stage-managership for which, according to the programme, Mr. ROBERT COURTNEGE is responsible. *Vive la Grande Duchesse de Dantzic!*

FOOTBALL NOTE BY AN ENTIRELY UNPROFESSIONAL.—Isn't the following a delightful sketch made during a football match? This is the description: "The Harlequins, playing with the wind, got their points early in the game." Playing with the wind! *Vivat Æolus!* Then again, "The Old Merchant Taylors were the first to score through DRAPER." Excellent trade and business-like combination! Of course the Draper must have been a youthful assistant called in to aid the "Old Merchant Taylors." Touching 'tis to read finally how the "Old Merchant Taylors" (plucky veterans!) "made great efforts to score," but they failed, it is sad to relate, and their failure must arouse our heartfelt sympathy. These Taylors are patterns.

THE attempt (happily unsuccessful) upon the life of the Governor-General of the Caucasus has produced among the inhabitants (according to the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*) "a feeling of profound indignation."

FROM the Bazaar:—

WANTED, Dress Skirt, for pretty black Persian Kitten, pair rabbits, or pigeons. (Bucks.
But why "bucks"?

OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

"WHAT things have we seen done at the 'Mermaid'!" Thus BEAUMONT to BEN JONSON. The last thing done in connection with the "Mermaid" is a new edition bearing that honoured name, in which Mr. FISHER UNWIN presents in portable form, at moderate price, the best plays of the men who made the "Mermaid" memorable. They include works, to most of us familiar, at least by name, of MARLOWE, MASSINGER, WYCHERLEY, OTWAY, CONGREVE, STEELE, BEAUMONT and FLETCHER. Truly a classic library, which my Baronite puts away on a handy shelf. Each volume is prefaced by an introduction. Amongst the contributors is Mr. SWINBURNE, who does not often talk to us in prose. Mr. ADDINGTON SYMONDS, as master of the courtly ceremonies, presents the giants who lived in those days to their successors of these.

The Baron will simply confine himself to drawing attention to *Mr. Punch's Museum* (BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co.), which is not, by any manner of means, the entire collection of Curiosities of Literature and Art in his possession, but is simply one single case in it supplied by Mr. ARTHUR A. SYKES. For the excellence of the contents the reader may safely take the Baron's warranty.

"Upon my word," quoth the Baron, "we shall be all tired of the very mention of Christmas long before that genial monarch of winter arrives." Among the most useful of the ornamental inventions are the pictorial postcards of Messrs. FAULKNER AND Co., who have invented an entirely new game entitled *Tinkle*, in which, no doubt, those who are weary of their older amusements and eager to take on with something new in the drawing-room diversion line, will soon find themselves interested.

Although the sayings and doings of a small sect belonging to some most rigid form of "Methody" in a petty provincial town are apt to become somewhat wearisome when unrelieved by any very striking flashes of humour, yet Mrs. DUDENEY's *Story of Susan* among these "Elders" (HEINEMANN), of the devotion of her sorely-trying lover, of her curious perversity, of her strange wedding, and of her relations to "the Fold," will be found most interesting by all readers to whom the Baron strongly recommends this book. They will be pleased to learn that the surprise in store for them is worked out with considerable skill, although the quaintness of description is in many instances so evidently the result of effort as to deprive it of any effect of spontaneity. Mrs.



OCULAR DEMONSTRATION.

Errand Boy. "'AVE YOU LET OFF THE FIREWORKS YET?"

Voice from the group. "CAN'T YER SEE?"

DUDENEY's word-painting suggests an attempt at a pre-Raphaelite revivalism in literature.

A miniature Christmas gift book for small folk is BEATRIX POTTER's *Tailor of Gloucester* (WARNER & Co.), the charm whereof lies in its daintily-coloured pictures. It is all about a tailor and some friendly mice, and might be simply, if not quite correctly, described as a mice-anthropical story.

Then the Baron finds a parcel from the Tuck shop (i.e., RAPHAEL TUCK AND SONS), containing some really charming calendars, Tennysonian and Dickensian,

providing a motto for every day of the year. Of course the goggle-eyed Golliwogg is not yet played out, and not a few old and young children will be highly delighted with this new series, and also with the "Wallypug" book. The coloured toy-books, in which our future Royal Academicians can commence their course of Art studies in the nursery, will be immensely popular with all loving a quiet time, will encourage the paint-brush-sucking juvenile artists clothed in pinafores, and will be highly valued by all in charge of little sons and daubers, and—by the washer-women.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



A HINT.

Young Housewife (as the front-door bell rings). "Now, is that THE BUTCHER'S BOY—OR A VISITOR?"
 New "General" (after a pause). "IF YOU DON'T THINK YOU'RE TIDY ENOUGH, MUM—I'LL GO!"

CUI CULPÆ.

"An interesting experiment in the shape of a voluntary labour bureau has been started in the East End. Since April 400 applications for work have been registered, the majority of the applicants being unskilled labourers. About fifteen men were sent down to Wiltshire, where work had been found for them on Salisbury Plain. In three days two reappeared at the Bureau. Asked why they had come back, they replied, 'Well, it had rained.' Within a fortnight a dozen out of the original fifteen had returned to the delights of London, and were loafing again at the street corners."—*Daily Paper.*

A HUNEMPLOYED, 'ard workin' man—
 That's me,
 Wot works at hany job 'e can,
 Does 'e—
 Not carpentrin' nor that—cos why?—
 Them 's trides, an' trides is trides, ses I—
 But hanythink, as you might sye,
 D'yer see?

Wot 's things a-comin' to? O lor,
 'Ere 's me, so 'elp me Bob,
 Wiv fourteen kids, an' me so poor
 I stands ahtside the Hangel door,
 Though willin', as I said afore,
 For hany bloomin' job—

I wouldn't shirk no kind of work,
 I ain't no clarsy snob.

There ain't no jobs. There ain't bin none

Since them percessions stopped,
 An' they was more 'ard work than fun,
 'They kep' yer trampin', rine or sun;
 Why, ten an' fifteen mile we done,
 An' orfen fairly sopped—
 Yus, tramped the town for 'arf-a-crown
 Until we orl but dropped.

Afride o' work? Not me! I'll go
 To hany job yer like.
 I'll—wot, Sir? Weed yer garden? Oh,
 Well, that 's a tride agin, yer know—
 But tell yer wot, I'll sweep yer snow
 Or fix yer skites. Jist mike
 A bloke a job to earn a bob
 For my pore missus' sike!

Wot? 'Ave I tried the country? Yus.
 An' thereby 'angs a tile.
 Me an' my mites—a score of us—
 Went dahn to work for some ole cuss.
 My! Wot a plice! No tram! No bus!
 Yer never seen sich style—
 Yer couldn't get a bloomin' wet
 Without yer walked a mile.

Fust day we stuck it—lord knows 'ow—
 Altho' the boss 'e swore,
 Cos why? we couldn't milk a cow.
 Expected us to 'old a plough
 Or go an' feed a fat ole sow.
 An' 'elean the stible floor—
 The stibles! Which the like o' sich
 I never did afore.

Fust day, as I were sayin', passed,
 Altho' agin the grine,
 But, lor, I knowed it couldn't last.
 Next mornin' it were rinin' fast,
 An' wot 's the country like. I ast,
 When it 's a-porin' rine?
 Ter cut it short, I up an' cort
 The early Lunnon trine.

A hunemployed 'ard workin' man—
 That's me,
 Wot works at hany job 'e can,
 Does 'e—
 A 'orny-anded son of toil
 Wot never ain't ashimed to soil
 'Is 'onest 'and wiv dust an' oil—
 D'yer see?

"LITTLE MARY" ABROAD.—*Berbera*,
Oct. 31.—The transport *Scalda* has
 arrived here with 400 ponies and tum-
 tums.—*Reuter's Special.*

JOSEPHUS ASPIRES.

[The following lines, designed to represent the views of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's opponents in regard to his personality, owe their origin to the First Act of BROWNING's *Paracelsus*, entitled "*Paracelsus Aspires*."]]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN . . . *Paracelsus*.
Mr. POWELL WILLIAMS . *Festus, his friend*.
Mr. JESSE COLLINGS . . *Michael, another friend*.

Mr. Chamberlain. JESSE, from babehood I was built that way ;

Had, as a boy, the party-breaker's itch
For revolution ; nursed a natural scorn
Of doctrines rooted in primeval mud.
Men called me Radical once, and such I was,
For who is sworn to overthrow a camp
Must learn its sacred codes and countersigns
To use, at need, against it. So I served
My term of ensign under GLADSTONE'S eye ;
Messed with the Cobden Club ; achieved repute
In popular reforms, and got by heart
All known anathemas for priest and peer.
At last the severance came that let me loose
To turn my privy knowledge to account.
Somewhere I stood, a free-lance out of work ;
Then, needing polish in the art of war
With certain Tory methods yet to learn,
Caught a remount and joined the rival camp.
And now that I have sucked their systems dry,
And blooded, on my former mates-in-arms,
The weapons whose employ themselves had taught,
(My mental range enlarged, if that might be,
By converse with the illimitable veld)
Behold me take my freedom up again,
Sole and apart, a spectacle for men,
And lay my lance in rest which way I will,
Equipped for enterprises all my own.
But be it never said that just for joy
I broke a brace of parties, that and this,
When on their ruins I erect a third
Better than both by virtues drawn from each—
More Radical than the Radicals, since I spurn
The "well-tried policy" ASQUITH'S heart approves ;
And Torier than the Tories, seeing I go
Imperial lengths too stiff for BEACH'S boots.
As for myself, ambition leaves me cold.
I am the Empire's, you will please remark,
Hers both to live and die—for choice, to live—
And, so I serve her needs, were well content
To sign myself Dictator, nothing more.

Mr. Powell Williams. I do believe in you.

Mr. Jesse Collings. I always did.

Mr. Chamberlain. Your kind and unsolicited support
Nerves me to be the thing your faith depicts.
Are there not, POWELL, are there not, dear JESSE,
Two crowded moments in the gambler's part—
One when, a sportsman, he prepares to plunge,
One when, a king, he rises with his *coup*?
JESSE, I plunge.

Mr. Williams. We wait to share the spoil !

Mr. Collings. To share the spoil ! Three acres and a *coup* !
O. S.

"A Little Learning," &c.

Second-year-Man (to Tutor's wife at a dance). "Just overheard one of our Freshers trying to instruct his partner on the fiscal question, and I don't believe he knows anything about it. Seems to be mixing it up with the Alsatian Boundary."

"TWAS MERRY IN HALL."

It was indeed a privilege to be one of the guests invited by the Treasurer and Benchers of the Middle Temple to meet His Majesty King EDWARD, himself a good Templar and a Benchet, at the banquet given in their ancient Hall, of which Middle Templars, and, for the matter of that, all Templars, are justly proud. The occasion was memorable as a Grand Night, even in the roll of fame that records all the names, deeds, and arms of the Grandest Knights among the ancient Templars. No clash of arms was there—only the clatter of knives and forks, the jingling of wine-glasses, and the sweet strains of an orchestra perched up aloft in the gallery, the musicians being just visible through the screen, discoursing sweetest melodies, while the *convives* beneath kept up the conversation to something above concert pitch, "speaking," as the stage directions have it, "through music."

Then, about the time when the guests had arrived at the first *entrée*, or rather the first *entrée* had arrived at the tables of the guests and also at the crowded tables in the body of the Hall, which *entrée* was only one of the many "dainty dishes set before the KING," up gets the Steward, bedecked in gorgeous trappings, and with his wand of office raps the table smartly, peremptorily. There is no hesitation in his knock. It speaks for itself, and therefore has to be listened to, and what it says is "Silence !" Silence it is : for the second rap. There may be the slightest whisper, a sound, or an inquiring monosyllable here and there in that vast assembly, but, should it arise, it will be at once knocked on the head by Rap the Third. Whereupon, rapped attention ! Sir ROBERT FINLAY, the Treasurer, rising in his place, proposes "The KING." Then, everyone, standing, joins in the loud chorus of cheers, the old hall rings with them, the rafters echo them, and the entire place is alive with enthusiasm.

Down we sit again ; the orchestra plays, champagne pops, glasses jingle, once more knives and forks are hard at work, as if none of us had had anything to eat for the last twenty-four hours. We are in full swing of prandial enjoyment, when suddenly—RAP Number Two ! We are "hammered." This time 'tis in honour of the QUEEN and the Royal Family. Uporarious cheers.

Notice for imitation at all public dinners for which this should be a model, "No speeches." Toast given, cut and dried as a toast should be, no butter, and responded to, at once, with utmost heartiness.

Now, down again, with our heads in the manger, fresh as ever, until the Steward raps our knuckles, figuratively, and recalls our attention to another toast. Sir ROBERT FINLAY, addressing a brother official, who stands up and "looks towards him," informs him that the toast he now proposes is "Domus." Brother official, politely replying, expresses himself in perfect accord with the Treasurer, and certifies to all men by these presents that undoubtedly "Domus" is the toast they are to drink. So "Domus" it is. Drunk with most touchingly affectionate enthusiasm.

After a brief interval our attention is diverted from the rigour of the game, *perdreaux et bécasses*, and our conversation (we are discussing the above-mentioned birds) is interrupted by the announcement of the last toast. The Treasurer, knocked up for the purpose by the Steward, rises and calls across to the other eminent official, as if he really must confide to him an idea that has just occurred to his (the Treasurer's) mind. In effect, the second official, looking a little surprised, says, "What is it ?" Whereupon Sir ROBERT, evidently intending to take his friend, and everybody generally, quite by surprise, replies in a sprightly manner, "Absent Members."

"Absent Members it is," returns the Sub-Treasurer nautically ; and then we drink the health of everybody who



A RED HERRING ACROSS THE SCENT.



A HERB LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC

isn't there, and whom we should all be so glad to see present, not however, to our own exclusion.

After toasts, tobacco. Cigars, coffee, then adjournment. As the KING is passing down the hall he halts before one of the tables, and signals out for a hearty handshake and a cheery compliment the hero of a hundred thousand *Times* articles, the veteran Crimean correspondent, Sir WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, endeared to all and to His Royal Heartiness the KING, as "BILLY." A veteran of the old Press Guard indeed, staunch, loyal, wise and as witty as ever, and in the enjoyment of excellent health. *Ad multos annos*, Sir WILLIAM!

Somewhere about 10.30 loudly repeated cheers announce the departure of the KING, and so ends one of the most brilliant chapters in the history of the Middle Temple Hall.

LATEST CITY NEWS.

THE week has been a quiet one on the Stock Exchange, with only a few notable features. The copper position is not liked—particularly that of the one stationed at the top of Capel Court. Incandescents have relapsed, as it is considered that the new mantle of Dr. DOWIE constitutes a distinct bear point. Refreshment shares have dropped on the rise in the price of pepper; the public are beginning to sneeze at this class of investment.

In the mining market Deep Levels have had a serious set-back on the news that the Board of the Smutfontein mine has decided to abandon the further sinking of the present shaft, and intends to try to find the reef by boring up from the Antipodes. This decision has put market men in a quandary, for they do not now know whether Smutfonteins should be classed with Kaffirs or West-ralians.

POLITICAL PROFLIGACY.

DEAR Mr. PUNCH,—On glancing at the tape at my Club the other evening, my eye was caught by a heading announcing a speech by Mr. ASQUITH.

Now, Sir, I hasten to assure you that I am a loyal Liberal and a staunch Free-trader, but I am above all and before all an *Englishman*: and I confess that the opening words of that speech filled me with, I think, a righteous indignation and disgust, which impelled me immediately on my return home to appeal to you, noted as you are for your generosity and impartiality, and to crave the hospitality of your columns in order there to enter my protest against this crowning example of the unprincipled and unscrupulous methods to which our party-rhetoricians have



Severe Mother. "YOU NAUGHTY BOY! HOW DARE YOU TELL SUCH STORIES? AREN'T YOU ASHAMED OF YOURSELF FOR BEING A LITTLE LIAR?"

Injured Son. "WELL, MOTHER, 'T AIN'T MY FAULT. FATHER GAVE ME A AWFUL THRASHING THE OTHER DAY FOR HAVING SPOKEN THE TRUTH."

Mother. "WHAT DO YOU MEAN?"

Son. "WHY, WHEN I TOLD YOU THAT FATHER HAD COME HOME QUITE DRUNK THE NIGHT BEFORE!"

descended. The terms in which the tape recorded the remarks I refer to (I will not vouch for their accuracy letter for letter, for I write from memory, though the figures I reproduce in line 3 are exactly correct) were to the best of my recollection as follows:—

VXZZJWZ38JSXZJ
DFXJJ—WVLP SJX
888888883X
PJVXILDWSSMVJPD
SXUJJVXFFQHLQ
XXSJ (obliterated line).

Now, Sir, I ask you, are such patent sophistries as these to be the accepted foundations on which to base the irrefutable contentions of an honest policy—sophistries issuing as they do from the mouth of one of our most eloquent,

most able, and most influential orators? It is almost superfluous to say that it is obvious to the most ignorant and unlettered voter that the statistics I have quoted in the extract can neither be borne out by argument nor supported by any trade returns or authoritative compilations whatsoever.

No, Sir, these are not the weapons with which this fiscal campaign must be fought to a successful issue.

In the name of reason and of justice let us have argument not sophistry, demonstration not vituperation, if we are to prove ourselves not unworthy of the noble traditions of the ancient and honourable party of which it is my privilege to subscribe myself a humble member—and a lover of

FAIR PLAY.

THE RATIN' OF RITA.

PAUSE, gentle RITA, pause awhile: think, witty RITA, think!
Drain not the golden fountain with your Fountain filled
with ink:

Break not *currente calamo* your hobby horse's legs:
Let not your goose-quill slay the geese that lay the golden
eggs!

Think what would happen, RITA, if your ratin' should succeed:
If you had naught to write about, what would the Shruburbs
read?

And ask yourself (we've not much use, but still we claim
our due),

If you should do away with us, what would become of you?

Think, too, of those insipid prints that we provide with
spice,

Which try to make our *causes* "*célèbres*" and prate about
our vice;

Remember how, deprived of us, they never would be read;
Remember how they too have got to earn their weekly bread.

And was it very diskie then, this smart improper set!
And does it babble baby-talk, the silly 'ickle pet!
And give its RITA fittums, when it clips its final g's,
And talks of nighties to its pals, and cossies to its twees!

Alas! 'Tis true! This childish slang we do use—some of us,
And as for drinks and drugs and cards and—well, *peccavimus*.
But why accuse us, RITA, who have never done you harm,
Of goin' down to luncheon (gracious heavens!) arm in arm?

You call us vulgar and ill-bred, extravagant and vain,
Immoral and indelicate,—but we will not complain:
You've given us (without, 'tis true, obtainin' our consent)
The very thing we covet most—and that's advertisement.

LOST MASTERPIECES.

(Mr. Punch's own Collection.)

AMONG the most prized fragments in Mr. Punch's possession are three examples of the work of Mr. SWINBURNE. Some people, looking at the amount that Mr. SWINBURNE has published, will be inclined to question whether anything he has written can ever have been *lost*. But this is an error. Great poets are invariably fastidious, and delete far more than they print. From this it follows that the amount that Mr. SWINBURNE has crossed out during his life must be simply prodigious. Much of it no doubt was wisely sacrificed, but there is reason to fear that occasionally the poet has pruned too ruthlessly. Everyone, for example, who admires Mr. SWINBURNE's work (and who does not?) must regret that the following verses were cancelled when the first series of *Poems and Ballads* was going through the Press:—

In the uttermost regions of ocean,
Out of sight of all seasons and lands,
Where the stars and the sea-winds have motion,
My desire and the soul of me stands.
As a flame that relumes ere it dwindles,
With the dawn and the darkness made one,
So the fire of its passion rekindles
Before it is done.

Is there noise of its wings as they flutter?
Hath the sea taken heed of their flight?
Shall the infinite silences utter
What the day hath not uttered to night?
By the sands of the seas of old ages,
On the shore of the measureless years,

Where the storm-wind of centuries rages
And nobody hears!

Again, the following fine, if somewhat breathless, passage of blank verse should certainly not have been deleted from the published version of *Atalanta in Calydon*:—

Kings and all ye that sit at meat and wear
Fair fillets on your heads and set your hands
With joy towards the banquet, and all ye,
Women and maidens, like fair stars that shine
In summer heaven when the long day wanes
And night is bright o'er all the fields and all
The seas and skies of Hellas, bleached and burned
With sunlight and the fiercest fire of storms
And wan winds whitening o'er the waves and clear
With sounding foam and murmur of tempests blown
From Athos and the Eubœan mountain-lands,
Green, gracious places, groves where gods may lie
All spring-time and the white feet of the nymphs
Fail not nor Pan nor all the Muses' quire
With flame of flowers and beauty of blossoming tree
And glory of green corn, a boon to men,

It is possible that Mr. SWINBURNE would never have made up his mind to sacrifice this beautiful passage had he not unfortunately lost the full stop. If *Atalanta* is ever performed on the stage it is to be hoped that these lines will be restored in the acting version.

Lastly, here is an example of the poet's later and more exuberant manner. The metre alone would be sufficient proof of this, for all attentive readers must have noticed that as Mr. SWINBURNE grows older his lines grow longer, and we understand that his forthcoming volume is to be printed on a specially wide page in order to accommodate them. The poem is of course a mere fragment. If it had ever been finished it would have covered reams. Several suggestions have been hazarded as to the person to whom it was addressed. Some have held that this was VICTOR HUGO, others WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. Perhaps the most probable view is that it was written to WALT WHITMAN and that Mr. SWINBURNE had changed his opinion of that distinguished writer before he finished it. This would account for the somewhat petulant tone of the concluding line:—

Soul whose light is fulfilled of night with glow and glamour
and pulse of things,
Star whose rays are on all men's ways with pomp of purple
and pride of Kings,
Thou whose tears are unheard of ears and whose sighs are
heard not of men that be,
Turn thine eye to us now and fly to thy People's help when
they call to thee!
Thine the deep of the dews of sleep and the songless stupor
of days and dreams,
Thine the height of the soul's delight and the bliss and
blight of the glad sun's beams,
Thine the fire of the soul's desire that rises higher than all
men born,
Thine the heat of the feet that beat through fields whose
wheat is as no man's corn!
Come thou near when the People fear and the hearts of
Kings wax wan and white,
Come thou nigh when the clouds roll by from skies that
glow not in all men's sight,
Come thou still that the People's will may have the strength
thou alone canst send,
Come oh come with a tum ti tum and bring this dreadful
stuff to an end!



IN A SHOOTING COUNTRY.

Railway Porter (who has been helping lady to mount). "I HOPE YOU 'LL 'AVE A GOOD DAY, MA'AM."

Lady Diana. "I JUST HOPE WE 'LL FIND A FOX."

Porter (innocently). "OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MA'AM. THE FOX CAME DOWN BY THE LAST TRAIN!"

OXFORD IN TRANSFORMATION.

[The first scholars elected from the Colonies, Germany and the United States, under the terms of CECIL RHODES' will, have gone into residence at Oxford.—*Daily Paper.*]

Oxford, May, 1920.

This has been a busy week. The Eights were a great success. New College easily remained head, the crew being especially well together after six months' training under GEORGE WASHINGTON, their coloured coach.

The tow-path nuisance has not abated, however, and there was a regrettable incident. One of the "cow-boys" who have recently gone up to John's, shot the Wadham cox in the back during a moment of excitement. An attempt at lynching failed, and the Proctor and his "posse" are now in pursuit of the fugitive. The red-cap student corps of Wadham, whose boat was bumped in consequence of the catastrophe, sent a challenge to every man in John's. The duels took place with sabres in the Parks last night. Several of the combatants will bear honourable scars for life; DOWELL of Wadham, who lost his nose and got three severe cuts on the

face, was fêted afterwards and elected a member of the "blood" Lager-beer Club.

There is some talk of the Mayor getting an injunction against the University authorities to stop the noise made by those following the races. The cries of "Ball-I-yell-O-yell-I-Balliol," and "Rah-rah-rah-zip-boom-Lincoln" have done great damage to the windows in the lower part of the city. The Dean of Christ Church showed foresight in having all his panes removed and wire netting substituted. A scandal is scented, several boat-captains being members of the Glaziers' Trust, which is thought to have subsidised the offenders.

The Trinity boomerang team met Worcester yesterday, and won after a good struggle. The winners were taken back to college with rattles, no damper being put on the enthusiasm by the fact that one of the Univ. base ball players on the next ground had his leg broken by the mis-throwing of a boomerang.

SILAS P. VANDERBUIH is a hot favourite for 'Varsity "third base." There is no "pitcher" at present up to 'Varsity

form, CARL SEIDLEITZ, who has had his "blue" in that position for the last three years, having gone down.

The Union presents an extraordinary spectacle of international amity with its South African President, German Treasurer, American Librarian, and English Secretary. Perhaps the most noticeable feature is the "lobbying," which has reached a high pitch of excellence, according to Transatlantic ideas. Senator MOORE, B.N.C. Librarian, left his blazer in the grip of an unfortunate undergraduate who wanted a certain book added to the Society's Library. The coat was at once returned to the Brasenose porter with the request neatly sewn to the collar. The German element has split up into twenty-five groups, which has made the voting complex. Next Thursday's motion is postponed, as a demonstration over some question of foreign politics has wrecked the Hall. The President's funeral attracted great crowds.

The Vice-Chancellor is taking energetic measures to check the corner in 'scouts' which has paralysed the waiting in certain colleges. A prominent 'restaurateur' has engineered the

business with a view to increase the custom at his establishment. The scouts, who are drawing good salaries from this enterprising tradesman, have the support of the undergraduates, who are watching with interest a struggle which can only end in the improvement of 'Hall' dinners. At Magdalen, where the *chef* refused to join the Clam-pie-and-soft-shell-crab movement, the kitchens have been burned out.

AN ATLANTIC LINER.

EXTRACTS FROM THE TRAVELLING DIARY OF
TOBY, M.P.

R.M.S. Lucania, off Cape Clear, Sunday, October 18.—"Tis sixty years ago"—sixty years and twelve months since CHARLES DICKENS made his first voyage across the Atlantic. Following on his route, in this magnificent ship, one thinks of the wide difference in his lot and ours. He was a passenger on the *Britannia*, pioneer of the magnificent fleet that to-day flies the Cunard flag. At that date *Britannia* was literally the pride of the ocean. Never had such a vessel been seen afloat. She was 207 feet long by 34 feet 4 inches broad.

Many a ship owner would have scamped that extra four inches. Said BURNS to McIVER, "Let us do the handsome thing. Let us throw it in."

And they did.

The *Britannia* had a tonnage burden of 1154, horse-power 740, and in addition to CHARLES DICKENS and his world of fancies she carried 114 passengers. They were whirled westward at the lightning speed of eight and a-half knots per hour, lavishly consuming thirty-eight tons of coal a day.

When the *Britannia*, on her maiden voyage, arrived in Boston in fourteen days and eight hours the citizens gaped in amazement. Felt they must do something; harking back to old instincts, their first impulse was to throw some chests of tea into the harbour; on second thoughts decided to entertain captain and officers at a banquet, whither they drove through streets gay with bunting.

The *Lucania* (12,952 tons) and her sister ship the *Campania*, think shame of themselves if they are more than eight or nine hours over five days on the passage westward or eastward. Twenty-one to twenty-two knots, equal to twenty-five miles an hour, is their average speed. There were at breakfast this morning over 1,300 passengers, which with the ship's company of 418 means the population of a small hamlet, at large and in comfort within the steel walls of our ship.

During his first voyage DICKENS's mind was haunted by strange fear. "All very well in fine weather," he

thought. "But what and if the stormy winds do blow?" (And they blew a hurricane before the *Britannia* ran into Halifax harbour.) "The chimney-stack would be torn up by the roots, flung into the sea. Out would rush the uncontrolled fire, the ship would be aflame, and the passengers cooked like potatoes in their jackets."

This afternoon, pacing the promenade deck of the *Lucania*, one is not aware of the existence of a chimney-stack, or conscious of the throb of the mighty engines which, doubtless with incessant roar, far down below, urge the mighty ship forward. We see nothing but the blue sea, here and there flashing white teeth. A passing steamer, homeward bound, tosses up and down in fashion inscrutable to us on board the stately liner. As far as motion is concerned, exercise is more like pacing Brighton pier than sailing on the Atlantic. Behind us, Ireland in its new birth and brighter hope, fades, in the distance. Before us the wide Atlantic, and all it may hold in store, even for a 13,000 tonner.

Tuesday.—Beginning to be disappointed with the Atlantic. Find it decidedly rude. At midnight, suddenly out of the west came a tempestuous wind. Suppose the *Lucania*, crossing margin of Atlantic, neglected to pay toll. Anyhow there was a rumpus, a bullying, a buffeting, a mighty struggle of man's work with Nature's, that lasted fully twenty-four hours.

And the *Lucania* won.

It was not the kind of storm in which a ship either pitches or tosses. The wind was dead in the ship's teeth, flinging over its deck masses of green water, served out by the ton weight. At every blow the great ship thrilled through all her timbers. But she took her punishment gamely. Must get to New York and deliver His Majesty's mails by Friday night. Shall be done in spite of westerly gale and wild Atlantic. So *Lucania* set her teeth, bent her head to the storm and drove through the angry sea, parting it at her bows in mighty cascades of white foam breaking angrily over the blue water beyond. It was magnificent—and it was war. Thump, thump on the part of the wind-driven Atlantic. Imperious, irresistible riving of the water by the prow of the conquering ship.

These are circumstances under which even seasoned passengers require good food daintily cooked. This they get on the *Lucania*. She has her graces as well as her strength; spacious, finely-proportioned dining-room, brilliantly lit; breakfast, luncheon, dinner—not forgetting the eleven o'clock cup of chicken broth—on scale of country-house hospitality. Like ULYSSES and

the MEMBER FOR SARK, I have travelled far on many ships. Aware of difficulties of cooking at sea, have made the best of what was served at table. These difficulties don't seem to exist in case of *Lucania*. Never in London or Continental hotels had meals more daintily cooked or—and this is half the battle—better served than in this lordly mansion, speeding across the Atlantic whether in storm or sunshine.

"Ain't you a little rash?" SARK asked last night, hearing me order whitebait. "You're not sure of whitebait at the Carlton or the Savoy, much less at the Mansion House. One of the most difficult things in the world to cook and serve. But whitebait out of a ship's galley brought on to the table in a western gale and a head sea. Hein?"

Five minutes later SARK was silent, save for the munching of what he admitted was one of the best plates of whitebait he had ever eaten.

"If the *chef* can do this," he said, in—for him—a hushed tone, "he can do anything."

As usual SARK proved to be right.

RULE, BRITANNIA!

STUDENTS of the *London Gazette* will have learnt that yet another step has been taken to ensure that Britannia shall really and truly rule the waves. The following notice recently appeared in that periodical:—

"In pursuance of His Majesty's pleasure the gold-braided blue evening waistcoat for Officers of the Royal Navy has been abolished, and a plain blue evening waistcoat has been substituted for it.

"Naval Officers are to wear:—With No. 6 ('Mess Dress'): the white evening waistcoat already worn only with No. 2 ('Ball Dress') and with No. 9 ('White Mess Dress') when the Kamarband is not worn. With No. 7 ('Mess Undress'): the plain blue evening waistcoat, which is also to be worn with No. 10 ('White Mess Undress') when the Kamarband is not worn."

It is satisfactory to find that the Admiralty authorities can find time to spare from seeing that the Navy is adequately supplied with ammunition to exercise a pretty taste in waistcoats. It is hoped that in the interests of economy they may before long decide to abolish No. 2 ('Ball Dress') and substitute tea gowns. Meantime Mr. *Punch* understands that a new pale blue double extra Kamarband is being designed for use with No. 12 ('Bathing Dress') and No. 14 ('Undress more or less'), and that there is a movement in favour of doing away with obligatory gold braid on pyjamas.

MOTTO FOR ENGLAND (by a German dumper).—*Non imperium, sed emporium.*

CHARIVARIA.

As a consequence of recent revelations a movement is on foot in the boot trade to institute the registration of standard marks for boots. It is suggested there shall be three, to designate the various qualities:—"Nothing like leather," "Something like leather," and "Leather." The movement is being anxiously watched by the paper trade.

Our readers will be sorry to hear that the talented author of *How to Grow Rich* has fallen on evil days, and that a fund is being collected for him.

WILLIAM SCHEFFER, of Cincinnati, who was proud of the title of "The Greatest Whisky Drinker on Earth," has been obliged to drop the last two words of his designation. He was only twenty-seven.

We admire the sanguine temperament of the people of Buckinghamshire. The unveiling of the County War Memorial has been postponed on account of the wet weather, but it is announced that the ceremony will take place next Spring.

It is gratifying to learn that, in spite of the pessimists, the world is improving. The interesting news comes from Horitz in Bohmerwald, where the Passion-Play was performed this year, that ADAM and EVE fell in love, and are now respectably married.

"Leading lights in politics, literature, art, and music," says *The Queen*, "are alone to be admitted to the new Ladies' Athenæum Club." We prophesy that this will cause some of the behind lights to flare up.

Hundreds of thousands of ladies helped the sacred cause of Charity on Hospital Shopping Day by spending their husbands' money on articles for themselves.

There has been a conflict between the Gendarmierie and 500 Jews at Warsaw, in which a number of Jews were killed. The cause of the collision has not yet been selected by the authorities.

The Chairman of the Aerated Bread Company having stated that marriages among A.B.C. girls show a marked increase, the young ladies employed by other firms are complaining that they do not find the acquisition of a husband quite as easy as A.B.C.

An Extraordinary Council of Turkish Ministers has come to the Ordinary decision to reject many of the proposals of the Macedonian Reform Scheme.



A WARY POLITICIAN.

"TELL ME, MY DEAR DOCTOR, ARE YOU A FREE TRADER OR A PROTECTIONIST?"

"TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, MY DEAR MADAM, IT DEPENDS UPON THE PATIENT WHOM I AM TREATING!"

Another British war vessel has grounded—this time on the coast of Holland. These frequent trips on land suggest that the motto of the Royal Marines might well be adopted as the motto of the Navy. It is *Per mare, per terras*.

According to *Le Journal*, Paris consumed 485 asses last year. Certainly a marked improvement has been noticed in the attitude of their Press towards us.

The Yokohama correspondent of the *Daily Mail* telegraphs that the re-occu-

pation of Mukden by the Russians has created a belief in Japanese circles that Russian promises and declarations are unreliable.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S statement that the cycle of good trade is over has received startling confirmation at the annual meeting of the Humber Cycle Company.

The War Office experiment with "Half-day Soldiers" has been such a success that a series of Saturday-to-Monday Wars are said to be in preparation.



"TOUT VIENT À CELUI QUI SAIT ATTENDRE."

Visitor (to his Host). "SO YOU HAVEN'T BEEN AWAY TO THE SEA THIS YEAR AS USUAL, EH?"

His Host. "No, WE HAVEN'T; WE DELAYED IT FOR SOME LITTLE TIME, AND NOW WE RATHER EXPECT THE SEA WILL COME TO US!"

OUR AESTHETIC GEES.

IN an action heard the other day against the owners of a motor van which had frightened a pair of carriage horses, counsel for the plaintiff described the appearance of the vehicle as weird and uncanny, and mentioned that on one occasion the whole of the seven cab-horses on the Swiss Cottage rank had stampeded on seeing it approach. According to a correspondent, the same equine sensitiveness to form and colour has given rise to other interesting cases in the Law Courts, which seem to have escaped the attention of the ordinary journals. As the matter is of public importance, a brief report of some of these cases is appended.

The General Omnibus Company last week applied for an injunction against Messrs. CHIPPENDALES, of Tottenham Court Road, to restrain them from exhibiting in their window a suite of bedroom furniture in the style known as L'Art Nouveau. A representative of the Company deposed that not one of their horses could be induced either by force or persuasion to pass the window. He considered the articles exhibited

decidedly uncanny. Cross-examined, he said he was not aware whether there was a knacker's yard and a glue factory just round the corner. He did not see that the question was material. The learned Judge said that the animals in question were not as a rule abnormally neurotic or fastidious, and granted the relief asked for.

Miss BARBARA PINKERTON, a maiden lady, formerly in business as a schoolmistress, was recently sued in the County Court by Madame WATKINS, the well-known milliner, for the price of a hat. The defence was that it was impossible to wear it. Miss PINKERTON stated that upon her arrival at Waterloo one morning, wearing the *confection* in question, the entire assemblage of four-wheelers in the station yard simultaneously turned tail and fled. The police, moreover, objected to the diversion of the traffic which became necessary when she walked out in the hat. Cross-examined, she had not tried the effect on horses of walking out without the hat, and considered the question ridiculous. Miss HILDA GUNNING, formerly an assistant at Madame WATKINS's, but now otherwise engaged, was called as an

expert. She should describe the hat as weird. She didn't know much about four-wheelers, but it would certainly frighten chaps. This expression having been explained to the Court, the defendant fainted away, and judgment was given in her favour.

JOHN JEBU, a cabman, was yesterday charged with furious driving in the Strand. He explained that his horse, suddenly observing that the projected building line at the corner of the new thoroughfare would seriously impair the vista that had hitherto refreshed the animal in his eastward career from Charing Cross, had bolted in the direction of Printing House Square. The defendant was discharged.

The Decline of England.

1666. *Annus Mirabilis* (DRYDEN).

1903. " " (Wet'un).

THE CHAMPION OF THE PLEBS.—"Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's figure," says the *Daily Telegraph*, "was no sooner descried striding towards the crimson tribune than," &c. &c. Many people have quite wrongly supposed that the "tribune" in question was Mr. JOHN BURNS, M.P.



DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

A-ST-N CH-MB-RI-N (*the little Drummer Boy*, to H-RC-RT, *the Veteran*). "WHAT DID YOU EVER GET THOSE MEDALS FOR? I NEVER HEARD OF YOUR DOING ANYTHING."

[Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, Chancellor of the Exchequer, speaking at Aberdeen, Tuesday, November 3, said, "Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, all along his political career, could not point to a single legislative measure for which he had been responsible." (*Cheers, laughter and interruptions.*)—"Times" report.]



ILLUSTRATIONS ON THE PLATFORM ; OR, WHAT WE ARE COMING TO.

Mr. Chamberlain. "AS SOME FEARS HAVE BEEN EXPRESSED OF THE EFFECT OF MY PROPOSALS ON THE PHYSIQUE OF THE NATION, I HAVE TAKEN THE—ER—TROUBLE TO BORROW—ER—(stoops down and rummages under the table)—THESE TWO HANDSOME INFANTS" (produces them, amid loud cheers and waving of the Union Jack), "KINDLY LENT TO ME FOR THE OCCASION BY MY FRIEND ALDERMAN QUIVERFULL. A SLIGHT REDUCTION HAS BEEN MADE IN THE FARINACEOUS FOOD OF ONE OF THEM IN EXACT PROPORTION TO THE TAX I PROPOSE. THE RESULT, YOU WILL INSTANTLY SEE, IS MOST REASSURING."

[“Mr. CHAMBERLAIN suddenly produced at his meeting in Bingley Hall two loaves specially baked to illustrate the actual effect on the size of the loaf of the proposed tax on corn.”—Daily Paper.]

RHYMES OF THE EAST.

HAVEN.

HERE, in mine old-time harbourage installed,
Lulled by the murmurous hum of London's traffic
To that full calm which may be justly called
Seraphic,

I praise the gods; and vow, for my escape
From the hard grip of premature Jehannum,
One golden-tissued bottle of the grape
Per annum.

For on this day I kissed my parent earth,
(Having been knocked impetuously over
By a huge porter of gigantic girth
At Dover);

Flashed in the train by Shorncliffe's draughty camp;
Gazed on the hurrying landscape's pastoral graces,
Old farms, and happy fields (a trifle damp
In places);

Passed the wild suburbs, indigent and bare
Of natural foliage, but bravely flying
Frank garlandry of last week's underwear
Out drying;

And so to Town; and with that blessed sight
I, a poor fevered wreck, forgot to shiver—
Forgot to mourn the Burden of my White
Man's Liver;

And felt my bosom heave, my breast expand
With thoughts too sweet, too deep for empty cackle,
Such thoughts as nothing but a first-class Band
Could tackle:

Till, from its deeps, my celebrated smile
(Which friends called Marvel) clove my jaws asunder,
Lucid, intense, and all men stood awhile
In wonder!

Let none approach me now, for I have dined;
The fire is bright; Havana's choice aroma
Persuades my senses to a pleasing kind
Of coma;

Calmly I contemplate my future lot:
I reconstruct the past—it fails to strike me
With aught of horror (pity there are not
More like me!)—

My bosom's lord sits lightly on my breast;
The East grows dim; and every hour I stuck to it
Imparts a richer brightness to the West,
Good luck to it! DUM-DUM.

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.

III.—SHOULD NOVELISTS CEASE WRITING?

SCENE—*The Authors' Club.*

PRESENT.

Mr. Mudie.
Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P.
Miss Marie Corelli.
Mr. Watts-Dunton.
Mr. Guy Boothby.
Mr. Andrew Loring.
Wee Macgregor.
Dr. Richard Garnett.
Mr. Hall Caine.
Mrs. L. T. Meade.
Miss Adeline Sergeant.
Mr. Henry James.
Mr. J. Holt Schooling.

Mr. Mudie. A novelist writing to the *Daily Mail* has called upon his fellow craftsmen to agree to abstain from fiction for five years and thus relieve the threatened congestion. We are met together, ladies and gentlemen, under this hospitable roof to discuss the wisdom and feasibility of this suggestion.

Mrs. L. T. Meade
Miss Adeline Sergeant } (in unison).
Mr. Guy Boothby

Did you say years or minutes?

Mr. Mudie. Years.

Mrs. L. T. Meade
Miss Adeline Sergeant } (in unison).
Mr. Guy Boothby

I don't understand the joke. [Exeunt.]

Mr. Watts-Dunton. I think there is a good deal in it. I was forty years writing *Aylwin*, a little precious thing some of you may have reviewed, but it isn't really done yet. I should like to spend forty more on it.

Wee Macgregor. Hoots!

Mr. Andrew Loring. But are there to be no new novels at all for five years? Are we to endure an unmitigated penal servitude to the old? If so, I hardly dare to think of what the readers of *Mr. Smith of England* would say.

Mr. Henry James. Need we consider that?

Mr. Mudie. I don't care for the title. Why not *Messrs. Mudie of England*?Mr. Andrew Loring. Yes, and how would the artists live who design the posters for the *Answers* serials?

Dr. Richard Garnett. I doubt if that is an important question. Personally, I am on the side of a close time for fiction. My own little flutter in this direction, *The Twilight of the Gods*, took me many more than five years. Indeed, I read, I suppose, some 80,000 volumes before I was qualified to begin it at all.

Miss Corelli. My own view is that

some novelists should certainly be kept from writing for five if not fifty years. I have no objection whatever to name them. First and foremost I should place——

Mr. Hall Caine. I beg your pardon, but——

Mr. Mudie. We could probably all draw up such lists; but they hardly come into the present discussion. The question is, shall all novelists conspire to be silent?

Miss Corelli. Certainly not those who are inspired; not those with a great and sublime mission.

Wee Macgregor. The ledgy's right there.

Mr. Watts-Dunton. I also am in agreement with our diminutive Scotch friend.

Mr. Mudie. But who is to decide?

Miss Corelli. Each will decide for herself.

Mr. Hall Caine. In the little rugged warm-hearted Isle of Man we have a very sensible law framed, I may state in passing, by one who is not personally unknown to some of you, which deprives all cats of their tales. A most admirable enactment. May we not take a lesson from it? Let it be done by Parliament.

Mr. Henry James. The notion of Parliament regulating the production of fiction, otherwise than by the length of its own recesses, is distinctly splendid.

Sir Gilbert Parker. Order! Order! It seems to me, as an altruistic Imperialist, that this is a question which does not concern authors alone, but reviewers. There are, I am told, in London alone, no fewer than 1500 ladies and gentlemen who eke out a precarious livelihood by writing notices of novels. Are we to reduce this meritorious and industrious class to the condition of a "ruined trade?"

Miss Corelli. I could witness the extinction of these atrocious malefactors without a pang.

Dr. Richard Garnett. The prospect of unemployed reviewers leaves me cold. Instead of reviewing novels without reading them, as they do at present, they will merely be reduced to reading novels without reviewing them.

Mr. Mudie. Wholesale prohibition seems to me a little severe. Why should there not be a system of licences, under which no one should be allowed to publish who had not sold, say, 40,000 copies of a novel?

Mr. Hall Caine. 50,000.

Miss Corelli. 60,000.

Wee Macgregor (triumphantly). Two hundred thousand!

Mr. Holt Schooling. I have prepared several tables of statistics, in which the ratio between the novelistic output and the decline of our exports is succinctly visualised. By these it is conclusively

shown that the more we read the less we export.

Miss Corelli. This is not a matter of statistics but of humanity. Think of the pitiable condition of the great majority of the public, cut off for five years from the refreshing boon of modern fiction and driven, *faute de mieux*, to exist on such desolating and asphyxiating mental pabulum as that provided by a SIDNEY LEE or an ANDREW LANG.

Mr. Watts-Dunton. Talking of ANDREWS, the free libraries would be absolutely deserted.

Miss Corelli. That is the strongest argument in favour of the proposal I have yet heard.

Mr. Henry James. As one interested, more or less, perhaps, acutely in the question at issue, may I be allowed to ask how do the persons responsible for what, in the language of commerce, may be termed the fictional output—numbering, I am inclined to suppose, several thousands—propose to make, if I may be pardoned the colloquialism, both ends meet during the period of enforced abstention?

Sir Gilbert Parker. A scheme of assisted emigration to the South African colonies, where white settlers are urgently needed, seems to me the best solution of the difficulty for the rank and file. As regards the leaders, I understand that Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, Mr. BARRIE, Mr. ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS and Mr. HALL CAINE, all meditate entering the Parliamentary arena.

Wee Macgregor. I dinna think my Paw will lat me gang into Parlymint.

Miss Corelli. I have not the slightest intention of emigrating while Vandalism still riots unchecked at Stratford-on-Avon. If novel writing be proscribed, I can still stagger humanity with the pamphlet or the pasquinade.

Mr. Mudie. The more I think of it, the less I like the prospect of total abstinence. Think, ladies and gentlemen, of what might happen if, deprived of a literary safety-valve, you were driven by lack of employment into modeling your conduct on that of your characters!

Mr. Watts-Dunton. I confess to being converted by our Chairman. The risks of the proposed muzzling order are too great, the consequences too volcanic. I propose that Mr. GUY BOOTHBY, Mrs. L. T. MEADE and Miss ADELINE SERGEANT should at once be reassured on this point, and would suggest that the message should be conveyed by Mr. MACGREGOR forthwith.

[The motion having been carried unanimously, the company broke up after singing "Britons never will be slaves."]

THE HEAD OF THE QUEUE ; OR, AN INTERVIEW WITH A PERSON OF SOME STANDING.

ARMED with a passport from *Mr. Punch*, I called, the morning after the inauguration of the Hilarity Theatre, on the Champion First-Nighter and Queue-Header (if that is not a contradiction in terms) of London. He lives on the further side of Tooting Bec in a row of small and not easily discoverable houses, but as I was anxious to obtain from his own lips a record of his experiences as Outside Record-holder I allowed no difficulties to stand in the way.

Reaching his address soon after mid-day, I found straw laid down in the immediate vicinity and the door-knocker carefully muffled with a duster. After a short period of suspense, I was admitted by a haggard-looking woman, who told me with an air of mingled pride and anxiety that she was the Champion's wife. She had been obliged to turn away thirty-four reporters that morning; however, she would be pleased to make an exception in favour of *Mr. Punch*. The interview, nevertheless, must be brief, as the patient had been delirious all night and was having lucid intervals of only a few minutes' duration.

I was therefore ushered into the back bed-room and found the Champion lying in bed, with a lump of ice tied on to his forehead, an eight-day clock in one hand and his certificate of endurance in the other.

Seeing that time was precious I proceeded at once to the point.

"Is it true," I inquired, "that you have not only beaten London's record (and therefore the world's), but your own, as a Stayer Outside?"

"Forty-five-hours-an'-a-quarter . . . forty-five hours and a quarter," he repeated, growing gradually more coherent, "a day and a half before anyone else!"

"And you braved all sorts of trials in pursuit of your glorious object?"

"Three thunderstorms and a wash-out, an attack of hooligans, a charge of police, a gas explosion and . . ." here he gasped for breath.

"Dear me!" I interjected, "you are indeed a hero. Your name deserves to be inscribed in the annals of British history!"

"It is," he cried; "I pencilled it on the Gallery Door the moment I arrived."

"And you are satisfied with the marvellous proof you have given of the value of time, and the loyalty of the first-nighter to the Sacred Cause?"

"Quite! I have shown what the human frame is capable of enduring in the pursuit of self-amusement. I have read a lesson to the miserable fools who



THE BILLIARD ENTHUSIAST'S DREAM.

are content with sitting for six hours only to watch a cricket-match, or standing for a paltry hour and a-half around a football ground."

"Have you any public pronouncement to make?"

"Yes, it must be stopped at once!"

"What?" I asked, looking somewhat nervously for the door.

"Why, the mean and unsportsman-like use of boy-messengers, of course! It's not playing the game, to keep places in this way. What is to prevent some jealous rival of mine employing a whole relay for a week beforehand if this goes on!"

"You were let in before the time, I understand?"

"Yes, at half-past three. That took four hours off my record, unfortunately!"

"Did you see anything of the play?"

"The play!" he almost shrieked.

"What of that? That was of no importance! I got in first, and dropped asleep the next moment, and only awoke when they were turning the lights out at the finish. They had given me my diploma at the ticket-office, and I walked home just as I came, and I have remembered nothing since. Never mind, next time I will go one better, and wait for forty-six hours, and my name will be in the *Times* and all the papers, as well as the *Daily M*—"

At this point a fresh access of delirium seized him, and I judged it best to withdraw rapidly and quietly, having, if possible, increased my admiration for this specimen of true British grit and perseverance. A. A. S.

THE FOUND LEADER.

[*MR. HALL CAINE*, the well-known novelist, has been invited by three different English constituencies to represent them as the Liberal Candidate at the next Parliamentary election.]

WHETHER the whole dispute is

Correctly understood,

Whether Protective duties

Will raise the price of food,

Whether the fair-trade nation

Must end in horrid slumps,

Whether our observation

Should be, "What ho! she dumps!"—

Vainly indeed you ask us;

To answer this at sight

Would, we admit it, task us;

The points where we unite

Are far more easily reckoned:

"Down, down with CHAMBERLAIN!"

That is the first. The second

Is, "Up with the great HALL CAINE!"

Wherefore with high ambition

We turn to him and plead;

No average politician

Will satisfy our need;

Never for such we take spears

And shields and set our ranks—

Give us the head like SHAKESPEARE'S,

The chief who talks in Manx!

Come from your lone zariba,

Come now, without demur,

Leaving the halls of Greeba

To lead at Westminster!

Let ROSEBERRY plough with hearty

Goodwill his fruitless plain—

The hope of the Liberal Party

Henceforward is—HALL CAINE!

THE SUN-CHILD.

THE STORY OF THE SERVANTS' BALL.

It was the day after Christmas Day, and there was to be a servants' ball at Peckwater Towers. Great preparations had been making, for the young Marquis of PECKWATER had but recently come to the title and the estates, and he had determined that things should be done in the jolly old English style of which he had read in books published a great many years ago. His grandfather, the late Marquis, had been a recluse with one absorbing hobby, the collection and classification of birds' eggs from every portion of the bird-frequented globe. But for the excitement afforded by the occasional purchase of some rare specimen, such as the celebrated Auk's egg, for which he had paid four hundred guineas after a fierce competition with an American millionaire, his life had been singularly uneventful. He had lived, he had voted on three or four occasions in the House of Lords, he had collected eggs and he had died, bequeathing his magnificent collection to the British Museum. That summed up his history. His heir, the present Marquis, had inherited great possessions in castles, towers, land, and, what was even more important, in ready money. He had ideas, and one of them was that the happiness of England depended on a frank and cordial union between the great nobles who lived on the land and their retainers and dependents. On his estates, at any rate, the feudal days were to be restored without their tyranny or their wickedness, and a golden era of universal happiness was to be inaugurated by the condescension of the great and the necessary elevation of the humble without any obliteration of those class distinctions which had made Britain, so the Marquis thought, eminent in arms, in arts, in commerce and in the science of government. He was going to do what his remoter ancestors had done, and he set about the task with great enthusiasm and, it must be admitted, with little discretion:

All that the old Dukes had been without knowing it,
The young Duke would fain know he was without being it.

Such were his intentions and such the state of his mind. The Servants' Ball at Peckwater Towers was one of the first fruits of the new order of things.

I don't quite know what had brought the Sun-child to Peckwater Towers on this particular 26th of December. The magnificent battlemented array of the Towers, their frowning majesty against the glow of a sunset sky had attracted him, no doubt, and he had wandered in through the great wrought-iron gates and up the broad avenue flanked by gaunt trees, and so through the entrance gate and into the house itself. He had watched the preparations, and now, at nine o'clock of the evening, he found himself in the large vaulted hall set apart for the ceremony just as the house-party, headed by the Marquis and the Marchioness, had swept into the assembly of servants and tenants and

superior tradesmen, with their wives and daughters, who had been summoned for a night of hearty feudal enjoyment under the gracious eyes of their lord.

Before their dazzling betters had arrived upon the scene the gathered guests had made a few faint attempts at animated conversation, but, as the procession from the higher regions entered, even these spasmodic efforts died down, and a frozen silence fell upon the hall. The butler and the housekeeper, awed by their new and terrible responsibilities into a pomposity unusual even for them, advanced into the middle of the floor to greet their distinguished hosts:—

"Good evening, PALLISER. Good evening, Mrs. BRAYBOURNE," said the Marquis. "Good evening, all of you; I give you heartily welcome. Shall we begin? Is the music ready?"

Mr. PALLISER and Mrs. BRAYBOURNE were acutely conscious of at least a hundred pair of eyes that were curiously fixed upon them. Mr. PALLISER turned to Mrs. BRAYBOURNE, and Mrs. BRAYBOURNE, turning a livelier scarlet with every moment that passed, looked hopelessly at the butler, who cleared his throat and, fixing himself in a rigid and impassive attitude, thus began:—

"We are—ahem—prepared for the—ahem—eventuality, my lord and your ladyship. We were hoping that—ahem—would your lord and my ladyship be pleased—ahem—to lead off the first dance? The—ahem—instrumentalists are ready."

At this the Marquis, with a stiff bow, offered his arm to Mrs. BRAYBOURNE, and Mr. PALLISER became aware that the Marchioness had placed her hand lightly within his elbow joint; the fiddles and the cornet-à-piston struck up a quadrille, the couples solemnly sorted themselves out into squares, and the

long-expected Ball began. It may safely be said that in all the history of dancing there never was a more joyless dance. Not a tongue wagged. Even the Marquis, who had come primed with notions of heartiness, felt his spirits droop as he saw eighty melancholy and all but lifeless human beings solemnly pacing through the figures of the dance. The music ceased, the dance ended, and a gloomy silence again descended upon the scene of revelry, as the men paraded their partners up and down or deposited them in their seats. It was at this moment that the Sun-child felt it his duty to intervene. Coming close to the Marquis and assuming the voice of the Marchioness (he had a pretty talent for imitation), he said:—

"My dear, it's quite evident we are spoiling the enjoyment of these people. Let us go and leave them to themselves."

"My dear," the Marquis began in a tone of some surprise, "it's a strange thing, but the same idea had just—" he broke off, for he realised that his wife was at the other end of the hall. He went towards her. Now the Sun-child had left the Marquis and had played the same trick on his wife. As the Marquis, therefore, advanced to her she



"ANOTHER DISTURBANCE OF THE BAROMETER IS EXPECTED SHORTLY."

also came towards him. "Let us make our Good-byes and go away," said the Marquis; "we are casting a gloom on the proceedings." The next moment they had gathered their party together and left the room.

"Now," said the Sun-child to Mr. PALLISER in the voice of Mrs. BRAYDOURNE, "we've been a couple of stuck-up old fools"—Mr. PALLISER gasped—"let's enjoy ourselves. The quality's gone and we can have some fun."

Mr. PALLISER never quite understood how Mrs. BRAYDOURNE's voice had come to him, for she was twenty yards at least away from him, but he acted on her words and bore her no ill will. The next dance was a polka, and you never saw a giddier jollier dance in your life. From that moment everything went well and the Ball became a glorious success. As Miss CAPSWELL, one of the housemaids, put it, "We 'adn't a chance so long as the lords and ladies was about. Soon as they were gone we begun to enjoy ourselves."

A LULLABY FOR THE SLEEPLESS.

(Some years after Scott.)

THE latest cure for wakefulness is to lie on one's back, and puff at an empty wooden pipe with a deep inhaling movement. It is not stated whether ladies are recommended to adopt this plan. If so, it is rather a painful prospect for the limner of a future Sleeping Venus.

O, hush thee, dear reader, and snooze through the night,
Thy dreams, I'll be bound, will be lovely and bright—
For a wonderful dodge in the papers we see
For chasing the woes of insomnia from thee.

O, fear not the pipe that's in front of thy nose—
'Tis no Pan-pipe or bagpipe to mar thy repose;
But inhale through the tube till thy features get red,
And finally Morpheus approaches thy bed.

O, puff thee, my reader, the time soon will come,
When the brier will choke thee or bore with its hum;
Recline then supinely, and pull while you may—
How you'd look, if a lady, I'd rather not say!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WHEN my Baronite finds on his table a new novel by the author of *A Welsh Singer* and *Torn Sails*, he takes it in hand with pleased anticipation. He cannot say that *On the Wings of the Wind* (HUTCHINSON) reaches the excellence of these masterpieces. The story would have been improved if the wings had been cut a little. Occasionally they float a little wearily; moreover, ALLEN RAINE, an' she loves us, will spare us the too frequent scraps of Welsh. They may be apposite. But they do not add anything either to the flow of the narrative or to its interest. And the repetition is monotonous. *Caton parob* runs 'merch i pretty close in the number of citations. These things said, there remains nothing but praise for the simplicity and tenderness of the tale. The heroine, *Miriél*, is a charming girl, worthy of the love of big-hearted *Doctor Dan*. A minor but delightful character is *Deio*, the doctor's man-of-all-work. In *Phil Vaughan*, both in person, character, and the circumstances under which he is wrecked, there is echo, doubtless unconsciously produced, of *David Copperfield's* sometime friend, *Steerforth*. But ALLEN RAINE works in a field so entirely her own, with characters in the main so fresh, that the coincidence does not matter.

"*Nihil 'Dickensium' a me alienum puto.*" And so the Baron, speaking for himself, *latinè*, in the above adapted quotation, contemplates with affectionate regard the volume now before him, entitled *The Real Dickens Land*, by H. S.



ENCOURAGEMENT.

Pupil (after repeated attempts). "OH, I'M SURE I NEVER SHALL BE ABLE TO!" Professor. "OH YES, YOU WILL. I WAS JUST AS BIG A DONKEY MYSELF AT FIRST!"

and CATHERINE W. B. WARD, published by the firm of CHAPMAN AND HALL, so intimately associated with our great novelist. The Baron welcomes this as a valuable addition to the shelves of every library.

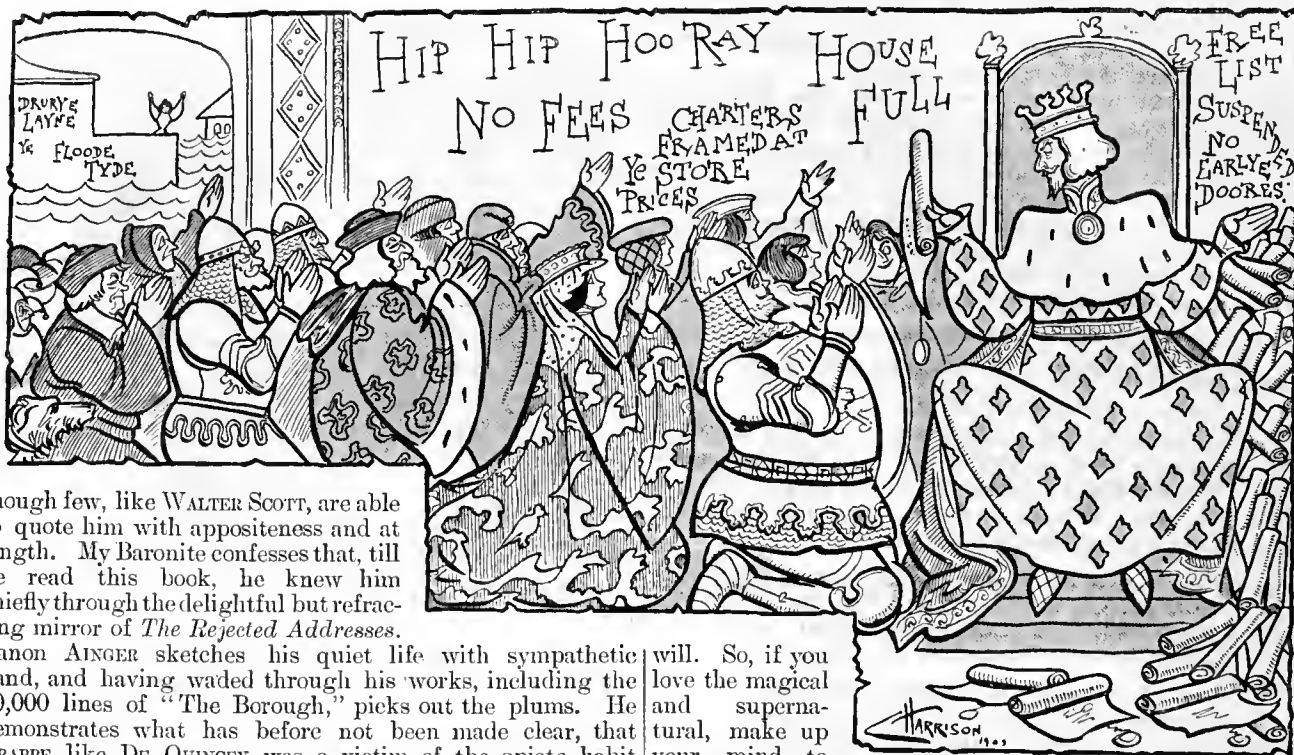
Our Lady's Inn (BLACKWOOD) is the kind of novel that does not exhaust the brain in the effort of reading. This, like approbation from Sir HUBERT STANLEY (though really, it's only what my Baronite says), is praise indeed. And yet Mr. STORER CLOUSTON is not altogether without design of writing a novel with a purpose. It runs in the direction of showing how, according to the creed of Mr. Thomas Clestran of Pittentrews, system is everything. Everything about him was managed on system,—his conservatories and his conversation, his pheasants and his servants, his plantations and his tenantry. On system he proposed to take a wife. How his fiancée rebelled against system; how she induced Sir Andrew Dunsappie, whom Mr. Clestran had left in charge of the young lady during temporary absence, to drive her to the station disguised in a suit of the Baronet's own clothes; how she escaped to London; how she met in chambers Mr. Clestran's disinherited son, and how she married him, is all told in light brisk fashion that keeps the reader to the end in state of breathless interest.

The Baron has before him some pretty little books with coloured plates, and always something nice on these plates for the children to devour, with their eyes, entitled *Lords and Ladies, I've seen the Sea* (BRIMLEY JOHNSON), intended for Christmas, and forestalling that season of generous donations by nearly two months.

Canon AINGER's contribution to the English Men of Letters Series (MACMILLAN), *A Study of Crabbe*, is peculiarly valuable. We all know of the Aldeburgh absentee parson,

KING BEERBOHM THE FIRST GRANTING CHARTERS TO YE SOUVENIR KNIGHTES AND YE FAIRE LADYES.

(From ye Bay Tree Tapestry of ye period. Anticipating ye 100th night of Richard ye Second.)



though few, like WALTER SCOTT, are able to quote him with appositeness and at length. My Baronite confesses that, till he read this book, he knew him chiefly through the delightful but refracting mirror of *The Rejected Addresses*.

Canon AINGER sketches his quiet life with sympathetic hand, and having waded through his works, including the 10,000 lines of "The Borough," picks out the plums. He demonstrates what has before not been made clear, that CRABBE, like DE QUINCEY, was a victim of the opiate habit and wrote many fine things under the influence of the drug. In another interesting passage he claims for CRABBE that he was the founder of the rural novel, the *Silas Marner* and the *Adam Bede* of fifty years later. One of his *Tales of the Hall* seems to have supplied TENNYSON with a theme. CRABBE turned out mounds of rubbishy verse, under which the patient seeker sometimes finds a diamond. In "The Borough" is a sketch of a two-sided miser who starved himself, drove beggars from his door, but secretly aided the helpless. Here are four delightful lines, the more charming because gravely written. CRABBE was wholly unconscious of the grim humour of the last nine words:—

All in a wintry night from far he came
To soothe the sorrows of a suffering dame,
Whose husband robbed him and to whom he meant
A lingering but reforming punishment.

"Something with boiling oil in it," as W. S. GILBERT put it many years later.

Whenever Mr. BRAM STOKER takes pen in hand for a story he seems determined to imitate the Fat Boy, who, on a certain occasion, wanted to "make" somebody's "flesh creep." In *The Jewel of Seven Stars* (HEINEMANN) he has succeeded with a vengeance. He leads us on and on, through mystery after mystery, until we pause, tremblingly, before opening the final chapter, which is to lift the awful veil and make evident to our dazed senses what is what! And then—shall the Baron reveal? No! Mum is the word. Who but BRAM STOKER himself can describe that climax? Listen:

"There, in that lonely house, far away from aid of man, naught could avail."

Now if that finale does not excite your curiosity nothing

will. So, if you love the magical and supernatural, make up your mind to

spend a delightfully thrilling domestic evening with BRAM STOKER and his dear old mummy.

Also from HEINEMANN's comes another book which, by those who have been in any way interested in the progress of music and of opera in this country, will be found both instructive and amusing. There is scarcely a singer, *impresario*, or musician of any note during the last thirty years with whom Mr. KLEIN has not been professionally and socially acquainted, and whose name will not be found in his *Thirty Years of Musical Life in London*. He prints a characteristic letter from Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, expressing himself strongly in favour of native talent as against foreign importation. But the artful KLEIN bearded the musical lion in his den, and a lasting friendship was the result. Of Madame PATTI he has much to say: but perhaps the best part of his volume is concerning Sir AUGUSTUS HARRIS, whom he regarded with such wonderment as is excited by the contemplation of exceptional energy, shrewdness, and artistic perception. The Baron agrees. "DRURIOLANUS" was, in his particular line, a marvellous worker, Napoleonic in conception of a plan and in carrying it out. And, above all things, he was without chicanery, straightforward, honest. "Honest, my Lord?" "Ay, Sir; to be honest as this world goes is to be one man picked out of ten thousand." Such was "AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS." Congratulations to Mr. KLEIN on his valuable contribution to musical literature from the harmonious

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

To stop the emigration of his countrymen to England an Irish Bishop is to publish a book on London slums. Why should not London in turn discourage the influx of aliens by disseminating a true description of the buffet at Dover harbour?

THE WOOING OT!

["In 1893 American Society was kept on the tip-toe of excitement by the cabled reports of the attentions that Scotland's youngest Duke was paying America's richest heiress."—From "The Story of the Roxburgh Courtship," in the "Daily Express."]

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

London, October 1.—Most important news. I hear that the Duke of PECKHAM and Miss MARIA K. PETROL, who are fellow-guests just now at Topton Towers, seem much attached to each other. Have secured under-footman's place at the Towers, and leave to-night to commence investigations.

Topton, Oct. 2. News seems to have spread. Seven other newspaper men have arrived. Busy all day secreting cameras and phonographs in likely spots. Nothing happened as yet.

Oct. 3.—Duke sat next to Miss P. at dinner. Am sending two-column report of their conversation. Nothing very decisive in it. Five more journalists arrived to-day. Some are disguised as gardeners, &c., others are camping out in the coverts. Have my suspicions that Miss P.'s maid is a representative of the *Daily Rag-bag*.

Oct. 4.—Most important. Duke and Miss P. sat together in conservatory last night; hiding behind large palms, the *Upper-Crust* man and myself secured absolutely verbatim note. All other newspapers completely left. Talk more than friendly, as you will see. Head it, "SHE SAID, 'HOW SYMPATHETIC YOU ARE!'" and set in large caps.

Oct. 5.—Sunday. They went to church to-day. When some banns were read I am sure they looked at each other. Snapped them with my Kodak in the act. (Later) After lunch, they sat together in the garden. Duke happened to hear a noise in the laurel-bushes just behind the seat. Went to examine, and discovered six newspaper men and Miss JONES of the *Twinkler* hidden there, with pencils and notebooks in their hands. He was very angry. Luckily, I was in another bush, with my phonograph. Secured splendid record. Publish as special article, "How Dukes Swear." N.B. A little editing will be required.

Oct. 7.—Excitement grows. TIPSON of the *Carri-on-Crow* has executed clever coup. Disguised as the Duke's pet St. Bernard, he accompanied the pair on a stroll in the dusk last night. He has cabled to his journal some fine head-lines: "HE POPS TO-MORROW," "HER EYES ARE FIXED ON HIM," "WILL SHE SAY 'YES?'" Smart man, TIPSON. He thinks the event will take place in the garden. I've put my money on the Conservatory, and have made preparations accordingly.



HAPPY IGNORANCE.

Lady Canvasser (very much up to date, and under the impression that everyone thoroughly understands the Fiscal Question, to wife of Voter). "WELL, MY DEAR, AND WHAT DO YOU THINK OF 'OUR JOE' NOW?"

Young Mrs. Giles (coolly). "TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, MA'AM, MY HUSBAND, DICK, IS A BIT JEALOUS, AND SAYS I OUGHTN'T TO THINK OF ANYONE ELSE 'CEPT HIM!'"

Oct. 8.—Victory! He has proposed. She called him "Darling," and I have secured absolutely exclusive report! Feeling sure that the Conservatory was the place, I arranged my cinematographs and phonographs there. It came off just as I hoped, and I have records of every word they said, and a complete set of photographs, including a superb one of their first kiss! We must publish special number at once; I bring material by next train.

SOME "EFFICIENCY" TESTS.

A *Boy's Leader* Prize Competition (in which "parents may help their son to win") includes the problems, "What famous British soldier is known as

"BOBS'?" and "When was King EDWARD THE SEVENTH born?" Our competition expert suggests the following tests:—

1. Add the figures 2 and 2. (*Encyclopedia Britannica* may be consulted for this puzzle.)

2. What well-known name is concealed in "CIT-MID-IL-N"?

3. Write down first verse of "God Save the King," and name—if possible—the authors of (a) *Hamlet*; (b) "The Absent-Minded Beggar." (Nearest guess will be accepted.)

4. Conundrum—When is a door not a door? (Candidates under 15 may enlist help outside the family for this enigma.)

⊙ Six months allowed competitors.

ITALY IN LONDON.

[The Editor of the *Sphere*, in a letter to the *Daily Mail*, protests against the attitude of Lord Byron and others, who would expel the organ-grinder from our streets, and so "make London a dull dreary city instead of the vivacious and picturesque place" which he (Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER) "would wish it to be." He cites Lord Byron's great ancestor as one who loved the produce of Italy too well to have countenanced such a scheme. This epoch-shaking subject is further discussed in the latest of "Mr. Punch's Symposia" on p. 350 of the present issue.]

O DEAF to all emollient arts,
 London, on whom are freely lavished
 Tunes that have tickled savage hearts,
 Yet yours alone remains unravished ;
 When breath of Teuton bands is borne
 From out the detonative trumpet,
 It leaves your marrow cold and *morne*
 As yesterday's discarded crumpet.
 When Roman minstrels ply for pence
 With music fit to melt a Gorgon,
 You hail the Force ; you clamour "Hence
 With yonder bestial barrel-organ !"
 Yet there have been exalted men
 Who thought the case deserved a lyric ;
 BLADES, for example, deigned to pen
 An ape-importer's panegyric ;
 And BYRON too, I've understood,—
 BYRON, who doted on polenta,
 And, but for Missolonghi, would
 No doubt have perished at Magenta ;—
 Who, under warm Italian skies,
 So long and eloquently carolled
 Of local charms that cheered the eyes
 Of that portentous tripper, *Harold*—
 BYRON, I say, on such a theme
 (As Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER hints)
 Might well have filled a casual ream,
 Although the stuff was never printed.
 And in our midst we have, this hour,
 An advocate of street harmonics,
 Who finds in these a source of power
 Surpassing more material tonics.
 Rocked by the organ's rhythmic airs
 His prose acquires that ease of manner
 Which makes the *Sphere* this Atlas bears
 Well worth its price—a paltry tanner.
 And he would have about his ears,
 In places where no actual bird is,
 Music of all the other spheres
 Rolled from a hundred hurdy-gurdies.
 Nay more, his scheme enjoys a scope
 Outreaching private aspirations ;
 It is, I think, his honest hope
 To knit the comity of nations ;
 For, courtier-like, he has his view
 Exposed in London's leading Daily
 By way of timely welcome to
 Italia's King, EMANUELE !

O. S.

Master. And what happened to Achilles in his infancy ?
Boy. His mother dipped him in the River Styx, and he became intolerable.

A PLEA FOR EXTENDING THE ZOO.

[Mr. C. J. CORNISH suggests in the *County Gentleman* that our London parks would be rendered more attractive if animals were introduced into them. As instances, he gives Highland cattle and Cashmir goats. But why stop here? There is room for all.]

From an advance copy of the "Animals' Friend."

THE introduction of leopards into Whitechapel has proved a great success. The intelligent creatures crouch on the leads of the houses and spring on to the shoulders of pedestrians. As the dwellers in the neighbourhood are now afraid to leave their houses, Hooliganism has entirely ceased, and it has been found possible to withdraw the entire body of police from the district, with the exception of P.C. 843 of the X division, whose condition is precarious. He met a leopard in Commercial Street. The fear entertained by certain of our readers lest the carnivores should move further West may be dismissed. A leopard rarely changes its favourite spots.

We cannot believe that the gentleman who writes to this morning's *Times* to complain of the crocodiles in the Round Pond is really serious. That his son, AUBREY JAMES, should have been devoured by one of the saurians in question is of course to be deplored, but a mere accident must not blind us to the true value of the experiment. Before the advent of the crocodiles a visit to the Round Pond was, for adults at least, dull. Now it is Society's favourite pastime.

What used to be a source of some unpleasantness between employer and employed in the City, namely, the habit of the latter of taking more than the regulation hour for lunch, is now at an end. Since bears, formerly confined to the Stock Exchange, have been let loose in all the principal thoroughfares, clerks have made a practice of bringing their lunch with them in the shape of sandwiches. They feel it would be unwise to go out to lunch while the present uncertainty prevails as to whether they would be the active or the passive agents in the transaction. Most of the City restaurants have closed their doors. It keeps the bears out.

Will the gentleman who rang us up on the telephone to say that he saw a distended tiger, wearing a smile on its face, leave the office of this newspaper at 1 P.M. yesterday, write stating which way it was going? The editor is missing.

A curious incident took place during the performance of *'Hamlet'* last night. While giving his famous soliloquy Mr. TREE was suddenly interrupted by uproarious laughter from the stalls. Cries of 'Silence' issued from every quarter of the house, but the noise continued. Just as it seemed impossible that the piece could be proceeded with, the author of the disturbance was discovered. It was one of the hyænas recently laid down in the Haymarket by the L.C.C., which had stolen in unperceived. The offender was speedily ejected, still chuckling, and the play was resumed.

Now that the London Fire Brigade has substituted giraffes for the old-fashioned fire escapes, a fatal fire should be the rarest of occurrences. At a recent conflagration in Northumberland Avenue good work was also done by the new elephants, who squirted water on the flames with great accuracy and force. It is rumoured that the trunk is to supersede the hose.

A NIGHT ATTACK.—The *Daily News*, in its contempt for sport, goes too far. In Wednesday's programme for the visit of the King of ITALY it announces the following item :—
 9 P.M.—Pheasant shooting in the Park.



TACTFUL SYMPATHY.

Genial Friend, "Hullo, Old Man, GETTING ON ALL RIGHT?"

ARMY LIST

PANEM—ET CIRCENSES.

From the "Daily To-morrow" of 1920.

"WE report this morning several contributions made last night by speakers of eminence towards questions of the hour, but they were for the most part of a tame and uninteresting character, approximating rather to those colourless addresses which satisfied orators of the nineteenth century, than to the more decorative performances to which the twentieth has accustomed us, ever since Mr. Punch, in his issue of November 11, 1903, hinted at the possible developments of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S illustration by loaves. For details we must refer our readers to the full reports appearing in other columns of our paper, our only desire here being to call attention to the danger in which present-day speakers seem to us to stand of relapsing into a featureless and unimaginative form of exposition from which we hoped we had definitely escaped.

"It is true that Mr. LIONEL LACKLAND varied the monotony of his usual diatribes against the Game Laws by letting loose twelve brace of pheasants in the middle of his address, and handing guns to his supporters on the platform that they might illustrate the sickening battues in which the landlords and moneyed classes constantly indulge. But this piece of—at the best—rather obvious 'business' left the spectators cold and unmoved, and but for the fact that the erratic marksmanship of the chairman resulted in some loss of blood in the great gallery we should not think it worthy of notice. What really was remarkable was the number of opportunities for dramatic illustration which Mr. LACKLAND let slip. It will scarcely be believed that his otherwise eloquent description of night poaching was not even accompanied by any attempt to turn out the gas and attack the policemen in the hall, who were in poor force, and could easily have been reduced to pulp. We need scarcely say more.

"At Manchester Sir BENJAMIN BITEM'S speech on Extra-Compound Retaliation was marred by the same defects. 'When hit, hit back,' is a sound doctrine, and Sir BENJAMIN'S illustration of his methods might have been well enough in the privacy of a study; but on a public platform the sight of an elderly and somewhat corpulent Baronet eluding the recoil of a punching-ball with indifferent success is obviously not—in any sense—striking enough to stimulate the fancy of spectators accustomed to better things. We are no advocate of pugilism, but one can no more expect to sway the crowd by mere talk than to make omelettes without eggs: the pro-



READY MADE.

She. "WE'RE INVITED TO THE TALBOTS' FANCY DRESS BALL. WILL YOU GO?"

He. "FANCY DRESS! OH, I SAY, LOOK HERE, YOU KNOW, RATHER NOT. I DON'T WANT TO MAKE MYSELF LOOK A SILLY ASS!"

fession of a politician carries with it duties as well as privileges, and we fearlessly assert that, had Sir BENJAMIN indulged in even half a dozen rounds with a stalwart German under Queensberry rules, his appearance at the finish would have won him the sympathy of the meeting more than any number of futile displays of desultory sparring with inanimate objects.

"We do not wish to labour the point, and we think we have said enough to explain our view. It is pleasant in conclusion to be able to add a word of praise to Mr. JOHN GIMMET'S forcible

attack on our system of capital punishment. That it is a hideous anachronism we all believe, but the manner in which Mr. GIMMET, at the conclusion of a stirring peroration, flung a rope over a previously prepared beam and hanged one of our leading contemporary's reporters out of hand, was an object lesson as dramatic as it was instructive. We venture to say that the adoption of his methods by all speakers on the subject would lead to an agitation in the Press of such unparalleled force and unanimity that nothing could stand before it."

TOO LATE!

(With acknowledgments to the "Daily Express.")

[A prize of £25 is offered by the *Express* to the owner of the first parrot able to speak distinctly the phrase, "Your food will cost you more."]

I HAVE got a talking Polly,
And I thought it would be jolly
If (as pounds with me are scarce) I
Could increase my slender store;
What a simple undertaking!
Five-and-twenty pounds for making
My old parrot learn one sentence,
Viz. "*Your food will cost you more!*"

Full of hope I started teaching,
And the parrot started screeching,
And I tried my very utmost
Every day from ten to four;
Then a phonograph I bought him,
And with this for hours I taught him,
But he merely looked sagacious,
And politely asked for more.

Then a sudden madness took me,
And a frightful passion shook me,
And I seized that stupid parrot
And I dashed him to the floor;
But, oh heavens, as he lay there,
What was that I heard him say there?
With his dying breath I heard him
Say, "*Your food will cost you more!*"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Seventh Number of *The Ancestor* (CONSTABLE & Co., LTD.), edited by OSWALD BARRON, F.S.A., escaped the other Baron's notice in this October just passed. It is one of the most interesting volumes of this very interesting series. Too high praise cannot be bestowed on the care, the painstaking labour and the accuracy of statement, after most involved research, displayed in the production of any one paper in these volumes. To go through the contents of this volume alone would occupy a student a good quarter of a year, so in this instance the Baron will merely select for especial remark the paper on *The Massingberds*, by the Rev. W. O. MASSINGBERD; *English Counts*, by HORACE ROUND; *A Tale of Bristol City*, by BRUCE MARSH, without the slightest allusion in it to THACKERAY'S *Three Sailors of Bristol City*; and the interesting reproduction of *The Seals of the Barons* who signed a letter to the POPE, as collected and vouched for by H. ROUND, Sir H. MAXWELL-LYTE, W. H. ST. JOHN HOPE, and the editor. The ancestor of the present Baron de B.-W. (whose seal will shortly appear) was absent from England at the particular juncture here recorded, being at the time engaged on a secret mission of the utmost public importance abroad, but he will take advantage of the earliest opportunity afforded him to affix his seal, motto and signature, as ancestrally spelt, to a forthcoming document.

In Mr. CUTCLIFFE HYNÉ's last book, *McTodd* (MACMILLAN), the Scotch engineer of that name has the ship all to himself, without rivalry on the part of the incomparable *Captain Kettle*. He fills it aloft and aloft with revelations, often unconscious, of a rare character. He has a singular gift of getting into bad company, where he comports himself with a gravity and infinite variety of resource that keeps every page aglow with interest. There are three influences ever at work with *Neil Angus McTodd*. One is the memory of his

father, formerly a Free Kirk parson in far-off Ballindrochar. The second is his widowed mother, who, dependent upon his support, still lives near the manse. The third, more nearly approaching the ever present, is the whisky-bottle. One of the most amusing of the dozen stories that make the book is *McTodd's* voyage as second engineer on board a teetotal ship. Even better is the log of his cruise to Spitzbergen with *Widow Larsen*, bent on establishing a cannery designed to provide Europe with prime Chicago beef cut out of the carcasses of dead whales. Ever the victim of evil design, *McTodd*, having seen the wicked flourish like a green bay tree, lives to enjoy the sight of their withering decay. Apart from its brimming humour, its shrewd description of men and women, my Baronite finds in the book some graphic pictures of life and scenery in Arctic regions and elsewhere.

On the subject of *Records and Reminiscences*, by Sir FRANCIS BURNAND (METHUEN), the Baron's Hibernian henchman thus delivers his mind:—

Here is a medley to suit every mood:
Mirthful, if mirth be your favourite food;
Tender in dealing with friends that are gone;
True to the comrades who keep jogging on.
Varied the story our Editor tells,
Showing a *verve* no vicissitude quells,—
Tales of "my tutor"—whose Eton cognomen,
"Judy," was surely an eloquent omen;
Life on the Cam, where the A.D.C. kindled
Thespian flames that have never since dwindled;
Then a brief trial of Law and its fetters,
Ending ere long with a verdict for—Letters;
Tales of the *maximi*, DICKENS and THACKERAY,
Tales of the mediums' ingenious quackery;
Records of "MARK," never known to be surly,
"PÖNI" MAYHEW, "the PROFESSOR," and "SHIRLEY";
Life at the "Table" for seasons two score,
Anecdotes, autographs, pictures galore;
Judges and cardinals, mummies and sages,
Such is the theme of these generous pages.
Memoirs I've known that were staidier, sublimer
(So writes the Baron's Hibernian rhymier),
Still, for a mixture of earnest and jest,
Those of our Chief are the gayest and best.

It was a happy thought on the part of L. D. L., whoever he may be, and of the publishers, MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., to call upon *Sam Weller* for his famous song about the *Bold Turpin*, and to fit it up with lively illustrations, plain and coloured, to catch the book fanciers at Christmas time. The pictures carry us somewhat beyond the legend of the ballad, which, as may be remembered, pulled up somewhat short, much after the style of *Sam's* valentine. The pictures are spirited, the colouring bright and clear, but unless it be conceded that, in this instance, "killing is no murder," the Baron owns his inability to perceive where, in the shooting of a bishop and his coachman by a highwayman, the fun comes in. The professional gentlemen who formed *Mr. Weller's* audience for this ditty severely criticised the attitude of the coachman as being a libel on the cloth, and the clergy may object to the comic representation of this summary and quite unjustifiable removal of an eminent divine from his place on the episcopal bench. Be this as it may, the Baron is bound to notice one singular oversight, and, as *Mr. Weller, Senior*, on another occasion, asked, "Why worn't there an alleybi?" so the Baron inquires regretfully, "Why worn't there a composer engaged to set the ditty to a taking tune, with chorus, the music being printed clearly as an accompaniment to this book?"

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



PURE AND UNDILUTED.

Squire Toper (pulling up). "WATER? AH—UM—THANK'Y'. NOT TAKING ANY!"

A LAMENT FOR SAMUEL.

[*Samuel was a Polar Bear, who died recently of pleurisy in the Zoological Gardens.*]

*O listen, listen, ladies gay!
No haughty feat of arms I tell;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay
That mourns the lovely Samuel.
Let the kind tear be freely shed;
Weep, ye that loved him, weep, for he is dead.*

*He came a youngling from the rigid North,
Untimely rapt from his protesting dam,
To earn a people's love, and bear thenceforth
The ludicrous but honoured name of Sam.
Twice seven years a quiet life he led;
Weep, ye that loved him, weep, for he is dead.*

*White was his ample fleece, and black his eye,
And oh, his sense of humour! 'Twas his game
To file umbrellas from the passers-by,
And with apparent relish eat the same,
While the despoiled breathed curses on his head;
Weep, ye that loved him, weep, for he is dead.*

*He was not made for climates such as this;
Our English summer pierced him to the bone;
"Give me," he sighed, with bitter emphasis,
"The genial horrors of my native zone!
This is the very——" Thus and thus he said;
Weep, ye that loved him, weep, for he is dead.*

*Alas! We knew not that he inly wanned,
We could not look beneath that snowy pell;
Only we saw him frolic in his pond,
Only we thought: "How blithe is Samuel!"
No minatory cough awoke our dread;
Weep, ye that loved him, weep, for he is dead.*

*Had we but dreamed that he was scantily drest,
And that the deuce was going on within,
He should have worn a muffler for his chest,
Flannel and shammy leather next his skin;
He should have had hot bottles in his bed;
Weep, ye that loved him, weep, for he is dead.*

*But pleurisy has knocked him out of time.
His lungs were delicate; the wear and tear
Of long exposure to our frequent clime
Has been too many for a Polar Bear;
And Death came sweeping up with sudden tread;
Weep, ye that loved him, weep, for he is dead.*

DUM-DUM.

A Constant Dropping.

Father Sullivan (watching Murphy of the Blazers, who has again come to grief at a fall). Bedad he'll soon have quarried a gap in ivery wall in Galway. He goes no faster than Doxey's hearse, and he falls over ivery obsthacle he encounterth.

Father O'Grady. Faith, ye're right there. MURPHY cavat lapidem non vi sed saypy cadendo!

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.

IV.—SHOULD ORGAN-GRINDERS BE
EXPELLED?SCENE—Interior of the Yellow Van on
Saffron Hill.

PRESENT.

Mr. Max Pemberton.

Lord Byron.

Prof. Flinders Petrie.

"Viscount Hinton."

Mr. Richard Whiteing.

M. Paderevski.

Mr. Arnold White.

Sir August Manns.

Lord Aerebury.

Mr. Andrew Lang.

Mr. Max Pemberton. As you are doubtless aware, Lord BYRON, Professor FLINDERS PETRIE and myself have already issued a manifesto appealing to the nation for support in our crusade. We think, however, that a little quiet discussion on the subject cannot but promote the end we have in view, i.e. the deliverance of art, letters and science from the dominion of din. Good as I am told my romances now are, they would, I am convinced, be vastly better if our city were a silent one. Let our urban authorities consider what they are losing.

Prof. Flinders Petrie. Silence gives content.

Mr. Andrew Lang. May I ask the name of the gentleman whose delicate literary art is injured by organ-grinders?

Lord Byron. Mr. MAX PEMBERTON.

Mr. Andrew Lang. It conveys nothing to me. Miss Pinkerton I have heard of in *Vanity Fair*, and *Uncle Pumblechook* in *Great Expectations*, but not the sensitive genius in the chair. No matter. Pray proceed.

Lord Byron. I try to associate myself with every word that has fallen from the lips of our Chairman. As my gifted namesake remarks somewhere—in *Don Juan*, I think,

Seated one day near an organ

I was weary and ill at ease—

undoubtedly a hint of the attitude he would have taken up on this all-important subject.

Mr. Richard Whiteing. The view expressed by the last speaker confirms me in my conviction as to the tyrannous influence on our social life exerted by the feudal nobility. In John Street nothing gave me greater pleasure than to see the little slum children dancing to the beneficent strains of the barrel-organ. I oppose his lordship in toe-toe.

"Viscount Hinton." Excuse me, the aristocracy are not all built that way. No member of the proletariat can touch me as an executant on the piano-organ,

while Lord DYSART, I am given to understand by my friends at Ham, is a matchless performer on the pianola.

Mr. Arnold White. If street music were discoursed by natives, it would be right enough. What I object to is the fact that it is entirely in the hands of undesirable aliens, Dagos, Italians, Poles—

M. Paderevski. The man who speaks of the Poles as undesirable must answer for that statement with his blood.

Mr. Arnold White (with emotion). I would as soon speak disrespectfully of the Equator as of the Poles.

Mr. Max Pemberton. Gentlemen, I think we are deviating from the main issue—is the organ-grinder, irrespective of nationality, a nuisance or is he not? I can only say that in one of the most poignant situations of my new romance, *Doctor Xavier*, I was within an ace of losing my temper and the thread of the story owing to the persistence with which a swartly fiend serenaded me with a selection from the *Iron Pirates of Penzance*.

Professor Flinders Petrie. My experience was even more disconcerting. As I was recently engaged in unrolling the wrappings in which a long defunct Egyptian potentate was swathed, an impudent street singer accompanied my exertions with a ballad of which the refrain seemed to be "Kiss him for his mummy."

Lord Aerebury. Personally, I must confess I do not resent the strains of an organ. It is pleasant among the money bags of the City to be reminded by the strains of "*The Honeysuckle and the Bee*" of pursuits more to one's mind in the country.

Mr. Max Pemberton. But the delicate handling of a situation is impossible when the organ-grinder is at his distracting pursuits.

Mr. Andrew Lang. I forget the name of the last speaker, but he seems to value his outpourings very highly.

"Viscount Hinton." And on the other hand, what about an organ-grinder's delicate handling, when an angry author is shouting at him from the doorstep?

Mr. Andrew Lang. Who is that?

Prof. Flinders Petrie. "Viscount HINTON."

Mr. Andrew Lang. Ah, yes, I have stayed with him.

Prof. Flinders Petrie. If the ancient Egyptians reached a high point of civilisation it was largely because they were unembarrassed by the presence of organ-grinders.

Sir August Manns. Yet it took a HANDEL to write *Moses in Egypt*.

Lord Byron. This is jesting with a very serious subject. I assure the gentlemen present that my name would not have been placed at the foot of this

petition had I not thought very long and earnestly about it.

Mr. Max Pemberton. And we are only on the threshold of our agonies. I understand that a tune of peculiar and subtle noisomeness, called "*Hiawatha*," is on its way to this country from America.

"Viscount Hinton." I am delighted to hear it. I shall order a double-barrelled organ at once, to cope with the necessities of the case.

Lord Aerebury. Why not a motor-organ?

Mr. Richard Whiteing. Or a yellow van? They move very quickly.

Mr. Max Pemberton. Then I shall withdraw to some country where decent by-laws are enforced.

Mr. Andrew Lang. It would be simpler to stop writing, or have wax put in your ears like the crew of ULYSSES.

[At this moment the strains of "*Hiawatha*" penetrated the sanctuary in which the discussion was raging. "Viscount HINTON" burst into tears, Lord AEREbury and Mr. WHITEING were visibly affected, Lord BYRON sat down to write to the "*Times*," and Mr. MAX PEMBERTON hurried for the police.]

CHARIVARIA.

The weather is still up to its tricks. The latest freak was that last week we had a November day in November.

Attention has been drawn in the *Pall Mall Magazine* to the fact that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is not at all like the caricatures which we are accustomed to see. It may not be generally known that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, with his customary astuteness, realised this long since, and the reason why he wears an orchid is to show who he is.

Lord ROSEBURY considers it is no good trying to recover our lost trade. "Let bygones be bygones," he said the other day in his speech on the fiscal question.

It is rumoured that the *Daily News* is realising that its bread-poster has encouraged the evils of gambling, as much as 5 to 3 having been laid "on the little 'un," and that the poster will therefore be withdrawn from circulation.

There is, according to recent disclosures, a huge business in rotten eggs in the East End. They are used in making confectionery and in frying fish, and it is feared that a General Election would seriously dislocate these two trades.

We are, it is reported, on the eve of

great changes in the Army. The cavalry, we are told, are to be trained with a view to possible service in a war. The men are to be accustomed to ride six on one animal, so as to be prepared for the shortage of horses that would ensue on the outbreak of hostilities.

The Committee to consider the proposal for an Army Board will sit at once, but its recommendations, it is stated, will not be put into force until 1905. Foreign Powers are kindly requested not to make war on us before that date.

Proceedings are to be taken against certain Music Halls for usurping the functions of the Theatres. This is considered rather cool by the Music Halls, who say that the boot is on the other foot. Slowly but surely it is the theatres that are becoming unfit for us, and the music-halls that are getting dull.

Inspector MELVILLE will retire at the end of the month. A dinner to congratulate themselves is, we hear, being arranged by the London Anarchists for an early date in December.

Attention has been drawn to the evil effects on one's health that may result from sucking Post Office pencils. Much more dangerous to our mind, and in the opinion of the entire dental profession, is the suggestion that managers of restaurants, and others, should follow an American custom, and exhibit a notice on rainy days: "Visitors will when entering just rub their gums on the mat."

Stringent regulations have been drawn up by the Russian Government, making it impossible for Jewish invalids to stay at Russian seaside resorts.

The Czar continues to be horrified at the inhuman excesses of the Turks in Macedonia.

We hear that a bargain is about to be struck between Great Britain and Servia. In consideration of King PETER's Government taking back the Servian Gipsies and their bears, at present encamped near Dover, the British Government will formally recognise the new régime, and resume diplomatic relations.

The Government has, after all, adopted the *Daily Express* plan, and not that suggested by the *Daily Mail*, for the reform of the War Office. This is difficult to understand, seeing that the *Mail* has (we are nearly sure) been a supporter of Mr. BALFOUR's policy from the first. It is supposed to be due to some bungling on the part of a minor official.

TOMMY SMITH PLAYS INDIANS.



Tommy. "THE GREAT CHIEF, FEARLESS DOG, WILL SIT HERE UNTIL HE HAS CAUGHT THE FAT SALMON TO TAKE TO HIS SQUAW, THE BEAUTIFUL FLYING FAWN."



THE SQUAW GOT NO SALMON.

The gentleman who wrote to the *Daily Mail* to say that he was suffering from brain fag, and signed his letter "CANTAN," is not a present member of the University.

The American millionaire who published the fact that he was willing to pay £1,000 for an ear has been inundated with offers, and he is said to be now considering whether, being a millionaire, he could not wear more than one set of ears. What would strike us over here as ostentatious would not necessarily be considered so in America.

The German General Staff has issued some remarks on the recent struggle in South Africa. The moral drawn is that "every new war renders a change in offensive methods necessary." We

hope that the German Press will remember this dictum when next we go to war.

A telegram from St. Petersburg corrects the statements in the foreign Press regarding the occupation of Mukden by the Russians. It appears that Russian troops have been sent to that place solely for the purpose of restoring order, in the event of its being disturbed by their arrival.

Jeu de Vie.

GENTLEWOMAN, strong, young, own income, fond of life, music, bridge, and other games . . . desires Home as Companion.

Morning Post.

This must be one of the "women merely players" that *Juques* moralised about.



Mrs. Homeleigh. "YOUR HUSBAND IS AT HIS CLUB A GOOD DEAL, ISN'T HE?"

Lady Cadabout. "YES. THE POOR BOY HATES BEING AT HOME ALONE, YOU KNOW."

MR. PUNCH'S FISCAL CANVASS.

II.

THE following are the clearly expressed views of an unbiassed foreigner (M. MAETERLINCK) on the subject of the Resignations:—

"A silence can not become divine unless each of those whose feet are lapped by its far-off waves listens to what the silence is saying. The pale, blue summits where the eternal truths sit hand in hand, and the remoter caverns where an angel looks into a murderer's candid eyes, and is still—these are equally distant from the plains of intelligibility. Even in a place the most ordinary, a Cabinet meeting, a soul may speak to another soul in silence, like the silence which listens always at the keyhole of life. But should it happen that there are present two men who do not understand how

much that which is said is less important than that which is not said, who have not learned to listen to the footfall of an announcement drawing nearer through the stillness, then these two will go their way, having heard nothing but opinions opposed, useless, the superficial things which may be expressed in words. But the greater, steeper truths—the truth that already CHAMBERLAIN had resigned, and that therefore they might stay—were spoken silently, from soul to soul, and they did not hear. Even now, when they have gone forth to the research of misunderstandings and suppressions, they do not seek explanation in the meadows where it grazes, on the slopes of their own failure to mark the unspoken. But the soul of a little child would know that the true comment upon a silence can never be anything save another silence."

To the Poet Laureate we are indebted for the accompanying *brochure* on the Imperial attitude of the Colonies:—

I.

"Loyal, though far away,
Surely they'll always stay!
Though Empire may not pay,
Still, it's a symbol!
Was it for pelf they fought
Bravely (though quite untaught),
Side by our side, and caught
Th' enemy nimble?"

II.

"Ill from the thick, green smell
Which rose where lyddite fell
(Knowing but too, too well
Just what the stench meant);
Onward through shell and shot,
Some hit and others not,
Pressed they until they got
To the intrenchment.

III.

"These, when in death his clutch,
These heroes are not such
As to demand how much
Foodstuffs they sell us.
No! while the bullet sings
They think of other things
Than what the freighter brings
Over the billows."

REFLECTIONS ON THE MIRROR.

[A sum of £1,000 is to be divided among the writers of postcards containing the best suggestions for improving the *Daily Mirror*. We print some of the postcards which have reached Mr. Punch's offices by mistake.]

My suggestion is simply this: Give away twopence with every copy. Nothing else will then approach you in popularity.
C. S. LOCK.

Might not something be done by selling an Encyclopædia on the instalment system? I don't know whether any paper has tried this, but it sounds enterprising.
ANDREW LANG.

A coloured supplement suitable for framing would be a great inducement to purchasers. So would a pound of high tea.
A. W. PINERO.

If the paper really were a mirror, I think that not only I, but many other ladies would buy it more readily. Could not a little piece of glass be let into the front sheet, or take the place of the "leading article?"
RITA.

Get a serial story by some well-known man, such as JOE CHAMBERLAIN or even HIS MAJESTY.
A. P. WATT.

I should change the title. *The Mail's Wife* would be more attractive: neat, pleasing, and, I venture to think, epigrammatic if not positively witty.
J. H. CHOATE.

How to improve the *Daily Mirror*?
Stop it.
MISOGYNIST.



“ HERE 'S A HEALTH UNTO HIS MAJESTY ! ”

LONDON (to the KING OF ITALY). “ ALLA SUA SALUTE, MAESTÀ ! ”

[His Majesty the King of ITALY is to be present at a luncheon at the Guildhall on Thursday, November 19.]

THE NEWEST GAITY.

It was as well to have the brand-new Gaiety Theatre thoroughly aired before we decided on paying it our first visit. It is now just on three weeks since it was opened in state, that is, in such state as was compatible with a freshly built and newly gilt house (interior completed, but men still at work on exterior), and not yet has the odour of paintiness entirely departed from the spacious auditorium in spite of its having been filled night after night, and *matinée* after *matinée*, with its full complement—the greatest compliment (with an “i”) and most substantial tribute to the popularity of Joyous GEORGE, or “Jingling GEORDIE,” the Manager with the plural surname of EDWARDS, as representing about four or five single managements rolled into one. This deservedly popular Theatrical Pluralist is to be heartily congratulated on his newly-built, well constructed, tastefully decorated and most commodiously and conveniently arranged New Gaiety, which surely must be all his fancy painted and all that art of architect could conceive, and all that could perfectly satisfy the imperious demands of the County Councillors, and the authoritative requirements of the Lord Chamberlain. The Stalls, as constructed, with the gangways after the Covent Garden Opera plan, are a model of comfort and elegance. May many Managers follow suit!

Quite in keeping is it with the necessary pulling, required by every place of amusement, that smoking should be permitted in certain corridors, in lounge, and vestibules. But better ventilation is advisable here, or soon may arise a complaint about “The Smoke Nuisance.” To let out the smoke, which in his theatre is his own to do as he likes with, will repay the Manager as well as letting out any of his numerous companies at so much a night in various provincial and suburban districts. This fine auditorium must have cost a pretty penny; there is no doubt as to the “prettiness,” while the “penny” stands for a good round sum.

Now let us approach the footlights. Company unlimited as to talent in orchestra, ruled, not by a board, but by one “Director,” the fiercely-bearded, energetic IVAN CARILL, who conducts with spirit the sparkling “numbers” composed by himself, LIONEL MONCKTON, and PAUL RUBENS.

And now, crossing the “flote,” let us “go upon the stage.” Rarely, if ever, has the experienced HAWES CRAVES painted brighter, lighter, or more effective scenes than these illustrating the “new musical play” entitled *The Orchid*, whereof the words are by one TAXNER (perhaps, if “Tanner” be the slang for “the ridiculously small sum” of sixpence, or fourpence, as we are informed it is, then a multiplication of tanners would have produced a very superior article), and the “lyrics” by those eminent “old hands,” ADRIAN ROSS and PERCY GREENRANK.

In spite of the fascination of Miss GERTIE MILLAR, the cockney absurdities of Miss CONNIE EDISS, and the alertness to seize the smallest opportunity for acting shown by Miss ETHEL SYDNEY, and in spite of all the quaint humour of that most ridiculous little person, EDMUND PAYNE (a real artist, mind you, but here without much chance of giving us a taste of his best quality), and in spite of the quaint comicalities of the two “Juniors,” Messrs. GEORGE GROSSMITH and FRED WRIGHT, of the eccentricities of Mr. NAINY, and of the quiet humour of Mr. HARRY GRATTAN (made up to closely resemble Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, by permission presumably of the other Chamberlain, by whose orders, an our memory serves us, the actors in *The Happy Land* and *Kissi Kissi* were forbidden to make up as Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. AVERTON, and the SUM)—in spite of all the efforts of “all the talents,” there is nothing in the piece, either in song or dialogue, that can possibly excite us into



“No, I DON’T WANT A GREAT CARICATURE OF A THING. I WANT SOMETHING SMALL AND DAINTY—SOMETHING I CAN PUT ON A CHRISTMAS CARD AND SEND TO A FRIEND.”

splitting our gloves, with applauding and encoring, and our sides with inextinguishable laughter. But the dancing girls of the chorus, the pretty galaxy of Terpsichorean talent, these, and not the play, are “the thing” at present. For as the entire show is on a lively level, no doubt the aforesaid “Juniors” will from time to time receive “refreshers” in the matter of new songs, dances, and such new eccentric business (with the accent on “the *new*”; as one of the funniest bits, where GROSSMITH and PAYNE represent two street singers, was anticipated by PASSMORE and somebody else at the Savoy some few years ago) as may occur to the lively imaginations of the combined geniè obaying the summons of their master, “Jingling GEORDIE.”

After all, times have not much changed since the days of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, when at *Montagu Tigg’s* dinner party Mr. Pip said, quoting his friend “the Viscount,” “What’s the good of SHAKESPEARE, PIP? I never read him. What the devil is it all about, PIP? There’s a lot of feet in SHAKESPEARE’S verse, but there ain’t any legs worth mentioning in SHAKESPEARE’S plays, are there, PIP? . . . Do I go to the theatre to be lectured? No, PIP. If I wanted that, I’d go to church. What’s the legitimate object of the drama, PIP? Human nature. What are legs? Human nature. Then let us have plenty of leg pieces, PIP, and I’ll stand by you, my buck!”

As regards the Gaiety we say ditto to the Viscount. Let this be the home of the Leg-itimate Drama; but we go by leaps and bounds beyond his lordship and Mr. Pip in asking that plenty of opportunities may be afforded, by the capable authors, to the eccentric artists and good comedians who form the majority of the company, of giving us something more than a mere sniff of their dramatic quality.

It is fair to say that there is hardly a dull moment in the whole show, except, perhaps, where the ex-Colonial Secretary delivers himself of speeches on the subject of *The Orchid* that gives its name to the piece.

A Saving Grace.

[“Quite a number of the new peerages are without heirs.”
Westminster Gazette.]

It sweetens the gall in the commoner’s cup
When his fortune with theirs he compares,
To think, though perhaps our new peers are stuck up,
That at least they don’t give themselves heirs.

ON AN ATLANTIC LINER.

EXTRACTS FROM THE TRAVELLING DIARY OF
TOBY, M.P.

Nearing New York: Friday night.—Our last night at sea: get up entertainment with intent to turn honest penny for Liverpool Seamen's Orphanage. Our Purser engaged talent and stage-managed affairs, beaming with delight at a little *coup* fortune flung at his head. All very well for *Campania* and other Cunarders to draw for their entertainment upon the resources of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, PINERO, SHERIDAN, and eke HENRY ARTHUR JONES. We had on board a live dramatist, with a brand-new play in his portmanteau, ready to read to the company at least the First Act.

Not quite sure that all the credit belongs to our Purser. Rash to say he discovered the Dramatist: fancy Dramatist, overcoming constitutional and professional modesty, discovered him. However that be, all the joy was for the passengers, gathered after dinner in dining-saloon.

In due course Dramatist presented himself. Audience in stalls noted with uneasiness bulky proportions of volume of type-written MS. he carried. Looked rather thick for one Act; probably it covered the untold treasures of the whole play.

With keen instinct Dramatist desired at outset to enable the company to realise the scene through which the puppets of his genius played.

"Here," he said, walking up to the piano, "is the balcony, and here," with rapid stride to the starboard, "is a settee; here," he added, in voice that thrilled the stewards, "is a window."

Difficulty of grasping the situation in absence of stage accessories increased by artless manner in which the Dramatist, anxious above all things for accuracy, turned his back on audience.

"And here," he said triumphantly, "here's a door *R*, and there"—pointing to the sideboard stored with unfinished bottles of passengers' wines duly labelled—"is another door *L*."

At this stage a gentleman of the pit, unable to control his emotion, loudly clapped his hands. With the sensitiveness of genius, the Dramatist misunderstood the motive.

"Now look here, Mr. HARVEY," he said, bending beetling brows on the well-meaning critic, "I've enough of you in the smoking-room. If you're going on like that I will not read the play."

A sympathetic cheer from the audience soothed the irate Dramatist. Feeling he had given HARVEY Sauce, he opened the book and proceeded to read.

An excellent play, but a little mixed. As far as could be made out there were two sisters, *Elsie* and *Mary Ann*, Dramatist particularly inviting our attention to the remarkably striking situation, effected as it were by a stroke, in the very first scene. On reflection I'm not sure that they were sisters. Their relation was rather that of maid and mistress. Any how *Elsie* was 38, tall, bony, muscular, and the other one (who if she were the mistress could not have been alluded to as *Mary Ann*) was 21, pretty, *petite*.

Then a parrot figured largely in the early scenes. Brought up to ejaculate moral reflections it one day startled mistress and maid, specially the maid, by utterance of a remark of loosely-formed connections.

There I lost the clue. But shortly after there entered on the scene two gentlemen, one named *Paddyshaw*. That was how it sounded when read. But as he was not a funny person, his patronymic may have been the more dignified *Padishah*. Soon after a widow entered, and in the course of conversation fell asleep—at which, to be frank, I don't wonder—on the settee. Now we knew why that piece of furniture had been carefully indicated. She, lightly raising her dress (whether before or after going to sleep the text did not make clear), displayed "a little of her ankle."

Words cannot convey an idea of the playful naughtiness the Dramatist threw into his voice and expression as he mentioned this fact. *Mr. Paddyshaw* opined that the widow ought to be awakened. How to do it? "Tickle her nose with a feather," said the other afternoon caller. No sooner said than done, a feather being abstracted from the widow's bewitching hat. Opening her eyes, the widow murmured, "Where am I?" They told her; conversation proceeded—in five minutes widow discovered asleep again, having once more surreptitiously arranged a not indecorous display of ankle. Another feather; further application to the nose; the widow once more opened her eyes and softly whispered, "Where am I?"

Now was *Paddyshaw's* opportunity, and he seized it with the swiftness and directness with which only great masters of the drama can inspire their creations.

"Why," he remarked, "that is just what you said before."

Here was a great chance for the curtain, which would have fallen amid enthusiastic applause. The audience began to look anxiously for it. But the drama was only opening, the Dramatist merely getting into stride. The First Act occupied appreciable portion of what was left of the evening.

When it was over the Chairman, a dull-witted person, anxious only to please, rose and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, you will understand that the pleasure we have enjoyed is confined to the First Act of the play. I think I shall be expressing your feelings if I ask our friend to read at least another Act."

Such appalling silence fell over stalls and pit that even the Chairman saw there was a mistake somewhere; fumbled off into announcement that the collection (judiciously taken before the reading) had yielded a trifle of £30 for an excellent institution.

This was tragedy. Comedy followed sharp on its heels. The men rushed off to the smoking-room, their overwrought feelings indicated by consuming thirst. A group sat at one table making effort to recover their spirits. A ring stood round, joining in the light talk and laughter following on revulsion of feeling. Suddenly the ring was broken into, and at the table stood a small, spare-figured man, with coal-black hair, ashen grey face, and flashing eyes. Thumping the table he said, "I am a Spanish gentleman and I have come to fight you."

"What for?" we asked, each trying to edge a little further from this representative, probably lineal descendant, of

Don Desperado,
Who walked on the Prado

in the days of *Amyas Leigh*.

"You laughed at me," he hissed through clenched teeth, "I heard you."

We protested that till he had done us the honour of joining our company we had not been aware of his existence.

"You laughed at me," he repeated. "I am a Cuban gentleman. I must fight you."

Always anxious to make the best of things, I drew his attention to a plump Irishman, who was in truth largely responsible for the incident, since his stories caused the laughter thus murderously misconstrued. This gentleman, whose burly figure far out-topped *Don Desperado*, was, I assured him, spoiling for a fight, and we could arrange it for the early morning.

The well-meant interposition proved inopportune. The Don turned a gloomy blood-shot eye on me, as if I were rather more in his line. At this stage a *posse* of stewards appeared on the scene, and taking up the Don lightly by legs and shoulders carried him forth just as if he were a Member of the House of Commons who had defied the Speaker.

We all agreed that the fun was only just beginning when the lights of New York shimmered ahead, signal of the end of a pleasant voyage.



THEORY AND PRACTICE; OR, WHY THE ENGAGEMENT WAS BROKEN OFF.

Lady Di (to Jack, whose voice of devotion have been interrupted by a Fox being hollered away). "Oh, Jack, my hair's coming down! Do stop and hold my horse. I won't be five minutes."

A REGAL REPUBLICAN WEDDING.

(From a Newspaper of the Future.)

YESTERDAY, in New York, KARL XXXVIII., Prince of Kleindorf-Keingeld, was married to the only daughter of Mr. SPENDER U. BETT, of Chicago. The wedding was celebrated with unprecedented grandeur, the magnificence of the arrangements entirely eclipsing all previous efforts in such ceremonies, dual or otherwise. It is needless to say that the floral decorations were such as have never been seen, or even dreamt of, before.

The exterior of the church was entirely concealed by masses of flowering plants hung in rows on the walls, and the west door disappeared in a bower of roses. In the original scheme superb palms were to have formed an avenue from the roadway to the door, but Mr. BETT having observed that outstretched palms on the side-walk were actually suggestive of poverty, so inappropriate and disgraceful, had ordered the substitution of a mass of golden chrysanthemums, of the rarest kind, brought by special steamer from Japan, and by special train from San Francisco.

The interior of the church was also entirely concealed. The whole surface of the walls in every part was covered with white roses glued on. The pulpit and font were transformed into huge bouquets of orchids. The floor was covered with the finest white velvet, on which was a layer of lilies three inches thick. Across the nave hung great ropes of edelweiss, obtained at stupendous cost and immense risk from the most inaccessible parts of the Alps. The special editions of the New York papers, published after each rehearsal of the proceedings during the last six days, describe the floral decorations as the unsurpassable *ne plus ultra* of high-art chic.

The bride's dress was of a priceless white satin, of which only fifty yards exist, originally made by order of a Queen of Spain. It was trimmed with lace of stupendous value, which belonged to the Empress JOSEPHINE, and the very long train was almost concealed by superb pearls, at one time in the possession of the Empress CATHERINE of Russia. The bride carried, by way of contrast and as a compliment to the bridegroom, a posy of German wild flowers. However, the posy cost three thousand dollars, for two experienced gardeners travelled from Germany and remained alternately, day and night, in attendance on the wild flowers, growing pots, in a special deck state-room of the Atlantic liner. The bridegroom is crown, and his state robes over the uniform of the Commander-in-

Chief of the Kleindorf-Keingeld fire-brigade. The father of the bride wore his uniform as Fürstlicherschinkenholielieferant, having received that title from His Serene Highness.

On previous occasions bridal parties have usually been annoyed by vast crowds. This was skilfully prevented by Mr. BETT, who hired the entire length of Fifth Avenue for the day by a payment to Tammany of one million dollars. The cross streets were blocked by soldiers and police, and a battery of artillery occupied the junction with Broadway. In spite of all these precautions the ceremony was almost delayed by two unfortunate incidents. Three ladies, wives of Senators, were found concealed among the flowers at the entrance, and



QUOTATIONS GONE WRONG.

"BUT ME NO BUTS."—Richard the Third.

were escorted out of the Avenue by the police. A few moments later a Judge of the Supreme Court actually managed to penetrate to the interior of the church. He alleged in excuse that he did not see it was a church, and thought it was a flower show. After his name and address had been taken at the nearest police station he was allowed out on bail.

The seven hundred select guests afterwards attended the reception at Mr. SPENDER U. BETT's palatial residence. It is impossible to describe the flowers which, as usual, entirely hid everything. Even the chimney-pots were wreathed with orchids. In honour of the bridegroom a large gold cask, specially made, stood in the reception room, and Tokay was served from it in priceless Venetian glasses, said to have belonged to TITIAN himself. Afterwards, their Serene Highnesses left by special steamer for Kleindorf-Keingeld.

As to the presents, no words can do justice to them, and no figures can adequately represent their value. However, it may be mentioned that the diamonds alone are computed to weigh ninety-seven pounds.

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMAN.

[“I look forward to that glorious limelight when perfectly-trained artists will play perfectly-written plays before perfect high-tea audiences in a municipal theatre built on the banks of the Serpentine by the London County Council.”—Miss Lena Ashwell.]

OFF when the critics, grown irate,
Incontinently rage,
I close my eyes and meditate
The future of the stage.
O, what a fairy tale of gold
Is going to be written
When all the visions I behold
Are realised in Britain!

First, 'mid the many things I con,
A school of acting see,
Where every budding histrion
May grow into a TREE.
A dream of beauty yet unknown
Upon my fancy flashes—
Just think of all our saplings grown
To tall and stately ASCHES!

The play itself shall learn to take
An upward flight. In vain
Shall melofarce attempt to make
A RALEIGH in the Lane;
The music play shall cease to live,
Nor shall the public lightly
Be satisfied if actors give
Their DAILY CARVILLS nightly.

PINERO, JONES and GRUNDY too
Shall shrink, abashed and dumb,
Before the unborn SHAKESPEARE who
Is just about to come.
Their masterpieces are o'erthrown,
And in their stead I see a
New drama—as to which, I own,
I haven't much idea.

And what an audience! No more
The over-eaten swine,
Reclining in their stalls, who snore
Through one's most telling line;
But shrewd and wakeful all shall be,
Because each LITTLE MARY
Teas at some frugal A. B. C.
Or inexpensive dairy.

Nor need they, as in days of old,
Townward their courses take;
A model playhouse I behold
By Serpentina's lake,
Where perfect actors ever ply
Their glorified vocation
At princely fees provided by
The Borough Corporation.

NEW NAME FOR SEA-SICKNESS.—*Mal de Little Mary.*

MR. PUNCH'S SPECTRAL ANALYSES.**VIII.—THE REFORMED HUMOURIST.**

"WHEN I told you," said the Headless Man, "that ghosts never played practical jokes on human beings, I meant, of course, hardly ever. It is not considered good form, and all the better class of spectres set their faces against it. But you get an occasional case here and there with a very young ghost. You can't expect old heads on young shoulders, can you? If you aren't particularly anxious to get to sleep?—Then you might care to—? Very well, then."

"No. 704523186 Holborn was about the very wildest young spook that ever came across to the Back of Beyond. Most ghosts have sown their wild oats by the time they leave the world, but he had been cut off early, before he had time to get rid of that youthful exuberance which is so painful to the thoughtful spectre. He had, I believe, broken his neck while robbing an orchard. At any rate he was a mere boy when he came across, and you would hardly believe the trouble he gave the authorities. Things came to a head when he cheeked—there is no other word for it—when he cheeked RHADAMANTHUS in open court. 'That boy must go,' said RHADAMANTHUS, 'and that's all about it. I don't care how young he is, he must be given a haunting somewhere. I shall never feel easy in my mind till I know that the Styx is between us. Make out his papers.'

"So they made out his papers, and off he went. The house to which he had been appointed belonged to a bachelor. I believe his name was BROWN. On the night of his arrival, the ghost went to the smoking-room to announce himself. BROWN was sitting before the fire, smoking. No. 704523186 flitted into the room, and coughed.

"'Hullo, kiddy,' said BROWN, looking up, 'an' what might you happen to want?'

"'Don't call me kiddy,' replied the ghost with hauteur. 'If you really want to know, I've come here to haunt this old shanty.'

"BROWN rocked in his chair. 'Haunt!' he shouted. 'You! Oh, don't make me laugh, I've got a cracked lip.'

"'All right,' said the boy bitterly, 'all right. You just wait.' And he began haunting that night. I suppose

no ghost ever had quite such a thin time. Whatever he did, BROWN simply laughed. He tried everything. He groaned: BROWN smiled—the smile that wouldn't come off. He turned himself into all sorts of things: the smile became a grin. He disappeared with a report like a pistol shot: BROWN had to be helped to bed by his servant. So at last he gave up trying to frighten him, and thought of another plan. He thought it would be a great triumph for him—'no end of a score,' as he put it—if he could induce BROWN to go hunting about for non-existent buried treasure all over the house and grounds,

"'Oh, all right,'" said the ghost, huffily; 'if you don't want it—'

"'Hold on, don't go. But why dig to-night? Why not to-morrow morning after breakfast?'

"'My good sir,'" replied No. 704523186, 'have you ever known buried treasure dug for except at night? It isn't done.'

"BROWN was persuaded. He dressed, got a spade, and sallied out. There was a frost, and the ground was like iron. It was hard work digging, and No. 704523186 flitted about, chuckling to himself. 'Hot work,' he said, after a quarter of an hour.

"'Doooid,'" said the man, wiping his forehead. 'You're sure the treasure is here?'

"'Oh, quite, quite. Keep moving.' And off he went again.

"When he had been at it for about an hour No. 704523186 went into the house to fetch an overcoat. When he reappeared, BROWN was no longer digging. The ghost shimmied up to him. 'Mr. BROWN,' he said.

"'Yes?'

"'I may as well tell you,' said the ghost, 'that there's no treasure there. Not a penny.'

"'No,' replied BROWN with a genial smile, 'there is not. I have just taken it all out.'

"'You've what!' stammered the ghost. 'You don't mean to tell me there was treasure there?'

"'To the tune of one thousand pounds,' said BROWN, 'and thank you very much for your kind co-operation.'

"No. 704523186 uttered one unearthly shriek, writhed, and fled. He re-appeared amongst us a fortnight later, a changed spectre. Before, he

had been flippant and boisterous. Now he seldom spoke, and his youthful exuberance had entirely disappeared. He is now one of the most respected ghosts in the whole of the Back of Beyond. He has a rooted hatred of practical jokes."

"But how," I asked, "did the treasure come there? Was that ever found out?'

"Well," admitted the Headless Man, "I own I never quite understood that part of the story. The tale was that the thousand sovereigns were buried there by the editor of *Snippy Shots*, a weekly paper of high literary aims, and it was supposed to have something to do with some competition or other. But

**A QUESTION OF SEX.**

Benevolent Old Gent (a bit puzzled). "AND ARE YOU BOTH BOYS?"

Tommy (in trousers). "NO, SIR. JOHNNY'S GOING TO BE ONE NEXT WEEK!"

while he hovered near and did the laughing. He had heard of one case where a facetious spectre had persuaded his host to pull his house almost to pieces by these means. It was worth trying. He accordingly woke BROWN up at two o'clock next morning.

"I say," he said.

"'Aw'ri,' muttered BROWN. 'Leave it on the mat.'

"'Treasure,' howled the boy. 'Buried treasure. Under the flower-bed.'

"BROWN sat up. 'What's that?' he asked.

"'Do you want some buried treasure?' inquired the ghost. 'There's a lot of it hidden under one of the flower-beds.'

"'It's very cold,'" said BROWN.

SOME UNTAXED IMPORTS FROM ITALY

WHO WEAR AN UNWONTED AIR OF GAITY JUST NOW.



we can't swallow that, can we? Even an editor wouldn't go and do a silly thing like that, would he? No, how the money came there I can't imagine, but there it was, and Brown found it, and the moral of *that* story is, if you must play practical jokes, stick to the old-fashioned apple-pie bed, and don't try to be too original. G'night."

And he vanished.

SOMEWHAT TOO PROGRESSIVE.

(A Reactionary Protest.)

"PROGRESSIVE dinners" are described in last week's *Gentlewoman*. After the first course the hostess rings a little bell. Each man seizes his bread and napkin and moves two paces to the left. A servant follows him with his wine-glasses. In this way each man can chat with each lady.

This is excellent discipline for "Little MARY." If the twentieth-century digestive apparatus will stand a two yards' spurt, an obstacle race, an introduction to a new partner, a re-adjustment of ideas, and a fresh inventory of glass-ware and other portables at intervals of five minutes, say, throughout the course of a Progressive dinner, it (or she) will stand anything. By the end of the entertainment the male portion of the guests—it appears that they only are to circulate—will be in a state of wonderment whether they have been assisting at a table-turning performance, an earthquake, or a game of musical



chairs. If to the householder three re-moves are equal to a fire, this particular meal should have the effect of a volcanic eruption on a modern sybarite. As to knowing who's who, or who's where, after boxing the compass once round the dinner-table, this would have to be given up as a bad job when the convives are so very cinematographic and mixed. But, perhaps, Little MARY will put her foot down and revolt against such treatment.

There is, indeed, a danger that the "progressive" mania may extend in other directions. Next week we shall be hearing of a progressive clothes

party, where every one assumes his neighbour's costume, and discards in turn for some one else. This will be all right for a "quick-change" artist, but we fear that the portly City man and the elegant West-End will have difficulties with their environment.

Let us be warned in time, too, against "progressive" evenings at the theatre. This would mean consecutive visits to the fifty odd (but legitimate) temples of the drama in the metropolis between 8 and 11 P.M., or an average of about three-and-a-half minutes at each. This would be too much for the Highest of Tea-ites or the Squarest of Mealers.

And in view of the appalling statement of a lady writer that ninety-nine out of a hundred women wear wigs, some wicked leader of the so-called "Smart Set" may start the game of "Progressive Coiffures." The fashion would have to be followed, of course, but it would be too "diskie" for words, though amusing enough for us other males and the hundredth lady whose locks are irremovable.

Lastly, some irresponsible *mésallié* is sure to suggest the variation of "Progressive Households"—but here we are treading on delicate ground. We shall leave it, it is to be hoped, severely alone. We are not a German regiment.

"Progressive Dinners," in fact—to make a salad of metaphors—are the thin end of a wedge which must be nipped in the bud before they get out of hand and involve us in a social, or rather unsocial, Feast of Misrule.

THE SUN-CHILD.

THE TUTOR'S BREAKFAST.

On a bright day in the early part of November the Sun-child found himself walking in the Great Court of Trinity College in the University of Cambridge. The day was not far advanced—the clock, in fact, was at that moment striking the quarter past eight—but there was a good deal of bustle and animation in the old quadrangle. Undergraduates were walking briskly along the paved paths; here and there a don was sauntering over the plots of grass with that air of solemn superiority which befits one who performs an act denied under pain of a half-crown fine to the light-hearted tribe of his juniors, and outside the staircases stood not a few bonnet-wearing bedmakers, some emptying slops, others merely waiting for the approach of the cook's porters, who were advancing in various directions from the kitchens, each balancing on his head a large blue box containing the breakfasts of those who dwelt within the Court.

At the foot of one of the staircases close to the chapel the Sun-child paused. A bedmaker of a comfortable appearance was rating two breakfast bearers and urging them up the staircase with their burdens:—

"You ought to 'a bin 'ere five minutes ago," she said. "Do you think Mr. Holt's got all the day to waste waitin' for a pack o' lumber like you? It's 'is freshmen's breakfast and the gentlemen's got to be at nine o'clock lecture, so just 'urry up or you'll get some o' your jackets dusted."

The two cook's men winked at one another. They were accustomed to the autocratic methods and the loquacious invective of Mrs. PROPERT. One of them, however, ventured a reply:—"It's only just struck the quarter," he remarked apologetically, as he mounted the stairs.

"There you are again," burst out Mrs. PROPERT, who was following him closely and was, so to speak, squeezing him up the stairs as if he were a reluctant cherry-stone held between her finger and thumb, "it's what I'm allus sayin': if you want the real gentleman you've got to go to a cook's porter. I suppose you'll be tellin' me you took the time off your gold watch and chain. I've told you you're late, my man, and late you are, so don't let's have any more words about it. There, put it down on the landin'," and with this she possessed herself of as many dishes as she could carry and bustled into the room—followed, I may tell you, by the Sun-child, who had not hitherto seen anything of the gay and sportive life of an English college, and was naturally anxious to enlarge his experience.

The occasion was a great and important one. Mr. HOLT was one of the tutors of Trinity, and he had invited nine of his freshmen to breakfast by way of establishing between himself and them those friendly relations which, as we all know, ought to exist between the dons and the undergraduates. To meet them he had summoned two senior men, and the party of twelve so constituted had just sat down to table.

Mr. HOLT was a large shy clergyman who, as an undergraduate, had read strenuously for the very good degree he took, but had shared very little in the ordinary active life of his fellows. He had secured a fellowship, had taken orders, and now, after twelve years of service to the College, had been promoted to a tutorship and entrusted with the charge of about 150 out of the 600 undergraduates who made Trinity their home. He was a mine of learning, and could talk volubly enough amongst his intimates about the Greek tragedians or the futility of certain rash Oxford dons who had published books, but the society of the young froze the genial current of his soul, and in order to converse with them he had to pump topics up from the inmost recesses of his being. The



"LET ME LIKE A SOLDIER FALL."

Inexperienced Young Housewife (thinking to show her sharpness, after purchasing a brace of pheasants). "I SUPPOSE THEY'VE BEEN HUNG?"

New Shopman (not previously in this trade). "HUNG! NO, LADY, THEY WERE SHOT."

youths whom he had gathered to share his hospitality were in no better case. All the light badinage with which they were accustomed to regale one another had vanished. They were oppressed with the heavy solemnity of the affair, and were acutely conscious both of their own inaptness for conversation and of the caustic, critical comments which any effort in this direction would be likely to provoke amongst their fellow guests. They sat and munched and sipped, and sipped and munched, staring at their plates for inspiration, and never finding it. At last Mr. HOLT made a fevered dash.

"HARRISON," he said, addressing a sandy-haired, weedy-looking youngster, "I hear we're to expect great feats of hammer-throwing from you. How do you like FENNER'S?"

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said the sandy-haired one gloomily, "my name is not HARRISON."

"Oh, ah, of course," said Mr. HOLT in confusion, "I forgot. Now which," he continued, benevolently peering round the table, "is HARRISON?"

There was a terrible silence, which was at last broken by a burly, broad-shouldered youth, who with a dead lift and a profusion of blushes admitted that he was indeed HARRISON.

"Yes, yes, of course," said the tutor; "what was it—ah, I remember, yes; try some of that pulled chicken, HARRISON."

Silence again came down on the company. The gyps moved sedately and soberly about, and there were twelve feeding as one, but no word was uttered.

The Sun-child felt that the time had come for him to intervene. He was only a boy, but he could not bear to see human beings in so deep a distress. A gyp had approached Mr. HOLT with a plate of poached eggs, and the tutor, not observing him, raised his hand in an awkward gesture, and struck the plate, which the gyp endeavoured in vain to save. It tilted under the impact, and before you

could say knife a golden egg had been swiftly dropped on to the top of Mr. HOLR's shining bald head, whence it streamed in little rivers over his intellectual forehead.

There was a moment of awe, a titter, a ripple, and then a wild chorus of uncontrollable laughter burst from the assembled guests. The two undergraduates on either side of the tutor sprang to their feet and did yeoman's service with their napkins, while the tutor in a loud voice denounced the iniquity of the clumsy servitor. He retired for ablation to his bedroom, and returned clean and smiling. The extreme absurdity of the incident, instead of plunging him into deeper confusion, had actually made him affable, chatty and genially social.

After that the breakfast party went like wildfire—and so, afterwards, did the story of "how old HOLR got a poached egg on the top of his nut." It is still told in country vicarages and barristers' chambers by those who had the good fortune to be present.

A MAKE-UP FOR THE NEW MELO-FARCE.

(Lord Rosebery to C.-B.)

HENRY! you took my challenge like a Briton!
Full at your breast I drove my olive-dart!
At once the weapon bounded back and lit on
Your loving ARCHIBALD's receptive heart!

I knew we could not always keep asunder,
Each to his friend's existence gravel-blind;
They said you'd disappeared—a silly blunder;
You were not lost, but only gone behind.

For by the bonny braes we twa were cradled,
Alike absorbed the breath of Lowland kine,
In peaty burns identically paidled,
And caught the pibroch squealing "*Auld Lang Syne*."

Nursed on a diet framed by ABERNETHY,
That Spartan fare that suits the pawky Scot,
Could we allow such ties to lapse in Lethe?
Could such cohesive links be long forgot?

Tempted we were at times, no doubt, to differ,
For Nature built you otherwise than me;
You had a supple backbone; mine was stiffer,
Owing to inconvenient vertebrae.

Yet what were these disputes? Scarce worthy mention;
Mere academic quarrels lightly healed,
As when—to take a case—you called attention
To England's barbarous methods in the field.

For we were one on matters more material,
On Tory impotence and Tory shame;
You may have been pro-Boer and I Imperial,
Yet both agreed just where to fix the blame.

And that reminds me how the time-worn eackle
Fades out of knowledge like a broken spell—
"Pro-Boer" and "lonely plough," and "tabernacle,"
And those old metaphors I worked so well.

And let them go! We will no longer palter
With what concerns the country's higher good,
When in between us rises like an altar
The oven where they bake the People's Food!

O Scot wha hae! This cry of dearer forage
Breaks down my bosom's guard and lets you in!
One touch of fingers tampering with her porridge
Makes all the sons of Caledonia kin!

O. S.

RETIREMENT OF A GREAT CORRESPONDENT.

AFFECTING SCENES.

THE report having been spread abroad by the *Daily Mail* that Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON had decided to contribute no more letters to the press, a deputation of editors waited on that gentleman at his charming maisonette in Sarcophagus Gardens, Mortlake, on Sunday last, with a view to inducing him to reconsider his decision. The papers represented were the *Times*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Daily Mail*, the *Tailor and Cutter*, the *Woking Express*, the *Kensal Green Sentinel*, the *Gravesend Gazette*, the *Bury St. Edmunds Chronicle*, and the *Mourning Post*.

The Postmaster General, who introduced the deputation, and spoke under the influence of deep emotion, said that since the retirement of Lord ROSEBERY no event had caused a profounder sensation in journalistic circles than Mr. ASHTON's resolve to quit the epistolary arena. For many years Mr. ASHTON had contributed to the gravity of nations and the revenue of the Post Office with a regularity that was above praise. In an age devoted to the mad pursuit of frivolity the spectacle of this Dantesque figure, wreathed with cypress, gratuitously offering the daily homage of his cemeterial and other lucubrations to the Press of England, acted as a standing antidote to unseemly levity.

Sir DOUGLAS STRAIGHT was the next speaker. He implored Mr. ASHTON to reconsider a decision which if carried out would seriously imperil the prestige of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He might add that a special sub-editor had been engaged for the purpose of inventing suitable headstones to Mr. ASHTON's priceless contributions. He would ask Mr. ASHTON to think of this gentleman's wife and children and withdraw the dread fiat.

Sir HENRY HOWORTH, on behalf of the correspondents of the *Times*, begged to be associated with every word that had fallen from the previous speakers. The prospect of seeing his own letters printed in the same column with those of Mr. ASHTON always fired his ambition and inspired his pen. He envied his colleague the concentration which enabled him to compress his communications within such modest limits, he himself, possibly from his literary association with the mammoth, being unable to turn round in less than a column and a half. Finally he pointed out the loss that would be sustained by the *Times* by the withdrawal of the most gifted contributor whose initials were A. A.

At this point Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN rose. The last sentiment, he said, was not one to which he could say Ay! Ay! with as much heartiness as he could wish. Personally he was relieved to find any of the too numerous A. A.'s retiring from the field. It was preposterous that two public men should have the same initials. He looked upon Mr. ASHTON's retirement as the only course left to a man of delicacy.

Other members of the deputation having spoken, all with cordial support of the Postmaster-General, Mr. ASHTON replied; but before doing so he sat down at his pianoforte and improvised a few graceful bars of slow music. He then addressed the deputation with intense emotion. It was the proudest moment of his life, he assured them, to be thus solicited by the flower of the land to return to public life. Had he imagined how widespread and lively was the interest in his poor epistles he would never have contemplated retirement. But a time comes when every man must ask himself, "Am I going on or am I going to stop?" He had put the question and answered it in all sincerity in the negative. His plans were all made. He was not actually ceasing to write, but ceasing to write letters to the Press. The epistolary form had too many charms to permit him to drop it completely. His spare time in the next few months was to be spent on a companion work to *An Englishwoman's Love Letters*, to be called *A Necropolitan's Dead Letters*; or,



FORCED FAVOURS.

THE GRAND LAMA OF THIBET. "NOW THEN, WHAT'S YOUR BUSINESS?"

BRITISH LION. "I'VE COME TO BRING YOU THE BLESSINGS OF FREE TRADE."

THE GRAND L. "I'M A PROTECTIONIST. DON'T WANT 'EM."

BRITISH LION. "WELL, YOU 'VE GOT TO HAVE 'EM!"

[“The advisers of the Dalai Lama, having ignored their obligations to us under the Convention of 1890, have now ignored the British Mission;” . . . “an advance is to be made into the Chumbi Valley on the frontier of Thibet.”—*Daily Paper*.]

The Crème de la Crematorium. He should never forget this afternoon; and if at any time any of the gentlemen present should happen to be low-spirited and cared to let the speaker know, he would abandon whatever he might be doing, and write one of his old cheery letters about Kensal Green or Bunhill Fields.

LOST MASTERPIECES.

(Mr. Punch's Own Collection.)

LOVERS of the poems of WILLIAM MORRIS will rejoice to hear that Mr. *Punch's* collection of *Lost Masterpieces* includes one really choice fragment of his work which has hitherto never appeared in print. It is couched in the agreeable jargon peculiar to what may be called Kelmscott Verse, and the completed poem was intended to form part of a volume to be called *A Defence of Wardour Street, and other Poems*:—

So from the castle gate, wherethrough
The autumn mist full coldly blew,
They 'gan to ride and no word said.
She mused, "Twere better I were dead
Than thus my lord should frown on me."
"Gramercy, sweet my lord," quoth she,
"Meseems our steeds go prickingly."
No word Sir ABLAMOUR replied,
But with a groan he left her side,
Spurring his horse as though in pain
The while. And silence fell again.

Whereat she let her wimplo fall,
And fastened well her snood withal,
While down her poor wan cheek perdie
The big tears rolled incessantly,
And "Ah," she sighed, "and welladay,
Alack I know not what to say."

So they two rode across the plain,
Nor ever stayed nor yet drew rein
Till, travel-stained and cross, God wot,
They clattered into Camelot.

Another interesting specimen in Mr. *Punch's* collection is from the pen of MATTHEW ARNOLD, one of those mild and meditative poems, unfettered by the tiresome exigencies of rhyme, which must have been so agreeable to write. It is called:—

ON MARGATE SANDS.

Still is the sea to-day,
Slow up the beach the tide
Creeps with scarcely a sound,
While through the languorous air,
Heavy, unstirred by the breeze,
Silence broods o'er the scene.
And I, too, brood. I pace
Here on the sands and muse
On the probable meaning of Life,
And a question throbs in my brain,
Incessant, ever renewed,
What are you? What am I?



MOTOR MANIA.

The Poet (deprecatingly). "THEY SAY SHE GIVES MORE ATTENTION TO HER MOTOR CARS THAN TO HER CHILDREN."

The Butterfly. "OF COURSE. HOW ABSURD YOU ARE! MOTOR CARS REQUIRE MORE ATTENTION THAN CHILDREN."

After all, what is the sea?
And what, after all, is the land?
I know not. Neither do you.
And the souls of us as they strive
To answer questions like these
Stand perplexed and in doubt
And lose the outlook serene,
The grand detachment, the calm,
Which they should strive to attain.

Curiously enough an unpublished poem on the same subject by the late Mr. HENLEY is also in Mr. *Punch's* possession. It is written in a rhymeless measure not wholly unlike MATTHEW ARNOLD's, but the difference in feeling is extremely marked:—

Margate Sands!
Dotted with feasters,

Young men and maidens,
Elate, uproarious,
Exultant, drunk
With the joy of life
And with various liquors.
Look on it there,
Behold it and wonder,
Many-hued, various,
Ecstatic, strepitant
Life!

Life with its fruitfulness,
Its fierce encounters,
Its strenuous onsets.
Life the spendthrift,
The palpitant wastrel,
The bounding maniad,
Up there in London,
Down here at Margate,
Life!

MR. PUNCH'S SPECTRAL ANALYSES.

IX.—A SPECTRAL JOB.

I HAD been told that the Blue Room was haunted, and was prepared accordingly for a pleasant, sociable evening.

"Oh, yes, a splendid old fellow," said my host, referring to the resident spectre. "Fought at Agincourt, and is full of racy stories of the period. You're certain to like him. Get him to tell you that story of his about Sir RALPH and the suit of armour. Good-night."

When I reached the Blue Room the first thing I saw was a shadowy form seated in a despondent manner on the chest of drawers.

"Evening," I said; "glad to meet you."

He grunted.

"Mind if I open the window?"

He grunted again.

I was not used to treatment of this kind. All the ghosts I had ever met before had been courteous, and, even when not conversationalists, they had never grunted at me. I was hurt. But I determined to make one more effort to place matters on a sociable footing.

"You seem a little depressed," I said. "I quite understand. This shocking weather. Enough to give anyone the blues. But won't you start haunting? I have often known a little spirited haunting work wonders when a spectre was feeling a cup too low."

This time he did speak. "Oh, haunting be hanged!" he said rudely.

"Well, tell me about Agincourt, then. Glorious day that for Old England, Sir."

"I don't know anything about Agincourt," he snapped. "Why don't you read your *Little Arthur*?"

"But you fought there——"

"Do I look as if I had fought at Agincourt?" he asked, coming towards me. I admitted that he did not. I had expected something much more mediæval. The spectre before me was young and modern. I pressed for an explanation.

"My host distinctly told me that the Blue Room was haunted by a gentleman who had fought at Agincourt," I said. "This is the Blue Room, is it not?"

"Oh, him," said the spectre, "he's a back number. He left a fortnight ago. They sent him away so that they might give me the place. I don't want to haunt. What's the good of haunting? Foolishness, I call it. They talk about a career and making a name. Bah! Rot!"

"Tell me all," I said, sympathetically.

"Why, it's not my line at all, this haunting business. But just because I came of an old family, and all my

ancestors were haunting houses in different parts of the country, the asses of authorities would have it that I must be given a place, too. 'We'll make it all right, my boy,' they kept saying. 'You leave it to us. We'll see that you get a billet.' I told them I didn't want to haunt, but they thought it was all my modesty. They recalled the old chap who was here, and gave me the place. So here I am, haunting an old castle, when I don't know how to do it, and wouldn't do it if I could. And everybody in the Back of Beyond is talking of the affair, and saying what a scandalous job it was. And so it was, too. The *Spectral News* has got a full-page caricature of me this week in colours, with a long leader on the evils of favouritism. Rotten, I call it. And just as I hoped I was going to get the one billet I wanted."

"Ah, what was that?" I inquired.

"I wanted to go on the boards, and be a real ghost in a play, you know—just as they have real niggers that don't need blacking."

"Then your leanings are towards theatrical triumphs?"

"Rather," said he; "I'm all for going on the stage. You should see me knock 'em."

"Then I'll tell you what I can do for you. I know the manager of the Piccadilly Theatre. He is just going to produce *Hamlet*, and I know he is looking about for someone to play the ghost. I don't see why a real ghost shouldn't make an enormous hit. Call on him, and he may give you the part."

He was off in an instant.

A month later the papers were raving about his interpretation of the part, and wondering what SHAKESPEARE was thinking about it, and the Blue Room was once more occupied by the ghost who had fought at Agincourt, one of the dearest old fellows I ever met.

SEMPER EADEM.

SHE gave me a rose from her breast,
And captured my heart there and then;
Although she to thirty confessed,
And I was a schoolboy of ten;
What matter that love should repine
Through all the long days we must
sever?
At last she shall surely be mine—
Mine only, for ever and ever.

* * * *

NOW Time is my deadliest foe,
And dull is the gloss on the years,
Wherever I happen to go,
A simpering spinster appears.
At times inexpressibly coy,
At others confiding and flirty,
She still, though I'm far from a boy,
Remains a mere "chicken" of thirty.

LINE UPON LINE.

THE suggestion has been made that rules for railway passengers should be put into rhyme. The *Evening News* has prepared some quatrains and couplets for the Companies to select from. Mr. *Punch* adds others:—

ADVICE CONCERNING THE PURCHASE OF TICKETS.

Gentlemen you rarely meet
Hiding underneath the seat.

CARRIAGE ETIQUETTE.

If you draughtily would ride,
Keep the window open wide.
Never mind what others say:
Every dog must have his day,

A NOTICE FOR THE — RAILWAY.

If you find the train too slow,
Better leave and walk, you know.

CONCERNING CORRIDOR SOAP.

Flee the soap of railway brands:
Don't you know "it won't wash hands?"

CONCERNING THE COMMUNICATION CORD.

Of the handle "tak' your wull."
Five pounds is the price per pull.

CAUTION REGARDING EMPTY BOTTLES.

If Directors you would brain,
Throw no bottles from the train;
Only navvies thus are slain
(Seek Directors in Park Lane).

CONCERNING ACCIDENTS.

Though we smash you into bits,
Never mind,—you've bought *Short Skirts*.

NOTICE FOR A DIRTY COMPARTMENT.

If you would preserve your feet,
Place them not upon this seat.

CONCERNING CLASS DISTINCTIONS.

If your ticket's third, remain
In that portion of the train.
But you're welcome, if preferred,
With a "first" to travel third.

ADVICE TO ECONOMICAL TRAVELLERS.

Leave the window straps behind;
Other razor strops you'll find.

CONCERNING REFRESHMENTS.

On our buns bruise not your fists:
Leave them to geologists.

FOR NON-SMOKING COMPARTMENTS.

Baccy barred; it don't agree
With the smell of patchouli.

FOR SMOKING COMPARTMENTS.

Here's the place where men may smoke;
Not designed for women-folk.
If they come in solid packs,
Take and put them on the racks;
Should they faint or weep or shout,
Ope the door and drop them out.



CROWDED OUT.

Stage-struck Coster (to his dark-coloured donkey). "OTHELLO, OTHELLO, YOUR OCCUPATION 'LL SOON BE GONE!"

THEATRES V. MUSIC HALLS.

[“How are women going to regard the question of smoking in theatres?” asks the *Daily Mirror* of November 17.]

A QUESTION that’s burning will soon be presented
To you, lady-haunters of pit and of stall!
Your own daily paper has opened the ball—
A puff-ball the *Mirror* has scented!

The question is, will there be feminine fuming
If masculine smoking prevails at the play;
And in theatre-land, as to what you will say,
Curiosity’s really consuming.

Will BARRIE seem quipfuller, quainter and queerer,
If seen with the eye of his Dame Nicotine?
Will a pipe after tea—’tis a High Tea I mean—
Bring PINERO more home to his hearer?

Will actors be booed by the amateur critic,
Whose lips are engaged with a tuppenny weed?
Will applause or the calm of Olympus succeed
In an air that with shag is meplitic?

Will dresses be rumpled by Johnnies unheedful,
Who’re thirsty and therefore feel called to the bar,
And (as usual) to temper and too give a jar,
When they fancy that fresh air is needful?

One personal query—whatever your station,
Dressmaker or duchess, shall *you* want to smoke?
The managers humbly your verdict invoke,
And the matter requires ventilation!

FROM *El Liberal* (Madrid) of November 9:—

KING EDWARDS BIRTHDAY

The Bon of the English Refreshment Bar, Echeagaray 2, invites the English & American Colony to a fres glaw of ale to theis Majesty, good healt & the prosperits of old England.

FOR HE’S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW
(DONT FORGET SIR MORTIMER DURAND)

According to a weekly contemporary, Sir MORTIMER DURAND has, ever since his boyhood, heard “the Earl a-calling.” Whether the writer really meant this or mis-quoted Mr. KIPLING through absent-mindedness, in any case Sir MORTIMER must break with old traditions, as he is now bound West and for a land superior to titles.

A Nutty Problem.

(A correspondent in the *Daily Mail* suggests nuts as a cure for the cigarette habit.)

We may be imprudent in various ways,
But it’s hard to get out of the nuts,
And a man who is seized with the cigarette craze
Can’t give up the habit—for nuts!

BEAGLING.

(The Second Run.)

It was in consequence of the little curl I wear over my left eyebrow refusing to go into its place that I missed my train the next time I went beagling. I kept one eye on the clock all the time, which was a fatal thing to do, for I have learnt from beagling, and other experience, that you must devote your whole attention to your hair when you want to kill. However, by dint of exercising patience and persuasion I was only about twenty minutes late, and just managed to catch the next train by jumping in the first carriage I came to.

Who should I see seated alone in the corner but my blue-eyed whip in immaculate City costume? If his behaviour had been odd before, it was queerer than ever now, for as soon as he set eyes on me he sprang to his feet crying, "How delightful!" seized his little bag and rushed past me out of the carriage door and into the next while the train was actually moving up the platform. I was really so upset that, when it stopped at our station, I was half inclined to go back, and three-quarters to get even with him somehow, and when he suddenly appeared at the door smiling in the friendliest manner I made up my mind to see it through. His costume, I found on alighting, was as changed as his mood, for he now wore his black velvet hunt-cap, green coat and white breeches, and looked perfectly sweet.

"Please forgive me for leaving you so hurriedly," he said, "but I missed the first train and was obliged to change coming down."

I bowed politely and said I quite understood it, but as we walked from the station to the lane I couldn't help laughing a little to myself.

"What's the joke?" he said in a lofty, indulgent tone.

"Oh, nothing," I replied. "It only reminded me of a book we used to learn at school."

"And what was that?" he inquired patronisingly.

"As far as I remember," said I, "it was called *The Metamorphosis of an Insect*. But," I continued, "where's Kitty and all the rest?"

At first he looked a little gloomy and didn't answer. Then he said they'd all gone long ago, but he fancied he knew which side they'd draw—and so we walked along together, and he talked so nicely that I began to feel that it's not always a drawback to miss a train.

"And now," he said, "we'll run"; and when I remonstrated he said we should miss all the fun if we didn't. Personally I thought the fun began on

the platform, but remembering that two's company and one's none I began to run obediently at his side. He could talk and run at the same time, apparently, but I couldn't, and when he only got an occasional gasp for an answer he grew silent, and looking down at me asked me if I thought I could manage better if he took my hand. I said I thought perhaps I could, and it really was easier for a time. But as we left the road for the fields a pain began to creep up from my ankles to my knees, a wicked pain, as if they were being sawn slowly in half. The wind cooled my hot face but cut my lungs like a knife, and still the relentless hand dragged me on over plough and roots, hedges and ditches, till the red-hot gimlet in my side grew more than I could bear, and as he was springing down a bank I wrenched back and landed us both in a shallow pond.

"I'm dying!" I groaned—"I've got heart disease!"

"Good gracious!" he cried; "why didn't you tell me? How long have you had it?"

"More than five minutes," I gasped reproachfully. "I feel as if——"

"Hark!" he cried, as a little bleating sound came to us on the wind. He straightened himself with a sort of shudder, and shouted, "They're running!" Then he flung down my hand and leapt through the pond and across the field like a madman. Once he looked back.

"Come on," he shouted. "Buck up! make a dash for the gate!"

To tell a dying, heart-diseased person to buck up and make a dash was so funny that I laughed, and as soon as I laughed I felt better, and I did make a dash for the gate, and what's more got over it quite successfully, after hanging for a minute from the top bar by the hem of my skirt. I heard a queer little rustling noise at my side as I found my feet, but took no notice of it, for there in the field in front stood the whole hunt facing me. The man with the trumpet was singing something about "Yet! yet! yet!" in a hollow voice, the dogs straying restlessly about him, their tails going all ways at once, and the nondescript crowd of people standing at the back, their breath making little clouds in the frosty air.

Evidently one of the men thought he knew me, for as soon as I appeared he waved his arm and cried, "So ho!" Supposing him to mean "What ho!" I smiled and waved back, for he was quite an old gentleman. I like a welcome, of course, but I was hardly prepared for so boisterous a one as I got. They all came for me in a screaming torrent—the dogs first, then the whips,

then the field. I fled. The shouts grew louder as I ran, but the yelping stopped, the trumpet sounded, and I heard KITTY's voice calling, "DOLLY, DOLLY, come here!" I turned and found them all waiting about again; some smiled at me, some frowned, and KITTY exclaimed as I approached:

"You've spoilt the scent. It's too bad, DOLLY, you should be careful."

"The scent!" I said. "I'm very sorry, but I didn't smell it—it must be my cold."

KITTY laughed, so did the rest.

"Never mind," she said. "You look perfectly ripping, anyhow; but stop with me, do just what I do, and then you'll keep out of mischief."

Judging from my previous experience of KITTY I thought it was a little doubtful, but I was glad to keep with her and the other girls—and somehow, as I walked or ran, I began to be conscious of twinges of ambition to do as well as they did. The earth smelt very sweet, my wet feet were warm and glowing, a note of music crept into the bark of the speckled dogs, and I seemed to go back to the days when my hair was to my waist and my skirts to my knees, and I was playing "Follow my Leader" with the boys. I soon discovered that keeping with KITTY meant keeping as close as possible to the Field Master, who I admit had a nice brown face and beautiful white teeth. Where he flung himself through a hedge or over a fence first, there KITTY floundered next, and I squirmed through last. She couldn't quite catch him up, but once, by a masterly stroke as he crossed the plough, she took a short cut through some roots and a spinney, saved fifty yards, and came up with him and one or two others just as the trumpet sounded.

"Is it a kill?" she cried excitedly.

"I'm afraid so," I replied, staggering back against the fence. "It feels like it."

She laughed scornfully. "No," said a man, "it's not a kill, but a very pretty bit of hunting, wasn't it?"

"Yes, wasn't it?" I gasped.

"Why, you silly little thing," said KITTY, "what do you know about it? Do you know what we're hunting?"

"What?" I said.

"Why—a hare—of course."

"Oh!" I said, "I thought we were hunting the Field Master."

She contrived to lose me after that, which was unkind, as it was growing dusk, and we were among some clay pits. As I was wandering about I heard a man's voice, coming from below, and glancing down saw my blue-eyed whip. He was trying to climb up the side of the pit, which was too wet and slippery to give him a hold, and he was red all over like a Red

Indian. When I inquired what he was doing there, he calmly explained that he fell in as he was chasing a milkmaid, and had the audacity to ask me to catch hold of his whip and help him out. I caught hold and gave a little pull, when all at once a faint sound drifted to my ears.

"Hark!" I cried, with a sudden start; then, throwing down the whip, "They're running!" I shouted, and ran off as fast as my tired feet would carry me.

"Come on—make a dash for it," I cried, looking over my shoulder.

I suppose he did get out eventually, for I found him walking along at my side as we were going back to tea. He didn't allude to milkmaids or claypits, but was quite sweet and nice; and when he remarked that it had been "a blank day" I was so tired, torn, and muddy that I didn't feel a bit shocked, but said I quite agreed with him.

THE WESTMINSTER PANTOMIME.

(St. Stephen's Theatre.)

We have been privileged to witness a dress rehearsal of this year's Westminster Pantomime, which is a free rendering of an old favourite—*Robinson Crusoe*. Although the production is in many respects disappointing, we anticipate a fairly long run in London before the company finds it necessary to "go to the country."

The plot—if an open secret can be called a plot—is as follows:—

Robinson Crusoe (Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN) and his Party set sail in the good ship *Britain* and are carried out of their course by bad Trade Winds to the island of Tarriffa, where they seek Protection from the storm. *Robinson* nobly swims ashore alone through a treacherous shoal of fishy figures. The discovery of a few spare Seals and also a Print upon the sands, which turns out to belong to *Man Friday* (Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR), encourages a few more of the crew to swim ashore. Their landing is bitterly opposed by *Antitumtax*, the Cannibal Chief (it is not quite certain whether Lord ROSEBERY will take this part).

Crusoe, is soon busy gathering dates and nuts. Some of the nuts are very hard to crack, but the dates, which are called "boomyears" by the enemy, are said to be comparatively worthless.

The plot, it will be seen, is not a strong one; but our readers must go and judge for themselves. It is in our opinion a case of the "Principal Boy" first, and the rest nowhere. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is the making of the pantomime, although at times rather prone to play to the gallery.



"ACSTIE, CAN YOU DO THAT?"

The faithful *Friday* is efficiently portrayed by Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR, who as usual makes a capital "child of nature." We hope, however, to see this scholarly actor given a more responsible part before long. The rest of the company is so-so, and some do not yet seem to know their parts.

Mr. GRAHAM MURRAY as *Wee McGreegor* provides the comic element, and his catch-phrase, "Whit about a rid Tory?" is always safe to provoke a laugh.

In the "Transformation Scene," which is called "From Free Trade to Protection," there is an almost endless procession of grotesque monsters carrying foreign foodstuffs, manufactured articles, and raw materials. At a touch of the fairy's wand the monsters are changed into a group of smiling British workmen standing in a shower of gold!

This scene alone is worth taking the children to see.

The lovely dresses and uniforms are by the War Office, and are of a different pattern every night.

A novel feature of the performance is that there is no orchestra; each member of the company blowing his own separate trumpet.

EXCEPT in the form of bazaar raffles the Church seldom encourages games of chance. This gives an unusual significance to the announcement of a performance at Westminster Abbey: "Anthem. 'It is a good thing,' Bridge."

MR. PUNCH'S PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—A hair on the head is worth two in the brush.



NEEDLESS ALARM.

Hardy Spinster. "I REALLY THINK PEOPLE WHO SUFFER FROM MAL DE MER OUGHT TO REMAIN IN THEIR CABINS!"

USES OF ADVERSITY.

[Mr. BRITON RIVIERE, R.A., writes to the *Times* to protest on artistic grounds against the disappearance of the horse. "Has it ever been considered," he asks, "how dull and dreary the aspect of London would become without its horses, and what a blank would be made if we banished from our streets the most beautiful form of traction in the world? These beautiful creatures—for they are all beautiful in their own way, whether they belong to dray or carriage, cab or omnibus—bring us daily face to face with one of the most lovely of living forms, so lovely indeed that nature in its wildest and most inaccessible ranges can hardly surpass it."]

As you struggle on the asphalt and the stone,
Spent and blown,
To the music of your driver's dulcet tone;
When his playful kicks remind you
Of the part that is assigned you,
And the laden wheels behind you
Creak and groan;
Have you ever a suspicion
That despite your inanition
You've a high artistic mission,
Skin-and-bone?

Who can tell me, when you stagger to your bed,
All but dead,
What is passing through your patient poor old head?
Do you dream of days long over
When you ran a happy rover
In the meadows with the clover
Round you spread?

Do you taste, poor lean-and-twenty,
Once again the peace and plenty
Of your youthful *far niente*
Past and fled?

Do you whinny at the hospitable door
As of yore—
Take the sugar from a vanished hand once more?
In your dreams does one caress you,
Does a gentle voice address you,
And a lavish manger bless you
With its store?
Do you live, poor Rosinante,
In the days ere hay was scanty,
Ere they taught you in your shanty
Sorrow's lore?

Some such visions of the past you dimly see,
It may be,
When the night-time sets your flagging fancies free;
But I think it would surprise you
Could one possibly advise you
How the gentle artist eyes you—
As for me,
I have tears and indignation
For your pain and degradation,
But I've little admiration,
Poor old gee!

WOULD the epigrammatic translation of "*sede vacanti*" as "Not well and gone away for a holiday" be accepted by an examiner?



RECONCILED.

JUST THEN FLEW DOWN A MONSTROUS CROW
AS BLACK AS A TAR BARREL,
WHICH FRIGHTENED BOTH THE HEROES SO,
THEY QUITE FORGOT THEIR QUARREL."—*Through the Looking-Glass.*

(Sequel to Cartoon, "The Irreconcilables," January 8, 1902.)



INTERVIEWED.

EXTRACTS FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY OF
TOBY, M.P.

New York: December 4.—Nine interviewers, representing as many New York papers, awaited us on arrival of the *Lucania* at the wharf. Eight were men—the better half wasn't. She addressed me first, using my name with kindly familiarity indicative of long acquaintance. Conversation being opened I stipulated that, as I had been on the Continent only three minutes, and had not trod its thoroughfares and prairies beyond a space of twenty-five yards, they should not ask me what I thought of America.

This had depressing effect—only momentary.

The lady first recovered breath, spirits and vocabulary.

"Will you tell me, Mr. LUCY," she said, "what is your opinion of our social, literary and political institutions and customs as compared with any you may have in your country?"

I tried to change the subject. Wanted to turn it in direction of the Custom officers, who were rooting through stacks of luggage.

"Why," I asked, "do your Custom House officials, having opened a man's hat-box, always press their fingers along the inside of the outer rim?"

No good. They were there for "copy," not to provide immigrants with local knowledge. The lady having monopolised inquiry during the first ten minutes, moved off with her note-book full of credible matter.

"Now we'll get to work," said the men maliciously. And they closed round their victim.

Asked me in chorus a question of which I heard much in later interviews, when hunted down in country quarters. "What is the difference between English and American humour?" There's a question to ask a man to reply to right off, he just landed from an ocean voyage, his family trunks unlocked; situation, from a fiscal point of view, complicated by having mislaid a ticket given him on board ship, after severe cross-examination by Custom House officers.

One gentleman boldly but politely declared his conviction that Englishmen

are by niggard nature deprived of capacity for understanding American humour.

This reminded me of little incident wherein I was, to certain subordinate extent, co-partner in an American joke. Patriotically desirous of vindicating my countrymen from the aspersions cast upon them I told my friends the story.

in a position to bring libel actions, we were to accuse them of all sorts of crime. A proof would be submitted to the person concerned, with intimation that unless a cheque for a minimum sum of £50 were forthcoming, publication of the article in *The Obituary* would promptly follow on announcement of our friend's death. The £50 paid, the type

from which the proof was printed should be broken up.

MARK and I discussed the project to the smallest detail, settling everything. When I arranged to visit America, I wrote him telling him of my intention, and mentioning that I had received no account of the profits of our joint production. He replied that I was due to arrive in New York on a particular day, and in order to avoid rendering an account he would leave for Italy on the previous day.

Anxious to show that, for once in a way, an Englishman had been able to see an American joke, I told my friends this story. Much struck by their smartness. MARK TWAIN not yet started on his voyage. We landed early in the morning; his ship sailed at noon. With one accord my friends bolted from the wharf. Puzzled at their abrupt unanimity; secret out with the morning papers. They had hurried over to catch MARK TWAIN, and get his account of the incident.

Next morning all the papers came out with big headlines, of which this is sample: "American MARK TWAIN Leaves; the English MARK TWAIN Arrives." Then followed the two narratives, dovetailed with MARK TWAIN's witty confession. "Yes, I'm dodging LUCY, convinced that, in its earning capacity, *The Obituary* is better for TWAIN than for two."

One of the interviews was headed in largest type, "Here's England's Funniest Man. H. W. LUCY, Champion Humourist, Arrives." These are hard lines to live up to.

A rival paper considerably undertook to let me down. "It was," it writes, "a genuine shock to HENRY W. LUCY, the London newspaper man now inspecting our exhibits, to be received and played up in the headlines as a humourist. Nothing of the kind had ever happened to him before. True, for twenty years he has been writing off and on for



Arthur B. "I SAY, HOW DO YOU SPELL FREE TRADE?"

Hicks-Bach. "R-E-T-A-L-I—"

Arthur B. "THAT'LL DO, CAPITAL! COME INSIDE!"

One night, in London, MARK TWAIN and I foregathered at the dinner table of an R.A. whom the United States lent to Great Britain, and who, in spite of our density of humour, still sojourns in our midst. After dinner MARK proposed to me collaboration in a new literary undertaking. It was a magazine, to be called *The Obituary*. He and I, making selections among public men who happened to be personal friends, were to write obituary notices of them. Safe in the knowledge that they would not be

Punch, but he took instructions at the outset not to be funny, as his contributions were needed as ballast, and Lord HUGH CECIL has finely described the screeds signed 'TOBY, M.P.' as the obituary column of *Punch*. Mr. LUCY," it adds, "scarcely knows whether to be gratified or dismayed."

"Still it may be so, don't you know," we said. "It is not for me to assert that I am not a humourist. Possibly I am, and I don't know it. COLUMBUS discovered the American, but the Americans have discovered everything else."

Including, it will be observed, the manner of gravely placing in the mouths of men things they never said or thought. This extract illustrates the habit. Our friend has only the dimmest idea of who Lord HUGH CECIL is, or what part he fills in English public life. But his name is familiar to Americans, so he quotes him as "finely describing the screeds signed TOBY, M.P. as the obituary column of *Punch*." Why the obituary column instead of the culinary department, or the nursery of *Punch*, is one of those things only Lord HUGH's American patron understands.

It is all very funny and very friendly. I know much more of American humour than I did when, ten days ago, I landed on the wharf from the prosaic British steamer, the *Lucania*.

A PERFECT TREASURE.

["Let the scoffer laugh as he may, but the man who wishes to keep his head above the waters that are ever pressing around the mass of humanity must study his appearance, and, therefore, his frock-coat."]

PROTECTIONISTS, raging around me,
Would gather me into their fold;
Free-fooders are eager to sound me
Concerning the views that I hold;
Not a jot for their strife am I caring,
Their catchwords I'm scorning to
quote;—
My joy's in the fact that I'm wearing
A charming frock-coat!

POOR BROWN will discuss raw material
In speech correspondingly crude;
And SMITH to a tax on the cereal
Is constantly found to allude;
While JONES is so troubled by "duty,"
He wonders which way he will vote;—
They're blind, every one, to thy beauty,
My graceful frock-coat!

When the surges set up a wild serimmage,
And Ocean's unpleasantly wet,
(For this truly remarkable image
To my text I am deeply in debt);
With thee, O Ineffable Treasure,
I know I shall buoyantly float,
Thou Fount of Perpetual Pleasure,
My peerless frock-coat!

THE MAKER OF SELF-MADE MEN.

I MET him on the night boat from Harwich to the Hook, and opened conversation with "Not much of a time for a holiday."

"Have to take my holiday when I can get it," he replied. "You see, my occupation is in a rather special line. I'm a maker of self-made men."

I laughed. It seemed to me to be the polite thing to do.

"You appear not to understand," he said, with a touch of irritation. "I make self-made men. That is my business. You may not believe it, but practically the future of England is in my hands. It rests with me whether Great Britain will retain her commercial supremacy, or sink into the abysmal depths of the unknown." He waved his hand with the grace of a practised orator.

I began to feel nervous.

"I'll tell you about it," he continued, more mildly. "Some time ago I became convinced that self-made men, the real bulwarks of England's greatness, were dying out. England was once truly called a nation of shopkeepers, and I foresaw the time when that would not be true. I made it my mission to postpone the arrival of that time, and my school for self-made men came into being. It is still largely a secret, though privately it is pretty widely known. Men come to me when they are supposed to be enjoying their vacation. Hence my presence here now. As I said, I have to take my holiday when I can get it."

"But what kind of men come to you?" I asked.

"Oh, all kinds, but I get the best results from men just past their prime, about forty-five to sixty years of age—men, preferably, who have been successful in some trade. These last are much the easiest to deal with."

"And how do you deal with them?"

"Well, broadly speaking, there are three things to contend with. The first is their natural modesty. That is characteristic of all successful British tradesmen, and it is the most difficult thing I have to face. Once overcome that, and the rest follows more or less as a matter of course. A self-made man must be prepared on all possible occasions to proclaim his humble and penniless origin. There lies one of the essential differences between self-made men and ordinary men. There is no man alive but was born into this world without a shilling in his pocket. It is only the self-made man who brags about it."

"Another thing about self-made men is their lack of a sense of humour. That is where my second obstacle rests. Numbers of my pupils come to me and crack little jokes. I have to check it.

It is hard, for one who is not an expert, to conceive what is entailed by the task of eradicating a fully developed sense of humour from a man of fifty. The cure is, of course, homeopathic. I give them a series of jests which lead up to my final poser: Why was St. Martin slain? No one has ever been able to answer it. One of them puzzled over it for a week, and then came and asked me if the question was not 'Where was St. Martin slain?' because then the answer was obviously, 'Near Trafalgar Square.' But I suppressed that at once. The question is not where, but why, and, as I said, it is unanswerable. Anyone who sets out conscientiously to solve it will ultimately lose all sense of humour. It is purely a question of time.

"Finally, there is the matter of early rising. No self-made man is in bed after half-past six in the morning—more often half-past five. It's an awful job knocking that into them. One of the first pupils I had was an exceptionally bad case. He was not only a confirmed late riser, but also a confirmed humourist. When I broached the 6.30 question he flatly refused to entertain the idea. He said he had always got up at eight because it gave him such an upatate for breakfast. Well, of course, that sort of thing had to be stopped. It almost broke his heart to have to abandon the pun—he had made it on an average once a week for thirty years. But I got him to do it."

"But," I protested, still struggling with the paradox, "they can hardly be called self-made men if you make them."

"It is like suicide," he answered. "A man may be driven by superior force to commit it, and yet is allowed to write *felo de se* after his name. But in any case 'Self-made' has never been much more than a trade term."

Smarts for the Smart.

HAD RITA shown a gentler tone
"Twere more effective art;
For caustic gibe against our tribe
But makes us doubly smart.

Réclames pour rire.

[A current advertisement announces that "Baby smiles when washed with ———'s ——— Soap."]

EVERYONE laughs when Uncle WILLIAM sits on one of SHARPSON'S FINE-DRAWN TIN TACKS.

What makes father roar when he puts his collar on? NALEBRAKER'S STARCH.

Have you an eye for the ridiculous? Then why go to an expensive tailor when you can get one of Our Ready-made Tweed Suits for a guinea.

For a good wheeze. Try COUGH-O. 6d. a box.



DRY-FLY ENTOMOLOGY.

SCENE.—The banks of a Hampshire stream in the Grayling Season.

Angler (the rise having abruptly ceased). "I THINK THEY'RE TAKING A SIESTA, THOMPSON."
Keeper. "I DESSAY THEY ARE, SIR, BUT ANY OTHER FLY WITH A TOUCH O' RED IN IT WOULD DO AS WELL."

CHARIVARIA.

THE King of DENMARK has been made a General in the British Army. It is rumoured that recruiting is now so bad that the War Office is contemplating the formation of an entire regiment of foreign potentates.

The Anti-Vivisection Society thinks that whatever may be said as to the decadence of contemporary England, justice, at any rate, has not gone to the dogs.

"All nations are agreed that there is something wrong with the red-haired man," says Professor KARL PEARSON. We fancy the red-haired men themselves could tell the Professor what it is that is the matter. It is the colour of their hair.

Rehearsals of the forthcoming Japanese play are now in full swing at His Majesty's Theatre. The Acting Manager, it is said, looks too tall for his part. What is wanted, of course, is a Japanese Dwarf TREE.

The play at the Garrick is having a longer run than the critics anticipated. This is supposed to be due to the number of ladies who—they will do anything for a new sensation—are curious to hear what *Golden Silence* is like.

Messrs. CASSELL & Co. are doing a smart thing. They are following up the MEIKLEJOHN case by a re-issue of Major GRIFFITHS' book on crime and criminals. We shall all buy it to see whether we are in it.

The Duke of DEVONSHIRE does not confine himself only to the Free Food question. He is said to be taking a great interest in the case of Fräulein MEYER, the German girl who has just waked up after being asleep for 17 years. We understand that his Grace (who is still suffering from sleeplessness, frequently waking up as often as three times a day) has written to Fräulein MEYER for the recipe.

According to the *New York World* the Duke and Duchess of ROXBURGH are spending their honeymoon quietly, attended by detectives.

The Ministry of Public Amusements has arranged for the re-opening of the HUMBERT case.

A grave state of alarm is said to prevail among the South American Republics. It is feared that future

Revolutions may be made impossible. To realise what this would mean to South America it is necessary to imagine the state of affairs in England if cricket were to be suddenly abolished.

The genuineness of Turkey's fears that insurmountable difficulties will arise in carrying out the reforms in Macedonia as proposed by Russia and Austria has now been proved. Turkey has consented to the scheme.

The vendors of ice-creams at present residing in the Metropolis were greatly pleased with an account of King VICTOR's visit to the City which described the Guildhall as being graced by the cream of Italian Society.



[Mr. CHAMBERLAIN would exempt bacon from his proposed tax on foreign meat.]

English Pig. "QUEER SORT O' SCHEME I CALLS IT! THERE'D BE NOBODY WANTIN' US, WITH HIM THE ONLY FERRINER ALLOWED IN CHEAP."

Irish Pig. "FAITH, THAT'S THREE ENOUGH. MEBEE THAT'S WHY THEY'RE SO SURE 'TIS THE WAN AN' ONLY WAY FOR THE COUNTRY TO SAVE ITS BACON!"

The Admiralty has adopted a scheme of short service for naval chaplains. But JACK is not satisfied yet. He wants short sermons as well.

Bath Workhouse has been presented with a parrot. We presume it has been trained to say "Your-food-won't-cost-you-anything."

Mr. G. R. SIMS has written a letter on the subject of Brain Fag. To everyone's surprise he puts it down to stomach trouble and not to an insufficiently covered head.

THE County Court Bench has acquired a new designation. The accolade previously bestowed upon "their Honours" Sir HORATIO LLOYD, Sir ALFRED MARTEN and Sir LUCIUS SELFE, and now upon Sir THOMAS SNAGGE, has gained for it the appellation of the Knight Nursery.

ZOOLOGICAL GUESTS.

["Hostesses seem to be suffering a good deal from the pets which their visitors insist on taking about with them everywhere. One lady travels about with a boa-constrictor, another is always accompanied by a pair of guinea-pigs, and a third will not be parted from her Siamese cats, not to mention the small lap-dogs which are never separated from their various owners."—*Vanity Fair*, Nov. 19.]

A NEW development of *Who's Who* is in active preparation. It will appear under the suggestive title of *Whose Zoo*.

It is considered quite the thing for aristocratic families who have animal supporters to their coats-of-arms to bring the same with them on their visits to country houses this autumn. There has been quite a run on Ratcliff Highway in search of live griffins, dragons, wyverns, and similar mediæval survivals, of which the supply is at present somewhat deficient, though doubtless it will soon overtake the demand. A peer who employs heraldic "wild men" for this purpose has been overwhelmed with applications from the aliens of Whitechapel.

Fiscal partisans are now invariably accompanied by parrots, who are extremely useful in filling up awkward pauses in conversation, and recalling the thoughts of the frivolous to the all-important topic.

The Turkish gipsies have left Dover, and are enjoying great popularity among the "Smart Set" owing to their possession of some performing bears; or rather, the animals in question are being received in drawing-rooms and boudoirs, while their owners are comfortably housed in the stable.

Quite a scare was raised the other day at Lady D's during a bridge party, when the performing fleas of a well-known Duchess broke loose. It was some days before the majority of these interesting and lively pets were secured and returned to their mistress. The remainder may perhaps be accounted for by the fact that some of the human visitors had departed in the meantime.

So much damage has been done lately by high-hearted chimpanzees and other monkeys among brie-à-brac and portable property that the leading hostesses are refusing to entertain any such guests unless attended by a tame organ-grinder.

A diversion was caused a few nights ago at Raglan Towers by the discovery of a young and active hedgehog in an apple-pie bed. This amusing addition was eventually brought home to a humorous 'Varsity man, who has thus made a very successful *début* into Society.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron heartily compliments Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, first, on the capital stories in his Christmas Number, and secondly, on the life-like portrait of himself, drawn by JOHN H. BACON (not SHAKESPEARE), which accompanies it. To judge from TAY PAY's smiling countenance as here depicted, and from his lounging dressing-gowny get up (reminding us somewhat of *Sherlock Holmes chez lui*), this portrait is one of a gentleman in easiest circumstances and in the enjoyment of a rattling good circulation. "Here's to you, TAY PAY," quoth the Baron, "more power to your elbow, if required, and may your shadow increase, proving the development of the substance!"

Not the least interesting part of Mr. AUSTIN BRERETON's book on *The Lyceum and Henry Irving* (LAWRENCE AND BULLEN) is to be found in the preface where the author, taking us into his confidence, tells us how he commenced collecting the materials for this work, which, as one of reference, is decidedly valuable, and, as literature, possesses a charm peculiarly its own. It is among the mixed contrarieties of things that the name of PAINE, which was that of the architect (1725), should ever be associated with a place that so contributed to pleasure. Intended originally for a lecture-hall it gradually developed into a theatre, where, however, no regular drama could be lawfully enacted until 1812, when, "with the consent and approbation of the proprietors of the late Theatre Royal, Drury Lane" (destroyed by fire on February 24 in that year) "their Majesties' Servants" performed the comedy of *The Heir-at-Law*. Thenceforward it was a *bonâ fide* theatre, still remembered by many as the temporary home of VESTRIS, CHARLES MATHEWS, FECHTER, and KATE TERRY; to be finally and permanently associated with the bright particular star, Sir HENRY IRVING, for a long time in conjunction with ELLEN TERRY, until the summer of 1902 brought the Lyceum to the end of its career. Then was it that the "ever-grateful loving servant of the public" bade good-bye to the Lyceum, whose fame his continued successes had established. For playgoers who are apt to be sentimental, this work offers no small attraction. As a contribution to facts in the story of London it is valuable.

A novel entitled *Settling Day*, by ALFRED HURRY (CHAPMAN AND HALL), the Baron can recommend. Its idea is original, the characters natural, and, taking the doctrine of average chances in speculation, there is no outrage on probability in the surprise which is the dénouement of the plot. Let its author "Hurry" up with another as good as this.

It is strange and at first sight cruelly sad to have to announce to the world at large that a venerable, worthy and highly respectable English clergyman, one of the very old school, should be "on the Black list." Yet so it is: for a new edition of OLIVER GOLDSMITH's (and everyone's) *Vicar of Wakefield* has been brought out by Messrs. A. AND C. BLACK in such style that good, steady old *Dr. Primrose* would be somewhat abashed when recognising himself and family drawn in such vivid colours, though doubtless he would be gratified by the artistic excellence of the more quiet tones of these illustrations by JOHN MASSEY WRIGHT, pupil of THOMAS STOTHARD, who was himself the contemporary and the friend of OLIVER GOLDSMITH. These pictures have the appearance, as it were, of impressions taken by some process from originals on Sèvres china plates. They are curiously effective.

Most heartily does the Baron give welcome greeting to a very dear old friend, *The Bon Gaultier Ballads* (BLACKWOOD AND SONS). "Bon Gaultier," as is now well known, represents two delightfully witty and excellent versifiers, writing



THE AGE OF INNOCENCE.

Governess. "Oh, KITTY, you CARELESS CHILD! THERE ARE NOT TWO R'S IN 'VERY.' RUB ONE OF THEM OUT." Kitty. "YES. BUT WHICH ONE?"

in collaboration, namely, Sir THEODORE MARTIN and the late Professor AYTOUN. Never did they write, together or apart, in livelier strain than when they penned these ballads, which, in their peculiar line, have rarely been equalled and never surpassed. And then the illustrations are for the most part gems of humour from the artistic mines of such geniuses as JOHN LEECH and DICKY DOYLE, the latter at his very best throughout, while the burlesque fancy and clever draughtsmanship of "ALFRED CROWQUILL" (HENRY FORRESTER) are shown in pictures that run "Dick" uncommonly close. The Baron is prepared to bet Sir THEODORE a trifle that the original chanter of "*Nix my dolly*" was PAUL BEDFORD, who played *Blueskin* to Mrs. KEELEY's *Jack Sheppard* at the Adelphi. A copy of the song still obtainable presents a picture of the entire cast on the frontispiece. The explanatory notes and references are in most cases absolutely necessary to up-to-date readers, and indeed a few more of them would have added to the literary value of the book, "which," quoth the Baron, "is a first-rate gift for this coming Christmastide, and thereto do I set my hand and seal this same day of November, and sign myself herewith, all to the contrary notwithstanding,"



AN UNPUBLISHED ARABIAN NIGHT.

Now in those days the Sheikh YUSSUF, being little known of men, was wont to hie himself to the mosque of the Kobdi, and to eat and drink with those who tarried there. And amongst them were men, both merchants and scribes, who came from afar, and whose hearts were dilated with joy as they listened to the discourse of the Sheikh YUSSUF. But YUSSUF, being filled with wine, arose and spake words of wisdom. And he said, "Surely those who bring merchandise from afar are as welcome to my eyes as water is to a thirsty camel. Doth not their very presence bring abundance of bread to the land? Truly the loaf groweth larger as they gaze upon it. May their shadows never wax less!"

And they who came from far countries listened, and smiting themselves on the head cried, "Great is the wisdom of the Sheikh YUSSUF. May he become Vizier, and shed beneficence throughout the land."

But it fell out in the vicissitude of things that the Sheikh YUSSUF became Vizier, and rode with a great company through the streets of Bagdad. And they who abode in the mosque of the Kobdi looked forth and beheld him.

And lo! the brow of the Sheikh Yussuf was contracted, and he cried, "What do these base-born sons of Roum here? Come they to spy out the desolation of the land, and to sell us unto our enemies? Surely a voice that is raised for them is a voice sold unto our enemies."

And a great wonder fell on all that heard it. But the cunning scribe of the mosque said, "Surely Shaitan hath entered into the heart of the Sheikh YUSSUF. Behold I will take parchment, and the arrow of remonstrance shall be shot from the bow of memory." So he wrote, "Of a surety, O Sheikh, thou forgettest that thou hast drunk the cup of friendship with the guests who come from afar."

Yet when the Sheikh YUSSUF received the parchment his heart waxed great with wrath, and in a loud voice he cried "What I have said, I have said," and the messenger fled lest a worse ill should befall him.

Then the cunning scribe said, "Yet once more let the pebble of importunity strike the forehead of obtuseness," and

he wrote again, "Hast thou not with a goblet of the forbidden in thine hand spoken words of welcome to the learned men who come from afar? Surely the mist of anger hath blinded thine eyes, and the fog of forgetfulness obliterated thy memory. Truly, if thou makest not answer to this, thy shamelessness shalt be cried in the streets."

But the Sheikh YUSSUF set the warder of prudence to guard his lips and made answer never a word. Yet when he rode through the city, crying "Small

mad, save the men of wisdom who abide in the mosque of the Kobdi."

But the Sheikh Yussuf contracted his other eye and said nothing.

THE THEATRICAL "PAR" OF THE FUTURE.

[Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, in a recent letter to the *Daily Telegraph*, deprecated the "general idea that evening dress is indispensable in the better parts" of the London theatres.]

On the occasion of the first night of *High-Teadly-Hi-Ti*, the new

farcical-problem-drama at the St. James's, the stalls presented a most fashionable and varied appearance. Many of the fairer denizens of clubland had strolled across in their smoking-jackets, whilst the number of ladies in golf capes was especially noticeable. Here and there a shooting-coat of gay tweed showed with what haste its wearer had abandoned moor or hedgerow to worship at the shrine of Art. A cluster of yachting people in yellow oilskins gave an agreeable touch of colour to the front row, and just behind them the travel-stained garments of a large party of motorists were an earnest of theatre-going enthusiasm that was duly appreciated and admired by their immediate neighbours. Considerable amusement was caused by the arrival of a lady and gentleman in evening dress, who, having apologised to the management and explained that they were going on to a ball after the performance, were permitted to take their seats. They served to remind one of the bygone days when the male occupants of stalls and dress circle were expected to put on clean collars, and the ladies to take theirs off, and

when the dresses in the better parts of the house were actually an attraction and source of interest to playgoers of the baser sort. However, *nous avons changé tout cela*.

DELIGHTFUL PROSPECT OF COLLABORATION FOR CHRISTMAS.—All boys at school will be gratified to learn that the author of the Blue Book reports recently mentioned in the *Times* will combine his efforts with those of the author of *The Manxman* in producing an exhilarating holiday work. The two authors are Messrs. BIRCHENOUGH and HALL CAINE. It will be illustrated with cuts.



TRUE COURAGE.

Whip. "Hi, Sir! KEEP BACK! THE FOX MAY BREAK COVERT THERE!"
Foreigner. "BAH! I FEAR HIM NOT—YOUR FOX!"

loaves for large," and was followed by them that boiled sugar and such as mixed cement, whenever he passed the mosque of the Kobdi he spat upon it and cried "Yah, yah." And they that were with him, being ignorant men, did likewise spit upon the mosque and cry "Yah."

And the cunning scribe of the Kobdi cried aloud, "Great is the shamelessness of YUSSUF. His forehead of effrontery is like unto the corner-stone of the synagogue for hardness. Doth he not ride through the city proffering to give small loaves for large, and yet men bring their loaves unto him? Surely this city and all that are therein are



TO SPEED THE PARTING GUEST.

Lady Guest (to Host, who hates getting up early). "I'M SO AWFULLY SORRY TO HAVE DRAGGED YOU UP AT THIS UNEARTHLY HOUR, BUT I HAD TO CATCH THE 8.30 TRAIN."

Host. "NOT AT ALL. I'M ONLY TOO GLAD TO BE ABLE TO SEE YOU OFF!"

PICKY BACK.

(Being Passages from the re-inconanation of Picklock Holes.)

III.

I HAVE, I think, mentioned once or twice before that PICKLOCK HOLES had a very mean opinion of the general intelligence as well as of the special ability of the detective police. He did not limit this depreciation to England; wherever he might happen to meet a detective, whether amid the teeming thousands of Nijni Novgorod (where he executed one of his most celebrated feats in the destruction of the CZAR's renegade great-aunt), or on the sandy wastes of the great desert of Sahara (where single-handed he captured the entire tribe of Beni Bashas), he never failed to allow a smile of sardonic contempt to pass like a cloud over the stern and otherwise habitually impassive features of his intellectual face. No doubt there was some reason for this. A man so eminent, so able and so generally sought after as HOLES would not have allowed a mere baseless prejudice or professional jealousy to warp his judgment. Still, I am free to confess that the manner in which he habitually spoke of or addressed the minions of Scotland Yard grated somewhat harshly on my ears. Yet who was I that I should criticise such a man as HOLES? He was a great inferentialist, a mighty deducter who had given his proofs

a thousand times over; I was but a humble medical man, retired from such practice as I had once enjoyed, and now gaining a reflected glory from the wonderful being whose extraordinary condescension enabled me to participate in the matchless exploits which had brought conviction home to the most hardened and successful assassins, forgers, embezzlers, false pretenders, burglars, will-destroyers, pickpockets and coiners of the age, and had on not a few memorable occasions confirmed the sway of sovereigns over their discontented and frequently rebellious subjects. The sentence I have just written is a long one, but my readers will agree that the greatness of HOLES would have justified me in protracting it still further.

One day, while HOLES and I were sitting at meat-tea, a meal which in my bereaved condition I had recently substituted for dinner, I noticed that my friend's face wore a more than usually keen and alert look. His mouth was twitching and his fingers were spread out with their tips meditatively laid together, as was his habit when his brain was particularly active. Some fried eggs and bacon lay before him on one plate; on another was a piece of bread thickly spread with strawberry jam; on a third reposed a square of dry toast, over which had been imposed a thick layer of potted shrimps; at his side steamed a cup of tea, but he had taken neither bite nor sup. At last the silence grew oppressive and I ventured to break it.

"HOLES," I said pleadingly, "what are you thinking about?"

He did not answer me.

"HOLES," I began again, "three cruel murders and two mysterious disappearances are reported in this very evening's papers."

Even that did not rouse him.

"HOLES," I continued, making my words as impressive as possible, "the police are said to have clues, and Scotland Yard is confident that——"

With a sudden and terrific vehemence the unparalleled investigator sprang to his feet: never have I seen him so angry.

"Scotland Yard!" he shouted in tones of contempt, so withering that the very cups and saucers seemed to cower under it. "Who dares to speak to me of Scotland Yard—to me but for whom the fumbler who inhabit that idiots' asylum would long since have been dismissed? Look here, POTSON," he went on eagerly, "I'll wager that if a crime were committed practically under their very noses they would never see it. By George, we'll try it. Go to the telephone, POTSON, and ring up LUMPKIN, the Scotland Yard Inspector."

I did so.

"Tell him to come here at once on important business connected with an attempted murder."

Again I obeyed his instructions.

"Now, POTSON, take that carving-knife and endeavour to commit suicide—nay, you must avoid the jugular—that's right—a little deeper—that will do nicely. Tie a napkin round your throat, put the knife in my hands and open the window so that I may be half out of it when LUMPKIN comes in, as though I were attempting to escape. Capital! Now we're ready for him."

Here I ought to say that, being accustomed to obey HOLES blindly, I had made a fairly large gash in my throat, and was suffering a certain amount of inconvenience. But who in my place would not have done as I did? It was enough for me to know that HOLES wanted a thing done.

A minute afterwards Inspector LUMPKIN entered with a rush and stood aghast at the scene. It was certainly a dramatic one. I was lying on the floor, blood-stained and all but lifeless; the black cat was on the top of the book-shelf, mewing piteously, and HOLES, disguised as a Russian anarchist, had one leg out of the window, and was glaring at LUMPKIN while he waved the carving-knife above his head.

LUMPKIN's mind was made up in a moment. He whistled and four burly constables sprang into the room:—

"Arrest that man," said LUMPKIN, pointing to HOLES.

There was a sharp struggle, but numbers in the end were too many for my friend, and he had to yield after disabling three of his captors.

"Did I not tell you so?" said HOLES, as he was taken out. "The fools do not know a case of suicide when they see it."

I was too far gone to answer, but it was even as HOLES said. Fortunately I recovered some months afterwards—too late, however, to save HOLES from the sentence of penal servitude which was passed upon him. Of course he escaped from prison immediately, but the incident proved, as HOLES said it would, that the police of this metropolis are incorrigible bunglers. LUMPKIN, I am sorry to say, took the whole thing very badly. He has never been able to forgive HOLES for having so manifestly got the better of him.

The G.O.M. Collar.

FROM Mr. MORLEY'S *Gladstone*:—"He did not escape the usual sensations of the desultory when fate forces them to wear the collar."

A. E. W. MASON, the well-known novelist, has, in the interests of his political party, been sent to Coventry.

STUDIES OF BLIGHTED LIVES.

I.

Treats of the Tragic Collapse of a Politician who strained himself with trying to make up his mind.

WATERLOO NELSON BINKS, M.P.

Was as sound a man as you wish to see;

Sprung of a fine old Tory stock

He held to his fathers' faith *en bloc*;

He voted early and long and late,

And whenever he voted, he voted straight.

Patriot down to his finger-tips,

He talked of our money and men and ships;

Ascribed the comments of alien Powers

To natural envy of gifts like ours;]

And honestly strove to meet the claims

That went with his notable Christian names.

This was the creed of him all along,

That a Tory leader can do no wrong;

Never, not once, was he known to go

Against the Government's *Ay* or *No*;

Never, in times of darkest doubt,

Questioned what it was all about.

He deemed our skeleton Army corps

A model for European wars;

He counted the Education Act

A miracle due to Tory tact;

And if anyone ventured to say, "You err,"

He called him a Little Englander!

Such was the useful *rôle* he played,

Armed with convictions ready-made;

Never mentally overwrought

By the vicious habit of abstract thought;

Until the moment when ARTHUR B.

Started his fiscal policy.

But it wasn't so much the hard dry facts

Tempered to taste in rival tracts;

The horrible crux that caused the strain

Which finally softened his so-called brain

Was—How is a stalwart sheep to vote

When the shepherds are grappling, tooth to throat?

Till then he had followed his JOE like fate,

But the DUKE was also a man of weight;

ARTHUR was full of the happiest notions,

But who could ignore a name like GOSCHEN's?

He liked his HICKS and he liked his BEACH,

But he couldn't see how to vote for each.

Daily a different tub was pounded,

Making confusion worse confounded,

Till in the end his mind gave way;

And I mention, in proof of his swift decay,

That people have seen him, poor old BINKS,

Holing out on the Hamwell links!

O. S.

MAN'S ESSAY ON POPE.

FROM ARMSTRONG'S *Teaching of Scientific Method* we extract the following passage: "If the proper study of man (*sic*) be man—as the highest dignitary of our Church some time ago asserted, &c." This is not simply due to a natural confusion between A. POPE and the Pope. It comes of a poet's having two Christian names (including one for his surname), so that the student of the *Dictionary of Familiar Quotations* is apt to be betrayed by the description of him as POPE, ALEXANDER.



HARE AND HOUND.

RT. HON. ARTHUR B-L-F-R. "BUCK UP, BEACH! THEY'RE GAINING ON US!"

RT. HON. H-CKS B-CH. "YES, I KNOW. I THINK I'LL DROP BACK AND TAKE A TURN WITH THE HOUNDS FOR A BIT."

THE PRESIDENT AT HOME.

EXTRACTS FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY
OF TOBY, M.P.

Washington: November 14.—President ROOSEVELT is the kind of man who would make himself at home anywhere, whether in the backwoods of the West, in the stately home the United States provides its Presidents, or anywhere in the wide range that lies between these extremes. Healthy in mind and body, he is gifted with the cheery nature whose price is above rubies. His official position, in respect of personal power mightier than that of some crowned monarchs in Europe, brings him in contact with an endless procession of interesting people. If he were cast away in some remote clime—say on the boundary of Alaska, or midway across the Isthmus of Panama—he would still have the companionship of an innumerable caravan, including names the most familiar and famous in the world's history.

These he has come to know in his library. The PRESIDENT is an omnivorous reader. At one turn of conversation he is reminded of a passage in *Homer*, the next he is expatiating on the history of *Titmouse*. Contemporaneously with the announcement of the rebellion in Panama, dexterously exploited by the PRESIDENT and his Secretary of State, JOHN HAY, a personality as popular in London as in Washington, there was published in the States a new edition of the works of SAMUEL WARREN. The time seemed to the PRESIDENT opportune for renewing his acquaintance with the works of the author of *Ten Thousand a Year*, so whilst the Opposition papers fulminated denunciation of his Panama policy he read *Titmouse*. As for DICKENS, he knows him so intimately that he would have been a dangerous competitor in the contest initiated by CALVERLEY in his famous examination paper on *Pickwick*. If the PRESIDENT had failed, Senator CABOT LODGE would certainly have won the prize. Any who talk of the decadence of DICKENS should come to Washington and mix with the cultured men of business who direct the destinies of the United States. They would speedily discover their error.

How does the PRESIDENT, a man upon whose personal labour the sun never sets, find time for this miscellaneous reading? Well, all over the world it is the exceptionally busy man who has spare moments for desirable ends. President ROOSEVELT shares a secret possessed by Mr. GLADSTONE, whom in his animated and varied conversation, with its wide range and intimate acquaintance with any topic started, he strongly resembles.

"All my life," Mr. G. once said to



Elderly Sportsman. "I WONDER THEY DON'T HAVE THAT PLACE STOPPED. WHY, I REMEMBER RUNNING A FOX TO GROUND THERE TWENTY YEARS AGO! DON'T YOU?"

me, "I have taken care of my ten minutes, certain that the hours and the days would take care of themselves."

A Ministerial colleague who accompanied the PRESIDENT on a recent trip westward told me of a habit that explains everything.

"We travelled day after day," he said, "the PRESIDENT addressing at successive stations crowds of country folk. It was a pretty hard day's work for the toughest of Rough Riders. For myself, though I hadn't to make speeches, I was thankful after the turmoil to turn into my berth for a snooze or a rest.

As soon as the train moved off, out came the PRESIDENT's book, and he read away till, the train pulling up at another crowded station, a fresh speech was demanded, and delivered under the abiding sense of supreme Ministerial responsibility."

This practice the PRESIDENT observes wherever he is in residence. "I read when I can," he says, "always a bit before I go to bed. Sometimes, at periods of great pressure, I awake about three in the morning; if I lay there thinking of things I should be worried to death, unfit for my work in the coming

day. So I switch on the light, take up my book, read a chapter or two, fall asleep and wake up bright and early."

White House is a charming residence commanding a far-reaching view of tree-bowered Washington with the Potomac gleaming in the distance, and, beyond, the banks of Maryland, my Maryland. No military pomp attends the ruler of one of the greatest nations in the world. A solitary policeman yawned, by the front entrance as we approached. He did not think it his duty to inquire what authority the strangers had to mount the steps of the private residence of the PRESIDENT.

We chanced to be invited guests: that was mere accident. Any citizen in this free-born country has the right to cross the PRESIDENT'S threshold and insist on shaking hands with him. Thus elsewhere on a memorable day came the murderer of President McKINLEY, with his treacherous right hand bound in sham bandage. Falling in with the crowd that filed past the beaming, welcoming PRESIDENT, he held out his left hand. As his victim held it in friendly grip, he, throwing off the bandage from his right hand, disclosed a pistol, with which he killed the PRESIDENT.

For this and more ordinary reason President ROOSEVELT'S colleagues in the Ministry urge him to discontinue the custom of wholesale handshaking. At one of his levées he consented to the innovation. But the experience was unendurable.

"The very last time!" he called out to the attendant Ministers as the affronted crowd stood at gaze. "It is much more trouble to explain why I don't shake hands than to shake."

In his philosophical, cheery way the PRESIDENT makes the best of what—say, to the Duke of DEVONSHIRE—would be an intolerable nuisance.

"When I was a young man," he said, "I lived mostly out of doors, and enjoyed abundant exercise. Now I can't get much. But you go and stand in my place on an autumn afternoon and have your hand shaken by from 300 to 1,000 sturdy citizens, and if when it's over you don't feel as if you had been felling a tree or two you are made of harder grit than I."

President ROOSEVELT has inherited at the White House many valuable engravings and paintings, the latter including portraits of some famous predecessors in the chair.

"Come along, Toby," he said after luncheon, "come up to my study and I'll show you one of the most precious of my art treasures."

Hanging on the wall near his desk was BERNARD PARTRIDGE'S original drawing which appeared in *Punch*

shortly after the Vice-President was suddenly called to assume the Presidency. "The Rough Rider" is its title, and it bears the inscription "With Mr. *Punch's* compliments to President ROOSEVELT."

"I had many complimentary messages at the time," said the PRESIDENT. "But I don't remember any that gave me more pleasure than this greeting across the sea from an old friend I have known and studied nearly all my life."

MR. PUNCH'S FISCAL CANVASS.

III.

MR. WILLIAM ARCHER kindly obliges by giving his views in the form of a Real Conversation with M. SANTOS-DUMONT.

Mr. William Archer. So you have returned from the upper strata, having partially nullified the venerable law of gravity, to Mother Earth, and will give me an hour of your time?

M. Santos-Dumont. Yes.

Mr. W. A. Tell me—you must have obtained, from the heights you succeeded in reaching, a bird's-eye view of our fiscal controversy? What you say reminds me of an observation made the other day by GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO, when I was lunching with him, in the company of one of the most gifted spinsters of Calabria, at his Villa near Settignano. "Truth," he said, "is more varied than fiction." The remark is striking and just. Well, an application of it has occurred to me while reading the fiscal speeches which are being delivered at the present time. Truth does not appear the same to the different contending parties. But, joking aside, have you ever met Alderman BOWKER?

M. S.-D. No.

Mr. W. A. And you are not aware, perhaps, that he has baked for Mr. CHAMBERLAIN two loaves of bread which are as much alike as two peas, supposing one of the peas in question to be infinitesimally smaller than the other? Might not the process be almost indefinitely continued, through a descending series of diminishing loaves, illustrative of the effect of the probable increase of Protection in the future, until the difference between the smallest loaf and no loaf should be as imperceptible as the difference between the two loaves recently displayed by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN? Seriously speaking, however, I dare say it may be a vice of the Scottish intellect to carry everything to its logical conclusion.

M. S.-D. What time is it?

Mr. W. A. You should take a leaf from the book of my friend, Professor J—, of the University of Melbourne. When he wishes to ascertain the time

he has adopted the practice of looking at the clock.

M. S.-D. Must catch a train. Good-bye!

Mr. W. A. A train? So you condescend, then, to employ some other mode of locomotion than that which is associated with your name? Good-bye! How quickly the hour has gone!

Mr. HENRY HARLAND'S solution of the question of the hour takes the shape of an Anglo-Italesque fragment of dialogue between two leading politicians:—

Strong and fine, his coat swept and garnished—would it have been a frock-coat, I wonder?—GIO leaned across the breakfast table, and put forth an arm, minatory, appealing.

"What I don't understand," he repeated, "is your state of mind."

"Nor is it possible to thought," ARTURO murmured, "'a greater than itself to know.' Now we shall discover," he reflected, "if our statesman is up in English literature."

GIO waited—I'm sure he waited—before going on.

"History, statistics, assertion, prophecy—they are all before you where to choose; as much yours, yours, as they are mine, mine. Yet you turn your beauteous face haughtily another way. Yet you will never know the heartburn, the exquisite long anguish, the lonely rapture of preparation—or the concentrated delightfulness, the compressed sweet intoxication; the height, the space, the gloom, the glory of the crowded hall, the people crying '*Avanti! avanti!*' when you make your terminable speech. Ah! 'tis a pleasure age cannot wither, nor custom-houses stale."

"And then at the click of your driver," ARTURO brooded, "it leaves the tee. It is up and off. Up, up, as only it can go up—solid, soaring. And off—off in a long white curve of flight. Now may Hermes grant us a good lie!"

"I suppose," said GIO, "it's a difference of temperament. Yours is ruminating, sifting, refining, appraising; mine is innovating, combative, adventurous, architectonic. I am miserable until I have had my sustaining daily portion of statistics—fresh, ductile, pliable, malleable statistics—until I have scraped the mud of context off my daily quotations—until history, become my child by adoption, no longer goes counter to my argument nor questions my will. While you—but perhaps there are joys as stimulating, as poignant, in playing with one's serene, supreme Caucasian mind? No?"

"I shan't—barring miracles," ARTURO was thinking, "I shan't be in it again until Friday. Why does it haunt one's imagination so? The dark enamel of it, the weight and speed of it, and then



WHERE SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BETTER.

SCENE—Boulevards, Paris.

*Professional Beggar (whining). "AYEZ PITIÉ, MON BON M'SIEU. AYEZ PITIÉ! J'AI FROID—J'AI BIEN FROID!"**Le Bon Monsieur (irritably). "ALLEZ AU DI——" (suddenly thinking that sunshine might be preferable) "AUX CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES!"*

the tuff, tuff, tuff of it! Mass and dirigibility—these are its insistent notes. Yet the words would not make it visible, audible, to one who had never tried to get out of its way."

Gio smiled with his eyes—with his lips, perhaps?—as he stroked Patatras, where she sat on the table, purring.

"Ecco! Ecco!" he carolled. "Look at me! In my own task all my powers pouring I attain the mighty life you see, but will not imitate, poor foiled, circuitous wanderer."

"Yet I have heard," ARTURO answered, in the tone of one impersonal, "that there is danger in over-concentration. I, for example, divided, discursive, have eaten my bacon. Patatras is running away with yours."

"Parliam d'altro," said Gio softly.

And then, for awhile, neither spoke, but I fancy their ears carried on the conversation.

A MISTAKEN IDEA.

[Numerous instances are on record of great men and, in particular, of great poets, who as boys displayed a total lack of interest in the course of study included in their school curriculum. Nevertheless, at a recent conference of headmasters it was unanimously decided that the mere fact of a pupil's evincing a distaste, however strongly marked, for the writings of JULIUS CÆSAR or DR. KENNEDY, should in no case be regarded, in itself, as an earnest of exceptional future ability.]

MARK yonder youth, who scorns his task

And sits aloof, serene,

Letting his inward fancy bask

On the surrounding scene.

He dreams, maybe, of heroes' feats

T'employ his infant lyre on,

For see, upon the desk he beats

A soft tattoo, like some young KEATS,

Or PYE, or BYRON.

Not his the fever'd brow of those

Who constantly explore

The painful paths of Latin Prose,
Nor count the task a bore.

'Twas never said of him that he
Would grind for hours a day, so
That at the last he e'en might be
Familiar with the works of P.

OVIDIUS NASO.

To me his soul appears to soar
With future triumphs big,
And count the quest of classic lore
As something *infra dig*.

Yet there are one or two beside,
Who claim to know his habits,
And these my point of view deride,
And say he's merely occupied
With thoughts of rabbits.

A JAPANESE journal, the *Ji-ji*, is agitating for an ultimatum to be sent to Russia. In diplomatic circles it is felt that a curb should be put upon this restive *Ji-ji*.

DOMESTIC DRAMA.

IN THE CAUSE OF CHARITY.

My dear, of course I've come. It is to-day?
Your Sale of Work, I mean? Then that's all right.
How nice the things all look! Such pretty rooms!
D'you know, I'm quite ashamed I've never been.
I've always longed to come, but somehow—no,
It wasn't that. Oh, no, I've been quite well,
But don't you find yourself that Kensington
Is rather—well, remote? I never liked
To drag the horses out so far, poor things.
But now I've got a motor—yes, of course!
Makes all the difference.

No, thanks, no tea:
I mustn't wait. I've promised to play Bridge.
I wish I could have stayed and helped to sell,
But—oh, to-morrow? Yes. Now let me think.
I'd love to—no, I can't. How tiresome!
I've got to play again—at Wessex House.
D'you know the Duchess? No? Ah, well, poor dear,
She simply lives for Bridge. Oh, everyday!
It's such a pity! Such a waste of time,
And money too! She always plays so high.
But if one knows her—well, it's difficult:
One simply has to sacrifice oneself.
And I'm so weak. I wish I was like you.
You're so unselfish. But, my dear, you are.
Why, look at all these people here to-day,
Turning your pretty house all upside down.
Ah, well, yes, if they buy! Yes, if they buy!
That's very true. They want some charity
To cover—well, their hats! Do look at that—
That shocking red one. It's a scarlet sin!
And as for—Goodness! Is it half-past three?
I must be off directly. What a bore!
I meant to buy such heaps of things. Oh, no!
I've got a minute still. Now, let me see,
I want some Christmas presents.

That looks nice,
That fan. How much is that? Oh, yes. And this?
Is this one cheaper? 'M yes, that seems a lot.
I'd love to have it, but in these hard times,
You know yourself, my dear, one simply can't.
You mustn't tempt me. Now how much is this?
A guinea? Yes, that's more the sort of price.
But even that—I'm having such bad luck;
I haven't held a decent hand for weeks.
No, I don't think I ought to.

Oh, I know!
I've got some nieces down in Devonshire.
I'd like to give them something that would last,
Something to wear—oh, no, not jewellery.
You see they hardly ever see a soul.
Their father's got two hundred and a house,
And seven daughters and an empty church.
No, something really useful's what I mean,
And inexpensive.

Belts? The very thing!
How much are—oh, I see! No, after all—
They're so unhealthy, aren't they, nowadays—
I think perhaps—oh, stockings? Yes, quite nice.
Now what are—h'm! D'you know, I hardly think
They'd care for those. They always knit their own;
Besides, silk wears so badly. What are these,
These charming handkerchiefs? Two shillings each?
Exactly what I want. Yes, seven, please.
Poor darlings, how they'll love them!

Well, Goodbye:

I really must be—oh, my dear, how sweet!
This ducky Bridge-box! Yes, I'll have it, please.
The poor old Duchess wants another one;
I've got to give her something, anyhow.
A guinea? That makes—one-fifteen, I think?
I'll let you have a cheque. Then *au revoir*.
Now, don't forget me. Come and lunch some day.
You've lots of omnibuses, haven't you?
That will be nice. I have enjoyed myself.
Yes, can I have my motor? Thanks, so much!

IN THE PARK.

CHURCH Parade (writes Little Bird) was unusually well
attended last Sunday. Lord and Lady WORMWOOD were
talking animatedly to Miss ANGELA SCRUBS. Mrs. STEPHEN
ORIS brought a large party of Americans who refused to
come off the grass. Baron DE DIETRICH and his fiancée
Mile. NAPHTHALINE DARRACQ strolled along with Lord and
Lady LANCHESTER. Lady BATH OLIVER, who was well
wrapped up, looked positively younger than her twin
grand-daughters, the Ladies MARIE and ANGELINA MACAROON.
Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER looked well in trousers. Lady
UVULA GARGLE's dainty elastic sides recalled the delicious
chaussures of thirty years ago. Miss VINOLIA HUDSON
created quite a sensation by carrying a richly caparisoned
hymn-book, and Mr. and Mrs. SPARKING PLUGGE walked to-
gether until separated by Sir FRANCIS JEUNE. Among a
crowd of others about, I noticed the Hon. BERTIE LARYNX,
Signorina PIA NOLA who was chatting with the Master of
Caius, Herr JULIUS SEETH arm-in-arm with Mr. LEO MAXIMUS,
and the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, walking with Lady
GEORGINA SANGER.

MIXED HOCKEY.

You came down the field like a shaft from a bow;
The vision remains with me yet.
I hastened to check you: the sequel you know:
Alas! we unluckily met.
You rushed at the ball, whirled your stick like a flail,
And you hit with the vigour of two:
A knight in his armour had surely turned pale,
If he had played hockey with you.

They gathered me up, and they took me to bed;
They called for a doctor and lint:
With ice in a bag they enveloped my head;
My arm they enclosed in a splint.
My ankles are swelled to a terrible size;
My shins are a wonderful blue;
I have lain here a cripple, unable to rise,
Since the day I played hockey with you.

Yet still, in the cloud hanging o'er me so black,
A silvery lining I spy:
A man who's unhappily laid on his back
Can yet have a solace. May I?
An angel is woman in moments of pain,
Sang SCOTT: clever poet, he knew:
It may, I perceive, be distinctly a gain
To have fallen at hockey with you.

For if you'll but nurse me (Come quickly, come now),
If you'll but administer balm,
And press at my bidding my feverish brow
With a cool but affectionate palm;
If you'll sit by my side, it is possible, quite,
That I may be induced to review
With a feeling more nearly akin to delight
That day I played hockey with you.

CHARIVARIA.

EVIDENTLY there has been a great improvement in recent times in our regimental bands. According to a new regulation, our military musicians are no longer to rely on their music for defensive purposes, but are to be taught musketry.

A new feature of the *Daily Mail* is a "Fiction Supplement." This innovation of keeping the various departments of the paper distinct seems to us admirable.

A paper entitled "Competitions" has appeared. We admire the frankness of its title. The temptation to follow the fashion and give it a name suggestive of literary intentions must have been great.

A German has invented an apparatus by which he presents talking photographs. We presume he will call them "Speaking Likenesses."

"A Policeman's Tragic End."—His feet.

In the recent litigation between the Music Halls and the Theatres, counsel for the former contended that the pieces produced at the Music Halls were not plays, as they contained no coherent plot. But that was the very point where the rivalry came in.

Square shoulders for ladies are, we are informed, now obsolete. They have been told to slope.

According to *Country Life* Oxford University is in danger of losing prestige among the youth of the country as a seat of learning. At the recent Freshmen's sports there was but one entry for the high jump, and none at all for throwing the hammer.

America's message to a certain South American Republic—Wail Columbia!

It is reported that Italy, following the example of France, is about to enter into an important treaty with Great Britain, whereby the two countries shall be at liberty not to go to war with one another should they both be unwilling to do so.

A rumour of considerable political interest is afoot. It is said that the Free Trade Party has acquired the Peckham Fat Boy, and he will shortly be shown all over the country as the Result of Free Food.

The civic authorities are considerably amused at the ignorance betrayed in a letter to the *Times*, in which a corre-



BEFORE THE HEAD.

Fourth Form Boy (with recollections of a recent visit to the dentist). "PLEASE, SIR, MAY I—MAY I—HAVE GAS?"

spondent declared that, on the recent visits of the French PRESIDENT and the King of ITALY to the City, no single distinguished writer, painter, sculptor, architect, or scientist was invited to the Guildhall. It so happens that, on one or other of these occasions, there were present the representative of a leading financial paper, the head of one of the most important firms of painters in London, a gentleman who is at the top of the tree in modelling royal coats of arms, another who was responsible for the street decorations, and Lord AVEBURY.

Mr. GEORGE HARWOOD, M.P., declares that the House of Commons is now the dullest place in the world. It is only fair to point out that Mr. *Punch* cautioned the country, at the time of the introduction of the Land Bill, that this would be the inevitable result of removing Irish grievances. The measure was nevertheless persisted in and carried.

Mr. KENNETH GRAHAME is wondering what is the meaning of the expression, "As safe as the Bank of England."

The Emperor of SAHARA has been described as an *Opéra Bouffe* Emperor. Some colour is lent to this view by the fact that a letter has been sent to the

Press on his behalf, signed "ED. GOURAD, Acting Governor-General."

The latest scientific invention, it is announced, is an engine that can walk. Travellers on a certain railway line hope that this will now take the place of engines that can only crawl.

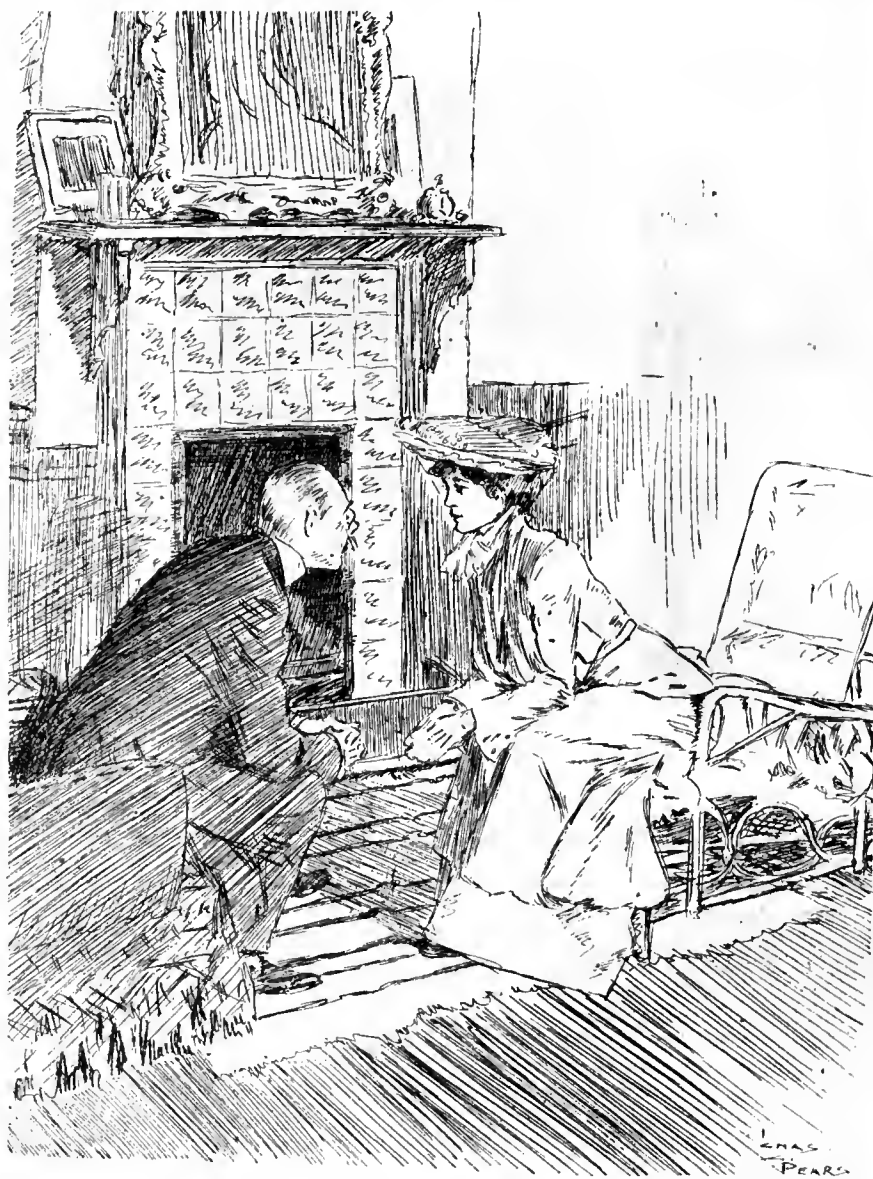
VERY APPROPRIATE.

["There was some alarm at the Bank until the fire-hose was turned on the intruder. The Duke of DEVONSHIRE, it seems to us, is the man with the hose."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

THE DUKE the man who has the hose?
Oh, *Daily Chronicle*, why not?
For surely no one, we suppose,
Could fancy him a *sans enlote*.

A Daily Maily Fist Policy.

THE London correspondent of the *Representative and Free Press* (of Queenstown, Cape Colony) lately telegraphed to that organ, citing the suggestion of a certain naturalist that "Mr. CHAMBERLAIN should encourage Colonial Fist industry, in addition to fruits and wines, with a view to the fisting industries of Canada and Australia." But why should not these advantages be extended to South Africa? Or will the new Chinese labour supply the desired Boxer element?



Lady. "GENERALLY SPEAKING, WOMEN ARE—"
 Nasty Man (interrupting). "YES, THEY ARE."
 Lady. "ARE WHAT?"
 Nasty Man. "GENERALLY SPEAKING."

THE UNITED STATESMAN.

(With apologies to the author of the
 "Bab Ballads.")

[Mr. W. J. BRYAN is intent on hearing all sides of our fiscal controversy. He has already sat side by side with Mr. ASQUITH, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, Lord GOSCHEN, and Mr. JOHN BURNS, and he is no doubt familiar with Mr. BALFOUR'S contributions to this subject.]

'Twas in the Strand near a great hotel
 Where Yankees congregate
 That I chanced to meet in the crowded
 street
 The silver ex-candidate.

His step was springy, his air was brisk,
 His voice had a Yankce twang,

As he hurried along he sang a song,
 And this was the song he sang:—

"I'm ROSEBURY, ASQUITH and GOSCHEN too,
 And dubious A. J. B.,
 Protective JOE and the DUKE also,
 And BURNS of the L. C. C."

He raised his voice to a kingly roar,
 And tossed his massive head.

I knew the man slightly, so very
 politely
 I doffed my hat and said:—

"Ex-candidate BRYAN, it's little I know
 Of your ways across the sea,
 But I'm blessed, my friend, if I com-
 prehend
 However you can be

"Lord ROSEBURY, ASQUITH, and GOSCHEN
 too,
 And dubious A. J. B.,
 Protective JOE and the DUKE also,
 And BURNS of the L. C. C."

"I guess," said he, "when I landed here
 I found a political storm,
 For all were intent with one consent
 On tariffs and reform.

"So I said to myself, I will hear all sides
 Before I make up my mind;
 If I open each ear it is quite, quite
 clear
 The truth I am sure to find.

"I first heard ASQUITH preach Free Trade
 In his legal and lucid way;
 His logic I followed and greedily
 swallowed
 Each word that he had to say.

"Next night I listened to CHAMBERLAIN,
 And his eloquent speech, beflowered
 With metaphors, tropes and imperial
 hopes,
 I hungrily devoured.

"A banquet of reason the DUKE then
 gave,
 And a flow of soul he brewed,
 And I scarcely need tell how I feasted
 well
 On GOSCHEN'S and his free food.

"I've fed on BALFOUR and stout JOHN
 BURNS,
 And I've also lingered long
 O'er the delicate quips from ROSE-
 BURY'S lips,
 And that's why I sing this song:

"I'm ROSEBURY, ASQUITH and GOSCHEN
 too,
 And dubious A. J. B.,
 Protective JOE and the DUKE also,
 And BURNS of the L. C. C."

AN INTELLIGIBLE PROPOSITION. — Mr. EDMUND GOSSE, as everyone will have been pleased to learn, has been invited to Paris by the *Société des Conférences* to speak on French Literature and English Poetry. As other foreign writers, lecturing there in previous years, have always spoken in French, Mr. Gosse has been requested by the savants to speak in English. A great compliment, as evincing a real desire on their part to have some chance given them, on this special occasion, of understanding the lecture.

A FORETASTE OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S FRANKENSTEIN?—"The question of the taxation of costs in what are known as the Cardiff tobacco cases . . . is now before the taxing monster." — *South Wales Echo*.



WILL THEY CLOSE ?

expression of suitability, and disliking vulgar short words, but being driven to them on occasions such as the immediate—"Pack of rubbish." It isn't the cooks by a long way which are the problem; it's the mistresses. Time was when mistresses kept their place and behaved as such. Nowadays they are—exceptions, of course, excepted—a chattering set of little fussybodies who ought to be smacked in the schoolroom, and I wish I had the doing of it. They must have this, and they can't have that, and they come scurrying down into a person's kitchen at all hours, and—

The maid says that the butcher is here. I want a plain word with that young man. Polite I am, even with my worsers, and no one more so. "Putting it friendly," I shall say to him, "putting it friendly, Mr. JACKSON, was that the petrified skeleton of an indigenous jaguar which you brought to-day, or was it a steak?" JACKSON goes all of a heap when I talk to him like that; he's below ordinary as a butcher, but he knows good English when he hears it.

To our review then, *Mr. Punch*, as the French say. Yours obediently,

MARTHA CRUMPET.

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.

V.—BRAIN-FAG.

SCENE—Prince's Skating Club.

PRESENT:

The Marquis of Downshire.
The Rt. Hon. Henry Chaplin.
The Marquis of Anglesey.
Mr. G. R. Sims.
Lord Byron.
Mr. E. F. Benson.
Mr. Eustace Miles.
Mr. H. G. Wells.
Mr. Sidney Lee.
The Editor of Sloppy Sippets.

The Editor of Sloppy Sippets (the Chairman). The subject of our discussion is the insidious disease that for so long has been undermining our social life. As all present are readers of the *Alarmist of the Breakfast Table*, I need hardly mention its name.

Mr. E. F. Benson. Of course not; you mean Bridge.

Mr. H. G. Wells. Or golf?

The Chairman. Nothing of the kind. I mean—

Lord Byron. Fiscalitis.

The Chairman. No, no. This is trifling. What I mean is brain-fag.

The Marquis of Downshire. Brain-fag, what's that?

The Chairman. That tired feeling which comes after using the brain too long and too actively.

The Marquis of D. Never had it myself.

The Marquis of Anglesey. I can't

say that I've actually had it, but I think I once met a Johnny who had. Is it catching?

Mr. H. G. Wells. That depends on the company one keeps.

The Marquis of A. Oh, I've disbanded my Company.

The Chairman. Brain-fag, to put it in another form, is an undue tax on the brain.

Lord Byron. I knew there was fiscalitis in it somewhere. Personally, I am a Free Trader, and I defy anyone to tax my brain.

Mr. E. F. Benson. Brain-fag can never be so popular an epidemic as, say, influenza, for obvious reasons. It can never, for example, catch on in Society.

Mr. H. G. Wells. Or at the Universities.

The Chairman. I have found myself that it is common enough among men of letters. I find that BROWNING and DARWIN, DE QUINCEY and CARLYLE all had it.

Mr. G. R. Sims. On the other hand, there are men of intellect who have escaped. In my opinion the whole thing is greatly exaggerated. Look at me. I've written sometimes three or four plays at once, but no one could accuse me of having fagged my brains. I've been as fresh after them as before.

The Marquis of A. Did he say he had written plays? I must get him to write one for me.

Mr. Henry Chaplin. I see no reason why a statesman, even when holding office, should be the victim of this disease. Regular hours and a careful dietary should be an ample protection. If a politician chooses to get brain-fag it must be due to an excessive indulgence in canned meats, lager beer, caviare, Danish butter and American apples.

Lord Byron. Personally I attribute brain-fag to the prevalence of the organ-grinder. If I were ever tempted to play upon words, I should call him the cerebral organ-grinder.

The Chairman. Very good indeed!

Lord Byron. Oh, I often commit pleasantries like that. I think they add to the amenity of life. For example, the other day I—

Mr. Sidney Lee. I cannot find that SHAKESPEARE ever suffered from brain-fag.

The Marquis of D. Nor I, as I said before.

The Chairman. The point is, what is to be done to cure brain-fag? How can one best give the brain complete rest?

Mr. H. G. Wells. Enter the War Office.

Mr. Sidney Lee. One might take a course of the modern theatre.

Mr. E. F. Benson. Or read Mr. PLOWDEN'S *Reminiscences*.

Mr. G. R. Sims. Fish is said to feed the brain.

The Marquis of D. I never could eat fish.

Mr. Eustace Miles. The true cure is to be found in cultivating the expression of repose. I would suggest the following simple exercise. Hang head downwards from a bell-rope by the toes, holding your breath for three minutes at a time, and in the intervals sip the essence of ten ripe gooseberries diluted with the milk of a cocoa-nut. Then apply a cold compress to the occiput and run round the room at express speed on all fours, crying "Your food will cost you less."

The Marquis of A. Look here, I've a better idea than that. Toothache can be cured by removing the tooth. Couldn't you stop brain-fag by removing the back of the head?

Mr. Sidney Lee. But supposing you've got no back to your head?

The Marquis of A. By Jove, I never thought of that.

Mr. H. G. Wells. The Martians, who are practically all brain, never suffer from these symptoms, which are simply due to the faulty system prevailing at our public schools.

Mr. E. F. Benson. Excuse me, there is no brain-fagging at Eton.

Mr. H. G. Wells. Precisely, and until there is, the battles of the future will continue to be lost on the playing-fields. The hope of England is centred in the middle classes, who at present have a monopoly of these symptoms and of the organ in which they are felt.

The Marquis of D. O, I say!

TWIN DREAMERS.

[GWILYM COWLYD, Chief Bard Positive of the Bardic Gorsedd, lately sent Mr. CHAMBERLAIN a letter of Benediction. We understand that the ex-Colonial Secretary has since honoured the Chief Bard with the following graceful reply:]

BLEST Bardlet, from whose facile lung,

So well attuned to Patriot causes,

The matchless gift of song is wrung

With merely intermittent pauses;

No praise from any other tongue

Is half so sweet as your applause is.

Like you whose rich, barbaric strain

Eludes our alien comprehension,

Whose rhymes are built to entertain

Only the trustful Celt's attention,

I, too, at times do not disdain

The lofty paths of pure invention.

Then let your lusty accents roll,

With frenzy broadly speculative,

Athwart the grim but plastic soul

Of Cymry's palpitating native,

And lead him prancing to the poll,

Ferociously retaliative.

Sing on, and let each mellow strophe

Proclaim Protection's frequent praises,

Sing till each squire and rustic oaf,

Uplifted by those sounding phrases,

Plumps for the slightly smaller loaf

With zeal that positively blazes.



Her Ladyship. "WELL, MRS. PARKINS, AND WHAT DID YOU THINK OF THE SEA?"

Mrs. Parkins (who has been on a visit to her daughter at Margate). "THESE, M'LADY, I DIDN'T THINK 'T WAS ANYTHING LIKE SO BIG, AN' OUR ANNIE SHE TELLS ME AS I DIDN'T SEE A HALF ON'T!"

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

XXVII.—MONKEY RULE.

(Being a Plea for an extended Franchise.)

It really seems to me that if I am ever to do any work while living in this road I shall be forced to have my study moved to the back of the house. This is what I have had to put up with since lunch. Four piano-organs (two simultaneous), a lady in the middle of the road singing a song about her wandering boy, a party of Board-school children working off under my windows the heats of a competition as to who can yell the loudest, and a stentorian gentleman leading a pony-cart laden with plants, and roaring at regular intervals the seemingly irrelevant information—if I am to believe the certain testimony of my ears—that his aunt has gone to Brighton.

And now, just as I was hoping that I had got properly started, that familiar wheezy dirge has struck up outside (I had forgotten that it was Wednesday), and I know that in a few minutes that beastly little figure in the red flannel jacket will be clamouring on the window-ledge for the banana which my sister has by now taught him to regard as his inalienable right.

Let me confess that I do not like monkeys. I admit that I felt somewhat drawn towards this particular specimen on our first meeting when, appearing at our open window, he grabbed an antimacassar (present from our great-aunt), and after one lightning glance of examination hurled it with ostentatious disgust into the area. But any friendly feelings arising in me from sympathy with his taste in aesthetics very soon evaporated on his attempting later, on the doorstep, to take a piece out of the calf of my leg, a proceeding which struck my sister as infinitely fascinating, and was rewarded with cob-nuts. "He doesn't like men, poor baby," was her indulgent explanation; a point of view which, I should have thought, ought to make her more tolerant of the fact that I don't like monkeys. As it is she adores the brute, and calls herself his auntie, regardless of my expostulations at the undesirable inferences that such a statement may give rise to.

My sister is out, but she has not forgotten to leave the banana among my MSS., where I "may be certain to see it." I rise dutifully in order to render the monkey his tribute, and to throw his escort his hush-money. On opening the window I discover that the organ-grinder is not alone; standing before him, with one accusing finger pointing at the monkey, is a large individual carrying a tool-basket.

"Ow can yer be so crool!" he is

exclaiming. "Maletreatin' a pore dumb animal! 'Ow would you like goin' about on a chine an' not bein' allowed to elimb no trees?"

The foreigner continues in silence to grind away at his hurdy-gurdy.

"Look at 'im," continues the humanitarian, still pointing at the monkey, who, seated on the organ, is giving the whole of his attention to certain investigations of a strictly personal nature. "Look at 'im—'e's as good as you are any dye.—Wot does DARWIN sye?" he queries vaguely.

The monkey's owner seems to lack ideas on this burning topic. There is a pause, broken only by the weird wailings of the hurdy-gurdy, and by certain unmistakable sounds from the monkey, announcing only too clearly the success of his unblushing pursuits. Meanwhile the humanitarian has had time to collect his ideas.

"A few ceneheries ago," he observes, "an' 'e might 'ave bin yer fawther."

Unfortunately, before he has time further to elaborate this somewhat novel exposition of the Darwinian theory, a diversion is caused by the organ-grinder suddenly spying me and observing expectantly, "Eet ees a fine afternoon, Sare." There is nothing for it but for me to throw out my penny and the banana, which the monkey, after submitting it dubiously to the examination of four of the five senses, proceeds to devour on the pavement with a very ill grace. The organ-grinder has picked up the coin, and is retiring backwards hat in hand, the humanitarian looking on with severe displeasure.

"Good English money," he enunciates with disgust. "That's wot you destitoot aliens are a-rollin' in."

The organ-grinder applies himself once more to his hurdy-gurdy.

"Yer didn't oughter be allowed in a civilised country," continues the humanitarian loudly. "Go on back to yer own people—you're only fit to live among foreigners."

Even this severe judgment fails to move the organ-grinder.

"Comin' over 'ere with yer musical instruments," continues his aggressor, "a toreherin' pore dumb animals. It's you I'd 'ave on the chine, if I 'ad my way, an' the monkey a leadin' of yer."

Apparently the monkey's owner has no sympathy with these democratic principles, for he stops playing, makes me a low bow, and begins to move off down the street, dragging the monkey after him. The humanitarian follows.

"Pore little beggar!" he exclaims; "let 'im run about fer a bit. Give 'im 'is liberty!"

Suddenly he approaches the hurdy-gurdy and drops his tool-basket.

"I ain't a-goin' ter stan' by," I hear

him begin—then his voice is drowned in expostulations from the foreigner. There is a brief struggle; the next moment the monkey, freed from his chain, is careering down the street, pursued by his owner. The humanitarian has picked up his tool-basket and is following behind, urging on the monkey with shouts of encouragement.

As soon as I have sufficiently recovered I run into the hall and, seizing a hat, hasten off down the street. A little group has collected outside one of the houses. I find on approaching that the monkey has sought haven on a window-ledge overhanging the area; while a milkman who has left his cart on the other side of the road is making unsuccessful efforts from the doorstep to dislodge him with the butt-end of his whip. The organ-grinder stands helplessly by on the outskirts of the group; the humanitarian with his tool-basket over his shoulder is addressing the milkman.

"Let 'im 'ave a bit o' liberty. Wod-dyerwanter go interferin' with 'im for? Pore dumb animal!"

Suddenly the poor dumb animal, who has been barking like a terrier, turns and runs along to the further end of the ledge. In an instant he is through an open window into the house.

The milkman lowers his whip and looks round at the crowd blankly. Of a sudden there is a commotion inside the house, and the next instant the door flies open and an elderly lady dashes out with astonishing activity and slams the door after her. The crowd do not fail to see the humour of the situation.

"Where is 'e, Mum?" inquires the milkman.

The lady, who is leaning against the railings gasping, seems incapable of speech.

"If you'd let me go in, Mum," suggests the milkman, "I'd soon 'ave 'im out of it with my whip."

"Doncher be so crool," puts in the humanitarian reprovingly. "Ain't yer got no fellow feelin'?"

"No wot?" exclaims the milkman, turning round.

"Fellow feelin'," repeats the humanitarian eloquently. "Wot right 'ave you got ter persecoot a fellow ereechur?"

"'Ere, look 'ere," begins the milkman irately, "'take care wot you're sayin'—" when suddenly there is a still louder commotion from inside, the sound of panic-stricken footsteps descending the stairs, and a maid-servant rushes out on to the doorstep, the door slamming as before.

"Where is 'e, Miss?" queries the milkman, turning from the humanitarian.

"I was cleanin' your bedroom, Mum—" begins the maid.

The elderly lady turns wildly to the crowd.

"Can't somebody do anything!" she appeals.

"If you'd let me go in, Mum—" begins the milkman, flourishing his whip.

"But no one can't get in, Mum," puts in the maid, "till Mr. GEORGE comes 'ome with 'is key."

The elderly lady collapses.

"Surely somebody can do something," she gasps faintly. "Who does the monkey belong to?"

The milkman turns towards the organ-grinder, still standing a picture of pathetic helplessness on the outskirts of the crowd. At the same moment there is a yell from an errand-boy in the road. All eyes follow his upward gaze; the monkey has appeared on the balcony of the first floor, and, squatting against the railing, is engaged in swiftly demolishing a lady's bonnet. There is a roar of laughter from the crowd. The humanitarian chuckles indulgently.

"Let 'im 'ave a bit o' liberty," he observes.

"Somebody *must* do something!" cries the elderly lady indignantly. "Are all you men going to stand by and—"

At this moment there is a new arrival on the scene in the person of a middle-aged man in a top-hat.

"Wait for me, mother!" he shouts, pushing his way through the group.

"What?—Here, lend me that whip!"

"Doncher be so crool!" calls the humanitarian; "why, you ain't got no sense of fun—"

The newcomer has run up the steps, seized the whip from the milkman, and inserting his latch-key flung the door open and dashed into the house. We can see him run up the stairs, three at a time, and turn the corner. There is an expectant pause. Then he emerges on to the balcony, flourishing the whip. The monkey drops the bonnet, and, springing on to the rail, swarms down the creeper towards the street. There is a stampede of almost everybody to the other side of the road. A few only stand their ground, including the humanitarian, who has collapsed against the railings, convulsed with laughter at the fact that the monkey's pursuer has tripped and fallen over a flower-pot.

"Haw! haw! haw!" he yells.

The next moment the monkey, reaching the window-ledge, takes one spring across the area and lands right on the shoulders of the humanitarian, whose laughter ceases as if by magic. He makes a wild grab at his burden.

Smack! smack!

In a flash the monkey has given a ringing blow on either ear, leaping his shoulders into the air, and falling down the street.



ALWAYS SEE THAT YOUR BRIDLE REINS ARE SOUND. THERE ARE TIMES WHEN THEY HAVE A CONSIDERABLE STRAIN ON 'EM!

"Yaow!" yells the humanitarian, clapping his hands to his ears, then turns and impotently hurls his tool-basket after the retreating animal.—"You ungrateful little —"

The monkey turns the corner, pursued by the majority of the crowd, the organ-grinder bringing up the rear. Kneeling in the middle of the road, the humanitarian is picking up his scattered tools and replacing them in the basket.

I turn and retrace my steps to my house, inspired, by one of those extraordinary caprices of the human mind, with a sudden desire to write—of all things in the world—an allegory.

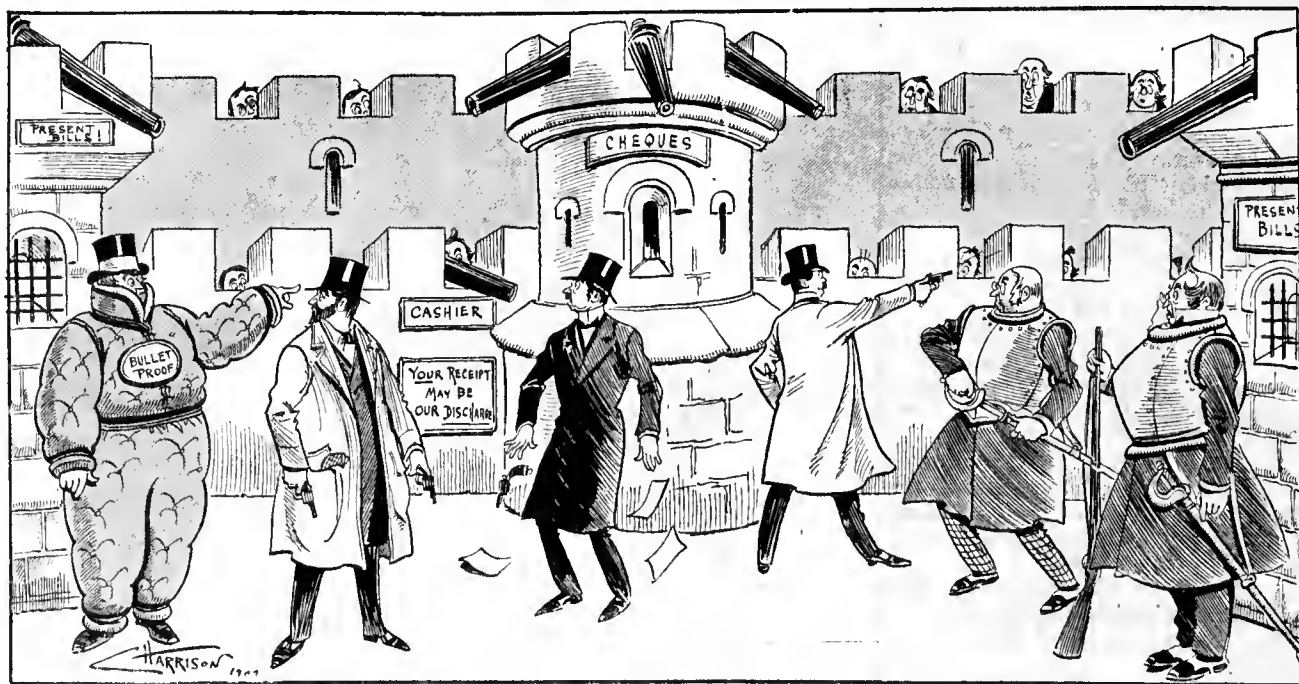
DEFINITION.—An Eton boy, going from the Playing Fields to the Headmaster's house (for instruction on the subject of beagles) is certainly on the WARRE path.

A RULE AS TO CIRCULARS. — When any printed or typed circular commences "Dear Sir or Madam" you are quite safe in tearing it up at once, as an applicant who will not take the trouble of even so much as ascertaining the sex of the person whose aid he requires is not worth consideration. So, happy waste-paper basket be his dole.

WELCOME TO A "FRIENDLY" AT CHRISTMAS.

GENERAL SPARAGNAPANE has already commenced his share in the Christmas campaign against the Dullmatians, Gradgrindians, Acidians and other invaders from the land of Melancholia by sending out several regiments of "Cosaques." They will be hailed everywhere with delight, and few tablelands will there be where their bright, sparkling and fanciful uniforms will not be heartily welcome. And not only is it the uniform but what is inside it that annually makes the members of this *corps d'élite* such general favourites. March on! Be joyous at the festive boards, and let your motto be *Ad Sparagnanem et Circenses!*

BEST wishes to bride and bridegroom the ZANGWILLS. From *St. James's Gazette* we learn that Mr. ZANGWILL has recently said, "The Jews are like the gipsies in that we are the only people on earth without a soil." If they are also BAYARDS "*sans peur et sans reproche*," then not only are they "without a soil," but also without a stain. We offer this to Mr. ISRAEL ZANGWILL as a *mot*.



NO MORE "SHOTS IN THE LOCKER."

Suggestions for Precautionary Measures at the Bank of England.

["EASY ACCESS.—We confess to some surprise at the ease with which a wandering lunatic, without apparently stating any very definite business, can obtain access to high officials at the Bank."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.]

A HINT FROM JAPAN.

[A Tokio journal has been twice suspended for publishing rough popular verses indirectly suggesting the assassination of the Ministry. Would not a few murderous rhymes prove an agreeable novelty in our political journals?]

The *Daily Mail* of course would invite particular attention to Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN:—

"Th' Imperial trade of England
Is going to decay,
Unless we speedily adopt
Our only JOSEPH's way.
What if C.-B. opposes JOE?
No one would make a fuss
If some too hasty patriot stabbed
The Liberal 'incubus.'"

The *Daily News*, though in a general way opposed to bloodshed, might feel justified in inciting to a breach of the peace in the following veiled language:—

"On Macedonia's snowy hills
The Bulgars' bones are lying—
What cares the Knave of Birmingham
For th' starving or the dying?"

(Four verses referring to our late concentration camps.)

If a Large Loafer in the heat
Of fiscal fervour were to meet
The Famine Maker in the street
And lay him senseless at his feet—"

The *Spectator* would probably be reminiscent of EBENEZER ELLIOTT, the "Corn-Law Rhymers":—

Heaven save the people!—may their food

Be always cheap and always good.
Heaven save the people!—may they be
From Socialistic passions free.
But if in rugged might they rise,
The hunger terror in their eyes,
And hang bread-taxers to the Tree
(Falsely so-called) of Liberty—
Then in the midst of ruin's riot
Remember *you* had taxed their diet.

OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

THERE is much in the humour of Mr. W. W. JACOBS that reminds the Baron of DICKENS in *Sketches by Boz*. The Baron doubts whether a higher compliment could be paid to this most amusing and thoroughly original writer, whose latest book, *Odd Craft* (GEO. NEWNES, LTD.) has recently come into his hands. It consists of several short stories told previously, as the Baron is informed, in a magazine or magazines, though there is no intimation of such being the case in the present volume. Where all the stories are good and the characters so amusingly sketched from life, it is not an easy task to make a special selection; but the Baron rather fancies *Bill's Lapse* may be mentioned as a first-rate specimen of W. W. JACOBS at his best.

Difficult would it be, nowadays, to

find a sporting novel showing such genuine appreciation of Irish wit and humour, giving pictures so vivid and true of Irish life and character, all fitted into a good story written in a hearty, frank, fresh, go-at-a-spanking-pace style, topping all obstacles from cover to cover, as *The Boy, Some Horses, and a Girl* (ARNOLD), by DOROTHEA CONYERS. A more delightfully cheery book the Baron has not met with for some time, and thereto he sets his seal.



FROM the *Morning Post*:—"A French Lady . . . would like to spend her Christmas holidays with a Lady fond of the language and wishing to improve it." There is a touch of the KAISER'S hand in this.

WINTER RESORT FOR BRONCHIAALLY-AFFECTED PERSONS.—Corfe Castle.

THE USES OF ADVERTISEMENT.

[Some weeks back we published a statement giving the daily circulation of this newspaper, which was the first authentic publication of the daily sale of a London newspaper. The result of that announcement was that the attention of advertisers was called to the possibilities of obtaining business through the *Daily Mail* to an extent that has embarrassed us."—*Daily Mail*.]

So great has been the number of letters from advertisers in the *Daily Mail* that the staff of that journal has been unable to cope with them all. *Mr. Punch* at once courteously offered to assist in dealing with this mass of correspondence. The following are two of the most interesting letters:—

SERVANTS.

DEAR SIR,—I must ask you to withdraw my advertisement for the present. I have had 900 odd applicants for the situation of general servant. Besides being obliged to give forty-three of them their return fares in order to get rid of them, I have missed several small silver ornaments and an umbrella.

Yours faithfully,
(Mrs.) WILLEDEN GREEN.

BIRTHS.

DEAR SIR,—Since advertising the birth of my little boy in your bright little paper, I have been inundated with samples of foods, milks, clothing, wine, &c., which I find very useful.

Please repeat the announcement every Wednesday until further notice.

Yours faithfully,
MARIA C. GRABBE.

THE POET'S APOLOGY.

["Dressed in a smartly cut, frock-coated suit, ARTEMUS CLARENDON, alias PUGH, thirty, described as of no occupation and superior education, recently pleaded guilty at the County of London Sessions at Clerkenwell to having stolen a variety of articles. There was a long list of previous convictions. 'I am a poet of considerable talent,' explained the prisoner. . . . 'There is a great deal of good in me, and I only want an opportunity to lead an honest and godly life, my instincts being naturally pure.'"
—*Daily Paper*.]

PITY the poet who
Presents himself to you,
Of no occupation,
But good education,
And settled convictions too.

The labouring man may make
As much as he needs to take
By a little odd-jobbing,
Or possibly sobbing
A prayer for his children's sake.

But the true poetic mind
Is of another kind—
Its range is extensive,
Its tastes are expensive,
Superior and refined.



A BOA CONSTRICTOR.

He must surrounded be
With all that's fair to see,
For it is his duty
To cultivate beauty—
A question of £ s. d.

A shiny bright top hat—
He can't dispense with that;
Cigars too *et alia*
Paraphernalia
Lurk in a poet's flat.

Of course he must be dressed
In Bond Street's very best;
But without legal tender
For bills that men render,
What course can you suggest?

His instincts, I am sure,
Are naturally pure—
He shrinks from committing
An action unfitting
These objects to secure.

But what is he to do
When Fortune's hard to woo,
When prospects, once distant,
Are now non-existent,
And pounds and pence are few?

Pity the poet! He
Is poor as poor can be,
Sought by his creditors,
Shunned by the editors.
M'sery, misery me!

STUDIES OF BLIGHTED LIVES.

II.—THE PENALTY OF ACHIEVEMENT.

"To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive."
R. L. Stevenson in "*Virginibus puerisque*."

I MET ADOLPHUS after many days,
Him of the roving eye and rippling hair,
Past master in the lore of Woman's ways,
Dapper and debonair.

I think I never saw a man so changed.
His eye was dull, his locks were limp behind.
I felt that something must have disarranged
His ample ease of mind.

I grasped him firmly by the flabby hand.
"ADOLPHÉ!" (in the vocative) I cried,
"What hurt is here that leaves you thus unmanned?
What is the pain inside?"

"Has your digestive system been betrayed?
Or did appendicitis cause the smart?
Or have you inadvertently mislaid
Your so prehensile heart?"

ADOLPHUS answered: "Have you never known
That feeling, when fruition crowns the quest,
That just the speculation, this alone,
Had lent to life its zest?"

"Till then existence, full of quiet fun,
Teemed with potential chances on the wing;
Round any corner you might always run
Against the Ideal Thing.

"At last the lovely Apparition came.
Awhile you triumphed; then you woke and found
Errantry 'off,' and each new day the same
Drear apathetic round.

"My wife" (I flinched: so sudden fell the news)
"Is very perfect; yet, if now no more
The Great Adventure's mine, to win or lose,
This constitutes a bore.

"Time was when, any moment, I might meet
The woman fore-ordained for me to wed;
That stimulating thought is now effete,
That *raison d'être* is dead.

"The doctors find my blood has lost its fire;
They urge a change of air to save my life.
I know my symptoms better; I require
A frequent change of wife."

O. S.

SOCIETY GOSSIP.

BY THE LITTLE BIRD.

THE Grand Duke GABRIEL of Russia celebrated his nineteenth birthday last week at Tiflis. The Grand Duke, who is a cousin of the CZAR, is a prominent member of the Tiflis Golf Club, and holds the Georgian Amateur Championship, which he won last June with a record score of 198 *minus* 50 for the full round of nine holes. The Duke is a remarkably powerful athlete, and the other day, when driving off from the first tee, he struck the tee-box with such violence that the ball rebounded into the Club house and killed a Circassian waiter.

The number of smart people who have met with accidents in the past fortnight is quite remarkable. Madame BONANZA DE BOODLE, while supping the other night at the Café Midas, was nearly choked by a shrimp, and is still suffering from

hoarseness brought about by the inconsiderate crustacean. Mr. SIDNEY LEE, when out with the Pytchley Hounds last Saturday, in jumping from a field into a lane landed on an Alderney cow and broke several of his collar-bones, but is doing nicely. Then Sir ROBERT GIFFEN, while pheasant shooting at Wembley Park on Thursday, was almost blinded by a rocketeer which fell from a great height and dislocated his aquasentum. Finally, Sir HENRY HOWORTH, in the course of a violent altercation in Pall Mall with the Secretary of the Free Food League, sustained a somewhat serious dorsal contusion.

EXPLANATIONS.

PARDON, BELINDA! if I swore
Half audibly, just to remind you
Of that enormous hat you wore,
While in the stalls I sat behind you;
It may have been the *dernier cri*,
A "perfect dream," a "sweet confection";
I only knew it baffled me
Craning my neck in each direction.
Then I resented—ah, too true!—
Your *nonchalance*, and would reprove it,
And since your hat obscured my view,
I hoped to urge you to remove it;
But now, last Sunday's wintry flaw
(How could you brave such boisterous weather?)
Has taught me better—for I saw
Coiffure and hat come off together.

SURGERY UP-TO-DATE.

[The successful grafting of somebody else's ear on the head of an American millionaire has already been fruitful in developments for the scientific world.]

ADVERTISER, having more hair and less income than she requires, would like to dispose of some of the former, all a-growing, on patches of scalp, 1 in. square, ready for grafting.—Apply, HIRSHUTA, *Daily Whig* Offices.

WHY HAVE A PUG NOSE?—The Bond Street Beauty Specialist, Madame ROSICRUCIA, M.D., can exchange same for Circassian feature, of any size. Large variety of pure-blooded natives always in stock, waiting for operations.

N.B.—Owing to political disturbances in Eastern Europe, special cheap Sale now on.

JUVENILE EXCHANGE INSURANCE SOCIETY.—Parents! insure your children against injury from disease or accident. This Society aims at benefiting all classes. The rich can supply their suffering little ones with fresh sound limbs, features or organs, as required. Poor parents are enabled by the sacrifice of one child to bring up the rest in comfort. All negotiations conducted with strictest secrecy.

MR. SOARER, the parachutist, has lately submitted himself to a novel and interesting experiment. Should it prove successful, he will be the greatest human curiosity in the world, and may possibly even become the progenitor of a new race of beings.

For some weeks past he has been lying in bed at a hospital, strapped, back to back, to a large eagle, whose pinions are gradually, with exquisite skill, being transferred to his own arms and shoulder-blades.

The operation is now at the humerus stage, and the whole medical world is watching its progress with the keenest interest.

Mr. SOARER has informed an interviewer that he feels little pain, but finds sleep difficult. The eagle's remarks were unprintable.



THE BOHOTLE IMP.

JOHN BULL BRINGS PRESSURE TO BEAR ON THE IRREPRESSIBLE MULLAH.



Keeper (to Beater). "WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' HERE? WHY DON'T YE GO AND SPREAD YOURSELF OUT?"
 Beater. "ZO I WERE SPREAD OUT, AND T'OTHER MAN 'E TOLD I, I WERE TOO WIDE!"

MR. BOURCHIER'S CRICKET TEAM;

Or, Harlequin Caleb and He stoops to Conquer!

It was indeed a happy thought of Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER'S, inspired by The Best Possible Christmas Spirits, to reproduce the dear old Dickensian *Cricket on the Hearth*; but it was an imp of mischief that prompted him to introduce the Shakspearian fairies Oberon, Titania, Ariel, and Puck, into a story with which they had not even the most distant connection, and where, when they do appear, it is only as some kind of winged *Paul Pry*s, apologising for their meddling and muddling, and in effect hoping that they don't intrude. Oberon from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and Ariel from *The Tempest*!

Of course, if it were all arranged as a pantomime, with *Tackleton* afterwards *Pantaloon*, *John Peerybingle* afterwards *Harlequin*, *Dot* afterwards *Columbine*, *Caleb* afterwards *Clown*, and *Edward*, the illustrious stranger, afterwards *Sprite*, with *Tilly Slowboy* as *Policeman*, and the baby taking its place in the spill-and-pelt scenes of the harlequinade, then by all means let us have all the fairies and the Merry-as-Grigolati sprites that can be accommodated on the Garrick stage.

But this pretty, old-fashioned, domestic drama is not a pantomime at all, though "Kettle and Cricket did begin it," and although the household fairies of the *Hearth and Home* were by its author most deftly and most sweetly worked into it. The plot is theatrical, granted, but it served its purpose in 1845, just as in 1848 *The Wife's Secret* served *LOVELL* for a drama, in which CHARLES KEAN and his wife made one of their greatest successes. DICKENS described his story as "a fairy tale of home," but the supernatural

company was a strictly limited one. It was divided into "Three Chirps," to which Mr. BOURCHIER has added "A Warble." Why "Warble"? Where does "Warbling" come in? The fairies do not warble: they sing solos and chorus, also they dance as do the mortals, but where's the "Warble?"

Having taken this leave and license with the author, why did not Mr. BOURCHIER go a little further, and as, on account of his stature and build, he is no more fitted by nature to play "a little meagre" man, such as DICKENS has described his *Caleb Plummer*, than was Sir HENRY IRVING to figure as *Napoleon* (in the play of *Madame Sans-Gêne*), why did he not adapt *Caleb Plummer* to his own inches, and play it so that everyone all over the house should be able to see his face, instead of painfully arching his back, in order to cut down the part as much as possible (what self-sacrifice in a manager-actor!), and so make a conscientious effort to play down to the original limitations of the character? That he plays it well and with great feeling and carries the audience with him, is the greater tribute to Mr. BOURCHIER'S histrionic talent, on account of our being deprived, to a considerable extent, of seeing the working of his features.

As *Bertha*, the blind girl, Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH is truly pathetic, and her performance "on a rude kind of harp which *Caleb* had contrived for her" is a touching episode in the cosy domestic scene at the Toymaker's.

And in the last "chirp" of all, absolutely unemotional must be the spectator who will not have perforce to blow his nose in order to stifle his tears, when *Caleb* makes his humble confession to his sweet blind daughter, and says, "I have wandered from the truth, intending to be kind to you; and have been cruel." A most touching scene, exquisitely

rendered by the chief actor and chief actress in it, assisted with great discretion by Miss JESSIE BATEMAN as *Dot*.

As *John Peerybingle*, Mr. BARNES is no less excellent than he has lately been in a sort of farming, horse-training character in *The Flood Tide* at Drury Lane, from which house, it being no great distance off, he seems to have stepped across without changing either his costume, make-up, dialect, or manner. Perhaps there wasn't time. But why "dialect"? Why do *Dot* and *John* assume a sort of provincial twang? Whether it smacks of Yorkshire, Sussex, or Berkshire, or whatever it may be, 'tis not so written by DICKENS in the book.

It was judicious of Mr. BARNES to leave his "make-up" much as it was at Drury Lane, because, on referring to the illustrated edition of *The Cricket on the Hearth*, it will be found that every one of the three clever draughtsmen employed to portray the character had his own private and peculiar view of *John Peerybingle's* age, costume, and lineaments. JOHN LEECH made him a bald-headed, clumsy, hobnailed, old rustic, a clodhopper at home with his pipe, mug, and his Missus, but quite past work; MACLISE showed him as a flaxen-haired, elegant, amateurish labourer, daintily attired, as he might be in a ballet or in private theatricals, and aged about thirty at the most; while DOYLE insisted on making him about forty, with a remarkably fine head of dark hair! No doubt Mr. BARNES was puzzled, and rightly decided on taking a line of his own.

By the way, unless *John Peerybingle* wishes his wife to catch her death of cold he will be careful to order for her a stout pair of boots, as it is distressing to forecast the consequences to merry little *Dot* of her walking out in the snow, during the depth of winter, wearing such very slight dancing-shoes as were fashionable, only of course for indoor wear, in the time of KATE NICKLEBY.

Miss LIZZIE WEBSTER, as *Tilly* with the baby, and Mr. FRANK MILLS as *Edvard the Stranger*, with the trick wig and false beard, are very amusing in their by-play, which delights the house and will probably be worked up into one of the principal attractions of the piece during the run that, judging from its hearty reception, there is every reason to believe is before it at the Garrick Theatre during the Christmas season.

Miss DOROTHY GRIMSTON, as the *Fairy Home*, delivers her lines with emphasis and discretion. Miss ELFRIDA CLEMENT is sympathetic in the small part of *May*, and little Master THOMAS LIPTON in the smaller part of *Puck* is, as might be expected from the name, "right to a T." The music by RICKETT, composed for the *Cricket*, is all that could be desired.

THE HAPPY MARRIAGE.

(A Ballad.)

[A sensation has been caused in Portland, Oregon, by the arrest of two ladies and their husbands for highway robbery. Evidence was brought to show that the ladies used to stand beside their husbands while the robberies were being committed, and help to rifle the victims.]

WHEN EMERSON K. WASHINGTON met SADIE Q. VAN POTT,
Her numerous attractions bowled him over on the spot:
At first distinctly timid, gaining courage by degrees,
He rushed into her presence, and addressed her, on his knees:—

"Oh, SADIE Q., I worship you, and not as other men;
My love had proved a worthy theme for Poet SHAKESPEARE'S pen;
My groans and sighs excite surprise, whene'er I pace the street;
I really cannot sleep at all. And, worse, I cannot eat.

"For ham and eggs (Virginia style) I've ceased to care a jot;

No strawberry shortcake tempts me now, nor Boston beans, served hot.

The oyster-stew I wave aside: I cannot touch a clam:

From these remarks you'll judge in what a wretched state I am.

"So do decide to be my bride; oh, heed a lover's prayers;
Admit some sunshine to a lot, which now is dark with cares.

But lest without reflection you are tempted to decline,
I'll picture what will happen should we form the said combine.

"Most husbands treat their wives as dolls, and, sorrowful to state,

Refuse to let them take a hand in things of any weight:

Myself I mean to act upon a widely different plan;

For Lovely Woman's duty lies, I hold, in helping Man.

"If you elect to marry me, my angel-bird, you'll be
As partner in my business quite invaluable to me.
And what that business is, without preamble I will tell:
You see in me a footpad. And I'm doing very well.

"Way out in pleasant Oregon my humble trade I ply;
Few highwaymen have got a larger *clientèle* than I;
Think not that these are idle words. With truth my claims agree;

You may have heard of 'Sand-Bag BILL'? Exactly. I am he.

"So, if my proffered heart and hand you'll but consent to take,

You'll come with me on every expedition that I make;

Together, hand in hand, my love, at night we'll roam about,

Entrap the guileless traveller, and—briefly—clean him out."

His speech was scarcely finished, when quoth SADIE, "Wal, I vum!

What, marry you, my EMERSON? I calculate! Why, some!

Stray travellers in Oregon will soon be mighty sick;

Ring up the parson on the 'phone, and get it over slick."

The parson put the service through without the least delay;

And EMERSON and SADIE Q. were wed that very day;

Their happiness, I'm glad to say, is wholly free from cares;

I never knew so prosperous a married life as theirs.

For every night, when dinner's o'er, and darkling shadows fall,

They take their knuckle-dusters from the hat-stand in the hall,

And EMERSON says, "SADIE, have you cartridges, my pet?

Your iron, is it clean and bright?" And SADIE says, "You bet."

And then through quiet streets they prowl, through dim-lit squares they roam,

They intercept the passer-by, as he is hurrying home;

And EMERSON'S destructive club upsets him with a crash,
While SADIE'S nimble fingers gather in the needful cash.

So on they go from day to day, as happy as can be,
And in this simple tale, I think, a moral we may see:
The married state can never be completely free from strife,
Unless a man's profession also interests his wife.

THE VERY LOWEST DEPTHS.

[A condensed version of that cheerful drama, *The Lower Depths*, by MAXIM GORKI, recently presented in London by the Stage Society.]

SCENE—A common lodging-house in Moscow. A number of *gavki*—we mean GORKI—ne'er-do-weels dimly discovered sitting about on stage in profound darkness. Enter VASSILISSA, the fierce landlady of the establishment, followed by her husband KOSTOLOFF. She stumbles over the prostrate form of one of the lodgers and swears audibly.

Vassilissa. Who are you, confound you?

Alyoshka (shouting joyously). I'm ALYOSHKA. I was playing my concertina. [Does so discordantly.]

Kostoloff. Do you usually play your concertina lying flat on your back, eh?

Aly. Invariably. And I wave my legs in the air and bellow all the time like this. (Does so.) The Stage Society like it.

Vass. Get up. You're imbecile.

Aly. (rising morosely). Not much more so than all the rest of the cast. You'll see!

Vass. (peering through gloom and deserying dim form on bench). Who are you?

Dim Form (in squeaky voice). I'm the Baron. (Points to girl next to him.) This is NASTYA.

Kost. (sniggers). Not perceptibly nastier.

Aly. (apparently to concertina). Wheezes, wheezes, dash it!

Baron. She's reading.

Vass. Some trash, I suppose?

Nastya. I dare say. But it's a lot livelier than this play!

Vass. (peering round). Is VASKA here?

Kost. (shocked). Really, VASSILISSA! This is most indecorous.

Vass. The whole establishment's profoundly indecorous. Where is he, BOOBNOFF?

[To stout individual sitting tailor-fashion on a stool.

Boobnoff. He's gone out for a walk with NATASCHA.

Vass. With my sister? I'll teach her! [Going.

Actor (a tattered person lurking in the background). I say! Stop! I haven't had a blessed line to say yet!

Kost. (tersely). Then don't say it.

Actor (throwing himself into an attitude vaguely reminiscent of Sir HENRY IRVING). And to think that I was once an actor-manager!

Kost. Drink, I suppose?

Actor. Put briefly, yes. But I used to be great! You should have seen me playing the hind legs of an elephant to MACREADY's forelegs. That was something like acting!

Vass. I dare say. (Shadowy Form enters. Sharply.) Is that you, VASKA?

Shadowy Form. No. It's me, WHEN.

Vass. What?

S. F. (crossly). Not "what." "WHEN." My name's "WHEN." It's on the programme.

Actor (sulkily). It ought to have been "Why." Then perhaps you could tell us why the Dickens—I mean the TOLSTOY—you're in the cast. You've nothing to do apparently.

When (meekly). I'm part of the local colour. So's ANNA. She's coughing there in the corner. (To KOSTOLOFF, sycophantically). "Coughing" and "coffin"; you might make a joke about that? (KOSTOLOFF shakes head vigorously.) No? Been done before, perhaps?—So's the Tartar. Have you caught the Tartar? LUKE ought to be here, but he's district visiting just now.

Actor (impatiently). I say, I wish you people would get on with the plot. Nothing's happened at all in the beastly play so far.

Baron (sardonically). In really high art drama nothing ever does happen at all.



A REAL GHOST STORY.

Mistress (returning). "ANY ONE TO SEE ME, MARY?"

Mary. "YES, MEM. AN INSANITARY SPECTRE."

[But it was only the Sanitary Inspector who had called regarding some alterations that were going on.

Actor (grumbling). Still, somebody ought to do something.

Vass. I'm going to do something. I'm going to do for NATASCHA as soon as she comes in. I'll teach her to flirt with VASKA!

Kost. (remonstrating). My love!

Vass. Oh yes, I will. Here they are. (Enter VASKA and NATASCHA.) Come here, you wicked girl!

[Shakes her violently.

Vaska (roughly). Now then, you leave her alone.

Vass. On the contrary, I'm going to whack her. You'll see! (To NATASCHA) Off with you!

Nat. Boo-hoo!

[Exit upstairs, weeping.

Vaska. If you do I'll kill your husband.

Vass. (eagerly). Will you? Oh, that would be nice. I can't bear KOSTOLOFF!

[Exit upstairs after NATASCHA, followed by KOSTOLOFF. Sounds of stick heard off, mingled with squeals from poor NATASCHA.

Vaska. Hang it, I won't stand this!

[Exit hurriedly after the others. Greater hubbub than ever, mingled with cries of Murder!

Actor (rubbing his hands). This is better. It almost sounds as if something really was going to happen at last. Call the police, someone. I believe it's going to be quite like Drury Lane after all.

Baron (calls shrilly into street). MYEDVYEDIEFF! MYEDVYEDIEFF!

Actor (disgusted). What a name for a policeman! We

might all be murdered before you've learnt how to pronounce it. (*Shouts*) Hi, there! Bobby! Hurry up.

Enter MYEDVYEDIEFF, a stout person in Russian policeman's uniform. The din upstairs continues.

Myed. What's the matter?

Baron. They're murdering someone off. Can't you hear them?

Myed. (*grumbling*). Then what's the use of bringing me on? Who is it?

Baron. It's VASSILISSA murdering NATASCHA. Or VASKA murdering KOSTOLOFF. I don't know which.

Myed. But bless me, they're relations. I can't interfere in that. It's purely a family affair. [*Exit with dignity.*]

Actor (*disgusted*). With a policeman like that all drama becomes impossible.

[*The hubbub above gradually ceases. Then VASKA descends.*]

Baron (*giggling*). He! He! Did you finish him?

Vaska. Yes. I think so. I didn't stop to see.

Baron. What are you going to do?

Vaska. Oh, I'm off. You won't hear anything more about me. [*Going.*]

Actor (*horried*). We shan't hear anything more about you?

Vaska. Not a blessed word. Good bye. [*Exit.*]

Actor (*in agony*). But the plot! What's to happen to the plot?

Baron. This play isn't going to have any plot.

Actor. Well, I'll be hanged!

[*Exit for the purpose.*]

Baron. Silly fellow, to take the drama so seriously!

(*Curtain.*)

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.

VI.—CAN ACTORS BE TOO STRONG?

SCENE—*The Strong Room. Chancery Lane Safe Deposit.*

PRESENT:

Mr. Weedon Grossmith.

Mr. Edmund Payne.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree.

Mr. Redford.

Mons. Walkley.

Herr Hackenschmidt.

Mr. George Alexander.

La Loie Fuller.

La Louie Freear.

Mrs. Kendal.

Little Tich.

Mr. Oscar Asche.

Miss Edna May.

Mrs. Brown Potter.

Mr. Weedon Grossmith. Ladies and Gentlemen,—This meeting has been convened to discuss the question of physical strength as a factor in histrionic efficiency. Sir HENRY IRVING, as you are doubtless aware, has written to Mr.

SANDOW cordially approving of his idea of starting special classes for actors. Personally, I am without any settled convictions on the point, and until I have finished my pamphlet I shall not know what I think; but I have no doubt that much light will be thrown on the subject by the numerous and gifted representatives of the profession whom I see around me.

Mr. Oscar Asche. An actor cannot be too strong or too massive. Think how ineffective *Iris* would have been if I had not been able to break furniture. But I did not break enough (*sighs deeply*), I did not break enough.

Mons. Walkley. But, on the other hand, no good Musclemann ever became a famous actor.

Mr. Redford (*Licensor of Plays*). I am not prepared to say that an actor can be too strong, but I am certain that many plays are.

Miss Edna May. Who is that gentleman?

Little Tich. He's the Lord Chamberlain's assistant.

Miss Edna May. Do you mean Mr. VINCE?

La Loie Fuller. Without strength a serpentine dancer is nowhere.

Miss Edna May. I have a very strong part in a new piece called *The Dumb Bell of New York*.

Mrs. Kendal. I quite agree with my sister artists. A strong play with strong situations needs a strong cast. But there must be a true balance of power. If *Othello* is played by a Hercules, *Desdemona* must be an Amazon, or at any rate a muscular Christian. Otherwise the strangling scene is too one-sided.

Herr Hackenschmidt. I should *Othello*, with the *Tremendous Turk* as *Desdemona*, greatly to play like. That would a scene indeed be.

Mr. Redford. I doubt if it would be allowed. There seems to me a suggestion of bull-fighting in the contest.

Herr Hackenschmidt. We should the house down bring.

Mr. Forbes Robertson. I cannot go all the way with the last speaker. Let actors be strong, but not too strong. A willowy grace before muscle and brawn. The actor should be strong enough to stop conversation during the play; but no stronger.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree. Or to remove a hostile critic from the stalls.

Mr. George Alexander. What is a hostile critic like? I don't think I ever saw one.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree. Endurance rather than strength in my opinion is what is really needed of an actor. For example, he is the only character who may have to endure a frost in the dog days.

La Louie Freear. If I may say so, bulk and beef aren't in it with brains.

Mr. Edmund Payne. Heaven may be on the side of the big battalions, but the gods applaud the little nippers.

Mons. Walkley (*cantillating*). χάρις βασιλεωσιν ὁπασθε.

Mr. Weedon Grossmith (*interrupting*). Ladies and gentlemen, I am glad to be able to inform you that at the close of our discussion Herr HACKENSCHMIDT has kindly consented to wrestle with Mr. WALKLEY's terrible Greek.

Mrs. Brown Potter. The strength of a play does not necessarily reside in the physical force of the actors. A good title is very often half the battle. I may say that I have just copyrighted *Brown Pottage* for my next venture.

Mr. Weedon Grossmith. Then do I understand that the opinion of the meeting is that actors cannot be too strong, and that Mr. SANDOW's proposal is accepted?

Little Tich (*unanimously*). Certainly.

THE HOPEFUL LOVER.

[*The World* says, "Nothing so seriously occupies woman's attention as the innumerable aids to beauty. To endeavor yourself to her there is nothing surer than to be able to give some new specific for the complexion, or an infallible cure for wrinkles."]

DEAREST DOLLY, don't expect me,

Just because I've had your note,

Stating bluntly you reject me,

Foolishly to cut my throat.

All between us is not ended;

Someday you shall not decline;

Someday, at my feet extended,

You shall clamour to be mine!

I am off post-haste at daylight,

Off to sample land and sea;

And my hope is that I may light

On some magic recipe—

Some specific, good for staining,

Something utterly unique,

That shall keep the bloom from waning

From your cold and lovely cheek.

I am off, I say, at 'sun-up,'

Off to find a mixture that

At your chemist's may be done-up

If you think you're growing fat.

I am off to get a wrinkle

That shall make all others fly,

That shall keep the hated crinkle

From your forehead by-and-by.

Then, secure in my position,

I shall once again propose;

Sure of your complete submission—

Till my secrets I disclose!

But, my love, you shall not 'do' me;

Firmly shall my lips be shut;

On that point in vain you'll woo me—

Till the wedding-cake is cut!

Postscript.—Tell me, DOLLY dearest,

If you can, ere I depart,

Since my notion's not the clearest,

Where you think I'd better start.

DIARY OF THE MODERN HUNT
SECRETARY.

["Capping all non-subscribers is pretty generally resorted to, this season, not only in the Shires, but also with provincial packs."—*Daily Press*.]

Monday.—Splendid gallop after non-subscriber. Spotted the quarry on good-looking chestnut, whilst we were drawing big covert. Edged my horse over in his direction, but non-subscriber very wary—think he must have known my face as "collector of tolls." Retired again to far side of spinney and disguised myself in pair of false whiskers, which I always keep for these occasions. Craftily sidled up, and finally got within speaking distance, under cover of the whiskers, which effectually masked my battery. "Beg pardon, Sir," I began, lifting my hat, "but I don't think I have the pleasure of knowing your name as a subscri—" But he was off like a shot. Went away over a nice line of country, all grass, and a good sound take-off to most of the fences. Non-subscriber had got away with about a three lengths lead of me, and that interval was fairly maintained for the first mile and a-half of the race. Then, felt most annoyed to see that my quarry somewhat gained on me as we left the pasture land and went across a holding piece of plough. Over a stiff post and rails, and on again, across some light fallow, towards a big dry ditch. The hunted one put his horse resolutely at it—must say he rode very straight, but what *won't* men do to avoid "parting"?—horse jumped short and disappeared from view together with his rider. Next moment I had also come a cropper at ditch, and rolled down on top of my prey. "Excuse me," I said, taking out my pocket-book and struggling to my knees in six inches of mud, "but when you rather abruptly started away from covert-side, I was just about to remark that I did not think you were a subscriber, and that I should have much pleasure in taking the customary 'cap'—thank you." And he paid up quite meekly. We agreed, as we rode back together, in the direction in which we imagined hounds to be, that even if they had got away with a good fox, the field would not be likely to have had so smart a gallop as he and I had already enjoyed. Lost my day's hunting, of course.

Thursday.—Got away after another non-subscriber, and chased him over four fields, after which he ran me out of sight. Lost my day's hunting again, but was highly commended by M.F.H. for my zeal.

Saturday.—M.F.H. pointed out five non-subscribers, and I at once started off to "cap" them. Lost another day with hounds—shall send in my resignation.



ENFANT TERRIBLE.

Family Doctor. "I HOPE, MY DEAR LADY, THAT YOU ARE ALL THE BETTER FOR YOUR LONG HOLIDAY AND THOROUGH CHANGE OF AIR."

The Patient. "IT HAS DONE ME ALL THE GOOD IN THE WORLD, MY DEAR DOCTOR. I AM A DIFFERENT BEING; IN FACT QUITE ANOTHER WOMAN!"

Sharp Child. "OH, MAMMA! HOW PLEASED PAPA WILL BE WHEN HE HEARS THIS!"

Exclusiveness in the Kitchen.

POSITION WANTED—by experienced Cook; best of reference; no Clerical family need apply.—*Advt. in the "Ottawa Evening Journal."*

REUTER'S Special Service reports that in the course of Lord Curzon's progress to Koweit, the route being lined by tribesmen, "a constant fusillade of ball cartridge was maintained by the mounted escort." He further speaks of the reception given the VICEROY as most cordial. It certainly sounds quite warm.

FROM THE FRENCH LADY BARRISTER TO MISS CAVE:—"Brief life is *here*, my *Portia*."

Is Birmingham—the very headquarters of the Tariff Reform League—they seem to do so well on Free Food that a municipal limit has had to be fixed for corporeal expansion. The *Birmingham Evening Dispatch*, in describing the new motor omnibuses, says:—"Thirty-six passengers will be provided for: fourteen inside, twenty on the top, and two beside the driver. They will be 6½ ft. wide, which is the limit allowed, 20 ft. long, and weigh two tons."

A MOVEMENT is on foot to compel financiers, when registering companies, to deposit their finger-prints, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.



C. RAVEN. 1897

THE QUESTION OF THE DAY.

First Worthy. "WHERE DO I GET MY OPINIONS FROM ON THIS 'ERE FAIR TRADE? FROM SQUIRE, O' COURSE. 'E GAVE ME TWO PARTRIDGES WHEN MY OLE 'OOMAN WERE BAD, AN'——"

Second Worthy. "TAKE CARE, GILES, TAKE CARE. WHAT'S THAT BUT BRIBERY?"

First W. "DON'T YOU RUN ON SO FAST, GAFFER. THEY BIRDS WAS THAT 'IOH, WE NEVER TOUCHED 'EM."

Second W. "WORSE AN' WORSE! THAT'S BRIBERY AN' CORRUPTION!"

THE NEWEST CHRISTMAS GIFT.

(A Dialogue overheard at one of our Great Emporia.)

VERY seasonable weather this morning, Madam, what can I show you, Madam?

Well, I should like to look at your latest Christmas novelties, please.

Certainly, Madam. This way, please. May I ask if it is for a present, Madam?

Yes, for a small boy of a scientific turn of mind.

Exactly, Madam. Will you walk this way to our Radium Bazaar? Mr. JONES, will you kindly attend to this lady?

Yes, Sir. Would you like one of our Curie collar-studs, Madam—you see it in the glass saucer, Madam, behind the grille—price only £1,000,000? Or we could do you a Ramsay Pin-head, remarkably cheap, for seven hundred

thousand guineas. It is guaranteed to consist of pure radium bromide only. Then we have a very neat line in needle-points, £500,000 for the dozen, just over from Bavaria, with 3s. 9d. morocco-leather case thrown in. They are highly recommended for sewing with in the dark. Shall I open the safe for you, Madam?

Good gracious no, I wanted something at about half-a-crown!

I am very sorry, Madam, but there has been no dumping of radium as yet, and so we are obliged to price these articles rather higher than the usual Christmas present. Even then our profit is practically nil in these days of cut-throat competition.

Haven't you *anything* just a little more reasonable? I don't wish to be out of the fashion this season, and I must have radium.

Well, Madam, I think I can show you the very thing, if you will be good enough to look into this microscope. It is the highest power known, and you see here a particle exactly one half-millionth of an inch in diameter. We are making a most sensationally low quotation, Madam, for this line of goods—only £9 19s. 11d. per particle. We are, in fact, cutting prices, Madam, in order to meet all purses. It is really dirt cheap, Madam, when you consider that each particle, though doubtless you can't see it with the unaided eye, contains 6,000,000 atoms. That works out to one twenty-five-hundredth of a penny per atom—practically giving them away, Madam! And they are guaranteed to last for ever, and won't wash clothes, though they will burn a hole in anybody's pocket.

It is very interesting, but I am afraid I can't go beyond two-and-six at the utmost.

If the young gentleman will come round here, Madam, we can give him a Radium Emanation at the figure you name. We cannot deliver the Emanations, Madam, as we find they change into something else in transit. Or we could let him have a spintharoscope on the instalment system. They are all the rage this Christmas, Madam, as supplied to Fellows of the Royal Society.

I'm very sorry, but I think I'll have to get him a clockwork motor-car, after all.

Certainly, Madam. Will you kindly enquire at the Penny Toy Department at the further end of the establishment. Good morning, Madam!

CAN any Lady Recommend a first-rate HEAD HOUSEMAID of three, for the Country?—Advert. in the "Times."

Nothing, we notice, is said about the ages of subordinate menials, but they should be something quite inconsiderable.



THE PERFORMING SEA-LIONS.

(From Westminster, as now appearing nightly in the Provinces.)



ESSENCE OF CONGRESS.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Washington, Monday night.—Fifty-eighth Congress opens to-day. Scene an oblong chamber, encircled by galleries crowded with citizens of great Republic, mostly women. No grille; no anguished separation from brothers or cousins; no obscuration of best bonnets or new frocks. In the States, according to Declaration of Independence, all citizens are on footing of equality, especially *citoyennes*. An empty cane-seated chair set on dais of whitemarble faces amphitheatre of desks, at which are seated some 360 exceedingly capable-looking men. All bare-headed. A free country where every man may do as he likes; generally does; line drawn at wearing hats in Congress.

Chair on dais is the Speaker's; empty for same reason that, on historical occasion, Spanish fleet was not seen: "because it was not yet in sight." Speaker not yet elected. So clerk at Table, wigless and gownless, takes charge of proceedings.

In a certain effete country when House of Commons meets in similar circumstances, clerk at Table also assumes direction of preliminary proceeding. Not being a duly elected Member he may not directly address one. Accordingly, when time comes for mover of Resolution nominating Speaker, he dumbly points forefinger at Hon. or Right Hon. Gentleman, who thereupon rises and commences his speech.

No nonsense of that kind with us, under the Stars and Stripes that hang motionless behind Speaker's Chair. The clerk—by way of distinction he is a Major, not a Colonel—speaks up briskly, making House generally step lively. Armed with stout auctioneer's hammer, he thunders three raps on astonished Table. Insulars, with their narrow prejudice, expect him to remark, "Now what shall we say for this fine article?" On the contrary, he calls upon the Gentleman from Iowa to get on his legs. The Gentleman from Iowa, responding, proposes Mr. CANNON as Speaker.

At utterance of name there is perceptible movement of surprise.

"CANNON?" one almost hears whispered, "who's that?"

The fact is, the Hon. JOSEPH G. CANNON, of Illinois, has for nearly twenty years been known in Congress as "UNCLE JOE." On reflection perceived that occasion is exceptional; no audible protest made.

In distant quarters of roomy Chamber the Gentleman from Virginia, on behalf of Democratic minority, proposes Mr. WILLIAMS.

Without more ado House divides; roll



"JOE'S" LONG SWIM.

Arthur. "You B-B-BUST HAVE HAD ENOUGH OF IT, HAVEN'T YOU, J-J-JOE? IT'S BIGHTY COLD EVED ID THE B-B-B-OAT; SH-SH-SHALL WE TAKE YOU ID?"

Joe. "TAKE ME IN; I SHOULD THINK NOT! IT'S A BIT CHILLY IN PLACES, AND THE TIDE IS RATHER STIFF, BUT, BLESS YOU, I LIKE IT!"

of Parliament produced, second clerk reads it out name by name, each Member responds with cry of "CANNON" or "WILLIAMS." Midway a new Member, forgetful of solemnity of occasion, gets as far as "UNC—" Colleagues seated near dig him in the ribs; he coughs apologetically, and says "CANNON."

Result of voting: 198 for CANNON, 166 for WILLIAMS. UNCLE JOE has it.

Where is UNCLE JOE? Peremptory Major in clerk's chair orders off two Members in search of him. UNCLE JOE discovered in the Rotunda studying gigantic painting of Surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga in 1777, a masterpiece by one TRUMBULL.

"Dear me!" said UNCLE JOE, benevolently regarding through his spectacles the two gentlemen who brought him news of his election, "you don't say so."

"Step lively," says Mr. WILLIAMS, his competitor for the office, to whom has fallen the gracious task of presenting the successful candidate to the expectant House.

As UNCLE JOE enters, leaning on arm of the Gentleman from Mississippi, Congressmen rose to their feet and loudly clapped their hands. Democrat or Republican, they were all one in their loyalty to the duly elected Speaker. Applause renewed when Mr. WILLIAMS,

having inducted the Speaker to the Chair, came forward, and in a few friendly sentences commended him to favourite consideration of what he described as "the greatest Parliamentary body on the surface of the earth."

UNCLE JOE almost affected to tears. Could not trust himself to deliver extemporaneous speech. Read from MS. a brief, simple acknowledgment of honour done him. Being sworn in, he unexpectedly produced a hammer a size larger than that wielded by the clerk at the Table; vigorously thumped Table in token that the special Session of Fifty-eighth Congress of the United States was about to enter on everyday business.

Thus simply doth the Daughter of the Mother of Parliaments array herself for legislative work.

Before sitting adjourned UNCLE JOE gave Members a taste of his quality. In far-off time a Gentleman from Florida being elected to Congress, the female members of his family bethought them of marking the occasion by floral tribute. According to tradition that still lingers in the corridors of House, GUSSIE, the youngest daughter, proposed to bind Pa's brows with chaplets of roses. Pa demurred on the ground that "that kind of rot was all very well for one of

those Roman Emperors," but wouldn't do for a Gentleman from Florida. Compromise arrived at on the basis of placing on Pa's desk a magnificent bouquet.

The thing took on. Up to last Session, on opening day nearly every desk was loaded with bouquets of size patriotically proportioned to area of United States. To-day, looking in on Senate House, found most of the desks flower-laden, with blushing Senator sitting in front of his tribute. First impression of ignorant stranger was that he had stumbled on Annexe of Covent Garden, and that these grave and reverend Seigneurs were on the outlook for custom for their wares.

Just before Congress rose to-day an incursion of page boys took place. Each carried, shoulder high, huge bouquets with name-card attached. These they deposited on desks of Congressmen to whom they were addressed. UNCLE JOE looked on for a while, a cloud of stern resolve mantling his loving countenance.

Then he arose in his might, "No more flowers," he said.

"By request," murmured a Member to whom none had been addressed.

Thereupon, it being twenty-five minutes to four, the House, in session since noon, adjourned.

Business done.—SPEAKER elected.

AN INVITATION.

EXHAUSTED by a weather-change
Immutably persistent,
My mind at last inclines to range
To something pretty distant,
To some remote and torrid shore
(You'll ask, no doubt, "Which is it?")
Where sunshine is a little more
Unlike an angel's visit.

What hinders us from such a trip?
As soon as we are able
Let's pack our bits of duds and slip
Our taut restrictive cable.
Then free across the sea we'll go,
With nothing to remind us
That—since you say it must be so—
Our wives remain behind us.

We needn't sail the whole world round:
I rather think I see us
Both landed on the sacred ground
Adjoining the Piræus.
In Grecian air we'll greet at ease,
With never an umbrella,
The sons of great Miltiades
In fez and fustanella.

And next, by balmy breezes borne
Across a sea of opal,
We'll anchor in the Golden Horn
And see Constantinople.
In each bazaar we'll purchase twice
As much as we have need for;
For something less than half the price
The slippered sellers plead for.

Since pleasure is our settled plan,
In Pera we'll pursue it;
Our multi-lingual Dragoman
Shall teach us how to do it.
I'll watch you while you learn the way
Of chasing every trouble
By sucking at a nargilhé,
I.e., a hubble-bubble.

Then, presto, change, we'll have some fun

In groves of palm and cocoa;
We'll follow the receding sun
Right up the Orinoco.
Then, striking South and moving fast
Wherever mortal may go,
I trust we shall emerge at last
In Tierra del Fuego!

Perhaps we'll trot through Turkestan
And other parts of Asia;
Through China on to far Japan,
And call upon the Geisha.
In India we can do and dare,
And, if you think you like war,
I'll fight you as a Rajah there,
And you can be a Gaikwar.

And then—? Why then, our skins
done brown,
And our finances undone,
We'll suddenly return to town
And make our pile in London.
What tales we'll tell of every sea
And every land we roam to!
And, oh, how pleased our wives will be
To have us back at home too!

R. C. L.

MRS. CRUMPET'S CONFIDENCES.

II.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Of the many journalistic publications purposed to whirl away the leisurely hour there is none which personally I support more cordial—present company excepted, *Mr. Punch*—than the *Daily Telegraph*. Well, Sir, lately the *Daily Telegraph* has printed a number of letters about a matter which I can speak of better than most. The title is less genteel than I could have thought for: "Are we habitually over-indulgent in the matter of nutrition?" would have been politer; "Do we indubitably over-estimate the potentialities of the stomach?" would have been better still. The *Telegraph*, however, has dropped into vulgar little words for once, and puts the question—rather coarsely, I think—as "Do we eat too much?"

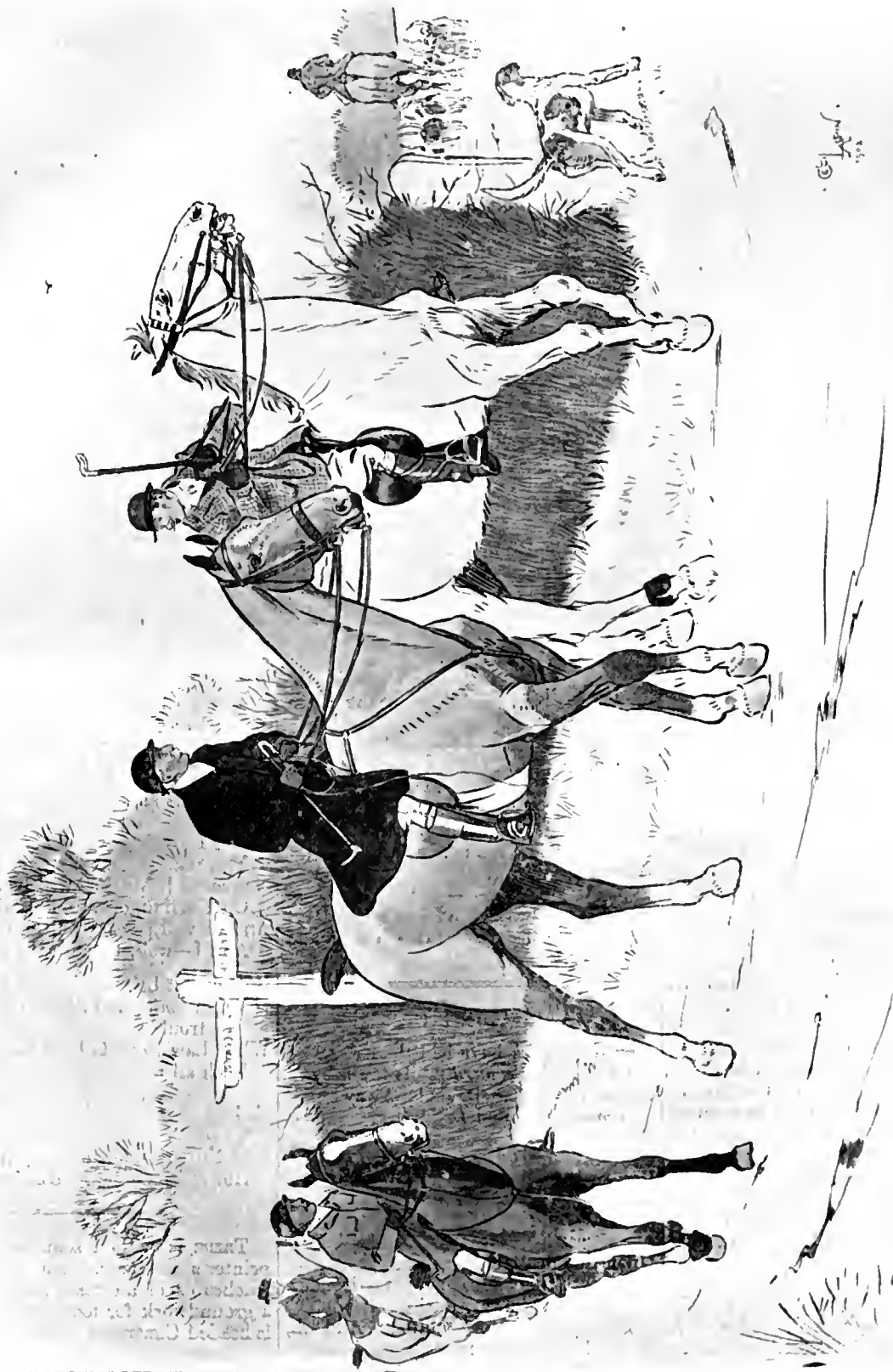
Some of us do, *Mr. Punch*, and some of us don't. My first situation was with an old lady who thought herself permanently invalidated. My duties would be light, said she, her appetite being that poor. But she had to try and eat, her doctor bidding her keep up her strength. And try she did. Nobody more so. Tea and roll at eight was her

programme; breakfast—three hot dishes—at nine; a little snack about 11, a four-course lunch at 1.30, another little snack towards 3, tea with muffins plentiful at 4.30, a regular set-to of a dinner at 8, and then one more little snack at bedtime. One morning I happened to come up to the dining-room, her doctor sitting there, and she complaining very sorrowful about her loss of appetite. "Beg pardon, M'm," says I afore she could speak, "but that there salmon hasn't come. So there'll only be the soup, and the lobster and the pheasant and a sweet or two for lunch, but I've sent out for three pork chops and——" Here she ordered me out of the room, aggravated-like, but I saw the doctor's eyes open singular. She gave me notice that very afternoon.

Then there are others as eat too little. Mostly it's on account of these new-fangled cookery books, which—asking your pardon, *Mr. Punch*—I say, drat 'em! My last master brought one home from London with him. He called me upstairs in order to expatiate its merits. "Mrs. CRUMPET," he says, "we have been wasting money wholesale. I have told your mistress that we will follow in future the rules in this little book. *The Careful Caterer* is the name of it. Table III. is the one we shall adopt. It works out, you see, at 5s. 7½d. a head per week for each member of the household. Next Monday I shall hand you enough money to last us at this rate for a week. You will make your own purchases, but, *whatever happens*, you must not exceed this estimate." "Very good, Sir," says I, and shortly afterwards I kicked that *Careful Caterer* right round my kitchen, releasing steam, as you might say. On Monday master gave me the money. On Saturday evening he brought a friend home to dinner, having boasted to him—the parlour-maid heard him—for ten minutes on end about the *Careful Caterer*. Well, the soup I sent up was made of tea, vinegar, and the dregs of a Worcester-sauce bottle. How they ate it I don't know. For the fish, I sent up the heads and tails of four herrings—left on the plates at breakfast that day. Set on the middle of the dish they were, with a ring of parsley round about. Master rang the bell furious. "Send Mrs. CRUMPET here!" he roared. Up I came, and explained that all the money allowed by the *Careful Caterer* had been finished at lunch. "And is there no meat?" asked master, savage as a bull. "No, Sir," says I, "but there is a sweet—four lumps of sugar, Sir, with a nice drop of treacle on them." We didn't use the *Careful Caterer* after that.

Yours obediently,

MARTHA CRUMPET.



THE "CAPPING" QUESTION.

Hunt Secretary (to stranger, who is out for the first time with hounds). "THERE IS A SMALL 'CAP' WE——"
 Jorcs (nervously). "Yes, yes, I see—BUT I DIDN'T THINK EVERYONE HAD TO WEAR IT!"

CHARIVARIA.

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, in an endeavour to prove the flourishing state of our trade, declared that "Germany used to have a practical monopoly of the wire trade, but lately we have been altering that." This reference to the KAISER'S telegrams, at a time when that monarch is scarcely convalescent, does not strike us as being in the best of taste.

A new comedy from the pen of Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES will shortly be produced at the Haymarket. The title is *Joseph Entangled*. We understand it is not, as the name might lead one to believe, a dramatic version of *Mr. Chamberlain's Proposals*.

The *Irish Times* asks:—"When is any of the Cabinet, or any ex-Member, going to speak in Ireland? The boycott of this country by British orators is really one of the most amazing phenomena of the day." Some people don't know when they are in luck. Not so the Irishman. He knows quite well, and makes a grievance of not having one.

Asked by an interviewer to give his views on the Fiscal Question, Mr. BRYAN (U.S.A.) answered:—"The English must on a question of this sort come to their own decision." This is a little unkind, when he might so easily have decided for us.

The proprietors of a much-advertised medical nostrum are announcing that they have prepared a Music Folio for which they predict a huge circulation, as it will be given away to all who apply for it. It is confidently anticipated that among the most popular dances this year will be the Liver Pill Lancers, the Wart Cure Waltz, the Anti-Bilious Barn Dance, and the Pale People Polka.

Modern methods of advertising are, however, sometimes subtle. The *Daily Mail* starts a discussion on the subject of reading in bed, and then announces the publication of its book on the Fiscal Question.

We are sorry to hear that *Consul*, the wonderful man-like monkey, drinks and smokes. We hope he will not turn out to be merely a Vice Consul.

There have been several affrays lately between Russians and Manchus. A St. Petersburg paper describes this as Civil War.

The object of the British expedition to Thibet is said to be to impress the

Lama with a sense of the power of Britain. This renders it more important than ever that the expedition should be a success.

Only three officers are on duty at Forbach out of the whole training battalion. All the rest are "on leave." This is said to be the result of the revelations made by ex-Lieutenant BULSE in his novel about the Forbach garrison. A distinguished and patriotic French novelist has now, it is reported, announced his attention of writing a series of realistic novels about all the German garrison towns.

Mr. CLEVELAND has made a statement showing that his decision not to come forward again as candidate for the Presidency of the United States is once more unalterable and conclusive.

Mr. *Punch*, in anticipating correspondence from a number of ladies and gentlemen who will want to know why they were not included in his "Academy of all the Talents," takes this opportunity of explaining that, if they are regular subscribers, the omission was due to want of space, but that all others were excluded owing to their not being up to the mark.

Much interest is being taken in the impending buy-election in the Caermarthen Boroughs.

JOHN STRANGE WINTER recently drew attention to the large number of ladies who wear wigs. The Benchers of Gray's Inn have now informed Miss BERTHA CAVE that they are not in favour of the custom spreading.

The Navy has had a fairly satisfactory week. We have lost one vessel and acquired two.

A LEADING CASE.

Derry and *Peek* have had their day.

Unheeded, *Bernard* spills the fiery Liquor of *Coggs*. Be off! Away!

Armory, yes, and *Delamirie*.

Ye *Seven Bishops* pass along!

Ye bilking *Carpenters*, be trotting!

Wake, Muse! Enshrine in deathless song

The leading case of *Hill v. Notting*.

Upon this desk, before these eyes,

Beneath this hand, in sweet surrender,
My earliest brief, my darling, lies.

How pink! How white! And oh,
how slender!

Now all thy secrets, sweet, confide;

Lay bare thy heart to thy fond lover
(She is a perfect blank inside.

She has no secrets to discover).

"In the High Court of Justice." See,
The noble words are written plainly.

Justice, my client calls on thee;

Oh, let him not invoke thee vainly.

Thy scales prepare; unsheath thy sword;

Blind Justice, pull thy bandage tighter;

Take Mr. NOTTING at his word;

Decide against the other blighter!

"King's Bench Division." Clear and pure

The fount in which I place my trust is.
No equitable wiles obscure

This limpid well of abstract justice.

Upon this mighty maxim, lo!

False Double-tongues, I stand defiant:

"The King can do no wrong." And so
He cannot hurt my honest client.

The moment of my triumph mark,

"Monday the seventh at ten thirty,"

Traced by some careless lawyer's clerk,
Whose thumb, I note, was rather dirty.

To him it means perchance, poor fool,

"Six days to Saturday and KATIE;"

To me—one step towards the Wool-
Sack's *otium cum dignitate*.

"*Hill versus Notting*." Oh, my brief!

When I am for a judgeship running,
(As sang the psalmist in his grief)

"Let my right hand forget her cunning,"

If from the tablets of my mind,

Though stands my star in the ascend-
ant,

Thy title's gone.—What's this I find?

"Brief to consent for the Defendant?"

And is this all? Must I consent?

Thy meaning, Brief, I cannot miss it.
I have no doubt of what is meant

Yes, my instructions are explicit.

No matter! Justice will be done

On NOTTING, craven, dolt and ninny;

And he will pay for all the fun;

And I—well, I shall earn a guinea.

But in that brighter, better day,

When *Smith* and *Shirley* cease to
trouble,

When Law Reports have passed away

With all the Temple's dust and
rubble,

Millennial men shall marvel still

To read the story here presented,

How NOTTING went to law with HILL,

How, ultimately, he consented.

THERE is method sometimes in a mis-
printer's madness. An advertisement
reaches us of a certain flour suitable as
a groundwork for toothsome dishes. It
is headed CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS AND AKES.

APT QUOTATION FOR GOLFERS ON THE
LINKS.—"Tread lightly, this is Holey
Ground."

OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

Now here is a real treat as a Christmas gift for children, in the shape of *The Enchanted Doll*, published by the De la More Press, Regent Street. Every Punchite will welcome it as bearing on its title-page the names of its author, MARK LEMON, *Mr. Punch's* first editor, and of DICKY DOYLE, one of the most playfully fanciful and grotesquely humorous artists that ever put pencil to paper in Punchian service. And this Christmas Book is dedicated to the daughters of the great master of all modern Christmas books, "to MARY and KATE DICKENS." It is good reading too, for "Uncle MARK" was a first-rate hand at a short story. DICKY DOYLE's work is not seen at its best in this reproduction, where, in the Baron's copy at least, it is too heavily printed. To the Baron it is the book of the coming Christmas season.

Since writing the above, the Baron, by the kind thoughtfulness of Lady ROMER, has now before him the original edition of this "Fairy Tale for Little People," published by "BRADBURY AND EVANS" at "11, Bouverie Street, MDCCCL," two years after the appearance of CHARLES DICKENS' *Haunted Man*, that is, just fifty-three years ago. And here the book is, strongly bound, with "BETTY" in gold letters on the cover, showing that MARK, its author, had a special copy made up for presentation to members of his own family as well as for "MARY and KATE DICKENS" to whom the "little book is affectionately inscribed," the dedication being adorned with a fancifully imagined capital letter—a T—as an initial, in red ink, designed by RICHARD DOYLE. The illustrations in this first edition are of a delicate tone, and do justice to the dainty handiwork of the inimitable DICKY. So here, as COLLEY CIBBER observed, "RICHARD's himself again."

My Nautical Retainer writes:—Between 1852 and 1874, the period covered by *The Story of a Soldier's Life* (CONSTABLE), we had very little fighting going on in which Lord WOLSELEY did not have a hand. The Burmah campaign of 1852-3, the siege of Sebastopol, the Indian Mutiny, the taking of the Taku Forts and Peking, the Red River Expedition, and the Ashantee War are all embraced in this enthralling autobiography. The narrative, soldierly and businesslike, if at times somewhat amateurish in style and lacking in literary imagination, is the work of a man of clear observation and judgment, with a keen eye alike for country and character. Although the author devotes very little time to the history of affairs in which he himself bore no part, his tale is remarkable for its continuity. Once only

is this broken, when the reader, after spending some hundred pages (unfortunately without a map) in the trenches before Sebastopol, is compelled, on account of a severe wound sustained by the author, to forego the triumph of its final capture. *En revanche*, at the relief of the Lucknow Residency, Lord WOLSELEY, who was then a captain in the 90th L. I., was the first, after breaking into the Motee Mohul, to join hands with the beleaguered garrison. He was at once warned to keep out of Sir COLIN CAMPBELL's way, as the Chief was furious with him for having exceeded his orders and so spoilt a carefully-arranged scheme by which the beloved 93rd Highlanders were to have figured in the foreground of just such a dramatic tableau.

Lord WOLSELEY has not quite escaped from the snares that are laid for those who exchange the sword, of which they know a great deal, for the pen, of which they know relatively little. He is tempted to embroider his theme with incidental flowers of rhetoric. And in this kind, in his platitudes, for instance, on NAPOLEON (suggested by a visit to St. Helena), or in his reiterated eulogies of the British soldier, he tends to become commonplace and rather tiresome. A still worse quality must be suspected in the following passage: "How many such gallant British soldiers lie buried all over the world. . . . It is their valour and their self-sacrifice that enables home tradesmen to make fortunes, live at ease, and to marry their sons and daughters into gentle families."

Modest as regards his own exploits, Lord WOLSELEY is irrepressibly assertive in praise of his cloth. But how delightfully naive is his optimism, where he goes to the Mussulman's length of assigning a seat in Paradise, as his natural right, to every brave soldier who falls on the field. On the other hand no such place should be reserved, if the author's advice were consulted, for any civil administrator

of our military system, CARDWELL always excepted. He is never tired of execrating their intrusive stupidity; and on the last page of a book that does not pretend to go beyond the year 1874 he introduces a personal reference to Mr. BRODRICK which, when one considers the deliberate character of it, and the public and permanent importance of the work in which it appears, must be regarded as being in strangely doubtful taste. One may venture to hope that, in a future edition, Lord WOLSELEY will withdraw this gratuitous sneer; and that, if he gratifies the general desire by continuing his narrative to the date when, as he says, "I gladly bid good-bye to the War Office and ceased to be the nominal Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty's Land Forces," he will



OUR GOOSE CLUB.

"GO HOME WITH IT, AND PLEASE YOUR WIFE WITHAL;
AND SOON AT SUPPER-TIME I'LL VISIT YOU."

Comedy of Errors, Act III., Sc. 2.



NEW READING OF OLD SHAKSPEARIAN TITLE.

"ALL SWELL THAT TEND SWELL."

take pains, in dealing with living persons, to temper valour with discretion.

Messrs. WALKER present specimens of calendars and pocket-books for the Baron's approval: so also does the firm of DE LA RUE. Between the two what choice is there? How happy would any writer in Diaries, or pocket of Pocket Books, be with either! Were he offered a charming little morocco-bound handy-sized pocket-book for every-day use, on reading the name of its inventor and vendor, he might exclaim, "WALKER!" but he would not turn his back upon so useful a gift. Dainty are the little diary calendars of DE LA RUE, and for these treasures the prices are far from De la Ruinous.

Susannah and One Elder, by E. MARIA ALBANESI (METHUEN), is so fascinating a story that anyone who has once commenced reading it will be selfishly inclined to wish for ordinary meteorological disturbance of the elements that may furnish a satisfactory excuse for remaining indoors to peruse this novel in comfortable, cosy quietude. The localities, where for the most part the action of this novel takes place, are described in such well-considered artistic word-painting that even the most impatient reader, eager to get ahead with the movement of the characters, in whom his interest has been from the very first thoroughly aroused, will willingly linger among these rural landscapes, in order that he may better realise and more thoroughly sympathise with the motives, sayings, and doings of the persons who move and have their being amid these picturesque lights and shadows. All the *dramatis personæ* are clearly defined; not lectured upon and explained by the author in long analytical passages, but allowed to develop their different characters in the course of the action. There is a fine study of an elderly aunt, who, in her way, is a sort of beneficent old *Lady Kew*, and there are some exceptionally powerful scenes. Yet has the Baron two small faults to find. The first is [its utterly misleading title, which at once suggests the history of "SUSANNAH and the Elders," with which this tale has no more to do than it has with POTIPHAR's wife and JOSEPH or any other biblical subject. The title is irrelevant and, as the Baron has already insisted, misleading. The second

fault is the authoress's plan of heading her chapters with quotations which, whether real or invented (and the one in old French, which is the equivalent of "I do not like you, Dr. FELL," renders the Baron a trifle suspicious), distract attention and serve no useful purpose. Headings are as texts: and chapters of a novel must not be sermons. Heaven forbid it! These two *gravamina* apart, the Baron has nothing but the highest praise for this most excellent novel.

THE BARON



WASTED SYMPATHY.

SCENE—Interior of Railway Carriage.

Lady (to gentleman who has just entered and is placing one of his fellow passenger's bags on the floor where there is a hot-water bottle). Oh! Excuse me, Sir, but, please don't put that near the hot-water bottle. I've got a little bird in the bag.

Elderly Gentleman (who is an enthusiastic Anti-Vivisectionist and prominent member of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals). Good Heavens, Madam! a bird in there! Please consider! How cruel! how inhuman! how—(gasps for words).

Lady. Not at all, my dear Sir. It's a roast partridge, cold, for luncheon. [Collapse of Enthusiast.]

STARTLING! RATHER!—A letter from *The Gentlewoman* commanded our most respectful courtesy. It ran thus:—"I think you will be interested to know that we have recently purchased 'The Sun' 'Purchased the Sun!' Perhaps this fact may account for the recent absence of that Master Luminary. If they would only 'purchase the Fog,' and keep it locked up! Again we take up the typed letter and continue. Oh, a thousand pardons! It is 'the Sun newspaper' that has been purchased, and it will have come out strong, it is to be hoped, ere this notice appears. Our best wishes. Go it, Sunny!

A WORD FOR SOME SMALL INVALIDS.

MR. PUNCH is a beggar to beg, that is, on occasion; such occasions must necessarily be rare, as he is compelled to strictly limit his appeals for assistance. Now one of these "exceptionales," as a certain well-known cigar brand is labelled, is the Hospital for Sick Children, and as on Tuesday, December 22, there is to be a special performance in aid of the funds of this Hospital, on which occasion the Christmas fairy tale of *Little Hans Andersen*, by Captain BASIL HOOD, is to be played at the Adelphi, Mr. Punch trusts that all his readers who have hitherto been so generous towards this House will assist and give their "mites" towards helping these other mites, so that there may be added to the "Lewis Carroll Cot," the "Kate Greenaway Cot," and the "Punch Cot," the "Hans Andersen Cot." This is an appeal from Hans to Hearts—and Hands in pockets.

WOMEN AT THE BAR. Of course the case of Miss CAVE decides it. (See Report of Trial: and correspondence. *Times*, Dec. 8.) To those young ladies who are thinking of appearing as ornaments to the Bar, the Judges say "Cave." But why admit the fair sex to practise at one bar and not at another? Why permitted at the bar of the Alhambra, or of SPIERS & POND, or of the Great Empire itself, and not allowed at the Bar of England? Surely wherever gowns are permitted the softer sex may appear; while wigs, not being absolutely essential, might be limited to "fronts." In certain cases, surely they might be allowed to plead, and in uncertain cases they should be encouraged to do so.

MY SECOND OPERATION.

I PASS in silence over my first operation; it is pleasanter to forget it. Yet afterwards I discovered some elements of grim humour in it. And I learnt also what kindness can be shown one by surgeons and nurses, who had never seen one until a few hours before. One's dearest friends may be kinder, but they would be anxious and agitated. How much better the scientific calm of the surgeon, with his sure hand, his unflinching skill. As for the nurses, to call them "ministering angels" is lamentably insufficient. Angels would be cold and superhuman; they could not be lively. Imagine the cheering influence of a recording angel, who might drop a tear on one's pillow!

I am told not to excite myself, and I am not able to do much, lying here in bed. But when I am well again, if any man in my presence breathes a word against nurses, especially surgical nurses, I shall have very great pleasure in knocking him down. Also, if we are in a house, in kicking him out of the door, or throwing him out of the window. Provided always that he is smaller than I am.

Moreover if any blatant fool talks to me about the British Workman—who would be a very good fellow if he were saved from his blatant friends—I can now retort with the British Doctor and the British Nurse. They have no Trades' Unions, strikes or picketings,

they never assault blacklegs, they never starve themselves while strike officials grow fat, they know nothing of "Ca' Canny"—or whatever the idiotic, meaningless words are—and above all they have no Eight Hours' Day. They do not complain of twelve, fourteen, or even sixteen hours' work, with head as well as hand. Yet no one proposes Acts of Parliament to make them comfortable, or suggests providing luxuries for them at the expense of the rate-payers.

However I must get on to my second operation. I have been in bed for over a fortnight; it cannot be much longer delayed. I have always known it must be performed. My head becomes hotter and more uncomfortable every day. I begin to think of brain fever. My two nurses, gentle and sweet women, try to cheer me. They assure me there is no hurry. The Lady-Superintendent of this nursing home says the same. She is as clever as she is kind.

Finally, I appeal to the Eminent Surgeon in whose hands I am. He is very good-natured, though he is the autocrat of this house, where his word is law. In England we have no such title as that of the German EMPEROR'S surgeon, His Excellency Actual Privy Councillor Professor Doctor SCHMIDT. I can only give the dignity of capitals, and write "the Eminent Surgeon." Well, I appeal to him. He says it is for me to choose; the operation might be delayed; there would be no danger.



MIXED BATHING.

Fussy Landlady (to new Lodger). "WELL, SIR, IF YOU'LL ONLY TELL ME WHEN YOU WANT A BATH, I'LL SEE YOU HAVE IT."

I ask if he will perform it. He says he cannot. This is a great shock to me, for in his hands I should have felt safe. I thought an Eminent Surgeon could do anything. I consult him as to anaesthetics. He assures me that ether is unnecessary. I meekly suggest a local application of cocaine. He says I could have it if I liked. I ask if I should have a doctor friend of mine in the room. He says it would not be a bad idea to have someone to hold my hand. Then he leaves me alone, face to face with the problem, Who shall perform the operation?

My nurse, always bright and alert, solves it for me. What a number of problems she has solved for me, from the very first, when getting a spoonful of jelly into my mouth presented incredible difficulties! She says there is a specialist, for whom she can send, very near this house. I know the sort of men those particular specialists are, and I hate them always. So I have only to screw up my courage and bear it.

All this happened two or three days ago, and now the dread moment has come. I lie still in bed, while my teeth chatter quietly together. My nurse opens the door and looks in, with her usual bright smile.

"Are you ready?" she asks cheerfully.

"Yes," I murmur in a faint voice.

"Very well," she says, "the hair-dresser has come. He can cut your hair at once."

STUDIES OF BLIGHTED LIVES.

III.—A LOST FAITH.

[*The Westminster Gazette*, ridiculing the confidence of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S supporters in the ultimate triumph of their far-off purpose, said: "It is sufficient for practical politicians to consider the next Election."]

As when within the Theban shrine,
Dim-lit and redolent of spices,
The devotee depressed his spine
Under the mobile orbs of Isis;
Till, on a sudden, as his heart
Into an ecstasy was sinking,
He saw, through some defect of art,
A priest inside who did the winking;
Then rose in wrath, and homeward came,
A disillusionised Egyptian,
And from a cult, so lost to shame,
Withdrew his annual subscription;—
So have I known a man or two,
Who worshipped once with warmth and *brio*,
Then noticed, on a nearer view,
The mortal *machina in Deo*,
A hollow god of stone or clay,
Worked like a common showman's puppet—
And so forsook the heavenly way,
And talked no more of climbing up it.
Such was the case with ERNEST DOPES.
His faith—not any doubt could dim it—
Was fixed on England's soaring hopes,
To which he traced no sort of limit.
For him the present's fleeting gain
Was not the end, nor yet the be- all;
He passed it by with proud disdain,
And scanned the Ultimate Ideal.
Ignoring partisan intrigues,
As serving self and not the nation,
The Liberal and the Free Food Leagues
Alone enjoyed his approbation.
And, since the doctrines there diffused
Seemed most profound, sublime, eternal,
Nightly, for scripture, he perused
The page of Mr. SPENDER'S journal.
For here his own Ideal shone
Serene above the rack of rumour,
Not flighty, no, nor blown upon
By gusts of literary humour.
Judge then of what our ERNEST thought
On reading (roughly) this reflection:
"Practical statesmen never ought
To look beyond the next Election."
Picture the lofty soul that spurned
Those selfish, sordid, aims that suit your
Low politicians, just concerned
About the mere immediate future:—
Picture his state, how far removed
From feelings he was used to foster
Before his favourite god was proved
A hollow earthenware imposter;
Picture—but why disturb the wraith
Of creeds that death has now encrusted?
Enough to note a shattered faith,
A heart irrevocably busted.

O. S.

THE SUN-CHILD.

A VISIT TO FAIRYLAND.

"AND the Fairies kept him company for the first few miles of his journey. The Fairy Queen herself could not come, of course, for she had had to remain to look after her palace, and the Prime Minister also had to stay behind to see that the Queen did no wrong. All the rest, however, came with their trumpets blowing and their drums beating, and there never was seen so splendid a cavalcade in all Fairyland. It was a great honour for LITTLEBOY, and when at last he got home he wrote a very beautiful letter to the Fairy Queen thanking her for all the kind things she and her people had done for him. And on the following day he married DOLLAMINA, and lived happily ever afterwards."

The old lady ceased speaking, and she raised her hand to stroke the curly little head beside her.

"That's all," she added. "You know, FREDDIE, all stories must end. And I think it's just about bed-time."

The small boy to whom the curly head belonged did not reply immediately. Perhaps—who knows?—he didn't really want to go to bed, or it may be he had some other good reason. At any rate he leant his head on his hand and gazed at his grandmother. At last he spoke:—

"What's a cavalcade, Gran'ma?" he asked.

"A cavalcade? Why, FREDDIE, I told you yesterday. A cavalcade means beautiful riders on beautiful horses, all splendidly clothed and armed and caparisoned."

"But how can Fairies have cavalcades? Can they ride?"

"Of course they can. And their horses are the tiniest and noblest in the whole world. Every Fairy learns to ride before the wings begin to sprout, and sometimes, if the wings are very strong, they can lift themselves and their horses into the air."

The little boy did not seem to be quite satisfied. "Well," he said in a determined voice, "I know I've never seen any Fairies. Why can't I? I've tried very hard, Gran'ma."

The old lady drew him to her and embraced him.

"Never mind, FREDDIE," she said; "go on trying: you'll be sure to see them some fine day or some fine night. And now," she continued, as a knock sounded at the door, "here's SARAH to take you to your beddy-bye. Good-night, my little darling, and God bless you."

FREDDIE kissed his grandmother a dutiful and loving good-night, and went off with SARAH; but he was not quite content. If Fairyland was so beautiful, and if people went there who didn't seem to be much better than other people, how came it that he, FREDDIE, even when he had been most obedient, and had spilt no bread and milk on the table-cloth, and had remembered everybody in his little prayer, could never get even a glimpse of this golden country? Thus reflecting, he allowed SARAH to help him to undress, and then he climbed into his cot and after a few wriggles and attempts at romping he subsided on his pillow and fell fast asleep.

But I must tell you that the Sun-child had spent the evening with FREDDIE, though FREDDIE was not aware of his presence. And the Sun-child, who loved all kind and cheerful and simple little boys, even when they were younger and smaller than he himself was, had taken FREDDIE to his heart, and (not for the first time) he wished in vain that he might become visible and have some real boy-fun with this delightful playfellow. But FREDDIE was in bed and asleep, so the Sun-child, standing by him, thought out a plan—and this is what happened:—

It seemed to FREDDIE that he suddenly awoke and looked round him. At first he could not think where he was. His cot had vanished, and he was lying on the moss-grown stump of an oak tree. The nursery was gone with all that it contained. In its place there was a grassy dell surrounded by tall trees, and here and there over the surface of the dell



THE CHINESE PAUL PRY.

CHINESE LABOURER. "I HOPE I DON'T INTRUDE?"
BRITISH COLONIST. "YES, YOU DO. GET OUT!"

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

LIBRARY



Dealer (to Whip). "THAT'S THE 'ORSE THE MASTER CALLS BROWN STOUT, AIN'T IT? I'D CALL 'IM 'AEF-AND-'AEF."

large mushrooms grew—not the mushrooms you meet in ordinary life, but gorgeous mushrooms, shining with all the colours of the rainbow. And away on the edge of the circle of trees there was a palace, not a very large palace, to be sure, but a real palace, none the less, all made out of crystal and gold. And as he looked and wondered and waited, there came a swell of music that sounded partly like the chiming clock that he knew so well, and partly like the voice of his dear mother whom he had never forgotten and would never forget. And with the last note of the music the grass became alive with the most beautiful little forms of men and women and boys and girls, so tiny that FREDDIE could have held any one of them on the palm of his hand, and all with the most gauzy and wonderful wings. Sometimes they danced on the grass, and sometimes they flitted over it like dragon-flies, and they all laughed as if they were very happy and could think of nothing but joy. And all of a sudden the whole glittering company danced or flitted up to the oak-stump on which he was lying and began to sing to him, moving round him and above him as he lay there. And when they finished their singing their ranks opened, and a Fairy sweeter and more beautiful than all the rest, and wearing on her head a diamond crown, moved from the crystal palace towards him, followed by a train of attendants. And FREDDIE clapped his hands and shouted for joy.

Next morning he came to his grandmother's bedside. "Gran'ma," he said sturdily, "you were right. I did see Fairyland last night."

"Wasn't it beautiful, FREDDIE?"

"Very, very beautiful—but—I think I'll stay at home now."

DISTINGUISHED PATIENTS.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN is slowly recovering after the shock he sustained on learning of Lord HALSBURY's determination to support his cause. The latest bulletin announces that the improvement in the Rt. Hon. Gentleman continues, but that his views remain about the same.

We believe, however, that the doctors are not without a certain amount of uneasiness, MR. CHAMBERLAIN not having eaten a single word for some days.

MR. ANDREW LANG is seriously indisposed. He very rarely knows anyone, and is often incoherent in his language.

DR. ROBERTSON NICOLL remains in a very critical condition. He complains of plurality and congestion of the organs.

We regret to learn that MR. HARRY QUILTER is still suffering from Art trouble.

It was hoped by MR. BRODRICK's friends that his recent change would have done him good, but his friends have yet to hear of any signs of improvement.

MR. BALFOUR continues in great pain. It appears his tongue is an obstacle to the free passage of food. From another source, however, we learn that when MR. CHAMBERLAIN—who, since his own convalescence, has been unwearied in his attentions upon the poor sufferer—is with him, MR. BALFOUR can be tempted to swallow anything. From other than those loving hands he will take nothing.

DR. RUTHERFORD HARRIS has, we hear, been bled with very satisfactory results.

CREST FOR THE NEW BAR GOLFING SOCIETY.—"Wigs on the Green."

CHARIVARIA.

A NEW Crematorium has been opened at Golder's Green, and the post brings us a pressing invitation to patronise the establishment. Its proximity to town certainly offers a great inducement to busy men.

An Imperial edict has been issued appointing Prince CHING YUAN-SHI-KAI and a Manchou official to re-organise the Chinese Army, and to bring it more up to date. A huge order has, it is reported, already been placed with a German firm for bows and arrows painted in modern art colours.

So many people are sceptical as to the efficacy of the recipe for eternal life which a gentleman says he possesses, that it is satisfactory to hear that there is actually existing a child of seven who took the mixture at his birth and has lived ever since.

Mr. TROUTBECK, the Coroner, has stated that "as a nation we must plead guilty to considerable ignorance in the feeding of infants." This dictum places a powerful weapon in the hands of children whose parents refuse them a third helping of pudding.

The first number of a new paper, *The Bystander*, has appeared. It contains a portrait of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, thus supplying a long-felt want.

Shopkeepers are so constantly the victims of petty thefts that chemists have a distinct grievance against the firm which is advertising a certain proprietary medicine as being "Very agreeable to take."

Suggested new version of a well-known rhyme:

Dirty days hath September,
April, June, and November,
And all the rest are dirty too.

It is no easy matter to hit upon a happy name for a book, and it was only after appalling difficulties that Mr. DOUGLAS FRESHFIELD invented for his latest work the dainty, but effective, title—*Round Kangehenjunga*.

One of the features of the Paris motor show is an absolutely noiseless car. Persons in the neighbourhood of one of these will not know that there was a car within a mile until they wake up in the hospital.

The entire city of Galveston, Texas, is to be raised. It is said to be the first time in the history of the world that such a feat has been planned. This,

however, is not a fact. It will be remembered that Mr. DOWIE recently attempted an even bigger task—that of elevating New York.

We see advertised "The *Daily Mirror* Treasure Hunt." We presume this refers to the arrangements made by that journal for supplying their readers with reliable servants.

The Emperor of the SAHARA is said to be extremely annoyed that the Queen of ROUMANIA should have consented to write an article for a halfpenny paper, disclosing the "Inner Thoughts of a Ruling Queen." He thinks that such a proceeding is liable to lower Royalty in the eyes of the Public.

A "Children's Edition" of *Alice in Wonderland* has just been published. A *Children's A.B.C.*, with all the difficult letters left out, will no doubt appear in due course.

Messrs. METHUEN have just published a *Life of Nero*, and Messrs. BLACKIE, not to be outdone, are bringing out a new edition of *Fireside Saints*.

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.

VII.—SHOULD MEN WEAR COLOURED EVENING-DRESS?

SCENE—*Coffee Room at "The Rainbow."*

PRESENT:

Mr. Leonard Courtney.
Mr. Bernard Shaw.
Sir Oliver Lodge.
Sir J. Crichton-Browne.
Mr. Jay.
Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.
Sir Robert Pullar.
Dr. Furnivall.
Mr. Vince.

Mr. Leonard Courtney. In consenting to act as a chairman during this discussion, in the regrettable absence of Prof. HEWINS (who is attending a College Gaudy) I think it only right to say at the outset that I enter the lists, so to speak, as a partisan, having for many years done what I could to relieve the sombre monotony of male attire. In my opinion every man should have a prismatic wardrobe for evening use. Colour is essential. I do not insist so much upon a variegated dinner-table, but think of the gaiety of a ball-room where the men wore hues even as the women!

Sir Robert Pullar. I quite agree. Mere black and white have governed us too long. Let us have a change. The resources of Perth are at civilisation's disposal.

Sir Oliver Lodge. My researches into

the spectrum predispose me to agree with the last speaker and urge the adoption of coloured vestments. An ultra-violet dinner-jacket with radium buttons would be, I am convinced, a very taking article.

Mr. Jay. I cannot agree. There is a pagan, an exotic flavour about Sir OLIVER's suggestion that ill accords with the simplicity and gravity of the national temperament.

Dr. Furnivall. A man's cloth clothes matter nothing; where he should be particular is in the necktie. Mere white and black betoken a vacant mind and slavish fidelity to convention. I would have men's "neckwear" (to use a phrase of CHAUCER's) bright as JOSEPH's coat.

Mr. Chamberlain. Excuse me. I don't know to which of my coats you are referring. Personally, if I have a preference—

Mr. Vince. Hear! hear!

Mr. Chamberlain. —it is for the conventional evening garb. Clothes should be neither bright nor COBDEN. Colour should come from the button-hole.

Mr. Vince. Hear, hear! Bravo!

Mr. Courtney. A flowered waistcoat?

Mr. Chamberlain. No.

Mr. Vince. Hear, hear!

Mr. Courtney. Just a sprig here and there?

Mr. Chamberlain. No.

Mr. Vince. Hear, hear!

Mr. Courtney. You are very cruel.

Mr. Bernard Shaw. A pair of simple brown knickerbockers spun from some strong vegetable material seems to me best for all purposes of life. Why differentiate between morning and evening wear? NIETZCHE didn't.

Sir James Crichton-Browne. Why drag in the name of so morbid—

Mr. Courtney. But what beside knickerbockers? A bright waistcoat—

Mr. Bernard Shaw. The rest to taste. I insist only upon the knickerbockers. The knickerbocker is the symbol of the supermind.

Sir J. C.-B. But would you make no rule? Socks, for example, do not go well with knickerbockers. Would you wear them?

Mr. Shaw. I would wear anything.

Mr. Courtney (*aside*). He wears me horribly.

Sir J. C.-B. Personally I would have my colours elsewhere. Does not the poet write—

But I was thinking of a plan
To dye my whiskers green,
And then to use so large a fan
That they could not be seen?

Sir Robert Pullar. There would be no difficulty. I would undertake, Sir JAMES, to give you every satisfaction.

Sir J. C.-B. But is there not a dye-soap which one might use oneself in the privacy of the bath-room?

Sir Robert P. I am afraid I cannot enter into that.

Dr. Furnivall. The early Britons wore woad—a simple and easily applied coat of blue stain, very becoming, I believe, on fine days.

Sir Oliver Lodge. And leading, on wet days, to the origin of the phrase "in the blues."

Dr. Furnivall. At what stage in British history the necktie came in I have not ascertained, but I feel sure that there was no necktie with woad.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Those were the days in which England had no Colonies. No Colonies—no clothes.

Mr. Vince. Hear, hear! Very well put. Most apt.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Had ancient Britain possessed Colonies, instead of constituting one herself, she would have dispensed with that singularly unpleasant fashion of blue paint, and had both neckties and buttonholes.

Mr. Vince. Hear, hear! Magnificent!

Mr. Courtney. Happily, however, Britain was not a sufficiently important Colony to be in a position to dictate a policy to the Roman Colonial Secretary.

Mr. Vince. Shame!

Sir Oliver Lodge (archly). You mean that when covered with blue paint she was not strong enough to cut the painter.

Mr. Courtney. Coloured evening dress is the subject before the gathering. Should we or should we not adopt coloured clothes when we dine and dance and address our constituents?

Dr. Furnivall. In *Sartor Resartus*—

Sir J. C.-B. I would recommend no one to give credence to so untrustworthy an authority as the unhappy writer of that book. Colour is undoubtedly a benefit. I attribute the healthfulness of golf entirely to the fact that red coats are worn. And why are cricketers strong and happy? Because they wear blazers. Why do Cardinals attain longevity? Because their hats are red.

Sir Oliver Lodge. Let us take an analogy from our feathered friends. What is the most beautiful bird?

Mr. Jay. O, Sir OLIVER. Spare my blushes.

Mr. Bernard Shaw. The whole discussion is futile. Let everyone wear one suit of clothes until it is finished with; and then take it off in JAEGER'S Tailoring Department, leave it on the floor, and put on another. As for distinctions between evening wear and morning wear—

Mr. Jay. Excuse me. I think there cannot be too many distinctions between evening wear and mourning wear.

Mr. Courtney. I can't help feeling that whatever we decide about trousers



BREAKING IT GENTLY.

His Cousins. "WE SENT OFF THE WIRE TO STOP YOUR MODEL COMING. BUT YOU HAD PUT ONE WORD TOO MANY—SO WE STRUCK IT OUT."

Real Artist. "OH, INDEED. WHAT WORD DID YOU STRIKE OUT?"

His Cousins. "YOU HAD WRITTEN 'HE WASN'T TO COME, AS YOU HAD ONLY JUST DISCOVERED YOU COULDN'T PAINT TO-DAY.' SO WE CROSSED OUT 'TO-DAY.'"

and coats, a little iridescent latitude should be permitted to the waistcoats.

Dr. Furnivall. And the necktie.

Mr. Chamberlain. I am opposed to all colour.

Mr. Vince. Hear! Hear!

Mr. Jay. I also am opposed to colours. As the Roman poet SOCRATES, I believe, puts it, *nimum ne crede colori*. And I propose that we now adjourn this meeting. *Sine Dye*.

Sir Robert Pullar (sadly). O, Mr. JAY. Is that friendly? *[Exeunt.]*

To BARRACK. — This is a sporting term applied to the behaviour of an Australian crowd when it boos at a visiting team for not making more than 50 runs an hour. But in the case of the home side, even when the rate of scoring is as low as 30 runs an hour, it appears that to boo is taboo.

MIDNIGHT MEETING AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S.

(By Mr. Punch's Special Reporter.)

Long before St. Marylebone's clock struck twelve the restaurant attached to Mme. Tussaud's well-known establishment was packed to repletion by an assembly which included most of its leading members, and would indeed have been completely representative had not considerations of policy debarred any effigy of the present Royal Family from taking part in the proceedings.

The figure of the *Rev. John Wesley* moved that the Chair should be taken by one of their oldest and most respected fellow-residents, his excellent friend—if he might be allowed so to term him—*M. Voltaire*. This motion having been carried unanimously, the Chairman said most of them knew why they were there that evening. A rumour had reached them that the Director of the Society of which they were such distinguished ornaments (*Hear, hear! from a figure understood to be that of the late Mr. Charles Peace*) intended to celebrate their approaching Centenary by giving a banquet in that building. (*The figure of Daniel O'Connell: The devil an invitation they'll send the likes of us!—and interruption.*) He thought they might rely on receiving invitations shortly—he had seen one of the cards. Besides, was it probable that the persons on whom this great Institution depended for its success and popularity (*Great applause, led by the figures of Tom Thumb and Mr. Alfred Austin*) would be treated with neglect on such an occasion? No doubt living celebrities would be asked to meet them—but it was obvious that they themselves would be the guests of the evening—that is, supposing they went at all. They might think it more consistent with their dignity to decline. The Committee had called them together to decide this important question. He himself would express no opinion—he was merely there to ascertain the general sentiment.

The figure of *The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain* said that much would depend, in his opinion, on the kind of people they would be asked to meet. Some of those present, like himself, had originals who were still figuring in the outside world, and he could conceive cases in which a meeting might be embarrassing, and even painful, to both parties. For instance, he still retained, rightly or wrongly, the fiscal theories with which he had been modelled only a short time ago, and he could not help apprehending some unpleasantness if he went to this banquet, and happened to be put next to the ex-Secretary of State for the Colonies.

The figure of *King Henry the Eighth* said he didn't care where they put him so long as he was not next to any of his wives. There were six of them on the dais with him in Room No. 2. (*Cries of "Oh!"*) It was a fact—he knew, because he had counted them—he believed some of them must be some other fellow's. His original couldn't have married so many as all that. However that might be, it was no reason why he himself should go out to dinner with the whole lot; he hoped he might be allowed to get away from them, just for once.

The figure of *William Penn* said he had happened to notice that the invitation card bore the words "Evening Dress" in the right-hand corner. If that meant that he would be expected to abandon his distinctive costume, his principles would prevent him from attending.

The figure of *Marat* (*who appeared in his bath*) said he was a *sans-culotte*, and proud of the title. Others might dress if they chose—he should go as he was!

The figure of *Mrs. Manning* said she had a handsome black satin gown which she had only worn once; she thought she might go in that.

The figure of *King Edward the Second* said he couldn't possibly dine out in a collar from which several priceless

gems had been removed. He accused nobody; but he saw an attendant in uniform dozing in his chair, and a constable on duty in a helmet, and, considering that it was notorious that there were some extremely doubtful characters down in the basement, he must say he did think those officials might be a little more on the alert. (*The officials explained that they had no authority to take people up—they were only there for the purpose of taking them in.*) Well, anyway, he wasn't going to this banquet unless he had a collar that was fit to appear in.

The figure of *Queen Mary the First* said if the last speaker had been treated as she had been he might have complained. Not only was she referred to in the Catalogue by an epithet which she would rather not repeat—but for years—why, she could not imagine—she had been compelled to nurse a stuffed monkey. (*Shame!*) She had no prejudice against monkeys in their proper place, but she could not think that place was the lap of a Tudor. Besides, as they could all see for themselves, this particular monkey was shockingly out of repair. It was not a monkey with which any self-respecting Sovereign could decently present herself at a State Banquet. If she went at all, she should be compelled to leave it in the cloak-room.

The figure of *Napoleon Buonaparte* said an invitation would put him in a position of considerable delicacy. There was another effigy of him in those halls—in a camp bed and full uniform. Which of them would an invitation be intended for? True, his counterpart was supposed to be dead, but he might not take that view—he might consider he was quite as alive as any of them. He really thought it would be better to avoid any unseemly dispute by arranging for both to stay quietly at home.

The figure of the *Count de Lorge* said that was what he meant to do. He had not dined out for very many years, and if he did, he would have to have his hair cut. Besides, he was perfectly happy in his Bastille cell, with his jug of water and his loaf with two mechanical mice on it. They scuttled about in a wonderfully natural way—he hadn't an idea how it was done.

The figure of the late *Lord Tennyson* said he would certainly be unable to go—he was too much engaged in literary work. He couldn't say exactly what that work was, but, as he gathered from the Catalogue that he represented the greatest English Poet of the nineteenth century, he concluded it was most probably verse of some kind. He hadn't begun yet—but they had given him a very comfortable little study to write in, with the *Medical Directory* and other works of reference at his elbow. There were two distinguished literary characters, *Mr. G. A. Sala* and *Mr. G. R. Sims*, in the chambers next his, and they appeared to be busily engaged. He hoped their example would inspire him, presently. In fact, he was not quite sure he had not an idea for a Centenary Ode already. If they would excuse him, he thought he would go back and jot it down while it was fresh.

At this stage a disturbance was occasioned by certain characters from the Hall of Tableaux, who declined to pledge themselves to attend the banquet, except on the Chairman's assurance that none of the figures from the Coiner's Den and the Six Stages of Wrong in the Chamber of Horrors would be included in the company. This led to some heated recrimination, and personalities were freely exchanged, until the meeting broke up in disorder, without having definitely decided as a body whether to accept or decline the Director's hospitality.

ENCOURAGED by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S red herring, the Postmaster-General is arranging to draw a C.O.D. across the Ministerial track.

HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR.

["JANE CAKEBREAD' and 'TOTTIE FAY' were both inebriates of the worst type, . . . yet these two persons did more towards securing for us the Act of 1898 than any others."—*Report of the Inspector under the Inebriates Act.*]

WHEN through the annals of the past,
Posterity, you stray,
When your judicial eye is cast
On England of to-day,
Mid all our greatest, whose the name
Ye most shall hasten to acclaim,
Writ large upon the scroll of Fame?—
JANE CAKEBREAD, TOTTIE FAY.

Others have done their humble best
The fiend of drink to slay:
Sir WILFRED'S keen crusading zest
Has had its little say;
C.-B. and honest JOHN have tried
To cure the ill which none denied,
But what are such as these beside
JANE CAKEBREAD, TOTTIE FAY?

Great martyrs of a noble cause,
Heroic parts ye play
Who to reform your country's laws
Dared fling your lives away!
The cell, the van, the judgment hall,
The terrors of the prison wall,
Disease and death—ye dared them all,
JANE CAKEBREAD, TOTTIE FAY.

Then let no other claimants boast
That they have fought the fray
Which ye alone have won—at most
Mere arm-chair warriors they:
Immortal twain! With tooth and claw
And bloody scalp and broken jaw,
Undaunted ye have braved the law,
JANE CAKEBREAD, TOTTIE FAY!

DISASTROUS RESULTS OF THE
"ENTENTE CORDIALE."

(An Extract from Vol. 9 of "The History of Our Own Times.")

THE Anglo-French friendship which began in 1903 speedily grew to vast proportions. The London County Council formally presented Waterloo Station to the French people, and it was re-erected in the Champs Elysées. As a return for this courtesy four hundred members of the Paris Municipal Council visited London and presented the Lord Mayor with the keys of Calais. A special post-office for the benefit of English M.P.'s was set up in the Chamber of Deputies, and the few members of Parliament who remained at Westminster invariably spoke in French for the benefit of their foreign brethren in the gallery. The *Daily Mail*, in a spirited series of French leaders, strove to re-introduce the duel as a national institution, and Colonel Sir HOWARD



A DIFFICULT CONUNDRUM.

"Hi, WAITER, WHAT DO YOU CALL THIS?"

"BEAN SOUP, SIR."

"YES, IT'S BEEN SOUP, BUT WHAT THE DOOCIE IS IT NOW?"

VINCENT challenged an opponent who alluded to him as a 'small loafer.' Even the greater politicians did not escape this infectious fraternity, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in the course of controversy described Lord ROSEBERY as a 'little Franconer.' Curiously enough 'petit Anglais' was the phrase used at this time by M. HENRI ROCHFORD in attacking M. REINACH.

Every evening large crowds sang the Marseillaise outside St. Martin's-le-Grand, and in response to demands for a speech M. WALKLEY addressed the multitude. As a further token of esteem for the English nation M. WALKLEY contributed several articles in English on the English Theatre to the *Times*. M. SANTOS DUMONT unfortunately impaled himself on the cross of St. Paul's, and a gloom was cast over Paris when Mr. SPENCER broke nine ribs in attempting to circumnavigate the Eiffel Tower.

In response to the English Government's offer to allow Mr. BRODRICK to reorganise the French Army, the French Cabinet placed M. PELLETAN'S services at the disposal of the British Admiralty. Doctor CLIFFORD, during a little tour in France, assisted the French authorities in breaking open the door of a suppressed monastery; and M. COMRES, when attending a Passive Resisters' Sale at Egham, distinguished himself by his dexterous

methods of throwing ochre over the auctioneer. Mr. ALGERSON ASHTON visited Père-la-Chaise, and was banqueted by the Parisian croquemorts in recognition of his remarkable letters on French sepulchres in the *Figaro*. PIERRE LOTI and GUY BOOTHBY collaborated on a novel which was published simultaneously as a French feuilleton by the *Daily Express* and as an English serial by *La Libre Parole*. More remarkable still was the enthusiasm of the English lower classes. "Arf of Burgundy, Miss," was a frequent order in London bars. At the Boulevard restaurants in Paris nothing was heard but, "*Garçon, un verre de la bière de Burton.*"

Gradually, however, a gloom crept over both nations. Neither people read its own newspapers, nor drank its own drinks, nor found it fashionable to speak its own language. In addition the expenses of international hospitality were enormous, and the finances of both nations became involved. There were evidences of the growth of a strained feeling between the nations, and in order to settle the matter amicably the *entente cordiale* was referred to arbitration. The arbitrators unanimously decided that in order to save expense it was advisable that war should be declared instantly, and hence began the stupendous Anglo-French conflict of 1905.



A BLANK DAY.

"WELL, DEAR, DID YOU GET ANYTHING?"

"NOT A THING! I ONLY FIRED ONCE, AND THAT WAS MORE OUT OF SPIRIT THAN ANYTHING ELSE!"

L'ALLEGRO TO DATE.

["The Dancers" held their first meeting last week as "a fellowship united to fight the high and powerful devil Solemnity," to quote the words of their prospectus. Miss FLORENCE FARR is the Secretary, and Mr. ARNOLD DOLMETSCH will teach old folk dances "that we don't understand."]

HENCE, solemn Melancholy,
Suburban-bred, of London fog-dom
born,

In Stygian slum forlorn,
'Mongst horrid dumps, and blues, and
frights unholy!

Find out some prison cell,
Where brooding boredom to the jail-
bird clings,

And night the night-mare brings:
There under Dartmoor's shades or Port-
land rocks,
Or, safe behind its locks,
In Wormwood Scrubs without a respite
dwell.

But come, thou Mistress FLORENCE
FARR,
So buxom, blithe, and debonarr,
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Care-dispelling jollity,
Quit of "cranks" and wanton wiles,
Show some real wreathéd smiles

(Not as on a "Hebe's" cheek
That behind a bar you seek),
Sport that Income-Tax derides.
And Laughter splitting both his sides.
Come, and through the club-room go
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
Thy fifty mates, and also Me;
And, if I pay five shillings due,
Join me to thy retinue.
It were a lark to start a revel
Against the high and powerful devil
Solemnity, and (see Rule One)
Meet once a month for song and fun,
To dance, chant, talk, and dedicate
The members to light-hearted state—
No doubt the programme's rather
mixed,
Nor is the meeting-place yet fixed,
There's no Committee hard and fast,
Nor Minutes of the lively past;
The Governor "will only reign
As long as he can well retain
Pre-eminence"; there's one thing
more:—
The old forgotten dancing-lore,
The steps we cannot understand,
DOLMETSCH agrees to take in hand.
These on the well-trod stage anon,
When next our learned sock is on,

We'll show, while ARNOLD, Fancy's child,
Tootles his native wood-wind wild.

These delights if thou canst give,
Miss FARR, within thy Club I'll live.

SOCIETY GOSSIP.

BY THE LITTLE BIRD.

MOTORING is still in fashion with the upper ten. I saw several smart turn-outs in the Park this morning. Lady TIBBLES and Miss "Vi" TIBBLES drove past in their colza cab on the way to the Cocoa Tree Club. The eccentric Lord LATHBURY piloted his benzine bus in the direction of Exeter Hall. Mr. HENRY CHAPLIN looked well on his motor bicycle with Lord HALSBURY in a trailer. Everyone was conscious of the presence of Baron TANDSTICKOR, the Swedish luminary, in his sulphur barouche, and Mrs. MAXSE MUMM, with her three pretty daughters, shot hither and thither in her turpentine trolley.

The eccentric fashion of dining at home is, I regret to say, steadily spreading. Among those whom I am obliged to pillory are Lord MARCUS TAPLEY, General NEWCOME, Sir ROBERT CRATCHIT, Monsignor O'FLYNN, and Mrs. BOFFIN.



*Linley Sambourne Del. 1903
after John Ruskin 1845.*

HISTORY REVERSES ITSELF :

OR, PAPA JOSEPH TAKING MASTER ARTHUR A PROTECTION WALK.

PAPA JOSEPH. "COME ALONG, MASTER ARTHUR. DO STEP OUT!"

MASTER ARTHUR. "THAT'S ALL VERY WELL, BUT YOU KNOW I CANNOT GO AS FAST AS YOU DO."



BEAUTY AT A DISCOUNT. ARRIVAL OF SOME LIKELY CANDIDATES.

"WANTED, a really Plain, but Experienced and Efficient GOVERNESS for three girls, eldest sixteen; Music, French, and German required; brilliancy of conversation, fascination of manners, and symmetry of form objected to, as the father is much at home, and there are grown-up sons.—Address, MATER, Mercury Office, Clevedon."

ESSENCE OF CONGRESS.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Washington, Tuesday.—Roll of Members called; Clerk at Table reads it in alphabetical order of States, Alabama leading off. This the only occasion when Members of Congress are called upon by surname. Rule finds parallel at Westminster in exception of SPEAKER selecting Member to continue debate. Otherwise Members scrupulously alluded to by name of their constituency. With us in Congress there is no deviation from the rule in this particular case. When SPEAKER calls on Member he addresses him as the Gentleman from VIRGINIA, or the Gentleman from MISSIS-

SIPPI. Thus it comes to pass that for the nonce I find my name echoing through the Congressional Hall as "The Gentleman from BARKS, ENGLAND."

It may be that the novelty of the style strikes one. Confess I think it better than our "hon. Member for OLDHAM," or "the noble lord the Member for GREENWICH." There is something sublimely mystical, indefinite, impersonal, about "the Gentleman from VIRGINIA," recalling old Colonial days when the planter-aristocracy drove the family chariot with six horses in hand; or "the Gentleman from MARYLAND"—Maryland, my Maryland—with a history going back to restoration of the Stuarts and the days of the third Lord BALTIMORE.

Spell broken when, in response to call from Chair, there uprises a shock-headed gentleman with sharp twang and sharper manner hesitating dislike of remarks just made by "the Gentleman from GEORGIA."

Midway in calling of roll received violent shock. Almost dozing under monotonous cadence of the catalogue when Clerk deliberately, unmistakably called upon

MR. CALDWELL!

The Gentleman from SARK, sitting next to me, suddenly grew pale.

"Great Heavens! Is it possible," he murmured, "that CALDWELL, spending the recess here, has got himself elected to Congress, and will presently take

charge of its business, including Private Bill legislation?"

Relieved when gentleman sitting by desk immediately in front responded "Here!" Evidently there are two CALDWELLS, one for each hemisphere.

Swearing-in of Members for new Congress much more expeditious business than ours. No array of tables lumbering floor of House; no grabbing at copies of Bible in effort to gain early turn. BRADLAUGH, had he been Member of Congress, would have missed his life's opportunity of waltzing up and down the floor, sharing a *pas de deux* with Sergeant-at-Arms. First of all, we in Congress have no Sergeant-at-Arms. *Item*, the Bible is not used when we take the oath on taking our seats.

First Member sworn was the SPEAKER. UNCLE JOE stood erect by Chair with right hand uplifted, whilst Father of the House, standing well out on green-carpeted space before Chair, with aid of aggressive eyeglass recited the oath. After this UNCLE JOE, being now fully inducted in office of SPEAKER, took up the running. States were called in groups, and Members hurrying down by the score filled up the small amphitheatre fronting the Chair. Whilst SPEAKER read terms of oath, each Member stood with right hand uplifted. At the concluding word hands were dropped; sworn-in Members scampered off; representatives of another group of States were summoned, and so on *da capo*. The business, which even in the absence of Mr. BRADLAUGH occupies Commons for a full sitting, was completed in a quarter of an hour.

Another advantage we Congressmen have over a certain legislative body hide-bound in musty traditions is the rocking-chair. A stranger looking down on House would not suspect the plain-looking innocent chairs, each set before its particular desk, of the capabilities they conceal. Not only are they on rockers, but are set on pivots.

"No man," said JOHN BRIGHT in memorable speech delivered in pre-Unionist days, "can turn his back on himself."

We have not overcome that physical difficulty in Congress. But we can, and frequently do, turn our back on the SPEAKER in the Chair, on the orator on his legs, and on the Gentleman from MICHIGAN immediately in front of us. Pretty to see gentleman struggling with mighty thoughts slowly revolving in his chair. Others in brown study gently rock themselves, whilst the voice of the Gentleman from OHIO, on his legs in a remote part of the vast Chamber, echoes through it with quite unwonted softness.

Even the reckless imagination of the

Gentleman from SARK cannot realise the picture of UNCLE JOE translated to Westminster, seated in the SPEAKER's chair, with full-bottomed wig and flowing gown, occasionally revealing knee-breeches, silk stockings and shoes, on which gleam silver buckles. UNCLE JOE in a canopied chair that would neither rock nor turn on a pivot!

"I guess," said the Gentleman from SARK, "the first thing that happened would be that under UNCLE JOE's trained efforts to move the thing the canopy would come tumbling down."

Undisturbed by prospect of so painful a situation, UNCLE JOE sat in his chair on the marble dais, gently rocking himself, varying the movement by half turning his chair what time the Gentleman from MINNESOTA wrangled with the Gentleman from PENNSYLVANIA on the constitution of a Committee. Outside, the beautiful city of Washington was bathed in a gracious sunlight such as is never seen on sea or land in a British November.

Business done.—PRESIDENT's Message read.

LOST MASTERPIECES.

(*Mr. Punch's Own Collection.*)

No collection of "Lost Masterpieces" can be considered really representative which does not include any specimens of the work of BURNS. *Mr. Punch's* collection is fortunately very rich in these. Here is one which has been greatly admired:—

Oh whaur be a' the clouts an' gear,
Clouts an' gear, clouts an' gear,
Oh whaur be a' the clouts an' gear
That JAMIE used to hae?

Ye winna see them ony mair,
Ony mair, ony mair,
Ye winna see them ony mair,
For JAMIE lad hath poppit them!

It is true that some people have suspected this to be a forgery and not a genuine work of the Ayrshire poet. And indeed there is no particular reason why BURNS rather than another should have written it. The merest Southron, one would think, could turn out this kind of thing in unlimited quantities if there were a demand for it, and indeed writing Scots ballads may be described as the shortest cut to Parnassus yet discovered. But though captious critics may pretend that this is not a genuine work of BURNS, *Mr. Punch*—with the zeal of the true collector—is prepared to defend its authenticity with his blood. He is equally convinced of the genuineness of the following beautiful poem which is in the same *genre*:—

Oh WILLIE's ganged to Edinbro',
Oh WILLIE's ganged to Edinbro',

Wi' thretty ither braw laddies
Oor WILLIE's ganged to Edinbro'.

An' will he na gang hame agen?
An' will he na gang hame agen?

Eh! mony a waefu' year shall rin
Till oor mon WILLIE's hame agen!

When oor mon WILLIE's hame agen,
When oor mon WILLIE's hame agen,
We'll drink a peck o' maut thegither,
When oor mon WILLIE's hame agen.

But though *Mr. Punch* is prepared to stake his life on the genuineness of these particular examples, he readily admits the unhappy probability of forgery where work of this sort is concerned. For (alas!) it is so desperately easy to do. The amount of labour involved is exiguous. The English lyrist has to bother himself with rhymes and ideas and all manner of tedious paraphernalia. But in happy Scotland all labour of this kind is reduced to a minimum. No rhymes (whatever are required. A single line with judicious repetitions or variations will do the work of three, and the merest ghost of an idea suffices to provide a whole poem.

But the absence of rhymes, in Scotland at least, is a negligible matter. For in a country where all vowels apparently sound alike, and where consonants seem to have no sound at all, the shackles of rhyme can scarcely be said to exist. Indeed, a land where "from" and "snow" and "away" all rhyme together must be admitted to be the very paradise of poets. The following exquisite lyric, also attributed by the best judges to BURNS, illustrates this peculiarity in its most poignant degree:

When Winter airs are cauld an' raw,
Wi' mickle rain an' muckle snaw,
At hame, before I gang awa',
I fill my flaskie.
There's naught sae gude when winds
do blaw
As Hielan' whisky.

The sodger wi' his murderin' steel,
The canny folk that buy an' sell,
The pawky clerk wha drives a quill
Upon his deskie,
They're a' sae peacefu' when they're full
O' Hielan' whisky!

As doon the road I gang agley,
An' aften canna find my way,
A sympathetic hiccough frae
My friend McCloskie
Will guide me safe, a thort the brae,
To hame an' whisky.

MOTTO FOR THE TWENTIETH CENTURY
ENGINEER. — "Quick transit, gloria
mundi."



SORRY HE SPOKE.

Son of the House (somewhat of a scorcher—to wealthy old Aunt, who is on a visit). "I SHALL BE GOING THROUGH THE VILLAGE, CAN I DO ANYTHING FOR YOU, AUNTIE?"

Aunt Jane. "THANK YOU, DEAR. TAKE FIDO WITH YOU. HE NEEDS A LITTLE RUN!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron gives a hearty welcome to Miss FLORENCE UPTON'S *Golliwoggs* (LONGMANS, GREEN & Co.), who, with a troupe of jointed acrobatic dolls and highly trained wooden animals, give their entertainment all round the country. They must be a success.

FROM MESSRS. W. & R. CHAMBERS, reports the Assistant Reader, there is to hand a varied and delightful assortment of books for boys and girls. For the very small fry, *Did you Ever?* by LEWIS BAUMER, is an ideal book. Mr. BAUMER'S delicate and graceful work is well known to readers of *Punch*. In *Did you Ever?* he successfully attempts the grotesque in colours.

NEXT there are three books by L. T. MEADE, *The Manor School*, *A Gay Charmer* (these two are for quite young girls), and *Peter the Pilgrim*, a perfectly charming story, suitable both for boys and for girls. Like all Mrs. MEADE'S books these three are admirable in their fresh and wholesome breeziness.

MAY BALDWIN (will she pardon my ignorance as to the Miss or Mrs.?) has written two girls' books, *Sibyl* and *Sunset Rock*. *Sibyl* deals largely with Cambridge, and a Cambridge man may be permitted to congratulate the writer on her pleasant and accurate descriptions of life in that ancient town. *Sunset Rock* appeals to younger readers, and both books can be heartily recommended to the Christmas buyer.

"If," says Mr. MARION CRAWFORD, alluding, in the epilogue, to his well-written and ingeniously-plotted novel, *The Heart of Rome* (MACMILLAN & Co.), "it has interested or pleased those who have read it"—by the way, the Baron does not clearly perceive how it could well have had either effect on those who haven't read it—"the writer is glad." Then without further preface let the Baron hasten to gladden the heart of the writer by assuring him that of all the good works for which this author is to be highly commended, this is to be ranked with his very best. He need not apologise for the "lost water" which he seems to remember in GEORGES SAND'S fantastic *Consuelo* many years ago: it must suffice Mr. CRAWFORD to know that, as a romancer, he has not lost ground. He need trouble himself neither about the water nor the (GEORGES) sand, indeed the apologetic epilogue in this respect was needless, as he might have been perfectly content to "let well alone." He might, also, being on the defensive, have recalled the great situation in Mrs. EDWARDS' *Morals of May Fair*, where the hero, living apart from his wife, rescues the maiden heroine from being drowned in the rising tide, when they both fall in love with one another. He might remember many an analogous situation in novel, farce or drama, and yet have a perfectly clear conscience as to the originality of his own well-conceived and very cleverly worked-out story. For the point is that he places his manly and sturdily upright engineer, *Signor Malipieri*, the noblest Roman of them all, together with the sweet and gentle *Sabina*, *Princess Conti*, in such an apparently hopeless difficulty, that to foresee how they will get out of it must baffle the very 'eatest of well-seasoned novel readers. On this subject the Baron is mum, and, being so, he strongly recommends everyone to ascertain for themselves the solution of the apparently insoluble. There were indeed "three courses" open to the novelist, as there were once upon a time to a great statesman, and of these the Baron has no hesitation in affirming that Mr. MARION CRAWFORD has chosen the best.

Sanctuary, by EDITH WHARTON (MACMILLAN & Co.), belongs to the analytical department of novel writing. The simple

story,—as presenting certain well-considered studies of character variously influenced by unexpected circumstances over which the individuals might have exercised some control—offers a problem to the casuist when asked what ought to have been the conduct of this or that individual in such and such imaginable case. Being well written, and the points as carefully considered as they would be in a barrister's brief, the book will please, though it will not satisfy, the ordinary reader, but it will deeply interest the philosophic student of poor human nature.

Whatever may be the reader's politics, unless they are those of a merely professional politician, and whatever may be his nationality, if only he regards with reverence a lofty ideal and is gifted with a sense of humour, he will thoroughly enjoy and be intensely interested in *The Life of Daniel O'Connell*, by MICHAEL MACDONAGH (CASSELL & Co., LTD.). The book is as full of fun, true Irish humour, excellent stories, and genuine wit, as are the very best of LEVER'S novels; while for romantic adventure this story of a wonderful career rivals any novel of WALTER SCOTT'S, or, in modern times, any exciting sensational imaginings of LOUIS STEVENSON or ALEXANDRE DUMAS. DAN O'CONNELL'S genuine enthusiasm carries the reader away with the Irish leader of men, and he will find himself moved by various impulses, resulting in "cheers, tears and laughter" (all by himself, maybe, in his own quiet study), and anon by mute admiration for the sweet and touching side of O'CONNELL'S character as exemplified in his letters to his daughter and in his religious constancy. The story about the trial, with the sharp attorney and his undefeated witness to prove an *alibi* (p. 199), is one of the most amusing, as it is one of the most characteristic of those times, among many good stories with which the book abounds. Of course "the Liberator," in the heyday of his triumphs, was a butt for Mr. *Punch*'s cartoonists and writers, and it is therefore to Mr. *Punch*'s honour that, when O'CONNELL was imprisoned by the Government, THACKERAY'S sympathetic, manly and generous letter appeared in the pages of Mr. *Punch* whose order to his men was thenceforward "Cease firing." THACKERAY'S letter, addressed to "SILVY O'PELLICO," is quoted in full by Mr. MACDONAGH. This was indeed justice to Ireland. Great was O'CONNELL'S pure patriotism, refusing office or emolument, and standing by the most distressful country to the end, when, with his latest breath, after he had bequeathed his heart to Rome and his body to Ireland, "everlasting peace," writes his biographer, "came to the great agitator." Mr. MACDONAGH'S book is an admirably-written life of an exceptionally great Irishman.



A PUZZLER.

SCENE—*Brown study in the house of the present peer, Lord DUNDREARY, son of the celebrated eccentric nobleman. Friend calls and finds his Lordship immersed in letters and accounts, and with a bank-book in his hand.*

Visitor. Hullo, DUNDREARY, busy, eh?

His Lordship (dropping his eye-glass, and regarding his friend with a scared look). My dear fellow, it's too provoking! I asked my banker to place five hundred pounds to my ewedit for my Chwistmas bills, and now I see he's put it to my "debit!" This finance is a sort of thing, as my guv'nor used to say, that no fellah can understand.

[Becomes absorbed again in the accounts.]

THE HOLE CONCERN.

SCENE—Any golf-club where an alteration of the course is in prospect.
TIME—Any time, from dawn to dusk.
CHARACTERS—Any number of Members, plus (on this occasion) an Inoffensive Stranger.

First Member (catching sight of Inoffensive Stranger). Look here, NOBBS, you're an impartial judge, we'll have your opinion. What I say is this. If you take the present 4th hole and make it the 13th, putting the tee back ten yards behind the 12th, and carry the lower green fifteen yards to the right, and play the 2nd, 5th, and 16th holes in reverse order, keeping clear of the ditch outside the 4th green, you'll bring—

Second Member. Oh, that's rubbish. Anybody with a grain of sense would see that you'd utterly ruin the course that way. My plan is to take the first three, the 11th, and the 14th—you understand, NOBBS?—(slowly and emphatically) the first three, the 11th, and the 14th.

Inoffensive Stranger. Yes?

Second M. (quickly). And leave 'em as they are. Leave 'em just exactly as are. Then you do away with the next, make the 3rd into the 7th, and—

I. S. (horribly confused). But—

Third M. Yes, I know—you're thinking of the crossing from the 14th. And you're perfectly right. Simply fatal, that would be; too dangerous altogether. What we really want is a new 2nd hole, and my plan would make a splendid one—really sporting, and giving these gentlemen who fancy their play a bit to do.

Second M. Don't know about that. Tried that patent 2nd hole of yours this morning out of curiosity. Holed it with my third, and might have done it in two, with any luck.

Third M. (whistles expressively). Oh, come! Splendid player you are, and all that—handicap's fifteen, isn't it?—but there aren't many of us who would stand here and say calmly that we'd done a hole of 420 yards in three! Really, you know—

Second M. 420 yards? 130, you mean.

Third M. (defiantly). 420, if an inch.

Second N. But look here, you told me yourself only yesterday—

Third M. (slightly taken aback). Oh, ah, yes. I understand now. I did think, at one time, of making the 2nd a short hole. But this is a quite different idea. Miles better, in fact. It flashed across me quite suddenly at dinner-time last night. Sort of inspiration—kind of thing you can't account for—but there it is, you see.

Fourth M. Well, what you fellows can argue about like this beats me altogether. There's only one possible way



EXTRACT FROM BOBBIE'S LETTER TO HIS UNCLE.

"DEAR UNCLE . . . The volumes of *Guide to Knowledge* you sent me I am already finding very useful in raising my position and helping me to attain things that previously were out of my reach."

of improving the course, and I showed you the plan of it last week. It won't be adopted—not likely. So good, and simple, and inexpensive that the Committee won't look at it. Couldn't expect anything else. Anyhow—(with an air of unappreciated heroism)—I've done my best for the Club!

[Sighs heavily, and picks up a newspaper.]

Fifth M. (brutally). Oh, we know all about that blessed plan of yours. Now I'm open to conviction. Mind you, I don't condemn anybody else's scheme. All that I say is, that if a man doesn't see that my plan is the best, he's a dunder-headed jackass, and that's all about it. What do you think, Mr. Nobbs?

I. S. (rather nervously). Well, really—I hardly know—perhaps—

First M. (compassionately). Ah, it's those whins below the 17th that are bothering you. But if you exchange the 8th and the 10th—

Second M. (abruptly). Rot!

[The battle continues. The Inoffensive Stranger stealthily withdraws. (Curtain.)]

A QUEER CALLING.

["It is rumoured that astute publishers have in their pay a large number of the most attractive diners-out. Your neighbour at table leads the conversation to the latest novel: you are interested in the description of the book of the hour, you are a little ashamed of not having read it, and going home you sit down and write out an order for the bookseller."—*Daily Paper*.]

OFt have I met friend PETER PUFF,
And when the man orated
I scarcely could admire enough
The way he scintillated;
He bubbled like a sparkling wine;
His conversation was a mine
Of wisdom and of wit: in fine,
He simply coruscated.

He talked of letters, classic lore,
Art, poetry, romances;
He set the table in a roar
With wild extravagances;
We hung upon his magic lips
Content to suffer dark eclipse
Could we but hear his merry quips
And sweet, poetic fancies.

He knew about the latest book,
And told us who had penned it;
He was Sir ORACLE: we took
Just what he recommended.
He would remark: "Oh, do you know
The *What's-its-name* by So-and-So?
A charming story—full of 'go'—
The book is really splendid."

The *What's-its-name* I always bought,
And very soon was poring
Upon the pages which I thought
Would well repay exploring;
But ere a chapter I had read
The eyes were closing in my head,
And far away my thoughts had fled,
For I was soundly snoring.

Again, again it happened thus,
And sore perplexed my noddle;
A book that PETER praised to us
Was bound to be a model:
The very purest taste he had,
And yet, unless my brain was mad,
The *What's-its-name* was worse than
bad—

It was the rankest twaddle.

One day it happened that my gaze
Upon the book-shelves lighted
Where Mr. PETER's protégés
My study prospect blighted.
I started with a sudden "O!"—
On every book in every row
The self-same name, DASH, BLANK & Co.
Was clearly to be sighted.

"Ah, this," I murmured, "makes an end
Of all my wild surmises,
And not another do it I'll spend
On PETER's precious prizes.
Of him and all his works enough!"
And now, however hard he puff,
I never, never buy the stuff
Which PETER advertises.



ADVICE AT CHRISTMAS-TIME—WHEN GIVING A DANCE DON'T MAKE YOUR SMOKING-ROOM TOO COMFORTABLE.

CONCERTED ACTION.

"THE 'Army and Navy for ever, Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue,' as the old song's chorus goes, and this union of forces was exemplified in a capital concert on December 7, organised by Miss BERTHA BIRD, a singing bird, of course, and orchestrated by the Band of the Scots Guards, conducted by Mr. FRED W. WOOD, with, to add to their numbers, Miss JAY on the violin, Mr. CARL STEINER on the flute, assisting to raise the wind for the laudable object of the Concert, namely, the Seamen's Hospital Society, and Miss KATHLEEN PURCELL playing charmingly on "the harp that once in Tara's Halls," and, on this occasion, in Queen's Hall.

Mr. CHARLES BENNETT's voice came out uncommonly strong, and he has a future before him; Miss ROSINA BEYXON, contralto, sang effectively. BERTHA BIRD was in great feather. We trust the results will reward her and benefit the charity. Of course BEN DAVIES (the very man for a "Ben," as "benefit" is professionally abbreviated) delighted everybody, as he always does, for, as DIBDEN sang, "Now BEN he was a nice young man," and so he is, and long may he remain so. With him was ANDREW BLACK, who with "rare BEN" divided the honours.

At the National Gallery.

A party of Compositors and Printers from the country, up for a day's outing in London, visit the National Gallery, and pause in front of TURNER's "Ulysses."

Foreman (to his companion, both lost in admiration). It's marvellous! All done by hand, too!

Second Compositor and Printer (enthusiastically). Why, it's every bit as good as colour-printing!

FOR AN OLD CHRISTMAS FRIEND.

APPLYING in a complimentary sense the old proverb, we may safely say that "More people know TOM SMITH than TOM SMITH knows," or than he is ever likely to know personally. His works at Christmas-time go everywhere, and this season he comes out particularly strong in artistic table decorations, for it seems that the artistic ornaments are outvying the sweeties that had begun to cloy. His pansies with maidenhair fern are charming to look at, but what do little Master TOMMY and diminutive TOOTSIE-CUM-POOTSIE care for mere outside show? Better for the daring boys are the mystic crackers, and for the dainty maidens the various surprise boxes and packets with decorative costumes, jewelled toys, scents and sweetmeats. For the tiny ones there are brilliant stockings expressly knitted by good NICHOLAS's own confectioner, with such delicious stuffing within! But that's enough—we'll leave the stuffing to the children, and the medical profession may possibly be benefited by friendly TOM SMITH.

A Common Complaint.

Smiling Doctor. My dear friend, you seem very much better, considering the weather—

Cantankerous Patient (irritably interrupting). Oh, hang "considering the weather!" The weather doesn't consider me!

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT. — No: there is, as we said the other day, an anthem "It is a good thing," BRIDGE; but there is none extant entitled "I said in my haste," BLOW.

THE "CURSE" OF OATMEAL.

[The condemnation of porridge as an article of diet by a West-End physician, whose remarks were quoted in the *Daily Mail*, has raised a storm of protest among Scotsmen.]



TERRIBLE MISTRESS OF A POPULAR SCOTCH CHARACTER ON HEARING THAT THE NATIONAL FOOD, PORRIDGE, HAS BEEN CONDEMNED BY A WEST-END PHYSICIAN AS AN ARTICLE OF DIET.

THE SUN-CHILD.

THE CHILD GOES HOME.

You are not to suppose that what I have set down here from time to time exhausts the whole story of the Sun-child's adventures, and of the scenes in which he played a part while he dwelt below. I did not myself hear all, and of that which I did hear I have only told a fragment, which in the meantime must suffice. Many other things he helped in, things of great kindness and of good report, but these I reserve. And now it had come about that the stay of the Sun-child with us had come to an end, and that he had

returned to his beloved home. How that happened must always be something of a mystery. It is said that he stood one day in a busy street, and the church-bells were ringing, and there were troops of people moving to and fro, and their cheeks were fresh and red, and their breath was making clouds wherever they went, for it was a winter's day and the air was keen. And as they met one another they spoke up and "I wish you a merry Christmas," said one, and the other would reply, "The same to you, neighbour. 'Tis seasonable weather," and so they passed on very happily, with cheerfulness beaming from their eyes. And the Sun-child was looking on, as was his custom, when lo, of a sudden, the street and the jolly passengers, and the churches with their ringing bells, were gone, just as if a giant's hand had placed a napkin over all and had whisked them away. And the Sun-child, who hardly knew what to make of this sudden disappearance, felt himself lifted ever so gently into the air, and, looking up to see whither he was being taken, he beheld far away in the distance the lucid walls and the crystal staircase of his old home in Sun-land. And almost before he had time to think how joyful a sight this was, even when so far removed, he saw the walls grow larger and larger, and then he realised that it was not they who were growing but he himself who was approaching, and at last he was quietly dropped in the Sun-garden, which I think I mentioned some time ago. An old gardener was in the garden, and as the Sun-child came towards him he gave a start of surprise and said (I translate the Sun-language, which is largely composed of gleams and sparkles):—

"Why, bless my soul, little master, if it isn't you come back again, and a fine boy you've grown too. Where have you been biding all this long time?"

"I have been travelling, JOHN," said the Sun-child with

some dignity. "We must all enlarge our minds in these days, you know." These were phrases he had picked up below.

"Well, well, little master," replied the old man, "I won't say much about that. This garden's good enough for me, though they tell me I'm in my tenth age."

I must tell you that in Sun-land you can grow old, but when you have grown very old you suddenly turn back and become young again, and you can go on doing it a good many times, I believe. So, of course, anyone who is in his tenth age must be almost as old as METHUSELAH once was with us.

"Your Mamma and the dogs will be main glad to see you, little master," continued JOHN. "They've wearied terrible after you."

As he said this there came swiftly from the shining house into the garden a beautiful lady with her fair hair coiled about her head, and she stretched out her arms to the Sun-child, and he turned and flew into his mother's arms.

"Why, Mummie," he said, "you're crying. Aren't you glad to see me?"

But his mother only said he was her own, and hugged him closer to her breast.

Then the Sun-child whistled, and oh, what a scampering there was and what a barking and yelping for joy as the dogs, his darling dogs, rushed out to greet him. *Sol* and *Lux*, the great St. Bernards, bounded at him first, and all but bore him to the earth with their honest, clumsy affection; and behind them came *Flash* and *Ray*, the brown spaniels with short, quivering, stumpy tails and great flapping ears. They too were very instant in their attentions and very exclusive, for they growled at one another and at their

St. Bernard friends. But the big dogs took no notice of them and continued their majestic gambols.

And when he came to the foot of the crystal steps he saw his friends, the old coachman with tight little white curls all over his head, and the butler, who looked severe but wasn't really severe, and the ancient housekeeper and the housemaids who giggled a great deal. And he mounted on the opal banister and up he slid, just as he used to slide. It was a great day for him and for everybody else.

That was how the Sun-child returned and was welcomed to his home. At least, that is the tale I heard.

"OLDENBURG Society is suffering from a mania for a game. 'My aunt, your aunt.' It is a modified form of baccarat" (*Daily Express*). In London we still play the well-known three-ball game, "My uncle, your uncle."



"WE'LL KEEP OUR CHRISTMAS MERRY STILL."

HERE'S FATHER CHRISTMAS COMING!

BETWEEN A SLEEP AND A SLEEP.

[To judge from the results of the by-elections in Dulwich and Lewisham, the Liberal Unionists must have ignored the Duke of Devonshire's encyclical in which he enjoined on them the duty of voting against the Ministerial candidates.]

Dose me with chloral; drug my brain;
Let music's breathing, faint and fluty,
Sigh me to soft repose again,
The kind that makes for health and beauty.
I have been long, too long, awake;
This breach of immemorial custom
Has shocked my nerves, and I must take
Some drastic means to readjust 'em.

What woke me? Almost I forget.
I think that, in the act of talking
To persons in the Cabinet,
Still fast asleep I started walking;
Much as the dove of ancient date
Fared from the Ark (composed of gopher).
I left the wooden Ship of State,
A large somnambulistic loafer.

Outside, the wind was cold and smart,
And where St. James's Park commences
I woke, with quite a little start,
To what are loosely called my senses.
Half-dazed and buzzy in the head
My mental grasp was only meagre,
When lo! an inner voice that said,
"Your Grace is now a Free Food Leaguer!"

It seems that on the waking mind,
Like gold in course of being minted,
The first impression left behind
Remains imperishably printed;
And so with me (for I have sought
And found no easier explication)
The need of buying Food for naught
Became a fixed hallucination.

Ah! had I pictured there and then,
When out of Downing Street I bolted,
That I should have to mix with men
From whom my very soul revolted;
To bear a common Free Food brand
(Though otherwise we rudely differed)
And go careering hand in hand
With bruiser BURNS and brother CLIFFORD!

Small marvel if they made excuse,
The friends I bade around me rally,
And frankly asked me what the deuce
I did in such a godless galley!
Or that my rescript, falling flat
As wine that's ruined by an ullage,
Inspired so pale a passion at
The polls of Lewisham and Dulwich.

Come, then, let slumber seal my eyes;
Let the guitar or something choral
Rock me to rest with lullabies
And supplement my dram of chloral.
Beneath the charm that now is broke
I might regain the proud position
Of one who could, if he but woke,
Redeem the State from sheer perdition. O. S.

VIVE LA POLITESSE.—"W. H." writes to the *Daily Mail*:
"Your correspondent, 'SNORER,' should keep his mouth shut."

THE NEW UNITED "SERVICE" CLUB.

(A Duologue of the Immortals.)

SCENE—*The interior of a snug hostelry in the Elysian Fields of Fiction—wherever they may be.* Mr. SAMUEL WELLER is discovered seated, with a pint of some ethereal beverage, opposite Mr. CHARLES JAMES HARRINGTON FITZROY YELLOWPLUSH, who is glancing through a copy of the "Times," without which journal no Elysium is conceivable.

Mr. Yellowplush. Well, I'm blest! The Times is changed with a wengence!

Mr. Weller. You mean, now they've left off earnestly implorin' the public to purchase ere it is too late that ere Sieklypejiar o' theirs in thirty-five wollums, 'arf moroceer and 'arf price, as a neat and appropriit Christmas-box for a friend? But if you *was* thinkin' o' givin' me anything, I don't know as a cask o' stout and a barrel o' hoysters wouldn't run a Sieklypejiar uncommon close as a season'ble offerin'.

Mr. Yell. I was not eludin' to the Ensieklopoodia, Sir, nor 'ave I give it my patronidge, the hinfomatium cumpriised in hany work of that kind bein' nesrily of a helementry charieter. As the poick truly hobserve:

"A little learnin' is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not, the haperient spring!"

All I meant to say was that the World 'as hundergone igstrodinary halterations since *we* was movin' in it.

Mr. Well. The identical remark as was made by the Teary-dactile to the Hickthesore'oss ven they voke up and found themselves ticketed as "Auntidelugian specimins" in the British Museum. But what's the partickler ewent as has drove you into repeatin' that ere perfound and orig'nal obseruation?

Mr. Yell. It was hinspired, Mr. WELLER, by the recent establishmint, as described in these collims, of a Noo Club for Mensurvints in Hupper Buckley St., Potman Square, which, from all accounts, seems to be a puffick Parrowdice.

Mr. Well. Ah, same as that of the Bath footmen, vere they held the swarry and trimmins in the greengrocer's back parler, and that pleasant feller in the cocked 'at—TUCKLE, his name vas—danced the 'ornpipe on the table among the hoyster-shells, ultimitly retiring to rest with his 'ead on a kerbstone.

Mr. Yell. Pawdin me, Mr. WELLER, nothink could be more dissim'lar. Your igspereences, Sir, have been hevidently confined to the provinces and subbubs. Sich low and vulgar pereceedings would suttingly not have been countenanced in the Footmen's Club over which I persided when I kep the "Wheel o' Fortune" public in Mayfair. They would be hutterly "view Jew," as our lively neighbours say, at the present date.

Mr. Well. Would they, though? Well, 'spose you give me some perticklers of this werry gen-teel establishment, in case I thought o' joinin' as a country member.

Mr. Yell. The Home Club, as I read 'ere, consists of several 'ouses, and is on a scale of truly porlatial luxry, comprisin' reading, writing, dining, and recreation rooms, also cubbices and dormitries.

Mr. Well. "Every convenience for parties makin' temporary use o' the premises," as the French Jack Ketch said ven he put clean straw in the basket in front o' the gelatine. Do they 'appen to 'ave sich a article as a pump in the back yard, now? Werry refreshin' thing a pump for any gen'lm'n arter rayther overdoin' the reckeryation overnight to put his 'ead under next mornin' vile another gen'lm'n vorks the 'andle.

Mr. Yell. I amadgin, Sir, that the members of this Club do not require sech restoaratives, the ricreation purvised bein' of a rashnal deseription, includin' peroddikil lectures.

Mr. Well. What—even for the married vuns? I never had no weakness for lectures myself. Still, I dessay I could



HIS REAL "PREFERENCE."

JOHN BULL (*glancing over his morning paper*). "H'M—BY-ELECTIONS—WAR CRISIS, JAPAN AND RUSSIA—TIBET EXPEDITION—MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S LATEST—WELL, I SUPPOSE THEY MUST FILL THE PAPERS WITH *SOMETHING*, WHEN THERE'S NO CRICKET NEWS!"



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LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOGS.

Lady Diana (to nervous youth, who hates dogs). "Do SIT DOWN."

sit through a peroddicle lecture pervided I was allowed to hexercise my powers o' suction.

Mr. Yell. Scacely on stimilants, you wouldn't, *Mr. WELLER*, not in sech a Club as this. I see here that no intawsicating liquors of hany description is permitted to be sold or hinterdoeced on the premises.

Mr. Well. (with great disgust). What? No brandy-and-water-luke? No cold s'rub? No invariable of any kind? Well, consid'r'in' the vay I've been brought up, it'll take me some time to thoroughly henter into the spirit o' the thing, in saying vich I merely quote the reflection of the spotted circus' oss arter being blacked all over and requested to draw a hearse along of three other quadrupeds in deep mournin'.

Mr. Yell. Candigly I must confess that heven I should feel a trifle unfamiliar in sech a hatmosphere as this Club, which it seems is conducted by benevolent fash'nables on the strictest principles—no gamblin allowed, and any blasphemious langwidge punished by imnegit expulsion.

Mr. Well. I shouldn't vonder if that vasn't the rule in *all* the service clubs nowadays. Depend upon it, if any old naval or milingtary gent was caught indulging in anything stronger than milk and water, or using any expression at all werging on profanity, he'd be kicked out vith a general out-bust o' virtuous indignation. Vich same is a wonderful proof of the infloence o' civilisation, as the hoptimistic mission'ry remarked ven he saw his churchvarden take a couple o'

dinner pills afore proceeding to fall-to on his great grand-father.

Mr. Yell. It may be so, *Mr. WELLER*. But I have just diskivered another succumstance in connection with this Club which is repugnant to all *my* ideers of proprietoood. You'll 'ardly credit it, Sir, but, accordin' to a parrowgraft in this harticle, the members of the Club meet on a footole of habsloot equality! It acshally says, 'Pantry boys and butlers are ekal 'ere'!

Mr. Well. I don't know as I'm against that ere. "Arter all, it's a place vere the most exclusive of us can come out of his shell vithout losin' his dignity," as the affable pennynwinkle reminded the Whitstable oyster, ven they met on the barrow and the native seemed awerse to conversation. Though I an't sure as I shouldn't ha' kicked young Dropsy if he'd tried any equality on vith me. But what I should like to know about this 'ere amiable and convivial society is—if they're all on 'em ekal, who does the vaiting? Do the butlers and muffings to the buttonses, or is it all done by tame greengrocers, or what?

Mr. Yell. I don't know, *Mr. WELLER*, I would reether *not* know. Sech a total habolition of distinctions which are natural to yumanity can only tumminate in Hanarchy and ruing! Let me arsk you, where would be the advantage of bein' in servvice to a tile if your 'ed is not to be surrounded by some 'alo of rank? It's absudd nonsense to hignore the himmense abbes that yawus betwigtst the mansuvvint of a

commoner and the vallet of a Dook. And, in my apinium, revolooshn'ry ideers of this-sort, if hincouraged, will hundermine the fundatiums of Sosity, and all its most cherished hinstitooshuns will be hupset by a univussle chayoss.

Mr. Well. I dessay you're right, old feller. Still, let's hope there may be a postillion in the Club as'll be able to keep that there shay-oss from doin' anything werry desprit.

F. A.

PLAYS AND POLITICS.

A PROTEST has appeared in the *Westminster Gazette* against the introduction of political allusions—especially when these take the form of Fiscal propaganda in the CHAMBERLAIN interest—into contemporary drama. The waving of streamers bearing the legend "Vote for JOE," at the first performance of *The Earl and the Girl*, was noted as especially reprehensible. While "D. STREAMER (Colonel)" has lifted up his voice in the same paper against the "Fiscal Song" which Mr. HERBERT CAMPBELL is to sing in the forthcoming Drury Lane Pantomime. Nor is the intrusion of politics into the theatre at the present time confined to the lighter forms of entertainment. For Mr. WILSON BARRETT, in a speech from the stage, has signified his approval of Protective Tariffs, while Miss OLGA NETHERSOLE'S programmes, when she appeared in *Magda* at Notting Hill Gate, were rendered deeply interesting by the announcement of her admiration for Mr. CHAMBERLAIN.

It is unlikely that the protest of the *Westminster* will prove powerful enough to banish references to the Fiscal Question from the theatre for the present. For the English stage has never been free from this kind of thing. Indeed, if Sir ROBERT WALPOLE had not resented a political allusion in a drama of his day, we might never have had a Censor of Plays. And what a misfortune *that* would have been! So instead of bewailing the intrusion of fiscal politics upon our stage let us be content with insisting that the subject shall be introduced in a thoroughly artistic manner. Then the symmetry of the play, instead of being spoiled, may be positively enhanced. Thus when Mr. TREE revives his gorgeous presentation of *Richard II.* at His Majesty's, as he is bound to do ere long in deference to the entreaties of his admirers, what a much more interesting play it will be if the political allusions are touched up a little! For instance, when *John of Gaunt* makes his great speech about

"This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of Majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress, built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,"

and so on, he is always sure of the applause which Jingoism in the theatre provokes. But what a much saner and worthier kind of applause would be evoked if the blatantly patriotic claptrap of his present speech were replaced by the wholesome sentiment of the following:—

"This royal throne of kings (a monarchy
Limited strictly, let me add at once),
This earth of Majesty, where never Mars
In future will be countenanced at all,
Thanks to the efforts of the *Daily News*;
This other Eden, demme! Paradise!
This fortress built by CORDEX for himself
Against the wiles of Agriculturists
Determined to keep up the price of corn;
This happy breed of men whose butter comes
From Denmark, while their eggs are laid in France,
And all their bread grows in America;
This precious stone set in the silver sea—

A fact explaining its predominance

In ship-building and similar pursuits— Etc., etc.

If this lucid and admirably reasoned exposition of sound economic principles were substituted for the pernicious and inflammatory ranting which poor *John of Gaunt* has to speak at present, the tone of the play would unquestionably be greatly raised, and its drawing capacity increased.

Again, all SHAKSPEARE lovers will remember *Oberon's* great speech in *A Midsummer's Night's Dream*, beginning:—

My gentle Puck, come hither—

which is believed by commentators to have been inserted as a compliment to Queen ELIZABETH and the Earl of LEICESTER. A political allusion of this hoary antiquity is naturally excessively tedious in the theatre. "No compliments to Queen ELIZABETH!" we cry instinctively. And it would certainly be cut at rehearsals were it not for the superstitious reverence for the text of SHAKSPEARE invariably shown by the actor-manager of to-day. But, though the critics would rightly protest if the speech were omitted altogether, they would have no fair grounds for objection if it were revised and the political allusions brought up to date. For this purpose *Oberon* would have to be made up to resemble the PRIME MINISTER, and the speech would run more or less as follows:—

My genial JOE, come hither! Thou remember'st
How some six months ago thou didst resign,
And how I kept the information back
Till RITCHIE and the rest resigned too?
Some people thought that thou hadst dished thyself
On that occasion. Ay, and dished me too!
They aren't so confident about it now.
HARRIS is in for Dulwich—though the DUKE
And GOSCHEN and the rest would none of him—
While COATES has won hands down at Lewisham . . .

This could be continued indefinitely, and might include a complete summary of the party history since the General Election, with a peroration giving a flattering picture of its future prospects, which could not fail to lengthen the run of the play.

But the shackles of blank verse might prove rather inconvenient at times for political allusions. Such names as DADABHAI NAOROJI, for example, would present considerable metrical difficulties. Moreover, such essentially homely questions as that of the big and little loaf would be far more suitably treated in prose.

For this purpose such characters as the grave-diggers in *Hamlet* would be invaluable. And when next *Hamlet* is revived at the Lyceum we shall confidently look to see the churchyard scene "written up" in this sense. The shareholders are still believed to be tortured with indecision as to whether the Lyceum (when rebuilt) is to be a theatre or a music hall, but this method of treating the play will be equally appropriate in either event. The scene will then open more or less as follows:—

Enter two Clowns with spades, &c.

First Clown. Prithee, good man deliver, are you for a tax on corn or are you against?

Second Clown. Marry, I am against all taxes.

First Clown. Give me leave. Thou art against all taxes thou dost pay. But if thou payest not—?

Second Clown. How if I pay not?

First Clown. If he that grows the corn pay and not thou that eat'st, man—?

Second Clown. I like thy wit well. But if he that grows the corn pay tax, he that buys of him that grows shall pay more for his flour, and I that buy of the buyer shall pay more for my loaf. Argal, I am against all taxes.

First Clown. Nay, but thou shalt not pay more, i'faith.

Second Clown. Then will my loaf be smaller.

First Clown. I tell thee, goodman, thy loaf will be the same size.

This might go on till the audience signify their weariness in unmistakable fashion, when *Hamlet* and *Horatio* could make their entrance and the play proceed.

It cannot be denied that this kind of treatment would heighten the interest of *Hamlet*, and purists may console themselves with the reflection that SHAKESPEARE, who had no qualms about anachronism or introducing topical allusions into his plays, would probably himself have "written up" the scene in this way had he survived to the present day.

CHARIVARIA.

Owing to the new Act prohibiting children under eleven years from appearing in dramatic representations, stage babies will be larger than usual this year.

Fashions change. At one time Pantomime-land was the home of the Fairies. At the Hippodrome, this Christmas, fifteen elephants will take a simultaneous plunge into the water.

"Is fox-hunting dangerous?" asks one of our daily papers. A fox informs us that it has its risks.

Dark mahogany is now said to be the fashionable colour for ladies' hair, but fumed oak will, no doubt, soon have its day.

We have sometimes heard ladies alluded to as cats, but what are we to think of the *Daily Mail*, which rudely declares that the National Mouse and Rat Club has over two dozen lady members?

The Bishop of Salisbury, in a letter to the *Times*, has expressed his disapproval of memorials to living persons being erected in churches. We understand that there is some chance of an arrangement being come to by means of an increase in the number of gargoyles.

Thirty-six pounds have been paid at SOTHERBY'S for a copy of the first edition of THACKERAY'S *Pendennis*, which had a riddle on the fly-leaf. It will be interesting to see how much the original manuscript of MILTON'S *Paradise Lost* will fetch. This is also announced for sale, but without a conundrum.

"Should women be hanged?" asks a contemporary. We think not, unless they have committed a murder.



REHEARSAL FOR PRIVATE THEATRICALS ON BOXING-DAY.

Master Brown (leading tragedian, who has been studying a fearful blood-curdling old melodrama, entering suddenly). "HERE ARE THE LETTERS. TWO MILLION POUNDS IS THE PRICE OF MY SILENCE!"

The current number of the *Boudoir*, we see from an advertisement, publishes papers on "Men who fascinate Women," and "Royal Dogs." We should have thought these two articles overlapped.

A Belgian Glass Trust is to be formed to protect the interests of that trade, which is said to be in danger. We are not surprised that this should be found necessary. The people who said such pretty things about us during the Boer war, and are now reminded of the Congo, are realising the delicate position of those who reside in glass houses.

A Russian newspaper, the *Novy Krai*, considers that "Great Britain is making a terrible mistake in seeking to circumvent Russia in the Tibet question at the moment when there appears to be a possibility of an Anglo-Russian rapprochement." But it must be remembered that, but for our move forward in Tibet, we should never have

known that there had been a chance of a rapprochement.

ANOTHER CHRISTMAS BOX.

HERE it is, just to hand from the Fleur-de-Lys Works at Norwich, filled with "CALEY'S" Art Cosaques, and funny fans. In the Carnation Fan Box there are crackers full of caps, that go on and most probably go off, with satisfaction to everybody, CALEY included. Also luggage with "surprise packets," and various other artful whimsi-caley-ties which Mr. *Punch* leaves you all to discover for yourselves. Altogether a wealth of Christmas oddities, quite a Caleyfornian mine of them!

MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY.—According to the *Record* (which here seems to be broken), "The candidates at the Advent ordination in the diocese of Carlisle are expected to be exceptionally large."

THE GLORIOUS NINETEENTH AND AFTER.

ENGLAND'S EMANCIPATION.

GENERAL REJOICING.

Words cannot express the delight with which the 19th of December was hailed all over the country—the day to which for so many weeks the readers of the papers had been eagerly looking forward.

Our Special Correspondents, posted in various parts of the United Kingdom, are unanimous in sending in reports of unprecedented jubilations. The nation to a man has been *en fête*. It is as though a grave national peril had been averted.

By special Act of Parliament the 19th was set apart for a Bank Holiday and day of thanksgiving.

London being, so to speak, most poignantly at the mercy of the late enterprise, was naturally more relieved than the Provinces, and never have such scenes of happiness been witnessed. There has been nothing like it, say the oldest inhabitants, since the rejoicings for Waterloo.

At Greenwich Observatory a meeting was held under the presidency of the Astronomer Royal to discuss the propriety of substituting P.C. (Post Cyclo) for A.D., and beginning a new chronological era with December 20. The motion was withdrawn at the instance of Mr. HENRY, Chief Commissioner of Police, who pointed out that the initials P.C. thus employed would be very distressing to sensitive constables.

During the morning of the 19th a special train left Euston containing the Advertisement Staff, at last free to take a holiday. Most of them were carried to the station on stretchers, such being their state of collapse from the rigours of the past few months. It is understood that they were bound for anywhere but Bellagio.

The thanksgiving banquet which was held at DE KEYSER'S Hotel was an unqualified success. Never was witnessed such a scene of enthusiasm as when the hands of the clock pointed to midnight, and the company realised that a new and unworried year had dawned. With tears in their eyes strong men expressed their readiness once again to read the daily papers; others who had been waiting for years to acquire mixed information in an old-fashioned English way prepared to visit their booksellers and pay more than twice the usual cost.

LORD ROSEBURY, who took the Chair, in his very happy speech felicitated England on her escape, which, however, he dared not hope would be permanent, and told the story of a friend of his own who had remained voluntarily in bed for several weeks, during the more critical advertising period, in order to be certain of avoiding the papers.

The singing of "*John Bull's Store*" at the Alhambra was suspended for one night in favour of a new song, "*John Bull's Library*," which was declaimed with the utmost unction by the famous droll, ALF BUCKRAM. By the kind permission of the authorities we are enabled to quote the opening stanza, which was encored fifty-seven times:—

"I love a game of spoof

When I want to earn some oof,

And I'll hunt for the dollars that are hid;

"(Spoken). But to go on telling an honest British working-man week in week out that if he won't buy the British Museum in half calf at half price he ain't worth his salt—well, all I can say is that

"It's rough on the missus and the kid!"

On the same evening a meeting of newspaper managers and editors was held at the Press Club to consider the best way of filling up the space thus suddenly thrown on their hands. The question was, whether to reduce the size of the papers or to print letters from Mr. L. G. CMOZZA-MONEY, Prof.

I. O. HEWINS, and Sir HENRY HOWORTH. The second proposal was unhappily adopted.

The scene in the streets resembled the night of the Relief of Mafeking. Piccadilly was a blaze of light; the Clubs shone like day; and men and women, at last released from the terrible and wearing temptation to buy a set, capered with frantic joy. A weight palpably had been lifted from our little island. People who had bought sets refrained from saying so. Universal brotherhood prevailed. Mr. LABOUCHERE took Lord SUFFIELD'S arm and went for a ramp abroad; Lord HUGH CECIL, with schoolboyish glee, played leapfrog with Dr. CLIFFORD; Sir GILBERT PARKER so far forgot himself as to appear in a cricket cap; Sir FRANCIS JEUNE frolicked as if 'twere May; Dr. RUTHERFORD HARRIS embraced Mr. JOHN BURNS.

Mr. ANDREW LANG ran hither and thither under the impression that it was a Jacobite conspiracy. He ultimately took refuge from the jam in CROSSE AND BLACKWELL'S, where he spied pickles. Mr. PLOWDEN cracked jokes with impunity. Mr. ARNOLD FORSTER induced LITTLE TICH to enlist. Sir ROBERT GIFFEN'S aquascutum was badly torn on the railings of the Green Park. Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN trotted about, writing poems with both hands.

A commotion was created in Paternoster Row by Mr. C. ARTHUR PEARSON'S parrot breaking loose and screaming, "After to-day your books will cost you more."

All the bells of London (save one) were ringing merrily.

A few regrettable incidents occurred. A three-quarter Levantine who had just arrived at Charing Cross from Smyrna was mobbed in the Strand and had to take refuge in Printing House Square, while a well-known West-end book-seller committed suicide by tying the Index volume round his neck and leaping into the Serpentine—his last day of freedom having dawned.

FROM THE PROVINCES.

How the Great Release was Celebrated.

BRIGHTON.

Mr. C. B. FRY photographed.

CARLISLE.

Supplement roasted whole.

DUNDEE.

Whaling fleet illuminated.

EDINBURGH.

Great football match between the Half Calves and the Morocco Bounders.

LAXEY.

Great wheel began to move freely.

NEWCASTLE.

Belleville boiler burst by Sir WILLIAM ALLAN.

PARIS.

Encyclopædists burnt in effigy in the Students' quarter.

THE ZOO.

The Elephant himself again.

MISS CORELLI has recovered one farthing damages from a Mr. WINTER. "Now is the Winter of our discontent," as they say at Stratford-on-Avon.



Distinguished Foreigner (to good Samaritan who has caught his horse). "MERCI BIEN, MONSIEUR! YOU SAVE ME MUCH TROUBLE. BEFORE, I LOSE MY HORSE—I LOSE HIM ALTOGETHER, AND I MUST PUT HIM IN THE NEWSPAPER!"

A GRAVE SCANDAL.

[An undertaker, during his recent examination in bankruptcy, ascribed his failure to "general depression of the trade."]

THERE be who dwell profoundly on the Fiscal
Question, and urge that in their private view,
If food is taxed, a time when trade is brisk 'll
Slowly but unmistakably ensue.

There be who wait upon their only JOSEPH
To set their feet in paths of prosperous ease,
And I have waited too, but Heaven knows if
He will augment the undertaker's fees.

Time was when all respectable practitioners
Planted their modest quota of "remains"
Week after week, and no absurd Commissioners
Came and investigated local drains;
When every corpse that happened to occur meant
Boots for the blithesome undertaker's brood;
When Britons loved a "sumptuous interment"
More than they loved their appetite for food.

Man in those days was seldom known to reach his
Allotted span of three-score years and ten;
The well-intentioned but misguided leech's
Efforts were one too many for him then.
But now a more than Æsculapian cunning
Preserves him, though decrepit, still alive;
His legates discover him "still running"
(They, too, object) at ninety-four or five!

'Tis even so, our trade's a mere formality;
Its days of opulence are long gone by,
Ruined by folks' ridiculous vitality;
We argue with them, but they will not die.

And, when at length they really are translated
To other spheres, they still elude our aid
By getting inexpensively cremated,
And placed in urns that silversmiths have made.

And therefore I, o'erwhelmed by trade's depression,
By hope deserted and devoid of pelf,
I, who once buried others by profession,
Now seek repose by burying myself.
One monument, a gorgeous one of red stone,
This tragic message to the world shall give,
Inscribed in largish letters on my headstone—
"He died because his fellow-men would live!"

A FREE ADMISSION AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

"Our error, Sir." Our Cartoonist senior, in his last week's *History Reverses Itself* (December 16), attributed the original picture (in 1845) of "*Papa Cobden taking Master Robert a Free Trade walk*" to JOHN LEECH. This note, being by an expert, was passed unquestioned. Now in 1845 both LEECH and DOYLE were doing the cartoons for *Mr. Punch*, and therefore representing the same political personages, each in his own peculiar style. The original full-sized cartoon above-mentioned is distinctly signed with the well-known "Dickie bird" perched on a circle which frames the initial "D." This signature, however, when reduced to the small size of the reproduction that appears in the corner of last week's principal cartoon, is in such very reduced circumstances as to be almost unrecognisable by friends most familiar with it; and hence, probably, the mistake arose from our senior Cartoonist having drawn his picture from this minimised reproduction.



LATEST CHRISTMAS NOVELTY.

"PLEASE, MOTHER SAYS, CAN YOU LET HER 'AVE A 'ARF OUNCE OF THIS 'ERE RADIUM SHE 'AVE READ SO MUCH ABOUT IN THE PAPER?"

THE BACHELOR'S PROTEST.

LADIES, and all who gaze on me askance,
As one that scorns to deck his barren life
With that cold monument of dead romance—
A wife,

Peace, for you wrong me; now will I disclose
A tale, whose dolorous import gives a claim
To tender pity, not, as you suppose,
To blame.

I have not feared to toe the beetling edge
Of Hymen's indeterminate abyss
Merely from love of self or narrow prej-
udice.

I am not proof to Cupid's wanton dart;
No armour plates of triple brass confine
This morbidly impressionable heart
Of mine;

Far from it. In the generous days of yore
I must have wooed, and make no empty boast,
As much as any, and a good deal more
Than most.

My past is peopled by a perfect throng
Of maidens—loved with all a young man's glow—
And lost—and more or less forgotten, long
Ago,

With whom it was my dearest wish to live
For better, or—to quote the Rubric's terse
And darkly cynical alternative—
For worse;

And I have urged my periodic suit
Not once, nor twice, since I attained my prime,
Only to get the Order of the Boot
Each time.

For somehow all with one consent began
To make excuse; some did not wish to wed;
Some loved me not; some loved Another Man
Instead;

Some betrayed sorrow, some a pained surprise;
Two, in a tone no man of spirit brooks,
Had the audacity to criticise
My looks.

And I grew wearied of the harsh rebuff;
Time came, when in my bitterness I spoke,
"I woo no more; it has gone far enough,
This joke!"

So, ladies, I am cabined by a vow;
But soon the Old Year dies, and with the New
Comes jocund Leap Year—it is *your* turn now
To woo! Dum-Dum.

A "JOINT-ADMINISTRATOR."—The Butcher.



KING CHRISTMAS AND HIS ALMONER.

A HARVARD CLUB.

EXTRACT FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY OF
TOBY, M.P.

Cambridge, Mass., Monday night.—During rapid flight over the Continent, as far south as Washington, where overcoats were a burden; as far north as Ottawa, where the sleigh bells tinkled in the sunlit air; as far east as Boston, where hotel tea has the historical association inevitable from over-watering—as SARK says, tea is better made in a pot than in a harbour—Mr. Punch's humble emissary has met with generous welcome of a kind usually reserved for the ambassadors of other kings. Peculiarly pleasant thing that the last symposium, on the eve of parting, should have taken place in the home of the Alpha Delta Phi Club at Harvard. Its special charm was its unconventionality. Like *Topsy*, it was not born: "it grewed." There was a gathering after dinner elsewhere; a smoke; cheerful chat; a sing-song; then, as if by magic, THOMAS, Club factotum, whose face has grown grave amid years of bubbling fun, spread a bounteous board.

Alpha Delta Phi has no parallel in the collegiate world. Harvard abounds in Clubs of varied dedications and strange names. One, the Pierian Sodality, is the oldest musical society in the States. Just seventy-two years ago its membership was reduced to an individual. Did he straightway sell the Club's property and divide the proceeds among himself? No, Sir. He was not a member of an ancient and wealthy London Inn of Court. He elected himself to all the offices of the Club, scrupulously attended his own rehearsals, accompanied himself through all his songs, and so carried what is to-day a prosperous Club through a critical year.

Origin of the Alpha Delta Phi Club, like the birth of JEAMES, is "wrop in mystery." Founded in 1779, it was originally a Secret Society. To this day, I believe, some dark ceremony broods over initiation. Thereafter, members successfully evade trace of the tragic. A franker, lighter-hearted lot of young fellows I never met. The flower of the University, picked from its many classes, they are conscious of having lofty, far-ranging traditions to maintain. The Club has given an Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, a President to the United States. Literature it has enriched by the recruiting of EMERSON, OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, and RUSSELL LOWELL. Among the bright young fellows who to-night, to the national tune "*Mr. Dooley*," sang in boisterous chorus "*Mr. Lucy*," I do not doubt there are some who, stepping beyond the bounds of the University, will in time



PESSIMISM IN THE MIDDLE AGES;

OR, FACE TO FACE WITH RUIN.

Don José. "How's TRADE with you? WE'RE DONE FOR!"

Burgher Jorref. "HIMMEL, ID IZ VORSE UND VORSE!"

("Suppose I had been a Spaniard or Dutchman of the Middle Ages."—Mr. Chamberlain at Leeds.)

fill the places of Mr. ROOSEVELT and Mr. CHOATE, or will sound afresh the silver trumpet of OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES and JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Meanwhile, there was between Mr. Punch's young men and storied Harvard a personal tie earlier than this impromptu supper. Did not one of them, our RUDIE LEHMANN to wit, coach the Harvard crew for its annual aquatic tussle with Yale?

A CURE FOR AN OLD COMPLAINT.

ONCE again, all gaunt and pale,
Time, this waning of December,
Adds a Christmas to the tale
Of the many I remember;
Vexed with Anno Domini—
As its vengeful microbe burrows—
I can feel it dim the eye,
Streak the beard, and plough fresh
furrows.

Missiles by Time's malice flung
Our devoted brows have battered;
Those we loved when all was young
Now are dead, or false, or scattered;
Brooding over fancied wrongs—
Smarting as old friends grow colder—
'Tis the burden of our songs:
"Ah, the world is growing older!"

Thus as gloomy reverie
Falls upon me uninvited,
Come the shouts of childish glee
As the Christmas-tree is lighted;
PHYLLIS, your delighted cry
Sounds above the joyous dinning—
Is the world grown older?—Why,
No, dear child, 'tis just beginning!

THE *Daily Chronicle*, in an anticipatory note upon Mr. PHILIP YORKE's Christmas fantasy "*The Moon Curse*," spoke of one of the characters as the hero's "financée." An excellent portmanteau-word for a betrothed heiress.

TO OUR FRIEND THE ENEMY.

O THOU whose brown and ample bulk delights
The jaded appetites of boys and kings,
And makes dyspeptic uncles dream at nights
Of imps and things:

We little heed, who hail with loud applause
The liquid fire that round about thee glides,
The havoc thou wilt subsequently cause
In our insides.

For lo! thou art Plumpudding! and the rest,
The Christmas-tree, the cracker and the wait
Mere gauds with which our loving hands invest
Thine awesome state.

Turkey and goose, for mere convention's sake,
We trifle with or pass severely by,
And ladies, if they're superstitious, take
A hot mince pie.

But thou art food for gods! The appointed hour
Calls us as to a sacrificial feast,
Where thy peculiar votaries devour
Three helps at least.

Lone men in Clubs, misanthropists at heart,
And sun-baked wanderers beyond the sea,
Calling the waiter quietly apart,
Enquire for thee.

None is so wholly destitute but some
Kind Providence preserves him in its care,
Giving him duff whereout the casual plum
Peeps unaware.

Draymen remove their boots and with profound
Contentment sit at home and watch thee boil;
Their lives no longer seem a changeless round
Of swipes and toil.

And even ROBERT, whom at night I hear
Flouting the pavement with his far-flung feet,
For Cookie and a slice of Christmas cheer
Deserts his beat.

Men say thy form some high romance conceals;
We little know, nor do we raise a fuss:
Briefly, it isn't history, but meals,
Appeals to us.

And so we cherish thee, the emblem blest
Of Yuletide fun and seasonable mirth:
Though all too apt to lie upon the chest
And swell the girth.

Ah yes, thou cuttest short men's high careers;
Anon we die who now partake with glee.
Te morituri edimus—but here's
Long life to thee!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Venture (JOHN BAILLIE) is the modest name of a rather needlessly large new annual, somewhat reminiscent of the *Yellow Book* (long defunct and desiderated). Between the initial numbers of these two magazines Dr. GARNETT forms the literary, and Mr. LAURENCE HOUSMAN the artistic, link. The cover of *The Venture* shows, on a pale mud-coloured ground, the rudely-drawn outline of what looks like a decadent Centaur, but with a pedestal, instead of a horse's body, for the second half of him. He is drawing a bow at a venture, not at *The Venture* itself, for its printed title stands only an inch or so off, and he has easily missed it in the

picture. The thing at the foot of the pedestal is, in all probability, not a gigantic gingham, but either a shadow or an elusive symbol. The interior is full of readable matter in every variety of style, light, heavy, and medium weight, and almost every article has its own charm and distinction. Mr. E. F. BENSON offers a really delightful study of a cat; and the contributions of the joint editors, Messrs. LAURENCE HOUSMAN and W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, abound in wit and humanity. Mr. MASEFIELD's sonnets show a mastery of SHAKESPEARE's methods; but Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS is not at his happiest in a short poem, "Earth's Martyrs." Perhaps, in these days of Passive Resisters, martyrdom has lost its old appeal.

The woodcuts are not nearly so satisfactory as the letter-press. The recurrence of the figures of Pan and Psyche suggests a certain lack of invention; and, whether the fault lies with themselves or with the process, the artists do not always seem to be justified of their work. An exception may be made in favour of Miss GLAZIER (though the motive of her "Death of Pan" is not original), and of Miss MONSELL, who has drawn on broader lines than most of the others. In conclusion, my Nautical Retainer heartily welcomes a magazine that promises, under excellent auspices, at least to set a high standard in the field of Belles Lettres. *Bona ventura to The Venture!*

The Daughters of a Genius, by Mrs. DE HORNE VAIZEY, (W. & R. CHAMBERS) is the account of the struggle of four girls to get on in the world. It is full of the right feeling, and is bright and interesting. Boys who like adventures will rejoice in *Anthony Everton*, by J. S. FLETCHER, and in *Brains and Bravery*, a collection of stories by G. A. HENTY, GUY BOOTHBY, and others.

Reminiscences of a Royal Academician, by JOHN CALLCOTT HORSLEY, R.A. (JOHN MURRAY), is not only an interesting but also—for reference as to artistic matters—a very useful work. HORSLEY commenced artistically: that, from his earliest days, was his bent. Both his father, WILLIAM HORSLEY, and his mother, a daughter of Dr. CALLCOTT, were musical, the former "being known as one of the most famous of English musicians," a distinction testified to by the expressed opinion of FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLODY. There are few well recognised names in the world of art within the last century that are not at least mentioned, with some characteristic note about each one, in these recollections. Mr. HORSLEY was specially attracted by the Flemish school, as the cleverly-graduated perspective of his "interiors," in not a few of the best specimens of his work, demonstrates. The book contains many highly amusing anecdotes; the one concerning his visit to Madame la Baronne DE BOURG is among the best. Early in his career he was a frequent theatre-goer, the god of his idolatry on the stage being T. P. COOKE, the original of William in JERROLD's drama of *Black Eyed Susan*. He knew the KEMBLEs personally, and alludes to such queens of the ballet as TAGLIONI, DUVERNAY, CERITO and FANNY ELSLER, whose performance, in those past days, was, to many, a greater attraction than the opera. He has a good story of the nervous JOHN PARRY at the annual dinner of the Royal Academy Club, and gives impartial summaries of the character, life, and work of some of our greatest Academicians. HORSLEY was devoted to his art, of blameless life, numbering among a considerable acquaintance many true friends and no enemies.





MY STEAM MOTOR-CAR.

(1) MONDAY.—I buy a beautiful steam motor-car. Am photographed. (2) TUESDAY.—I take it out. Pull the wrong lever, and back into a shop window. A bad start. (3) WEDNESDAY MORNING.—A few things I ran over. (4) WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.—Took too sharp a turn. Narrowly escaped knocking down Policeman at the corner. Ran over both his feet. (5) THURSDAY MORNING.—Got stuck in a ditch four miles from home. (6) THURSDAY EVENING.—Arrive home. Back the car into the shed. Miss the door and knock the shed down. (7) FRIDAY.—Ran over my neighbour's dog. (8) SATURDAY.—Silly car breaks down three miles from home. Hire a horse to tow it back. (9) SUNDAY.—Filling up. Petrol tank caught fire. Wretched thing burnt. Thank goodness!

FEMINA DUX CAUSÆ.

(Or what we have been saved from.)

THE opening of the Law Courts yesterday, after the Christmas Vacation of 1923, was marked by the commencement of the hearing, before Mrs. Justice GRUNDY, of the breach of promise action brought by Mrs. YELLOWLEAF, a widow, against Mr. JOHN SMITH. Mrs. NAGGER, K.C., Mrs. LONGBOW, K.C., and Miss XANTHIPPE SMART represented the plaintiff, whilst the defendant, though evidently suffering from extreme nervousness, conducted his own case.

Mrs. NAGGER, K.C., in opening the plaintiff's case, said that though Mrs. YELLOWLEAF was an unprotected female she was as much entitled as the gentlemen of the jury to say "Civis Romanum sum," and appeal to the laws of her country, which in some respects were applied with more equality than formerly, or she (the learned counsel) would not be there addressing that Court. The defendant, who was little better than a snake in sheep's clothing, had been present at a small dance which the plaintiff had given at her own house. The plaintiff was wearing, on that occasion, a champagne-coloured velvet gown, with a deep flounce of fine net all round, an overskirt of green embroidered gauze cut away on one side to show a panel of old Flemish point, and a bodice with shoulder straps studded with cabochons of emeralds.

Mrs. Justice Grundy (interposing). Not quite so fast, please. I must take this down.

Miss Xanthippe Smart. I have a number of photographs here, if your Ladyship would like to see them.

Mrs. Longbow, K.C. I propose to put in the paper patterns later on, my Lady.

Mrs. Justice Grundy. Quite right; but would it not be more satisfactory for us to see the plaintiff in the costume? There are several lady-journalists present.

Mrs. Nagger, K.C. If your Ladyship pleases.

The Court then adjourned for three hours to enable the plaintiff to dress.

Upon the learned Judge resuming her seat, Mrs. NAGGER, K.C., continuing, informed the jury that they would hear from the plaintiff's own lips what the defendant had said to her on the stairs after supper on the evening in question.

The defendant, rising, said in a trembling voice that he supposed it

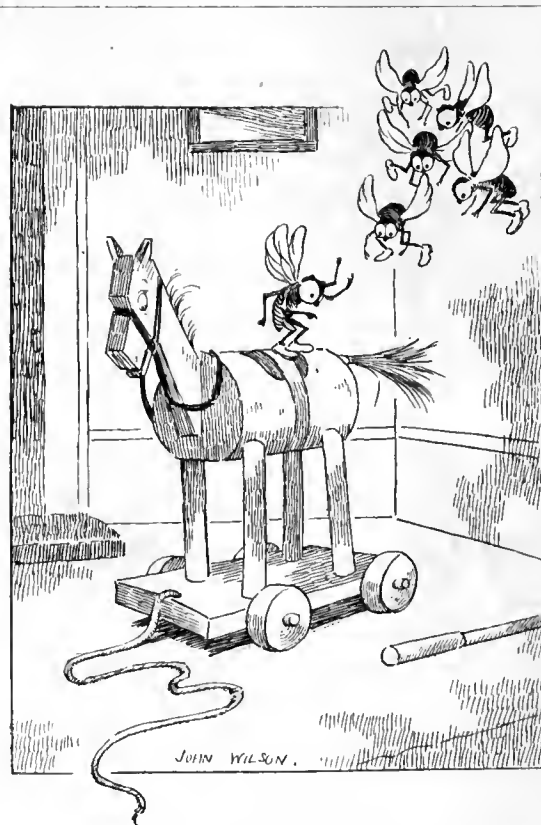
was still the law that the lady's story would need to be corroborated.

The whole of the plaintiff's counsel, rising *en masse*, contended in chorus that the law was a libel upon their sex.

Order having been restored, Mrs. NAGGER, K.C., said that as a concession to the defendant as a mere man she would call two of Mrs. YELLOWLEAF's children, who were perfect little dears, and appeared to have been listening on the top landing.

The defendant was understood to say that they ought to have been in bed.

Mrs. Justice GRUNDY said that if ex-



"HI, YOU FELLOWS, COME AND HAVE A GAME. HERE'S A HORSE THAT CAN'T FLICK HIS TAIL."

pressions like that were going to be used she would have to clear the Court.

The defendant having apologised, her Ladyship expressed a desire to see the children, and they were accordingly carried in. After a good game of hide-and-seek on the Bench, they soon appeared quite at their ease, and submitted to be nursed by the plaintiff's junior counsel.

The Court then adjourned for afternoon tea.

It is not expected that the case will be finished during these sittings.

TO A CERTAIN AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE.—
Good wishes for a Happy New Year.

MRS. CRUMPET'S CONFIDENCES.

III.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—In the intervals of labours culinary and giving a helping hand, which without, goodness knows what would happen, the new kitchen-maid having no more sense than an owl, being brought up to play the piano which in her station... that sentence has gone wrong in the oven, *Mr. Punch*. Consequent, I begin again. In my time off, as I was saying, I purpose to compile a little volume on the Management of Mistresses. Scores of silly young ganders have I seen, leaving good situations, or being compulsory sacked, from suchlike ignorance. "A cook's life is a dog's life," say they. To which I answer, with what the French call impressment, "Not if you choose your mistress careful, and stand no nonsense." Tact and firmness are the requisitioned qualities; and for tact, firmness, and light pastry MARTHA CRUMPET is without concourse (another French idiotism).

For example. New-fangledness and giving up of good old customs is that which I never have abided and never will abide. A day or two back my mistress—a young, pretty little thing, *Mr. Punch*, with no real harm in her, but needing guidance—comes to talk to me concerning the Christmas dinner. Pretty much what I expected, it was. French dishes, and snippety kickshaws, and never a mouthful of seasonable fare in the lot.

"Ho!" says I when she had finished, "and is that all, M'm?"

"Yes," she says; "but you'll remember about that *suprême de—*"

"Supreme of fiddlesticks!" I cried. "Supreme of rubbish, supreme of silly young folk that think they know better than their by-gones! You've ordered what you think you'd like, and now I'll tell you what you'll have. Soup and fish, please yourself," I says, she gasping with surprise. "But roast beef, and turkey, and plum pudding, and mince pies—those are signquons. Thereabouts I'm adamant."

Mistress goes red, and runs away. Master sends for me, and accuses me of swearing, my last word, seemingly, being often pronounced not as I does, accenting the second.

"Ha, well," he says, when I explain

my determine, "have it your own way, Mrs. CRUMPET—have it your own way. Only don't bother your mistress. Plum-pudding and mince-pies, by Jove! Quite a novelty; haven't tasted them for years."

That's what comes of tact and firmness. But, oh the silliness of those who want to obsolesce the good old Christmas ways! You're not that direction inclined, Mr. Punch, bless your honest face! "An exploded myth"! "Senseless customs"! Well, let 'em talk, the sour prattlers. Let 'em mope by themselves, and welcome; we don't want them. Spite of them, the old ways will go on this Christmas and long after their time—the plum-pudding and the parties, and the children with their presents, and the holly and mistletoe, and the meeting of friends, the forgiving of enemies, the kindness to the poor—they will go on, mind you! And blessings on them each and all, says I, and blessings on the Christmas which brings them! Yours obediently,

MARTHA CRUMPET.

BEAGLING.

THE LAST RUN.

I CAUGHT the train the next time I went beagling, so did the blue-eyed whip; in fact, we travelled down together, and the only drawback to the whole situation was the fog. It turned from black and yellow to white as we left town for country, and combined with the frost had the same effect on our hair as we walked from the station to the meet. What with the mist, and my eyelashes all getting frozen and tangled together, it is hardly to be wondered at if, when we arrived, I mixed up strangers and friends and found myself in confidential conversation with the Field Master, with whom I had no previous acquaintance. It was KITTY who reminded me of this fact, and when I assured her that my mistake was entirely due to the weather, she said it was not too misty for her to see very clearly how the land lay.

"And, DOLLY dear," she continued, "I am quite capable of looking after my own property, thank you."

"Of course, dear," I replied. "And it certainly wants cultivating; but I would not build too much upon it—it looks a little small to support you."

KITTY glared; she stands 5 feet 10½ and has red hair and other natural advantages; the Field Master stands 5 feet 2, and would be insignificant if it weren't for his white breeches. She glared, and I think she said, "Cat!" but at that moment the Field Master came up, and she asked what sort of field it was.

"Oh, rotten as usual," I replied, and



CHRISTMAS EVE.

Guest (who has been put in the Haunted Room, to Ghostly Visitant). "Oh, go away! What's A STILETTO IN THE CHEST COMPARED WITH THREE GLASSES OF BROWN'S CHAMPAGNE?"

then, as they all looked annoyed, I hastened to add that, considering the neighbourhood, it was as good a field as we could expect—rather green and soft-looking. Even that did not mend matters, and I was quite relieved when the trumpet-man began to play, and we all started off at a good round pace. I had been practising round the croquet lawn, and I was in better form than even the trumpet-man, who, I noticed, never played quite fair, for as soon as we caught him up he'd make us all wait until he had got on about twenty yards ahead, then blow his trumpet and race off with a huge start. His street-cry imitations were quite good, particularly, "Fresh mackerel!" and "Coal! Coal! Coal!" but he'd better have [let us have those at tea and kept his breath to run with. He had one misfortune, though, for which I was

sorry. Once I found them all standing about and looking as if they had lost something. I heard a man say, "Cheque," and another, "Hard lines to lose it just now." "Was it crossed?" I ventured to ask. "Yes—worse luck," he replied. I had always been told that if they are crossed you need not worry, but the poor trumpet-man looked so gloomy in spite of his efforts to yodel that I wandered here and there, hoping to find it for him. Judge my surprise and disgust when, turning on me, he cried in a loud, exasperated voice—

"Will you stand still there!"

"Never mind," said the blue-eyed whip, who was quite close, "he's had such a lot of cheques to-day, poor chap, no wonder he's annoyed."

"Why, doesn't he like them, then?" I asked; but before he could answer the trumpet-man broke into the con-

versation with a wild cry, and having sneaked his accustomed start, raced off like the wind, with the dogs yelping piteously. Of course we all tried to catch him up as usual, and presently I found myself abreast of KITTY, jumping and stumbling through a boggy field of roots. A gap in a thick prickly hedge invited us. KITTY avoided it, but I rushed through the gap, and felt myself immediately held by invisible hands.

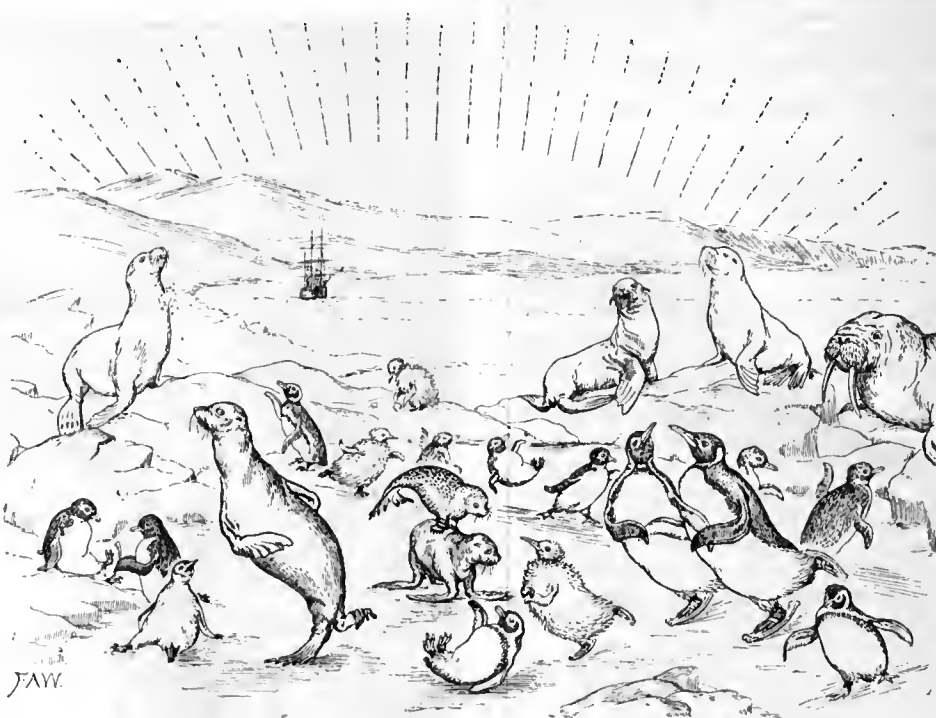
"KITTY, dear!" I called, as she emerged into the next field, "something's got me!"

"Yes," she said, "barbed wire—keep you quiet for a bit!"

"Aren't you going to help me?" I exclaimed.

"Oh yes, dear," she replied, "if we come back this way." And she disappeared in the mist.

"Cat!" I said—not once but many times, while I unhooked myself in some places and hooked myself back again in others. Then there came a terrible shock. I thought it was an earthquake—but looking up I saw it was a portly gentleman who kept flinging himself chest downwards on the top of the hedge, which firmly and politely returned him to the field he came from. Whether he was an escaped maniac or only a beagler I don't know, but at the fifth performance he began to make loud and emphatic remarks of such a horrifying nature that I found myself half-way across the next field before I knew it, leaving three strands of barbed wire decently arrayed in Harris tweed, and it was only a deep and rapid stream that stayed my flight. The mist was full of familiar sounds, and down the green hillside came all the dogs screaming with excitement. They hustled through the water in a smother of foam and lashing tails; the trumpet-man and the whips took the stream in their stride, two men ran and cleared it, the next slipped on the bank as he sprang, fell in on all fours, and crept out a changed creature. Then I saw KITTY and the Field Master, with white resolute faces, take hands and spring together. It was a brave and pathetic sight, but ineffective as a jump. KITTY landed knee deep—the Field Master was lost in the splash, and a silly reckless boy coming close behind dropped just between them and put the finishing touch to a romantic picture. I went round by the bridge—I preferred it—and as I crossed a hare leaped out of the mist, and then came the dear little dogs, their mouths wide open to



CHRISTMAS MORNING NEAR THE SOUTH POLE.

[“The good ship *Discovery* has been icebound near the South Pole so long that the natives are already learning to imitate the sailors in their sports and games.”]

let out the tumult of their joy. A sudden frenzy seized me, and I ran with them—ran! my feet never touched the ground! I passed through a hedge as if it were not; a branch caught my Tammy and I left it hanging there. As I ran on I was dimly conscious of my hair falling heavily about my shoulders, but I only looked back and laughed at the trumpet-man in triumph—I had got the start this time. Suddenly the hare began to wobble—it twitched its long ears and looked over its shoulder, and then the dear little thing sat down. In a moment the dogs were upon it—and I turned with a scream of horror.

“Come on!” I cried to the blue-eyed whip. “They’ll kill it!”

He laughed—but I snatched the whip from his hand and lashed the dogs right and left. It was no good. I threw down the whip and turned away. When I looked again everybody was laughing and looking at me. The trumpet-man was busily engaged, but he too looked up at me and smiled sweetly.

“Fishmonger!” I cried in withering scorn; and I turned and left the place, and would have shaken the dust from off my feet if it had been possible.

I heard steps behind me. It was the blue-eyed whip; he held my Tammy in his hand.

“Come back,” he said, “come back!—for my sake.”

Our eyes met—he meant more than

he said, and we knew it. For one moment the whole thing hung by a hare—then I turned away.

“No,” I said; “I’ll never go beagling again.” And I never did.

HAIR-RAISERS.

THE proprietors of patent hair-restorers are making the most of a recent discussion which appeared in the *Daily Mail* on baldness. These gentlemen will, no doubt, be interested in a further correspondence upon similar lines.

Dr. ELGAR writes: “Every one of my airs was produced out of my own head.”

Mr. BALFOUR writes: “I should like to recommend Detacho. I know nothing like it for anyone who, like myself, is in danger of losing his hair.”

Mr. WILLIAM SYKES writes: “I am sorry to say that my hair is still very thin. However, as soon as I can get about, I look forward to forcing a few more locks.”

Mr. C. A. PEARSON writes: “Why waste money on specifics for new hair? If you want to be happy, send your cash to the Fresh Air Fund.”

WE hear a good deal just now concerning “The future of ‘Barts,’” and on New Year’s Day we shall probably hear something about the Barts of the future.

THE NEW CHALDÆANS;

OR, THE ULTRA-VIOLET ART.

(My Experiences with the Magic Ground-Glass.)

FURED by the descriptions in a morning paper this month of the Black Art as practised under the magistrates' noses in the West End of London at the present day, I determined to do a little investigation on my own account. I must premise that I am acquainted with a Professor of Psycho-physiognomy, whose At Homes are frequently attended by a Christian Scientist, whose thought-reading dressmaker is on confidential terms with the crystal-gazing lady's-maid of the clairvoyante in question, or (as she prefers to be called) the Spectroscopic Mage. Through these devious channels I obtained the necessary introduction and password, together with the clues to her laboratory and sanctum, which I regret to say I am forbidden to reveal under pain of instant polarisation. I therefore took the first bus, and, by the production of three-pence, hypnotised the conductor into giving me a ticket for the requisite distance. I then electro-magnetised the driver into stopping his vehicle at the corner of a fashionable street, the headquarters of the present-day mystics, which connects Piccadilly with Oxford Street, and straightway followed up the clues

On arriving at my destination I passed through a series of thirteen ante-chambers, the first of which was illuminated with a blue light, and the subsequent rooms with a gradually increasing violet tinge, and all of them thronged with the Smart Set in various stages of hysteria and collapse. As, however, I was armed with a metabolic tessera which I picked up the other day at Eleusis, I was ushered by a succession of attendant demiurges into the Presence without more ado. The arcanum was suffused with the invisible hyperactinic rays of the spectrum, so that I was unable to see the Mage, and was only aware of being in her proximity by the impact of ions at my finger-ends. When the cerebral disturbance caused by these cathode cross-currents had temporarily subsided, I ventured to breathe again, and found I was still alive. I was further assured of this by hearing a voice, in which I fancied I recognised a faint Cockney accent. I felt more than ever on the very edge of the Borderland between East and West when It commanded me to transfer all the precious metal and paper in my pockets into an alembic dimly illumined with radium. This done, I stated my purpose, and forthwith fell into a semi-cataleptic state on being bidden to thrust my head under the folds of some sable velvety material and gaze, in the darkness, at



NUNC AUT NUNQUAM.

Voices from bottom of ditch. "HOLD HARD A MINUTE! MY MONEY HAS SLIPPED OUT OF MY POCKETS, AND IT'S ALL DOWN HERE SOMEWHERE!"

the Magic Rectangle of ground crystal. It appeared to be part of a piece of mechanism which was supported on a tripod and connected somehow with a pair of prisms set at an angle

After a period of tense silence the prophetess recommenced. "You have just come into the spectroscope in an inverted position," she chaunted in a weird monotone. "I see by the helium lines that in two days' time you will be wishing everyone a Happy New Year. I see you put on your hat and greatcoat and leave the house. I see you meet a lady in Hyde Park by the Achilles statue. She passes you by, for she does not know you. I see you enter your Club and sit down—I think on a seat with padded cushions, yes, I see you order a drink—it is whisky and soda."

I was so intensely interested that my throat became quite dry by auto-suggestion. "By the D. lines," continued the

Pythia, "I see you are playing at Bridge, yes, there are three other players, and your opponents have won a Grand Slam. You feel in your pockets, and they are empty What is this? You rush out in the street into the arms of a policeman—you are arrested for the use of bad language in a public place. Ah—"

She broke off abruptly.

"I can see nothing more of you," she said. "It is useless to tax the crystal further. You may regain your normal attitude."

I groped for the door, and my heart beat so violently that it bumped me up against the mystagogue in waiting, and I knew no more until I found myself out in the street.

I thereupon registered a resolve not to go near the Club on New Year's Day, and am just off into the country, where I hope the neo-Chaldaean lady is too busy with her clients to follow me.

STUDIES OF BLIGHTED LIVES.

IV.—THE NEW RENAISSANCE.

I KNEW him in his yearning youth,
 Before the change that brought the heart's ache,
 A plunger down the wells of Truth,
 And sworn to follow Art for Art's sake.
 O frost that nips the nascent rose!
 O bloom that prematurely blithers!
 How could we then forecast the close
 Of ANDREA DEL RESARTO SMITHERS?

A front like PHIDIAS (ancient Greek),
 A mouth the very mate of TITIAN'S,
 A CHANTREY'S chin, a WATTEAU'S cheek,
 A WHISTLER'S eye for exhibitions;
 Dowered with a halo fitting tight
 As clings the mould about a jelly—
 He was to be the black-and-white
 Equivalent of BOTTICELLI!

The Editor of *Brush and Plume*,
 A man of sound commercial fibre,
 Thought ANDREA'S art might be a boom
 And catch the better-class subscriber;
 But often, owing to the stress
 Of more immediate local matters,
 That graphic print would go to press
 Without his prancing nymphs and satyrs.

Then came the sudden Kodak phase,
 When Art was shelved for Actualities,
 The Living-Types-of-Beauty craze,
 Stage Frights and semi-nude banalities;
 Back flew the latest masterpiece
 Enclosed with editorial strictures:
 "These contributions now must cease;
 No further use for fancy pictures."

The blow, although no blood was spilt,
 Could hardly fail to wring the withers
 Of one so delicately built
 As ANDREA DEL RESARTO SMITHERS;
 He bowed before the crushing fates,
 Then rose again by nice gradations,
 And now he does the fashion plates
 Published in *Woman's Transformations*.

'Tis true he owns a sumptuous flat
 Who once conversed with gods in garrets;
 I grant he's growing sleek and fat
 On turtle soup and vintage clarets;
 But none the less, when I recall
 The former hopes on which he fasted,
 I recognise the moral fall,
 The great career untimely blasted.

O. S.

NAVAL CONVEYANCING.—From the *Liverpool Sporting Express* we gather that "active preparations are stated to have been set on foot by the British Admiralty in view of the crisis in the Far East." In the same column is to be found the statement (suspiciously ominous when read in connection with the above), that "six brass cannon which adorned the parade of the Rotunda at Woolwich have mysteriously disappeared."

THE following appreciation reaches us from India, and refers to a brand of Trichinopoly cigars:

"A genuine stuff will fall back on its excellence for public sympathy, and every one could unhesitatingly depend upon it that a thing would have but a short-lived possession which does not materially keep itself in toe with the assurances given out concerning it."

PICKY BACK.

(Being the Fourth Passage from the re-inconanation of Picklock Holes.)

It was a foggy evening in the early part of December, and HOLES and I were, as usual, sitting together in my modest but comfortable first-floor apartments (£2 a week, lights not included) in Baker Street. The lamp, an Argand, was burning brightly on the centre of the table, and its diffused light, moderated by an unpretending green shade, shone on the cold ascetic features of the most phenomenal thought-expert of this or any other age. His lean hands were extended on the arms of his chair, and a slight drumming noise made by his long lean fingers showed that his mind was busy. I was sitting at the other side of the room, devoting myself, according to my custom, partly to a profound admiration of his many qualities of head and heart, and partly to not being noticed by the impassive object of my enthusiasm.

At last HOLES looked up. His hands still remained comparatively idle, but his face was working convulsively, as faces are apt to do under the overpowering influence of some sudden detective emotion. Then he spoke:—

"I don't agree with you, friend POTSOX," he said sharply. "The man, of course, is stout and has a hare-lip, but he is otherwise not unsuited to the amenities of polite society."

I was about to gasp with astonishment, not having the very vaguest idea of what he was referring to, but a stern expression on HOLES'S face warned me to be careful. Accordingly I fell back on a formula suitable for all such occasions, and merely remarked in an awe-struck voice, "HOLES, you become more and more marvellous every day! How on earth did you manage?"—I was about to add (somewhat incautiously, I admit)—"to find out with such extraordinary precision exactly what I was not thinking about?" But HOLES interrupted me.

"The simplest thing in the world, my dear POTSOX, when you once come to know the steps of the process. You want to know how I found out you were thinking that our friend CHICKWEED was an outsider? Nay, nay, do not interrupt me. I know what you are going to say, so you need not say it. This is how I discovered it. You have an inkmark on the first finger of your right hand. As you looked at it your lips moved. Hence we get ink-lip. The letter before i is h, and n and k are by DONDERKOFF'S well-known law closely related to a and r. Thus, instead of 'ink' we get 'har' and, since EDGAR ALLAN POE has shown in the story of the 'Gold Bug' that e is the letter of most frequent occurrence in the language, we just pop e on at the end of the word, and thus we get 'hare-lip.' CHICKWEED is the only man of our acquaintance who possesses that painful labial peculiarity, and therefore I knew that you must be thinking of him. Do you follow me?"

It was now permissible to gasp, and I did so.

"HOLES, HOLES," I murmured in a deeply appreciative voice, "will you never cease to astound me?" HOLES waved the compliment aside, and I was just about to question him further on his remarkable gift of thought-reading when an agitated step sounded in the passage, the sitting-room door was unceremoniously flung open, and a dishevelled young man with his hat pressed down to his chin and a face bearing the evident marks both of dissipation and of suffering flung himself violently into the middle of the room.

"Mr. HOLES," he shouted in an agonised voice, "save me, save me. I am the miserable, the persecuted, the down-trodden—but tush, why should I tell my name to a man who knows everything by intuition? Suffice it to say that, as you have already guessed, I am indeed he, and that the plot of which I am the victim is thickening every moment. Save me, oh save me!"

With these words he collapsed in a heap on the floor, and no efforts of mine availed to resuscitate him. In desperation I was about to apply my 10-horse-power galvaniser, when HOLES stopped me.

"No bungling, friend Potson," he hissed. "I know this man. It is"—and with a dramatic gesture he uncovered his (HOLES's) head and sang a few bars of what was evidently a national anthem—"It is the unhappy monarch of Paflagonia!"

I knelt and kissed the fallen King's hand. "What shall we do with him?" I asked.

HOLES's face grew stern. "Throw him out of the third-floor window," he said. "It is what he himself would have wished, for it is the only method of saving him from his relentless foes."

I did as HOLES commanded me. At the subsequent coroner's inquest, which HOLES very generously attended, the young man's name was given as SMITH, and under this name and a plain headstone he was buried. The creature who now sits upon the throne of Paflagonia is, of course, an impostor, but, for reasons of state, which I have never, I admit, been able to fathom, HOLES has consistently refused to denounce him. When I urge him to this course he simply smiles and says, "Potson, you must leave these matters to me. In my own good time I shall do what the necessity of the case may force upon me, but for the present I shall not disturb the peace of Paflagonia." And with that I am forced to be content.

SOME CHRISTMAS APPEALS.

The following advertisement appeared last week in the personal column of a morning newspaper:—

AUSTRALIAN Lady, young, dreads a boarding-house Christmas, and will consider INVITATION to DINE with family on Christmas Day.

We have pleasure in reproducing some other "agonies":—

HOUSEHOLDER, Middle-aged, desirous of escaping Christmas bills and boxes, will accept a FREE TOURIST TICKET Round the World.

BACHELOR UNCLE, elderly, with forty-five Nephews and Nieces (including ten God-children), will gladly transfer his LIABILITIES to an OBLIGING MILLIONAIRE.

CURMUDGEON, old, anxious to avoid Christmas altogether, will Entertain—an OFFER of HOSPITALITY from the Sultan of Turkey or the Grand Lama of TIBET.

GENTLEMAN, of the Usual Age and Unbounded Philanthropy, but with Limited Means to gratify the same, will



CHAS. PEASE D.T.

ABSENT-MINDED.

The "Young Man." "GOOD MORNING, MISS SMITH. I AM SO SORRY. I CAN'T THINK WHERE I PUT THE ROSE I PROMISED TO BRING YOU!"

[He had put it in his hat, so as to be on a safe spot.]

receive FINANCIAL ASSISTANCE from any DESERVING CAPITALIST, and will Celebrate the Occasion in his Company at some Leading London RESTAURANT.

CHARWOMAN, of No Particular Age, but of Guaranteed Appetite, will Take Care of the LARDER and CELLAR of any WELL-TO-DO FAMILY leaving Town.

BROKER'S MAN, old-established and reliable, who has no FIRESIDE of his Own, will be pleased to BOARD with a SPLENDID BANKRUPT on the Usual Terms.

LADY, not yet 70, but with no Other ATTRACTIONS and ACCOMPLISHMENTS, will consent to act as WET BLANKET at any Social Gathering where the Young People are likely to be Too HILARIOUS.

LITTLE MARY, still quite Young and Hearty, offers her SERVICES Gratis at Comfortable Home where a GOOD TABLE is kept.

POLICEMAN, Sociable, who dreads the dullness of a Christmas Evening Beat, is available for WELCOME by GREGARIOUS COOK.

DYSPEPTIC, broken-down, who has not eaten a SQUARE MEAL for years, will readily assist as a DEAD-HEAD at the Christmas Dinner of High-class BOARDING ESTABLISHMENT in return for Three Days' Lodging and Use of COSY CORNER.

MR. PUNCH, ever young, who can keep CHRISTMAS anywhere, will preside over every Yule-tide party in the Kingdom.

THE ADVANTAGES OF PROTECTION.

I WELL remember when it was that some conception of the vast importance of this subject first dawned upon me. I was, at the time, quite a small boy, but with very large ideas as regards providing myself with the necessities of life, as I interpreted the phrase. "Wholesale Confiscation" expresses admirably the salient features of my *modus operandi* at this period, a policy which involved constant friction with various hostile powers, owing to the restrictive measures which they thought fit to adopt for the safeguarding of their interests in the larder and in the store cupboard.

Let it be stated plainly here that I was then distinctly averse to Protection in any shape or form.

My first important change of policy occurred in connection with the imports of tobacco.

The largest power in our community (who practically controlled the import of this commodity at that time) finding that, in spite of his protective restrictions, he was losing a large proportion of his own profitable enjoyment of this staple article—and suspecting the cause—invited me to a discussion of the points at issue. The discussion resolved itself into a remarkably Free Tirade upon my behaviour in the matter, and ended with a peremptory command "to go to my room," and there to await his peroration.

It was a serious situation, and demanded a rapid review of all my preconceived ideas; I could not fail to recognise the extreme gravity of the occasion and the pressing nature of the danger to my unprotected condition.

What was to be done? Mind you, this was the first time in my recollection that the Phys'cal Question had any particular interest for me personally. *Retaliation* was not to be thought of for a moment; *Negotiation* was not likely to be attended with even the slightest degree of success; *Sequestration* appealed to me strongly as a possible solution of the difficulty (I was always of a retiring disposition), but, when half-way under the bed, common-sense warned me that this course held out no prospect of final evasion of the threatened evil, and might even result in an alarming aggravation of it;—*Emigration* occurred to me, but the sound of firm, decided footsteps ascending the stairway convinced me that further debate on the point must prove futile—my retreat was cut off; one other alternative suggested itself, and I acted upon it. Even after this long interval I must confess to a feeling of pardonable pride at the quickness of my decision, and at the admirable

promptitude and dexterity with which I gave it a practical—and fairly natural—shape. In short—I adopted principles of protection, with the happy result (speaking from my point of view) that I escaped any inconvenience that must otherwise have resulted from the incidence of what he was pleased to call his "duty" (laid on with a slipper).

I do not claim that this incident is on "all fours" (the expression recalls the helplessness of my position) with the larger question which is at present giving the average individual something upon which he may animadvert with confidence born of supreme ignorance, bolstered up by nice, long, fat words of dubious meaning.

There were, in my mind, no fears of attacks on corn, the bastinado never



Gentle Stranger (to nervous gentleman returning from a Christmas-tide party. "APPY NEW YEAR T' YE, GUV'NOR. YOU WOULDN'T LIKE TO MAKE ME A PRESENT OF THE GOLD WATCH AND CHAIN AS YOU'VE GOT ABOUT YOU, LIKEWISE A FEW GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS FOR GOOD CONDUCT?")

having been favoured as a punitive expedient in our community; but, as a straw will indicate the direction of the wind, so may this practical example of the benefits derivable from properly adjusted protective principles, as applied solely to the more vulnerable parts of the system, be of some use and help to those who find it difficult to determine unaided what to believe of the mass of conflicting statistics and statements with which they find themselves confronted at the present juncture.

THE announcement, in a Tunbridge Wells shop window, of "Accordion Pleated Nuns" finds a terrible parallel in the *Hants and Sussex News*, where a firm of bootmakers advertises that it has "engaged the services of Practical Hand-sewn Men."

THE REFORMED SET.

[A writer in the *Ladies' Field* has replied to RITA's indictment of the Smart Set with the statement that their pleasures are in reality simple and strenuous. Their favourite game is said to be Shinty, which is described as "a wild and tumultuous version of hockey, in which there are absolutely no rules."]

It was Lord ADALBERT PERCEVAL CHOLMONDLEY-CHOLMONDLEY's first season in London after an absence of five years. In the winter of 1903 he had been compelled by financial troubles to emigrate to Clapham. For five years he had trekked about the Great Common, teaching the natives of that unexplored region Bridge and similar games of skill, and now, having by these means amassed a handsome fortune, he had returned to the ancestral residence in Belgravia, prepared to fill once more his long-vacated place in the Smart Set.

The Red Book informed him that his old friends, the BRABAZON-SMITHS, still lived at their old address. Thither on the afternoon after his arrival he repaired.

As he approached the drawing-room a curious intermittent thudding sound reached his ears, and the voice of the footman announcing his name was drowned in a burst of applause. Something interesting seemed to have been going on in the middle of the room. It was evidently over, for people were strolling about, talking to one another. Lord ADALBERT saw his host coming towards him, and went to meet him.

Mr. BRABAZON-SMITH greeted him effusively.

"What has been going on?" he replied in answer to a question. "Oh, you ought to have come earlier. It's over now. We've just been fighting off the semi-finals of the Smart Set Middle Weights competition."

"The what?"

"I keep forgetting that you have been abroad for so long. We go in a great deal for Boxing now in Society. I fancy we were taking to athletics when you left. We used to play Shinty then, if I recollect rightly. The game is still very popular. Poor old MOUNT-ARARAT—you remember him?—was killed at it the other day. We all told him that he was too old, but he would play, and he got a fractured skull and never recovered. But come round with me, and I'll show you a few of our celebrities. You see that wiry-looking man? That is the Duke of DATCHET. He has just beaten the Stockbrokers' champion over the Brighton course. He is talking to the man they call SANDOW THE SECOND. He can lift a billiard table in his teeth. Strictly between ourselves he owes his great social success entirely to the feat, for he has few other merits.

Just beyond him is Sir JOHN GREGORY, who defeated HACKENSCHMIDT at the Tivoli the other night. The Terrible Bart they call him. Those two men are the best half-backs in the Park Lane Prowlers' F.C. They are playing for England next Saturday against Wales. The Prowlers have had a very good season this year. They beat Oxford, Cambridge, Blackheath, and Newport, and drew with Richmond after a great game. That tall man by the fireplace is our full-back. He dropped two goals against Blackheath from outside the half-way line. Both against the wind, too. Oh, yes, we are a capital team. You must join us. Then we run a cricket team, too, the Belgravia Butterflies. We were very successful last season, and the Marquis of ANGLESEY, who headed our averages, is going out with WARNER's next team to Australia. There was a little difficulty at first, but they said he might wear his jewels, so it's all right, and he's going. DOWNSHIRE has been invited, too. He's our best bowler. So clever, you know."

"And you still play Bridge, of course?" queried Lord ADALBERT.

"Bridge? Bridge? Don't know it. Is it a game? You must teach it us."

In one of the larger oases on the Great Common you will see a simple red-brick hut. On its door-post are the words "Wistaria Villa." Enter, and you will be shown into the presence of Lord ADALBERT PERCEVAL CHOLMONDLEY-CHOLMONDLEY. He has returned to the wilds.

MR. PUNCH'S TARIFF COMMISSION.

WHEREAS it has been represented to Mr. Punch that divers of his readers and liege subjects are troubled and perturbed in their minds as to whether it were better to have "A Large Loaf and No Wages" or "Large Wages and No Loaf," therefore Mr. Punch, in the exercise of his supreme authority, has decreed that the following persons, individuals, and nonentities shall constitute his Royal Tariff Commission:—

- Mr. A. J. BALFOUR—a rising young Member of Parliament who has fairly earned a position of responsibility.
- Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING—the famous engineering expert.
- Mr. ALFRED DAVIES, M.P.—the greatest authority on the Welsh cigar trade.
- Mr. HARRIS—the Sausage King. An authority on the food of the lower classes.
- Mr. J. M. BARRIE—THE authority on the food of the upper ten.
- Sir H. CAMPBELL—administrative expert.
- BANNERMAN—parts of the best official type.
- Mr. BRODRICK—official type.
- Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL—as 'A Man of Kent,' will adequately represent



GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

"UNCLE FITZ-MIDAS HAD QUARRELLED WITH US—WE WERE ESTRANGED. WE VENTURED TO INVITE HIM AT CHRISTMAS-TIME—HE ACCEPTED. WITH DELIGHT WE OFFERED HIM THE OLIVE BRANCH. . . . WE HAVEN'T SEEN HIM SINCE, AND THERE IS AN END OF OUR GREAT EXPECTATIONS."

[Extract from despairing letter of Georgina to dear friend.

- the hop trade and brewing interests.
- Mr. MAX PEMBERTON—a noted spinner of long yarns.
- Dr. CLIFFORD—a unique expert in racks, thumb-screws, and faggots.
- Mr. A. HARNSWORTH—England's largest mirror manufacturer.
- Mr. H. W. MASSINGHAM—the famous importer and manufacturer of atrocities.
- Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL—representing Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL.
- Mr. JESSE COLLINGS—representing the important bottle-washing industry.
- Mr. JUSTICE GRANTHAM—the chosen representative of the publican interest.
- Lord LANSDOWNE—the "revolver" and "railway" expert.
- Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN—a gentleman whose varying views on economic questions are calculated to intro-

duce an element of judicial balance into the discussions of the Commission.

Secretary to the Commission, Dr. RUTHERFORD HARRIS, who will prefix to the Commission's Report (already in type, through the benevolent forethought of Mr. Punch) such date or dates as may seem to the joint wisdom of the Commissioners best calculated to impress the public.

Given at our Palace in Bouverie Street this thirtieth day of December, 1903.

PUNCH.

Wise and Otherwise.

THE wise man, by the old familiar rule, Is wise, because he knows himself a fool. The foolish man (all history will show it), Is he who is a fool, but doesn't know it.

LEAP-YEAR PROSPECTS.

DAWN, at whose breaking the hearts of the gloomy
 Quicken like trees at the presage of Spring,
 Tell me of Her that is coming to woo me,
 Coming to wed me, her bridegroom, her king;
 Year, whose propitious arrival may restitute
 Courage in celibates worn at the knee,
 Friend of philogamists baffled and destitute,
 What of the bride you are bringing to me?

Is she a maiden commanding and queenly—
 Deep-eyed and beautiful—pleasant and plain?
 Is she—great WELLER!—a widow, serenely
 Settled on trying her fortunes again?
 Or is she fairly dainty and winsome—
 Sweet one-and-twenty, or still in her teens?
 Speak of her looks and her "ways" and put in some
 Sound information concerning her "means."

How will she woo me? With ogling and deep sighs,
 Floods of hyperbole, butter and gush?
 Should I be placidly blind to her sheeps' eyes?
 How in the world can I compass a blush?
 Say, if the lady insists upon kneeling,
 Calls me "beloved," it may be, or "sweet,"
 What sort of lunatic I shall be feeling?
 What shall I do with my hands and my feet?

When, in response to her fervid persuasion,
 I have emitted a faltering "Yes,"
 Who should proceed to improve the occasion,
 Which should impart the initial caress?
 If she takes liberties, ought I to scold her?
 Is it "laid down," or a matter of taste,
 Which head reclines on the other one's shoulder,
 Whose arm encircles the other one's waist?

Truly, O Leap Year, your sporting tradition,
 When it's applied to a definite fact,
 Rather inverts one's accustomed position,
 Rather demands the employment of tact!
 Still, it displays a refreshingly bright side;
 Novel, as well; for however things go,
 I'm not afraid of them—I'm on the right side—
 I needn't fear that monotonous "No!"

DUM-DUM.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron, when he gives a criticism or an opinion, speaks like a book, and in this capacity he feels handsomely bound to record in public his honest admiration for *The Great Masters*, a set of reproductions in photogravure (published in London by W. HEINEMANN) from the finest works of the most famous painters down to the year 1800, with an introduction and descriptive text by Sir MARTIN CONWAY. The five parts of this most striking and interesting collection are sold at five shillings apiece, each containing four perfect reproductions of the originals. Just one-and-three-pence apiece according to the cockerest Cocker! And certainly worth three times the money, whether to keep in portfolio or to place on the walls appropriately framed. As a fitting Christmas gift to adorn an artistic feast, the Baron cannot imagine a present better adapted to a "table of contents" than these beautiful plates so perfectly and satisfactorily filled. In every plate there is some exceptional delicacy, dressed to perfection, and served up in deep rich brown photo-gravy, so appetising in appearance that the demand for a further supply at the same reasonable table d'hôte price (five shillings and three pence a-head) is an assured certainty.

War Sketches in Colour (A. & C. BLACK), by Captain S. F. ST. LEGER, who possesses a ready pencil, and more than one observant eye. This illustrated book is exceptionally interesting as depicting various incidents in the Boer War. The artist and scribe—two single gentlemen rolled into one—was, like the sailor who sang about the battle of the Nile, "there all the while," and so these sketches were made on the spot, and having been, subsequently, artistically coloured and reproduced, are bright in effect, and evidently true to life. The book, written in a chatty style, has many interesting anecdotes. It is somewhat of the nature of an illustrated diary, and, as the author assures us, not to be taken by any means as a history of the Boer War; nor on the other hand as mere romance.

If any one (writes the Baron's Oxonian acolyte) has omitted to pay all his Christmas devoirs, no more delightful gift is available than *Oxford: Painted by John Fulleylove, R.I., Described by Edward Thomas* (Messrs. A. & C. BLACK). This book is calculated to bring all true sons of Oxford to a still deeper sense of the charms of their *Alma Mater*. If any fault-finding be possible, it may be urged that Mr. FULLEYLOVE has a little Italianised the skies and landscape of Oxfordshire, and that Mr. THOMAS, in his graceful and ingenious commentary—wherein by the way he unearths a first-rate Spoonerism from the pages of ANTHONY A WOOD—is now and again betrayed into a slight preciousity of style.

The reappearance, in the "Modern Classics" series, after so many years, of *The Cloister and the Hearth*, by CHARLES READE, offered to the public by JOHN LONG at the ridiculously small price of two shillings, is interesting as a literary landmark on the progressive road of English romance. "A small portion of this tale," CHARLES READE himself informs us in the preface, "first appeared in *Once a Week*, July—September, 1859, under the title of *A Good Fight*." Then he went to work at it for over a year, and developed the story so considerably that, as he tells us in the same preface, "four-fifths of it are a new composition." Was this development an improvement? "I doubt it, said the carpenter," and ditto says the Baron to that expression of hesitancy. CHARLES READE was a literary *Autolyeus*—a scraper-together of unconsidered trifles, which he carefully numbered, lettered and indexed in one of his commonplace collection books. READE used some of this material up in concocting what he honestly considered as historical romance after the method of WALTER SCOTT, with a dash of VICTOR HUGO. Frequently in matters of detail, where he flattered himself on being strictly accurate, he was just the contrary, and generally his quickly-acquired knowledge was only a superficial gloss. READE's "defects," Mr. HANNAFORD BENNETT truly says, "arose from what has been called 'the dangerous influence of the stage.'" In the excessive praise bestowed on this particular novel by Sir WALTER BESANT and Mr. SWINBURNE the Baron deferentially owns himself unable to join. He boldly tried to read this novel right through; but, starting gaily, and undaunted by the use of big capital letters which READE employed whenever he wanted specially to attract the attention of his readers to a sensational incident, the Baron was compelled to own himself fairly beaten before he had got anything like half through the volume, and only pulled himself together in time to master the last few chapters, which are well and touchingly written. The illustrations, executed in a kind of Albert Düreresque imitation manner, are quaint and on the whole effective.



AIRS AND GRACES.

[Women seem to be taking seriously to wind-instruments. The female orchestras at Earl's Court are still fresh in the mind, and now a women's brass band is giving performances nightly in at least one place of entertainment in London.—*The Globe*.]

You bardsmen who for years have known

What your conductor's every wave meant,

And you who blissfully have blown

Your unskilled tune beside the pavement,

Too long you've been content to play,

Secure in figurative clover;

Go east your instruments away!

Your day is practically over.

No more will maidens deign to touch

The grand piano's chequered keyboard,

And other implements of such

As wish, by turns, to bore and be bored;

Trombone and ophicleide shall thrill

As once guitar and violin did;

And women prove that they are still

Undoubtedly the longest winded.

Old customs now give place to new;

Women will put the bugler's sash on;

Hungarian bands will not be blue

If blue is not the latest fashion;

At *chic* At Homes, the men grown shy

Will leave the airy paths they trod free,

While orchestras of women eye

The bâton of a Madame GODFREY.

It's comforting to call to mind

That, quelled by our pneumatic Graces,

Bands of the brazen German kind

Must raise the wind in other places;

At first the parting needs must smart,

But this should cheer us when we've borne it:—

The song which never reached a heart
Might reach it from a lady's cornet.

SOCIETY GOSSIP.

Few more delightful house-parties have I seen (writes the Little Bird) than that organised this Christmas at the Alexandra Palace by the ever-popular Sir THOMAS LIPTON. Many of the best-known Englishmen accepted his invitation, and seemed thoroughly to enjoy Sir THOMAS's princely hospitality. Practical jokes are now much played by the best people, and of these there was no lack. Holly leaves were put in Mr. TOM SMITH's pyjamas, and a magnificent apple-pie bed was thoughtfully prepared for Mr. PEARS.

Mr. CATESBY, whose drolleries were



TROUBLES OF A WOULD-BE SPORTSMAN.

No. I.—BADGER DIGGING.

Enthusiast. "NOW THEN, IF HE SHOULD BOLT OUT THAT SIDE, ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO IS JUST TO FREEZE ON TO HIS TAIL TILL I CAN GET ROUND. AND MIND HE DOESN'T GET HOLD OF YOU!"

greatly relished, made a perfect booby-trap with a roll of cork lino surmounted by a garden roller. It was intended for Dr. WILLIAMS, but fell on and nearly terminated Mr. BEECHAM's Career. An excellent magnesium flashlight group of the guests was taken by Mr. DINNEFORD, and Messrs. ENO and LAMPOUGH were prominent amongst the revellers. In the hocker-ball doubles Messrs. LAMBERT AND BUTLER showed splendid form against Messrs. DERRY AND TOMS, and after an exciting tussle the first prize in the Bridge tournament was carried off by Mr. PONTING.

THE BACON CONTROVERSY.—The omission of this article from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's scheme of Food Taxes shows how wrong it is to call him a Whole Hogger.

•THE LATEST OUTRAGE IN MOROCCO.

[“In obtaining leather for the full morocco, three-quarter levant and half-morocco bindings . . . over 500,000 goats have been requisitioned.”—*Mr. Hugh Chisholm in the "Times," December 18, 1903.*]

THEY dwelt among the untrodden ways
Surrounding far Tangier,
A race with whom in former times
None wished to interfere.

Secluded from the world they lived,
Unheeding, as they lay,
How many sets with leather backs
Were ordered day by day:

Till on the herd the binders fell
With awful impetus.
They slew them for the *Times*, and O
The difference to us!

HOMEWARD BOUND.

(EXTRACTS FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

Boston, Tuesday morning. R.M.S. Ivernia.—Here, after long drive through teeming streets, is the boldly labelled Cunard Pier. The MEMBER FOR SARK always under impression that the Cunard Pier was its Chairman, Lord INVERCLYDE. Finds it's an ordinary wharf, its walls washed by the deep sea on which the *Ivernia* rides, like hound in leash, eager for the start.

The trumpet announces luncheon as we slowly make our way through the carefully-marked channel that makes a pathway for ocean steamers right up to the Pier. When, an hour later, we come on deck, we are well out at sea, the low coast on which Boston is built a cloud on the western horizon.

Wednesday night.—Of all the marvellous resources of civilisation on the *Ivernia* not least is the Marconi telegraph station: In a small cabin over the Captain's bridge, near the foremast, sits a young man watching and listening. On a day during our outward voyage a hundred miles to the southward the *Campania* was making her way eastward. The Cunard liners moving with the regularity of railway trains, it is possible to locate their position at a given moment. Half-an-hour before midnight the sister ships should be abreast each other. It was a pitch-dark starless night. Over the taffrail nothing to be seen but the spray of the cloven waves flashing in the electric light from deck and state cabins. Yet, afar off, unseen, approaching each other on parallel lines, at the aggregate rate of nearly fifty miles an hour, the mighty steamers drew nearer and nearer. Ships that pass in the night.

We had something to say to the *Campania*, and she had a message for us. Ours was already off, making its way through the viewless night in search of the vessel which at its nearest approach was separated by fifty miles. As in the little cabin we looked and waited the answer came. A crackling light on the glass cylinder: the operator reads out the mystic message, which, after all, is prosaic enough.

It happened on that night that Mr. Punch, after his hospitable habit that has lived through nearly sixty years, entertained his young men round "the old Mahogany Tree." I ought to have been there, but, not being a bird—you see the difficulty? Here at hand was the wizard of wireless telegraphy. Through his agency I sent fraternal greeting, a process of communication from mid-Atlantic to Bouverie Street that would make my old Master, so to speak, sit up.

"Toby, dear Boy," I hear Mr. Punch

say, "when you and I were first acquaint, there were no larks of this kind. I believe it all comes of your going into Parliament."

Thursday.—At breakfast this morning Captain mentioned interesting fact in natural history. At certain seasons, when codfish throng the comparatively shallow waters that whelm the Banks of Newfoundland, there is scarcity of food. Below a certain depth—and there are always 30 fathoms over the Banks—food abounds, the creatures that supply it living in fancied security. A resolute cod may dive even to the bottom. But at that depth, so light does its body become by contrast with the density of the water, that the explorer shoots up before he has time to make a meal.

This condition is mastered by a smart device. The codfish, in whose eyes (especially when boiled) there is no speculation, dives straight to the pebbly bottom of the sea, selects a nice portable stone, disposes of it in his gullet, and is master of all he surveys. The pebble, acting as ballast, or as the leaden soles to the diver's boots, keeps the fish down in the lower depths, enabling him to breakfast, dine, and sup at leisure.

I don't know whether my old and esteemed friend Sir HENRY THOMPSON has in his note-book any illustrations of, or comments upon, "Stone in Cod." The fact here mentioned is incontestable, familiar to all fishermen on the Banks. Our captain is not the kind of man to go inventing things of this kind.

Monday, Mid-Atlantic.—Some 900 people "in peril on the sea" thank their stars that it finds them on the good ship *Ivernia*. She does not rank among the fastest of the Cunard fleet. She breaks no record, content with doing her modest 350 knots a day. But the run is accomplished with a comfort unknown to those who, bound for New York, go down to the sea in ships that make the passage within a week.

Barring thirty-six hours of fog, we had up to yesterday a fair passage. Can't drag in the familiar mill-pond as descriptive of state of the Atlantic. Passing ships, as we noted, with the equanimity with which men contemplate other people's difficulties, found the sea a bit rough. For the splendidly built *Ivernia* it was so smooth that up to yesterday I had, unguarded, on the table in my state-room a jar of roses, parting gift from Boston.

At sunset the wind rose rapidly, growing into a hurricane, whose force our captain, thirty years at sea, had never known exceeded. For eight hours the vessel doggedly held her way. Between one and two in the morning a huge sea, rising high as the funnel-top, swooped down on the deck. The noise deafening. The big ship shuddered

through every plank. To passengers wide awake in their berths it seemed the end of things. The *Ivernia*, after some staggering, pulled herself together and got again into stride. But the fight was unequal; the great Atlantic in angriest mood wrestling with a solitary ship. Hove-to, and lay for sixteen hours with head to the storm. When the run was made up at noon to-day it was found that in twenty-four hours we had covered eighty-three miles, a pace at which a man easily accomplishes his morning walk.

Pretty tough experience. But a happy day and night compared with what might have been on any other steamer. The *Ivernia* takes a day more than smarter vessels of the fleet to do the voyage. It is a day well spent, especially when the wintry winds do blow.

Thursday.—Liverpool at last.

Business done.—Our voyage to the States and back. Journeys end in London's greeting.

EX LUCE LUCELLUM.

THE Berlin correspondent of the *Morning Post*, who seems to be something of a humorist, recently telegraphed a brief summary of the passionate protest published by the *Allgemeine Richard Wagner Verein* against the projected performance of *Parsifal* in New York. The protest asserts that, while it has no desire to criticise the verdict of an American Judge on the legal aspect of the question, it feels impelled to give public expression to its indignation that no means can be found to prevent the sacrilege that is about to be committed in the interests of pelf as opposed to art. "RICHARD WAGNER bequeathed to art a sacred legacy which he desired to be cultivated in the hallowed building erected by him. This sublime legacy is about to be profaned in the land of dollars for the benefit of audiences to whom the essential character of Wagnerian art has never been, nor probably ever will be, revealed."

At which Mr. Punch is compelled to observe "Hoity-toity!" All this talk about "pelf" and "art" is great nonsense. No one can pretend that the performances of *Parsifal* at Bayreuth are not financially extremely profitable, and "pelf" is "pelf" whether acquired in the land of dollars or the land of marks and pfennigs. RICHARD WAGNER never bequeathed *Parsifal* as "a sacred legacy to Art." He bequeathed it, quite rightly, to Frau WAGNER, and one is glad to think she has found it a very valuable property. Nor is there any reason to believe that "the essential character of Wagnerian art"—whatever that may mean—is less likely to be

revealed to Americans in America than to Americans at Beyreuth. Again Mr. Punch exclaims "Hoity-Toity!"

THE SLUM CHILD.

["The problem of the little London boy, which day by day confronts puzzled magistrates, is really the problem of the London parent. For example, two little boys of twelve and nine years of age respectively have already a long career of burglary behind them. Another diminutive youth, because his mother refused to allow him to go to a theatre, threatened to slit his weasand with a clasp-knife. Our fathers would have adopted a short way with these 'incorrigibles.'"]—*Daily Chronicle*.]

'ENERY 'ARWOOD, *etat*. five,
Was the boldest baddest babe alive.
It was young 'ENERY's daily rule
To cut his class at the Infant School.
What fun, he thought, for a man like me
To waste my time on the A B C,
When I might be walking out my gal,
Or smoking a fag with a kindred pal?
So he loafed about with a *blasé* air,
Or picked a pocket here and there,
Or helped himself to the lollipops,
Or pilfered the tills in the neighbours' shops—

For though he was young in point of time,
Young 'ENERY 'ARWOOD was old in crime.

In vain did 'ENERY 'ARWOOD *père*
Lavish on 'ENERY *fil*s his care.
"My son," he sometimes would begin,
"You know very well that the wages of sin—"

But as soon as the parent's purpose dawned
On 'ENERY *fil*s, the youngster yawned—
Yawned such a yawn that the father blushed,
And slunk from the filial presence, crushed.

Policemen, burly and big and strong,
Shuddered when 'ENERY came along,
For underneath his baby frock
One caught a hint of a pistol stock,
And round the neighbourhood ruinour ran

That 'ENERY never had missed his man.
Houses were burgled and Scotland Yard
Bade every constable be on his guard.
But never a man dared place a gyve
On 'ENERY 'ARWOOD, *etat*. five.

What would have been the end—what woes
Wrought by that infant, goodness knows,
Had not Fortune intervened
To save our diminutive, desperate fiend.

It happened thus. On a wintry night,
When the sky was black and the ground was white,
A pal of 'ENERY's chanced to call
To take him round to a music hall.
"You ain't a-goin'," his mother said,
"No, that you ain't wiv that cold in your 'ead."



A RARA AVIS.

Little Girl (finishing her description of the Battle of Cressy). "AND EVER SINCE THEN THE PRINCE OF WALES HAS BEEN BORN WITH FEATHERS!"

"O, ain't I, Ma?"—and I'm sorry to say
He made a long nose in a vulgar way.
Others perhaps would have dared no more,
But motherly love is brave to the core:
She caught him up in her arms; he cried
And kicked and screamed in his wounded pride.

"I'll slit my weasand—I ain't afraid"—
And he pulled out a knife with a great big blade.
She snatched it away: "Little brat!" she said,
And gave him a spanking and put him to bed.

Next morning 'ENERY, very sore—
A feeling he never had felt before—

Arose and washed, though the water was cold,
And went to school as he was told.
Now he is *dux* and a model boy,
His teacher's pride and his parents' joy—
He has forgotten his young rascality
And won the medal for punctuality.

Annus Pluvialis.

THE year now totters to his long repose,
And shakes his dripping garments as he goes.
Farewell, old King! Though sovereign glories wane,
We could not, if we would, forget *your* rain.



THE FESTIVE SEASON.

"SURE I WISH I HAD THE BOTTLE O' WHISKY THAT 'UD FIT THEM CORKSCREWS!"

CHARIVARIA.

WE like to see publishers seize their opportunities. Manchuria is rapidly becoming Russianised. Messrs. GEORGE BELL AND SONS have produced a book entitled, *How to Identify Old China*.

And, on the subject of the weather, a new edition of FIGUIER'S *The World Before the Deluge* is in preparation.

And a history of Prize-Fighting is to be written. We would propose, as a name, *The Scrap Book*.

The writer of a novel signed with a *nom de guerre*, on being accused of the authorship, cleverly replied, "The pseudonym in question does not conceal my identity."

"Which are the most beautiful scenes in the United Kingdom?" is the title of a competition in a new periodical. Since the Irish nights in the House of Commons have ceased it is really difficult to say.

That Englishmen sell their wives every Saturday at Smithfield is a fact

well known on the Continent. That an immense traffic in children also takes place has only just been divulged. A French gentleman who, during a visit to London, saw in the Sale season a notice outside a place of amusement, "Children half price," devotes a chapter to the subject in a book of his adventures abroad.

Statistics show that most centenarians die orphans.

It is said that in a very young and new park on the outskirts of London notices are exhibited:—"Visitors are requested not to pluck the trees."

We hear that the Twopenny Tube is to have a rival, whose lifts will play tuncs as they go up and down.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON has been presented with a service of plate in recognition of his plucky fight for the America Cup. The service was an exceedingly handsome one. Sir THOMAS announced that he would have another try for the Cup.

Many of the panels in the Royal Exchange have been decorated with great historical paintings, and it has been proposed that those which remain shall be devoted to recording the humbler virtues of the citizens. The following subjects have been suggested:—"An Alderman at a Banquet declaring he has had Enough," "A Bus Driver Apologising for Colliding with a Four-wheeled Cab," "A City Policeman thanking a Small Boy for Reminding him to get his Hair Cut."

THE KAISER has declared that the Germans won Waterloo. We had hoped that his voice had completely recovered, but it seems to be playing him tricks again.

The two Macedonian leaders with different views are now in London. The case of Macedonia is receiving particular sympathy from the Liberals in this country, who also appreciate the difficulty of a dual leadership.

The Admiralty has issued some new orders with a view to promoting effective marksmanship in the Navy. The War Office, in view of the recent use of ball cartridge at Camberley, thinks it risky to do anything to increase straight shooting in the Army.

We are now one step nearer the Perfect Sabbath. The Westminster City Council has resolved that even the mud in the side roads shall rest on Sundays.



SPEED THE PARTING GUEST.

OLD 1903. "WELL, I'M AFRAID I MUST REALLY SAY GOOD-BYE NOW."

Mr. Punch. "OH, DON'T APOLOGISE." (*Aside*) "JOLLY GLAD TO SEE THE LAST OF YOU!"



H.M.S. "OBESITY"; OR, WHAT OUR SAILORS ARE COMING TO.

First A.B. "OH LOR, BILL, MY BIG TOE!—F-F-F—IT'S SOMETHING HORFUL THIS MORNING." (*Distant whistle.*) "OH YUS, THAT'S RIGHT! PIPE AWAY! I SEE HUS A CLEARIN' DECKS FOR HACTION, DON'T YOU, BILL?"

Second A.B. "NO FEAR! PHEW-F-F-F. 'ERE, OH I SAY, MATE, PASS US THE BICARBONICK O' POTASS, FOR 'EVIN'S SAKE!"

[“The sailor is allowed 60 ounces of moist food per day, and this is of the wrong kind for a fighting man. This he eats at five different meals. He has about three times as much bread as he should have, and about half as much meat. It is a splendid diet to induce obesity, gout, and laziness.”—*Dr. Yorke Davies in the "Daily Telegraph."*]

A METICULOUS AGE.

[See any Journal, not necessarily Medical.]

BEWARE, my friends, you little know the daily risks you run,
The dangers, all unseen by you, are frightful!
Be careful how you walk abroad or you will be undone,
Of perils, too, your home, I fear, is quite full!

Your mentors and tormentors are let loose on ev'ry side,
The papers all are crammed with words of warning;
With scare and phantom those who read ought to be terrified
From the moment that they get up in the morning!

At dawn of day microbophobes implore us not to use
The soap which holds a virulent bacillus;
At breakfast-time on no account our letters to peruse—
Bacteria, too, are lurking there to kill us!

At mid-day we must ask ourselves "Now, do we Overeat?"
(*The Telegraph* has started this suggestion),
And, Should we sport the tight top-hat when walking in the street,

And wear our hair away, is next the question.

Then "kissing is at any hour a dangerous game to play"
(Well, so it is in *one* way, and contagious!)
And after lunch we mustn't think too much, the croakers
say,
Or "brain-fag" will attack the most courageous.

Ice-creams and oysters, water-cress, the fog, and spotted
veils,

Each have their turn at bringing on a panic;
The neuropathic bogey next your cigarettes assails,
For these distil some poison inorganic.

Thus all day long bugbears arise for timid folks to flee,
And give them fits, no doubt just out of kindness!
While ev'n at night the terrorists refuse to let us be—
The latest cry's that "bed-books" lead to blindness!

QUITE AN ERROR.

SIR.—Having heard the opinion frequently expressed that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S notions on Protection were catching on everywhere in the Provinces, I accepted several engagements for house parties at Christmas time, and am still going the round, recording my experiences. In every instance so far, the mansion was full to overflowing, and, invariably, our entertainer was most hospitable. Excellent breakfasts, first-rate luncheons, tip-top dinners, and splendid suppers after dances. Any number of guests present, distinguished and otherwise. Likewise crowds of servants, keepers and tenants from farms round about. And, Sir, I tell you plainly that they were all, that is whenever I saw them at these magnificent meals provided by our thoroughly liberal hosts, everybody present, to a man, was a Free Fooder! Fact.

There's Proof Positive,

Yours,

A NON-PARTING GUEST.

MR. PUNCH'S SPECTRAL ANALYSES.

X.—THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL.

The Haunted Mill.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I feel sure that at Christmas you will not refuse to insert in your jocund journal a little story of a purely sentimental nature. I feel that at such a season it would be out of place for me to jest. I enclose the MS. Look me up here if you are doing nothing else. The Headless Man will be delighted to see you.

Yours respectfully
THE ANALYST.

'Twas Christmas night.

Down in the village, at the "Bee and Beer Bottle" all was revelry. Gaffer GILES was singing, for the fifth time in half-an-hour, "*The Fly on the Turmut*." Farmer BATES and Farmer SCROGGINS, forgetful of ancient disagreements, were sitting on the floor with their arms round each other's necks, as lovingly as if they had been Lord ROSEBURY and Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. Everybody was flushed and happy. But up at the Castle old Sir GUY SCRYMGEOUR-DE-VERE-SCRYMGEOUR sat silent in his vast dining-hall, alone, but for the pictures of his ancestors that looked down on him from their oak frames. There was little Christmas cheer at the Castle. A dry biscuit and a bottle of Vichy water represented the limits of Sir Guy's taste for orgies. This was not economy. He did not believe that his food would cost him more. He suffered from gout.

There was a tap at the door.

"Come in," said Sir Guy, raising his gloomy eyes.

The door did not open, but through it shimmered a white figure. It stood beside the table, shuffling its feet, and looking shame-faced.

The Baronet started from his chair.

"You!" he cried.

"Me!" said the ghost. "What is bad grammar if it covers a warm heart?"

"To what am I indebted for the honour of this visit?" Sir Guy's chilly manner was a byword in Little Pigbury. Once, when he had employed it in an argument with a poacher, the poacher had caught pneumonia. The ghost shivered, and wrapped his winding-sheet more closely round him.

"I thought," he stammered, "that is to say—perhaps—Christmas



THE AMATEUR PIANIST'S NIGHTMARE.

The Figure on the Piano. "YOU MUST PLAY CHOPIN'S BAILLADE IN A FLAT MAJOR,—AND MIND, THE FIRST WRONG NOTE—DEATH!"

Back Row—Kubelik, Marie Hall, Frank Meriek, Brahms, Handel, Sterndale Bennett, Sarasate.

Second Row—Schubert, Paderewski (on piano), Rosenthal, Bach, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Rubinstein, Grossmith (flower-pot).

Third Row—Pachmann, Liszt, Emile Sauer, Mozart, Backhaus, Sir George Grove, Herbert Parsons.

Fourth Row—Chopin, Schumann.

comes but once a year—goodwill to man—glad to see me."

"My memory," said Sir Guy, with cold courtesy, "is not, I regret to say, what it was, but I think that if I had invited you to visit Castle Scrymgeour, I should remember the circumstance."

The ghost shuffled uneasily.

"Sir Guy," he said hastily, "can we not let bygones be bygones? May I not come back?"

"You left the castle—"

"A year ago to-day."

"As you justly observe, a year ago to-day. You left of your own free will, and against mine. I may add that you seriously dislocated my Christmas arrangements. I had invited a houseful of people to meet you. You were

marked it.

"You would not turn me from your door?" he pleaded.

"If," said Sir Guy, "you prefer, from force of habit, to make your exit through the wall, you are at liberty to do so. Good evening."

"But, Sir Guy—"

At this moment the door opened, and an angel form danced in.

It was Sir Guy's little granddaughter. She saw her old friend the ghost, and uttered a shriek of delight.

"Mewwy Christmas, doast," she cried; "doast tum back again."

Though, even at that early age accustomed to mind her p's and q's, MARJORIE SCRYMGEOUR-DE-VERE-SCRYMGEOUR had not yet obtained a mastery over her r's and g's.

The ghost placed a shadowy hand on MARJORIE's head, and made a last appeal.

"Sir Guy," he said, in a trembling voice, "it is Christmas night. Down in the village men are treating those who have wronged them to ale, and even whisky. The poacher is digging the game-keeper in the ribs and calling him by his Christian name. The village policeman pats the head which, two days ago, he would have clumped. Will you alone refuse forgiveness to one who pleads for it? And really, don't you know, trifling apart, I am dashed sorry."

There was a silence.

Then Sir Guy rose, and stretched out his hand. There were tears in his eyes.



"I SAY, CAN YOU GIVE ME SOMETHING FOR MY HEAD?"
"No. I WOULDN'T TAKE IT AS A GIFT."



BERNARD PARTRIDGE.

"IS the Sun at home?" said Mr. PUNCH, presenting his card.

The scene was the illimitable empyrean. Mr. PUNCH had just alighted from his 40-Pegasus-power Charivar-à-banc, after a rapid transit, and was addressing a smart solar satellite in the brightest of buttons.

"His Radiance is always at home to you, Mr. PUNCH. Please follow me."

The Sage carefully adjusted his smoked-glass pince-nez, anointed his face with liquid air to guard against sunburn, and was rapidly ushered through the intervening photosphere into the coruscating Presence. The august luminary, in spite of his advanced years and rotund figure, seemed to be in excellent preservation. His burnished locks were surmounted by a titanium solar topee, and he wore a double-breasted iridium waistcoat, manganese pantaloons, and carried an aluminium parasol. A sunflower graced his button-hole, and his boots shone with an unearthly sheen.

"Good morning, Mr. PUNCH. And to what do I owe the happiness of this visit?"

"We were all anxious about you," said the Sage, "and I determined to put an end to our suspense by coming in person to see if you really still existed. You see, it's a very long time since we saw you. Not a glimpse of you all the Summer."

"No fault of mine," remarked the Great Luminary. "I was shining just the same as usual. If you did not see me, it must have been because of interposing clouds. You can hardly blame me for them."

"I am at a loss where to place the blame," said the Sage. "Can you suggest anything?"

"Have I not heard rumours of a Fiscal controversy?" replied Apollo. "The exhalations of such a conflict might be very dense and overwhelming."

"But that did not begin till the Summer was done."

"True. Yet have you not a War Office that gives off an enveloping vapour?"

"And you really think," asked Mr. PUNCH, "that the War Commission and the Fiscal Question have been responsible for the inclement season?"

"I will not say that altogether. It is possible that human nature has had something to do with it. Even Planets have their feelings, you know. Supposing that I had been offended—"

"Offended! I trust not. Surely no one—?"

"I don't know. Is it so very pleasant to be told that one's complexion is far from immaculate? Oh yes;

it's no use denying it. It's not as if I hadn't tried things for it. All kinds of things. I sponge my face every evening in the Milky Way; and I'm getting better. But to hear so much about my spots is very discouraging."

"There shall be no more of it. I pledge my word—if you will pardon the fiscal tag."

"But that's not all. Didn't I hear Saturn say that the Indian Famine is being attributed to me? And what is all this indecent Curie-osity about my Little Mary? Suggestions that I'm nothing but radium? It's enough to make a body leave England alone and take to Solar Whist. If I really thought my inside was what your chemists so unfeelingly suggest, I should give you even less attention than before, because I should spend all my time in the Sunny Gymnasium."

Mr. PUNCH interposed with protestations of apology.

"However," added the Sun, "if I have neglected to visit your country, I have had to pay for it."

"As how, your Radiance?"

"By total ignorance, beyond a fact here and there which I have overheard concerning English progress. I know nothing of what has been going on. It is, I assure you, a great loss."

"But that," said the Sage, feeling in his coat-tail pockets, "can be easily and delightfully remedied."

"If I only knew how," said the Sun, "I would do anything."

"Would you shine next summer?" the Sage replied, with meaning.

"Assuredly," said the Sun.

"Honour bright?"

"Honour bright—as bright as I alone can make it."

"Then," said Mr. PUNCH, "the thing is done. Allow me to present you with the completest and most fascinating record of recent English history."

"Great Heavens!" exclaimed the Arch-Orb in agitated tones, "don't say that you mean the——" here he became speechless with emotion, and gasped out some broken sentences, of which Mr. PUNCH could only catch "thirty-five volumes," "instalment system," "six hundred thousand entries," "full morocco," "fifty-seven pounds."

"Calm yourself, my old friend," replied Mr. PUNCH, with a reassuring smile, "the compendium of omniscience I bring you is of another nature," and, so saying, he laid in the Sun's receptive hands his

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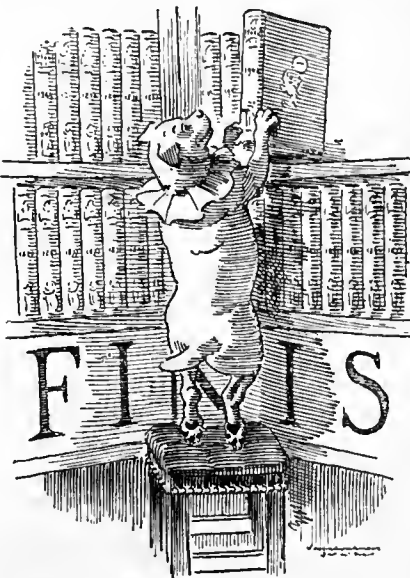
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